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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 7, 1933 No.1

PERSISTENCE

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Nothing can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent. The slogan, "Press on," has solved and always will solve the problems of the human race.

—Calvin Coolidge.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

"From 1932 we pass

to a New Year

with certain resources that

are as unaffected by current conditions

as are sunshine, rain and fertility of the soil.

Here are some of them:

We have the Bible. We have our fellowship with Christ. We have our Sunday and week-day schools. We have our clergymen, our laymen, and our Father, our Saviour and our Comforter, in whom we live and have our being. So it behooves each and all of us to look ahead undismayed by handicaps that are not really potent in the domain of Spiritual power."

THE YEAR 1933

Next year will be the same in many respects as all other years have been. There will happen many things unavoidable, and others will occur that possibly could have been averted by an interest in conditions and a disposition to act. But judging the future by the past in the resume of 1933 there will be recorded, successes and failures, tragedies and comedies, love and hate,—all of these with the joys and sorrows of men and women will go on with the same regularity and persistance that have been known to us and all of our ancestors. The ambitious will advance and those who drift will fall by the wayside. Much of the next year will be a replica of what former years have been. The results of the next year will be determined greatly by the spirit in which we accept

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conditions, and the manner we pursue our duties to self and obligations to our fellowman throughout the year. May the dawn of a new day during 1933 be forthcoming wherein the boys of the Jackson Training School will have finer advantages, under the most skilled and conscientious instructors, for the development of mind, body and spirit. Our friends of the past have been nothing short of a pleasure, and they are nothing in the future but a hope. Permit us here to make use of this opportunity to wish for them a new year of good health, with ever increasing prosperity.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE

It was on Christmas Day that one our most honored citizens, Mr. D. B. Coltrane, president of the Concord National Bank, surrounded by his children, grand-children, great-grand-children and friends from different walks of life, wishing him a new year of the best of health with increasing prosperity, celebrated his ninetieth birthday.

The Coltrane home on this occasion with its glow of Christmas cheer and warmth of spirit made a most fitting backgroud to honor him who has rendered a very valuable service to his church, his home and every civic interest for the betterment of humanity in his community and state.

This most excellent citizen showing at all times the strongest elements that make fine manhood—justice and loyalty to friends combined with a strong mentality and gentleness of spirit, has made a history worthy of emulation. He has served in the capacity of treasurer and advisor for the Jackson Training School, without reward or the hope of reward, from the date of its early history. By his close contact he is more intimately acquainted, than any other person, with the hardships in blazing the way for the first piece of real constructive welfare work in the state,—the establishment of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

However, despite his age he continues active, alert in mind and strong in physique, in all of the different phases of work of the institution with unabated interest.

The superintendent, the officers and especially the boys who

are directly the beneficiaries of his continued interest, take this opportunity to felicitate Mr. Coltrane on his ninetieth anniversary and trust that he may be spared to pursue in his quiet manner the many fine works uppermost in his mind that will rebound for good.

* * * * * * * * * *

THINK OF THE GOOD

Experience is the best teacher. This is an expression worn with age, but none the less true. Retrospectively some of the experiences are sweet, and some are reviewed with regret. It is better to eliminate from memory the bitter experiences. If we permit ourselves to dwell too long upon unpleasant happenings, or misfortunes there is danger of growing morose. With this mental condition, "faith in no one," there is absolutely no chance to come again, or do an act worth recording.

Instead of lingering upon unfair deals, "forget the past, attend to the present and the future will take care of itself." Remember—"truth crushed to earth will rise again." If all of one's time is spent in chasing the gloom, there is not a minute to do a kind act, or speak kindly of another. Despite circumstances it takes a gracious spirit and courage to continue to plod on even in the face of adverse circumstances. The perplexities of life are too numerous to consider, but if we buckle on courage and banish fear, unconsciously we laugh outright—"the battle is won." Why? The experiences have given us a better understanding of human nature in its complex form, and we are better fitted to meet emergencies. As a consequence adjustments are left to the unseen powers above. Yes, there is an absolute resignation to conditions with a hope.

* * * * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS AT THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL—1932.

The real Christmas spirit prevailed in every nook and corner of the institution. The boys for weeks watched the Uplift to see the names of donors to the Christmas cheer fund. It has been the custom of the Uplift for many years to give the many well wishers of the boys an opportunity to make happy those who per-

haps would pass the Christmas without the "good eats" that make a normal youngster happy. Well, they were not disappointed. The money given was spent for candies, fruits and nuts, giving to each boy a well-filled bag. On Christmas Eve the school auditorium, decorated with evergreens and a beautiful Christmas tree with its myriad of lights holding central place, made a pretty background for the play directed by Mr. W. E. Poole, one of the teachers, and the music under the direction of Mrs. Virginia S. Haywood. Rev. H. G. Allen, the popular pastor of the Central Methodist Church, Concord, made a brief talk relevant to the season. Mr. Allen always speaks with a sympathy that appeals, showing that he has an understanding heart, knowing the possibilities of the school if every opportunity is grasped.

The Superintendent at the close of the evening exercises announced that at the respective cottage of each boy there would be found a bag left by "Old Santa" while the boys were in the auditorium. It was worth a trip to the school to see the joy written in the faces of these young fellows as they peeped into their well filled bags.

On Christmas Day a real Christmas dinner was enjoyed. Later, about 3 o'clock, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary, Charlotte Y. M. C. A., gave a program of songs, having as the speaker of the hour, Mr. J. B. Ivey, Charlotte. This prince of merchants, and friend to the young people of every class emphasized in his address the spirit and origin of giving. Mr. Ivey and Mr. Sheldon are favorites of the school, and a gracious welcome awaits them at all times.

Mrs. E. E. Peele, president of the Charlotte King's Daughters, presented to the school about 300 books, these books forming a nucleus for a library, a new work adopted by the Charlotte circle. The King's Daughters have always been fine friends, working for the institution with an unabated interest from the very beginning. There has continued a bond of interest, love and delightful friendship, making inseparable the school and this band of workers—the North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters.

Besides the books presented, the following donations to the Christmas cheer fund were received for which we take this oppor-

tunity to thank each and all:

Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro,	$ 25.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte,	10.00
Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Supt. Public Welfare, Raleigh,	7.00
Judge Wm. M. York, Mrs. York and Juvenile Commission, Greensboro,	35.00
Mr. C. W. Swink, Concord,	10.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00
Mr. W. R. Odell, Concord,	5.00
Rev. E. N. Joyner, Hickory,	3.00
Mr. Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro,	10.00
Mr. Forrest H. Shuford, Boys' Commissioner, High Point,	3.50
Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte,	5.00
A Friend, Charlotte,	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger, Concord,	10.00
Mr. W. E. Stanley, Supt. Pub. Welfare, Durham,	15.00
Durham Monarch Club, E. C. Brown, Treas.	10.00
Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove,	50.00
Mr. A. W. Colson, Mooresville,	5.00

Mr. Curry F. Lopp, Supt. Public Welfare, Lexington, 1 box of apples and 1 crate of oranges.

Mrs. A. H. Snyder, Salisbury, Box of gifts.

Miss Mary Robinson, Supt. Public Welfare, Wadesboro, Box of gifts.

F M. Youngblood & Co., Concord, 576 "3-Musketeers" Candy.

RAMBLING AROUND

(With Old Hurrygraph)

The Coming New Year

"A Flower unblown; a Book unread;
A Tree with fruit unharvested;
A Path untrod; a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed;
A Casket with its gifts concealed:—
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates."

—o—

Wheat went down so hard and fast in the markets the other day that statisticians say they could find "nothing like it in the records past." I know this—if wheat stepped on the same piece of ice I did during the last freeze, I know how hard and fast it went down, whether there is anything like it in the recorded past or not. I was not invited to sit down, either.

—o—

The newest thing in colors is said to be "Roosevelt Red." It comes from the fashion kings of Paris, who say they named it in honor of the President-elect, because when he was over there during the war as assistant secretary of the navy he was very fond of Tuscany wines. Those Parisians have seen red so long that they are highly colored over it. Methinks that the President-elect, when he comes into power, will make them see scarlet in its right color when he insists on France paying her honest dues to the United States. I have a red necktie, and right now it goes into the ash-can.

—o—

Wouldn't you like to see a bevy of ladies at a social function, all pouting at the same time. The following item is taken from a Geneva, (Ill.,) newspaper: "Mrs. Edward Welles, Mrs. Everett Wyman, Mrs. Howard Peabody, Mrs. Harold Bodman, Mrs. William F. Peter, Mrs. Ralph H. Poole, the Misses Colvin and Mrs. Francis Manierre will pout at a tea Lydia Lee is giving this afternoon in Lake Forrest." It must have been grand.

—o—

Sweetness hath its victories no less renowned than war, and is more beneficial than sordid avarice. Lee B. Weathers, editor of the Cleveland (N. C.) Star is a luminary of the first water, and is sweetening the lives of his subscribers in a very unique and practical way. He is giving a 100-pound bag of granulated sugar with a year's renewal. He has already put out more than two tons. As his name implies, he Weathers the storm of depression and puts a good taste in the mouths of his subscribers, and is rewarded

by an ever increasing subscription list, which, in turn, is sweetening his disposition, and spreading happiness all around to the delight of a pleasing territory, the inhabitants of which are hitching their wagons to his Star. Could anything be sweeter?

—o—

A Happy New Year to you! To make it happy, however, it devolves on you to make it prosperous, healthful, pleasant for those around you, peaceful, contented, and free from those things that make for unhappiness. If the new year means any one thing, it means opportunity. If the next twelve months is to be happy and prosperous it will be so because you grabbed opportunity by the horns and stuck with it until it yielded results. The next year means much, promises much, holds much—but it will yield just what you compel it to.

"I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping;
The future His mercy will clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
"May brighten as I draw near."

—o—

Washington is said to be laughing merrily over a joke going the rounds in that city. It is not vouched for, still it is comical to say the least. It runs this way: Ambassador Claudel of France said to the President, apropos of the debt question, "I hope you will remember Lafayette," and Mr. Hoover wisecracked back, "Yes, we will. Lafayette came across." Well, if this thing did happen, Mr. Hoover has certainly changed.

—o—

North Carolina's "Live-at-Home" program for three years culminated in an inventory of what had been accomplished, Friday evening, December 16, at State College, in a fifty-five-million-dollar dinner. O, man! Such a dinner. The festive board was laden with steaming foods and delicacies from farms and factories all over North Carolina. It was revealed that the farmers of the State had in their pockets $55,000,000 worth of savings, by living at home, and their barns and silos contained more food and feed stuffs than ever before in the history of North Carolina. Three million quarts of home-canned or preserved native foods weighted the shelves of the pantries, and smoke houses from the mountains to the sea were pictured with appetizing effects, the direct result of Governor O. Max Gardner's "Live-at-Home" program. There were over fifty different articles of food on the splendid menu, which embraced everything good to eat—all North Carolina products. The North Carolina Press was host, paying tribute to the Governor's movement. It was an accomplishment well and enthusiastically performed. Four hundred newspaper men and their guests, partook of the home-grown and made repast, and they were gathered from all parts of the State, and it made an impress that will go sounding down the vistas of the future with a never-to-be-forgotten relish, that will stimulate

living at home to greater activity and achievements in the years to come. As a gardner goverance Governor Gardner has achieved the cli-Max of his devotion to the people of his State and has inspired its farming citizenry with new hope, zeal, and determination to carry on and make the North Carolina earth blossom as whole acres of rose bushes, or more luxuriously than the proverbial green bay tree. The O in his name is impressively expressive in this instance. Anent. The good and the bad, in this life, parallel each other like joy ond sorrow. While the Durham group of newspaper people were enjoying the fruits of the results of "living at home" away from home, and all was going with them as merry as marriage bells, some thief broke the lock and stole the spare tire from the car of C. C. Council, of the Herald-Sun newspapers. Mr. Council says he guesses he broke about even. While he lost his spare tire, his wife had the lucky number to draw an electric percolator, in the distribution of prizes, and he says that was down on his list of purchases for Christmas. An ill wind is not always ill.

FOR THE PRICE OF A POSTAL CARD

By C. W. Hunt

Since the advent of three cents letter postage, the post and postal card are coming more and more in use. That is being done for the saving it brings, but it is to be hoped folks will get the postal card habit; for on a postal card you can send an open business message; you can tell a friend, a child, a wife, a husband you are well; or you can tell these same people you will be home on a certain day. The above are just a few of its uses. Many an anxious heart has worried day after day because you or I neglected to say on a postal card that we arrived safely; that we found the sick one better; that the baby has a new tooth; that Sarah was promoted to the sixth grade; that you have a preacher that is a real pastor; that business is good, bad or indifferent.

So many, many things that can be said and done for the cost of a single penny; but the main thing is to use these cheap communications that cost so little in time also to make some one happy or contented, when worry will be their lot if we do not. Make this one of your New Year resolutions: that you will keep some post or postal cards handy and that you will communicate with those whom you love and who love you and are entitled to hear from you often. You will be all the happier for the act, and if two people can be made happy for the cost of one cent, let us resolve to go the limit on short communications during 1933.

DA VINCI'S WHEELBARROW

(Reidsville Review)

Leonardo da Vinci, born in 1452, the illegitimate son of a Florentine lawyer, is considered by many to have been the most universal genius the world has ever produced. His activities embraced all the fields of art and science in his day.

While he is best known as the painter of Mona Lisa and The Last Supper, he was also accomplished beyond his contemporaries as sculptor, musician, military engineer, astronomer, botanist, anatomist, geologist and what not.

But great as were his contributions to art and science, the most lasting benefits which he conferred upon mankind were probably in the line of mechanical invention, although many of his conceptions were not developed practically until centuries later. It is said that he invented a flying machine which would have been a success with a modern motor, for which the world had to wait another 400 years.

One of his inventions was the wheelbarrow, which, simple as it appears to us, has been one of the greatest labor-savers ever devised through the application of pure mechanics. It seems strange to us that so many centuries elapsed between the invention of the wheel and that of the wheelbarrow.

That da Vinci was the first to hit upon this humble but most useful means of transportation is added proof of his genius.

"SWAP DAY"

What promises to become a nation-wide event, and which may eventually be adopted and observed is known as "Swap Day." A little town in the state of Washington has the distinction of starting it. On each Wednesday residents from the rural section gather at a vacant lot near the center of town, along with the merchants of the place. Farmers with one kind of product trade with other farmers for another kind; a merchant "swaps" hardware or pots and pans for eggs or chickens or butter, and so on. Each man "swaps" something he doesn't need for something he does need—a sort of fair exchange all around. The committee in charge declares that nothing as popular has been devised as a means of disposing of farm and dairy surplus, and that the "swappers" themselves are so enthusiastic that "swap day" is now going to be a regular weekly event in that town. That it is a happy idea is shown by the interest being created in it all over the country.—Mooresville Enterprise.

AS SEEN FROM THE WINDOW OF A RAILWAY PASSENGER CAR

By C. W. Hunt

The habitual auto driver would do well to leave his machine at home for one time and ride a railway train: first to keep from forgetting how much we once appreciated that mode of travel, and second to note how the matter of home building has shifted from the railway right of way to the highway right of way. Much has been said in this good state, in recent weeks of bad weather, about the comforts of the railway coaches, especially since a sleet covered most of the state and sticks on like it was waiting for more to come. It is but natural for personal pride to want the home where it will be seen by most people. When the railway was the mode of travel one saw many nice homes facing the railway and it was a pleasant place to live. But with the advent of paved roads one seldom sees a house now being built in the country to face a railway.

A recent trip from Charlotte to Raleigh riding a railway car instead of the trusty automobile was not only a privilege, but a joy as well, for it gave an opportunity to look again upon the things and scenes once so familiar when a railway traveler so often along this route, that everything along the right of way was a familiar object. The writer had not ridden a daylight passenger train along the Southern Railway over the route mentioned since the Tallassee Power Co. impounded the Yadkin beyond Spencer and backed the river almost up to old Linwood this side of Lexington.

Linwood looks much like it did forty-five years ago, and as the place was passed, the reminder came of the last show by Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at Charlotte on an afternoon, and the misfortune that happened to the special train carrying it to Danville for another performance. I asked a young married lady Friday if she was young enough to remember, which she was not. It came about this way: loading the show at Charlotte the special was wending its way north and had passed Linwood and was rolling down hill toward a creek which the railway follows at this point, when it met, head on, one of the Southern Railways heavy freight trains, which at that time was running a line from Salisbury to Norfolk, via Selma and the Coast Line Railway. These were unusually heavy trains, both ways and were manned by the most vigorous young railway engineers and conductors; and being through freights, they ran practically on passenger train schedules. The engineer and conductor, Lynch and Graves, were warm friends of the writer, he having been associated with them at Burlington; both fine men, but who for some cause forgot the order to wait at Lexington for the special and pulled out in the face of the special which they met

when both trains were rolling down hill. Seldom was there a wreck that was as deadly to live stock. Buffalo Bill had the pick of all the wild west horses, and these were mercilessly ground up in the crash of splintered cars. It broke up the show and was never exhibited any more.

These men manning the freight train escaped injury, and did not feel it would be safe to be seen where they were the cause of such destruction, and made distance, on foot between themselves and the cowboys that were injured in the wreck. Both lost their jobs automatically, and took it without a whine as a penalty for forgetfulness there was small excuse for. The memory of the episode had almost passed out until the passing that way on a railway train brought it to mind again. And just beyond the place of this memorable wreck there is a yard of ramshackle tracks to the right as one travels north filled up with wrecked and worn out box cars and flat cars, which may have had its inception in that wreck; from whatever cause there are enough of these old cars there to make a mighty bonfire were they placed in a pile. Time may come when these will be fired for the metal that they contain. Until then they stand there on the improvised tracks, a reminder of what they were once good for.

Not only does the remembrance of the Buffalo Bill wreck and the pile of unused freight cars remind one of other days, but much of the countryside along the railway going north and east toward Raleigh, reseldom, if ever, passing through virgin forest in all the distance, but it is old field pines and gullies, when not in cultivation, partly from what was mentioned above, brought about by paved highways. In other words the fields once cultivated by the railway tracks have been worn out and abandonned for other fields along the state highways. In this one is reminded of an old inexorable law of the "survival of the fittest." Times change and scenes and people change with them.

It was in 1896 that the Southern Railway leased the old North Carolina Railroad from Charlotte to Goldsboro for ninety-nine years, which act was fought most vigorously by Josephus Daniels and the News and Observer, his newspaper in the capitol. (That gives the reader some idea of how long my friend Daniels has been fighting, and he was on the job some years prior to that.) This writer has never ceased to remember one point he made against the lease at the figure it was made, when he said there were those living who would see one continuous town from Charlotte to Goldsboro. This has been mentioned before, and has come true only in part. From Concord to Salisbury and to the Yadkin river it is literally true, and from High Point to Greensboro it is almost the same, and from Gibsonville to Haw River literally true. That has been 36 years. There seems the promise of some years of wait for the other gaps to fill in.

One thing reminds of another. Passing along the old familiar scenes lately revived memories of forty-four years ago, in 1888, when

as a cripple the writer tackled the newspaper game that he might live by his own wits. Gibsonville was a small mill town, and it was blackjacks from there to Burlington, just a few months away from its rebirth from old Company Shops to that name. The Okelleyite of Christian church, a people the writer grew up with, were trying to establish a denominational college, and some one had given them all the land they needed there in the woods, away from all ill settlement and on ground ideally located for the institution. There was an internicine war on between brother and brother churchmen as to the location. Old Trinity college had just been moved to Durham, and a sally some one opposed to the woods location made the point: "While Trinity college has been moved to a city from the woods, Elon was being carried to the woods where there was nothing to draw from." The writer, if he remembers right, found the controversy at white heat as he entered newspaperdom, and the Gleaner at Graham, had shut of the fight, so far as his columns were concerned. That gave this writer a good start with a new people, when his columns were offered for the remainder of the fight, and the present location of Elon won out.

But all that is aside from the real story. From Gibsonville to Haw River it is all town except a short slip in between Graham and Haw River. In fact a new village, Glen Raven, has been built between Burlington and Elon Colloge. But the wisdom of the location of Elon College, has, to this mind, been fully proven. To pass there and look upon the substantial residences and college buildings demonstrate what came to Elon in the location in the woods: all that came to live there were in sympathy with its aims and thus became a part of the institution. The writer helped to lay the first corner stone of the college and has always felt warmly toward its every interest. But long as this is there is much more to be said, perhaps at another time.

"ELECTRIC EYE" CONTROLS LIGHT AT HIGH POINT, N. C.

An automatic electric eye, applied for the first time in any Federal building in the new postoffice here, works on the principle of the iris of the human eye to maintain an even flow of light at a continued maximum of efficiency.

The system will prove a revolution in natural lighting, scientists say, if it works out as planned.

If a cloud throws its shadow over the building, one or more of five eyes would go to work, shifting windows to allow more daylight to enter.

If the sun floods a side of the building with glaring light the eyes close the windows to prevent all but the required amount of light entering the building.—Selected.

A DELIGHTFUL PROGRAM

(Contributed)

On New Year's Day, Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock, the Stonewall Circle of King's Daughters, Concord, presented to the Jackson Training School a splendid oil portrait of the late James P. Cook, the first chairman of the Board of Trustees, of the institution who served up to the date of his passing, March 28, 1928. Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, an active member of the circle and close friend of Mr. Cook's, presented the picture in the name of the King's Daughters. In her address she made it impressive that he was a King's Son, a member of the Stonewall Circle from the date of its organization in 1910, and that there always prevailed the sweetest spirit of co-operation between the officials of the North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters and the former chairman at all times for the promotion and advancement of the school.

Mr. D. B. Coltrane, a veteran member of the Board of Trustees, besides the first treasurer of the institution, spoke knowingly of the service given by Mr. Cook to the school, saying in substance that this institution was the dream of the man we honor today, who in 1890, after seeing a young boy committed to jail in Cabarrus county and finally serving a term on the chain gang with hardened criminals. It was then and there that the facile pen of the gifted writer created interest among the editors of the state through the columns of his own paper, the Concord Standard, by discussing the need of a reform school for wayward boys.

The Hon. L. T. Hartsell, now chairman of the board, knowing the former chairman intimately, both in the social and business life of the community, gave great emphasis to the fact that the one passion of the man honored was the establishment of a reform school for boys. He reviewed the activities of the institution briefly, saying "the question as to who first gave thought to such a school may be in the minds of some a mooted one, but in my mind," he said, "the idea of such an institution as we have today was conceived and promoted by the man whose portrait you are gazing upon."

Superintendent C. E. Boger accepted the picture with great joy. He spoke most feelingly of the long and intimate relationship, as co-worker for many years with the former chairman, in bringing the institution up to its present proportions. His gracious words are as follows:

"We wish to thank and congratulate the King's Daughters of Concord for the happy thought of presenting to the school a portrait of the lamented Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Mr. James P. Cook.

"We deem it an honor to be privileged to accept for the school and the boys the beautiful portrait of the man whose love for the boys of the Jackson Training School was second to no man's and in whose bosom was ever a living, active, burning desire for the success of

the school. He gave to it unselfishly of his time, his means and his inner self. His waking thought and his evening prayers were for the advancement of its cause. The boy without a chance had made a peculiar appeal to his heart and brought forth qualities of manhood in such varied aspects and degrees that would be inconceivable except by those who knew him best. He was so obsessed of the idea that where the fight was thickest, where the cause was weakest, or where difficulties were hardest to overcome, he could be found with his facile pen, his manly bearing and his eloquent appeals for the cause which lay nearest his heart.

"For more than twenty-five years, I worked under his leadership, first as Chairman of the Board of Education of Cabarrus County and then as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. His mind and thought were ever devoted to the welfare, the progress and the uplift of the people of County and State, and especially to those whose life and environment deprived them of a chance in life. His thought was never upon self or the accumulation of property. An ability, such as he possessed, would have enabled him to have done great things in this line had he been so inclined. Money to him was only a means to carry out or to put into action his ideals for the betterment of the people of his County and State. Many are the times when causes and individuals received help from his hand when none knew of it save himself and the one befriended.

"May we suggest that the picture be placed in the school's office where he sat so often and so long with the other members of the Board in their deliberations on the interests of the school and the direction of its affairs."

During the simple, but impressive presentation little Elizabeth King, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. M. King and a great-niece of the former chairman stood by the picture. After the presentation the regular Sunday afternoon devotional was conducted by Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, in a manner that made the entire program harmonious. The boys, and all of the visitors caught the inspiration of the occasion, that the hope of yesteryear of a man of vision has given us today this school that is developing citizenship, the hope of the country.

The afternoon was free from all staged formalty, but simple and sincere, and in keeping with the ideals of the man who thought not of self but of the welfare of another.

Most arguments are about things too trivial to be worth arguing. They waste no end of time and energy, and get you nothing but the reputation for a mean disposition. Save your steam for something big enough to justify it.—Selected.

PORTRAIT OF THE FOUNDER UNVEILED SUNDAY AT J. T. S.

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Memory of the late James P. Cook, founder of the institution, was perpetuated Sunday afternoon at Jackson Training School as King's Daughters of the local chapter and trustees of the school met jointly to unveil a handsome portrait of Mr. Cook, the gift of the King's Daughters.

Presentation of the canvas was made by Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, for the King's Daughters, and D. B. Coltrane, for the board, each speaker eulogizing the life and character of Mr. Cook.

C. E. Boger, superintendent, and L. T. Hartsell, Sr., chairman of the board of trustees, both life long friends of the founder, accepted the portrait for the school with appropriate words of appreciation to the organization whose work has done so much for the advancement and development of the institution.

The unveiling exercises were held in the administration building, where Mr. Cook, for many years, guided the destinies of the school. A work of art by Freeman, of Washington, the portrait has been permanently hung in this building.

EVERY ONE IS IN TROUBLE

A very wise and kind business man recently said: "Every one who is normal is in trouble now. If any one is not in trouble these days there is something wrong." The present business depression is universal. Its bad effects reach the laborer, the merchant and the millionare. The banks, the churches, the cities suffer. Because we do not know how to pay our bills or where the supplies for the next day are to come from we are not exceptional. Our experiences are the common experiencs of the human life of today. We will get through and the better day will dawn, but in the meantime we are sure to meet with losses, embarrassments, humiliations and mental suffering. These are times when our courage, our faith and our ability are tested. Only the best may survive in this struggle. We must be among the best. We may be. Keep your faith, keep your courage, do your best, and you cannot be defeated. The elements of victory are not so much in the external things as they are in the fine spirit which will survive the wreckage.

—Johnston Myers.

SIXTY-SEVEN N. C. FLAGS IN HALL OF HISTORY

By Col. Fred A. Olds

There is no story in all North Carolina more pathetic and gripping than that of the flags, all North Carolinian, in the State Hall of History. There are sixty-seven of them and each is like a chapter in a book of adventures. They are shown in lofty cases of plate-glass and steel and are guarded so absolutely against dust and moths, that not a moth has ever been found among them.

The first of the stories is about a flag which in April, 1861, was made by five ladies of Asheville from a new United States silk flag, and they converted the latter into the first flag of the Confederacy, popularly known as the "Stars and Bars." It bears eight stars, one for each State which had up to that time seceded, for North Carolina had not then "Gone out of the Union," to use a phrase of that day. This flag has embroidered upon it the word "Bethel" and was borne in the first battle of the war by the first North Carolina Regiment of Volunteers, Col. D. H. Hill commanding. It got its "baptism of fire" at Big Bethel, a few miles from Yorktown, Va. There the Regiment lost private Henry L. Wyatt, the first Confederate soldier to fall in battle. The convention of North Carolina decreed as soon as the news of the battle reached Raleigh that the regiment should inscribe upon its colors the word "Bethel," and also that it should be known as the "Bethel Regiment." It is strange that fifty-six years since that battle was fought, nearly all the ladies who made the flag were living, and nearly all of the five men who were advancing with Wyatt when the latter was shot down. One of these five men, Mr. Robert H. Ricks, of Rocky Mount, made the noble gift of $25,000 to secure the services of Dr. D. H. Hill, a son of General Hill, to write the war story of North Carolina.

The oddest of all the flags is made of a lady's shawl, of blue China crepe, with a border of flowers, and it was executed by Miss Christine Fisher, of Salisbury, a notable artist in embroidery, and presented to the Sixth Regiment of State Troops, commanded by her brother, Col Charles F. Fisher. She embroidered in the center, in high relief, the seal of the State, and the number of the regiment, "Sixth Infantry State Troops," appears on one side, on the other being "May 20th, 1775" and the regimental motto, chosen by Col. Fisher, "Do or Die." This regiment came to Raleigh from what is now Burlington and was part of the great escort at the funeral of Governor Ellis, who had died at White Sulphur Springs, June, 1861. A day or two later the regiment went from Raleigh to Virginia and was hurried to Manassas, where it detrained and plunged into the first

real battle of the War, often called "Bull Run." In two hours from the time it left its cars Colonel Fisher was dead; shot through the brain. His sister, who made the flag, is still living in the dear old home at Salisbury, with her being Colonel Fisher's daughter, Mrs. Frances Tiernan, who presented the flag to the Hall of History.

Then there is the next flag of the Sixth Regiment, which is the type often called the "battle flag" of the Confederacy, and which was devised by General Beauregard not many hours after the battle of Manassas ended. It was found that the "Stars and Bars" was very like the "Stars and Stripes" and the flag General Beauregard drew was quite like the English flag. The latter was retained until the end of the War, but with two additions. In 1863 a "fly" of white and the last one in 1864 a stripe of red, perpendicular, at the end. This "battle flag" of the Sixth was the one under which the second Colonel of the regiment, Isaac Edwin Avery, was killed, at Gettysburg. There, in a headlong charge, led by Avery on horseback, he was mortally wounded and his horse was killed under him. His right side was paralyzed, but he managed with his left hand to get his military writing-pad from his coat pocket and to scrawl upon it this immortal message to his aged father, Col. Waighstill Avery, at his home at Morganton, the note being addressed to the major of the regiment, Samuel McDowell Tate: "Major. Tell my father that I died with my face to the enemy."

The best made of all the regular flags, which, by the way, were made by women, some at Richmond and some at Raleigh, is that of the Thirteenth regiment. It is entirely different from any of the others. It bears the names of many battles and yet is unspoiled by a scar. In 1917 a Confederate veteran from Charlotte came here and begged to be shown this flag. He was delighted to see it and was photographed beside it. Then a strange story developed. He produced a photograph made in June, 1861, of his brother and himself in uniform as privates of this regiment, and another photograph made of them both in 1887. During the War each had lost his right leg, a little above the knee, and they were seated in the same position as in the first photograph. His brother is yet living and is a physician, and both of them intend to come here and be photographed together, with their dear old flag as a background.

The flags of the Thirty-ninth Regiment, for there are two of them, have plenty of interest. This regiment did not surrender until May 10, 1865, and at Meridan, Miss. It surrendered one of these flags, which ladies of Mobile had made for it, the latter flag being out of proportion and not according to regulations. The flag which the regiment did not surrender was brought home by its smallest member, a little fellow from Jackson County, who put it under his shirt, next to his body. The first color-bearer of the regiment lost his head at a battle in Virginia, a cannon ball taking it completely off. In a battle before that he had, after the flagstaff had

been cut off by a shell, spread the flag out on some fence rails in the very front of the enemy and the latter had cheered him for this courageous act.

On the very day that the Thirty-ninth was surrendering away down at Meridian, Miss., the Sixth-ninth was doing the same thing in the suburbs of Waynesville, in Haywood County, after its last fight there, a month and a day after General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. The regiment had two Cherokee Indian Companies from Swain and Jackson Counties, every man in them as game as a rattle-snake. It is interesting to state here that a number of Indians, some them kinsmen of those who were in the Sixty-ninth, are now members of the First North Carolina Regiment stationed on the Mexican border.

There were two regiments which did not surrender all their arms and equipments, but kept half of them, by the order of the Federal officers to whom the surrenders were made. One of these was the Sixty-ninth, the other the Fifty-eighth, the flag of which is on view in the splendid and inspiring collection. The reason the arms were retained, as well as the equipments and even teams and plenty of ammunition, was the fact that the Federal commanders receiving the surrenders of these two regiments took the wise view that there would be plenty of disorder and that these trained men were best fitted to keep it down. The Fifty-eighth marched all the way across country from Alamance County to the mountain foothills and over the Blue Ridge. One of the thus unsurrendered rifles of the Fifty-eighth and a full set of equipments, with ammunition, is in the Hall of History. The flag of the Fifty-eighth bears the proud statement that it went "Fartherest at Chichamauga."

In the same case with the flag of the Fifty-eighth, which is not much more than a scrap, is the flag of the Fifty-fifth, with the also proud inscription "Farthest at Gettysburg." The decisions as to these coveted honors were made by a mixed commission of officers.

One of the most modest of men was Maj. Gen. Robert F. Hoke, who died in Raleigh a few years ago. The writer had the story from his own lips that Gen. Robert E. Lee had officially and verbally informed him that he had named Hoke to be his successor in command of the Confederate Armies in case Lee was incapacitated. Hoke was the soul of honor, of bravery and of truth, so this statement can go upon the record. At the writer's request he did what he had not donce since Lee surrendered at Appomattox, April 9, 1865, by writing on a card which is placed upon his headquarters flag: "R. F. Hoke, Maj. Gen. C. S. A."

Lima, the capital of Peru, gained more than 88,000 population between 1920 and 1930, its present population being more than 265,000.—Selected.

ENTER, THE NEW YEAR

By Mabel McKee

The New Year card in the cheap, pink envelope brought a really happy smile to Joan's face. Even before she opened it she knew it was from Cynthia, whom she had almost forgotten during the last few days of the old year at Bethany Hospital. After she had read the message on the plain but pretty little card she laughed gaily and expectantly.

"Come and watch the old year out and the new one in with Jerry and me, and a few congenial friends," it coaxed. "We're still poor and our house is shabby, but, Joan darling, we're still happy and promise you a homey good time."

"A homey good time!" Quite gaily Joan laughed the expression to herself. She was dancing around the corner of the corridor when—bang—she collided with a probationer. Boxes fell here and there. Together the two girls scrambled to pick them up and see that no damage was done to the flowers packed in them.

"As if it would make any difference to Mrs. Barry Norton if they were all smashed," the probationer grumbled. "She's starting the New Year with flowers, I should say, more than usual. Everybody in town sends that woman flowers and she never even notices them. She's too busy worrying over whether or not her room is in exquisite order and she herself looks stunning for when her husband comes. And when he does," the probationer snorted—"well, he doesn't notice anything. Everybody knows he's just making a duty call and glad to be gone again."

Joan didn't even hear what the probationer said. She was too busy thinking of the New Year card in the cheap, pink envelope. "Doris," she suddenly came out of her dream, "I warrant you I've found a home for Bunty, so he won't have to go to the orphanage after all."

She showed the probationer the gay little New Year card from Cynthia, to whose perfect home no baby had come. She confided her plans to the probationer. Tomorrow was her day off. She was going to dress Bunty up in his prettiest new clothes and take him out to Cynthia's tonight. By tomorrow noon he would have such a hold on the hearts of Jerry and Cynthia they'd never let him go.

The probationer smiled tolerantly. After all, she couldn't be expected to rave over Bunty, who was just one hospital baby whom Joan Burton happened to love extra well. She really thought the orphanage was the proper place for him. It didn't seem right for Joan to be giving him so much time and spending so much money on this baby whose mother had died when he was born.

"Oh," the probationer shrugged her shoulders so that the boxes were in a more comfortable position ".I'll get these to Mrs. Norton's room. If her husband doesn't notice them, Dr. Mercer will. He surely spends enough time in that room, my child."

Joan's face became sober—her

eyes tragic, but she didn't say a word. Instead she turned back toward the children's ward in the annex. She wanted to tell Bunty he was going visiting. She wanted to get out of the corridor before Dr. Peter Mercer, the hospital's "handsome interne," came that way. It was best that they should not be seen talking in the halls. He had told her that weeks ago when he had failed to get the position at the West Haven clinic, which he wanted so badly.

With Bunty in her arms, Joan forgot all the tragedies of the year which in a few hours' time would be just a memory. She twisted his adorable curl into what the nurses called a kewpie and kissed his chubby hands. In gay baby words she told him that he wouldn't have to go to the orphanage, but would have a home all his own.

To most of the people at Bethany, Bunty was just a hospital baby soon to go to an orphanage. But to the nurses he was Joan's baby, because she gave him her recreation hours and spent so much money keeping him looking like a real baby, as she said. She had been the nurse in whose arms Peter Mercer had placed Bunty six months before.

"His mother just died," he had whispered tragically. "She asked me to find him a home. Please care for him until I can, Miss Burton—" then he had noticed they were alone, "Joan dear."

Joan had cared for Bunty ever since. During the summer Dr. Mercer had paid much attention to the baby, too. Then he had been filled with confidence in himself; had been sure he would soon have a fine position in a clinic or as assistant to some very successful surgeon. But as the positions had passed Peter Mercer by, he neglected Joan and Bunty terribly—almost let them completely alone.

Now as Joan twisted Bunty's kewpie she told him about Cynthia, though she knew he didnt understand a word she said. But he did know she loved him when she hugged him so close in her arms. And he gurgled and clutched at her dusky curls.

It was then she was aware of someone standing in the doorway of the baby ward, which the head said Bunty had certainly outgrown. A long, dark shadow told Joan of this presence, and she turned to see a man watching the little scene with the greatest interest. He came to chuck Bunty under the chin, to study him closely. He asked a few questions about his weight, his health and like matters, which Joan answered in terse, rude sentences.

She was quite sure the man was from the Board of Children's Guardians. The head had said Bunty just had to go there right away. She felt this man was weighing him in his mind to see which institution was most fitted to this baby's needs.

She grew icy cold. She carried Bunty to a window. When she turned the man was gone. "You're never going with him, sweetheart," she whispered. "You're going to live with Cynthia. But you'll be still Joan's baby. You really belong to Peter, because his mother gave you to him to watch over. But, Bunty honey, Peter doesn't want to remem-

ber us. He—"

The ward door opened again. This time it was the corridor probationer. Miss Benning, the nurse in charge of Mrs. Barry Norton, had indigestion, and the head was assigning Joan to that case until she was better. Nancy Carlisle could watch the baby room and Joan's ward as well as her own patients.

"Not—tonight," Joan's words were whispers. "Oh, surely not tonight, Dot. Why Bunty and I were going away tonight. We were going to start the New Year in—"

She was going to say, "in his own home," but she happened to see Peter passing through the hall. That made her too icy to talk, for she was thinking. Peter was giving much time to Mrs. Barry Norton. He must have advised the head to call her in for this case tonight. Her mouth straightened and her heart hardened toward Peter.

It grew harder that evening as she moved around, ministering to the wealthy woman who was recovering from a very simple appendix operation and who demanded all the care of a very critical patient. For he had not only forgotten Bunty, but also a promise he had exacted from her a year ago to spend this New Year's Eve with him. Then all her dreams of the future had been rosy dreams. Now they were drab—worse than that, black.

A sound of stormy sobbing from the bed chased all thoughts of the dark coming year out of Joan's mind. She flew to the woman there, who was sobbing just like a little girl. Joan knew her sobs were from heart-break instead of pain. Instead of fussing with nerve powders or electric pads as the other nurses would have done, impulsive Joan just sat down on the bed and began soothing and patting the woman as she would have done her sister.

Soon she was quiet again, her arms around Joan, her blonde, beautiful hair against Joan's dusky curls. And while they clung together, Joan remembered all the gossip she had heard about this woman—how she almost worshipped her husband, who made only the briefest of duty calls and whose entire interest seemed to be in his business, his clubs and his men friends.

Different nurses who had been on the case said that he was the kind of a man who never should have married, because he cared so very little for women. They knew that it was his brief visits which made the wealthy woman so troublesome. It was then she shrieked out demands. It was then she demanded a physician, and Peter Mercer was called to coax her to be quiet.

Joan had scoffed at Mrs. Norton before this time. Now, with their heads so close together, she felt a sudden surge of love for her. "She's just lonely," she thought. She forgave her for taking so much of Peter's time. She forgave her even for robbing her of this evening at Cynthia's. She might be able to forgive her for making Bunty—

It was just then there came a tap at the door of Mrs. Norton's room. "More flowers," Joan thought. Hurredly she sprang up from the bed and started toward the door, hoping it would be flowers from Barry Norton so that the sorrow in this wo-

man's heart would be gone.

The hall probationer stood in the doorway when Joan opened the door. In her arms was Bunty—a sleepy, fretful Bunty. "He was crying like mad," she began, "and Miss Gilkinson told me to take him upstairs to the children's ward so the litle babies wouldn't be wakened and cry, too. I knew he'd wake them up, too, and they'd call the head, and he'd probably be hustled to the orphanage tonight. It's not that I don't think he should go there," she finished wearily, "but I knew it'd spoil tomorrow for you."

Joan's eyes grew troubled. They wandered from Bunty's little hands stretched toward her, from his fretful little sobs, to the wealthy patient, little sobs, to the wealthy patient, whose disheveled hair, tear-stained eyes, and tragic mouth were eloquent of need of comfort, too. And then a miracle seemed to happen. Bunty laughed, and for the first time in his little life, cried, "Dada—dada."

The probationer laughed first. "Now isn't that just like a boy baby to yell for a man, when you're all he has, Joan? The ungrateful little youngster is like all men."

It was then the wealthy patient spoke. "Bring him in, nurse. You may keep him here."

After the probationer had gone, Mrs. Barry Norton turned wearily on her pillow so that Joan could see just the back of her head. Irresolutely she hesitated, but Bunty sprang to action and began to howl again. Dropping into the nearest chair, Joan began to trot him over her knee. The sound of her foot tapping the floor caused Mrs. Norton to turn her face toward Joan again. For one minute she watched the performance in silence; the next she started laughing. She giggled deliciously until Joan had him quiet again, raised him into a sitting posture and began to curl his kewpie into shape.

"He isn't exactly pretty," Mrs. Norton voiced her thoughts, "but he's a baby and he's yours, so that's what counts, nurse. When all the babies you have had die after just a few days on this earth and there is someone who once cared for you, but is now interested in just business and other things, then you'll—"

"Men," Joan went back to the bed again, Bunty in her arms, "are always forgetting something. They haven't stopped caring when they do that way. They just have to hurt some one when they're disappointed. Oh, I don't mean that," she hurried to add. "They just forget the people they love when they're disappointed and think—just of themselves."

After that she told Mrs. Norton that Bunty wasn't her baby. The story of his coming to the hospital was told, and the part Dr. Mercer had played in his staying. After it was told, it seemed only natural she would talk about Dr. Mercer's failure to get the position at the clinic and of his neglect of Bunty, whom he had loved until this time.

While Joan talked, the woman's features softened. Her hair, out of its regular marcelled waves, was rumpled so that she looked like a young girl, and her pillows were rumpled as if children might have

been playing around her bed. Her mouth was curved, and her eyes were big. Joan didn't dream that the other woman was reading between the sentences of her story and learning that Dr. Mercer had neglected her, too. And in her heart came a desire to help this other girl find happiness that she herself no longer knew.

"My dear," she said, suddenly interrupting, "that reminds me that Dr. Mercer was to come here at midnight to get me a hypodermic. I really feel the need of it now, though it's only a little after eleven o'clock. Will you please go ask him to come to me right away?"

Joan rose, the sleeping Bunty in her arms. For one minute she hesitated; then she was the nurse again, forgetting herself, any tragic minutes she might experience because of this call. She looked hesitatingly at the woman. "I'll have to take him to the ward first," she began. "I hope he doesn't wake up there. It would break my heart if they sent him to the orphanage tomorrow before Cynthia—"

"Just put him on my bed," the woman was still smiling. "The pillow's too high for him. Just push it away and—"

She rumbled on and on, giving directions about the placing of Bunty, about the care of babies, about the beautiful things she had made for her own babies. She didn't worry over her mussed hair, didn't demand a mirror and care as she usually did before the doctor or anyone else came to her room.

It really was a long journey through the corridors to Peter's office. Joan and Dr. Mercer on their way back walked very slowly, though they talked little. And that was why, when they opened the door, they saw Mrs. Barry Norton, who had grown tired of waiting and fallen asleep. Her hair was tumbled around her face girlishly. The pillows were rumpled. And sleeping so close to her body that his little blond kewpie touched her cheek, was Bunty. When he moved a little, her beautiful arm reached out across his warm little body.

For a long time Peter and Joan just stood and watched them. They didn't know for a minute that some one else was standing beside them. It was Joan who turned first and saw him—the man who had stood in the baby room door that afternoon and troubled her so. When Peter turned he smiled and stretched out his hand to Barry Norton, who, after a director's meeting, had dutifully stopped at Bethany Hospital to wish his wife, if she were awake, a happy New Year, never realizing that he wasn't planning anything to make it happy for her.

The rare smile on Barry Norton's face quite decided Joan's course. She slipped her hand into Peter's arm and gently led him from the room. "He'll be there when she wakes," she told him out in the hall. "And Bunty won't be homeless much longer. It couldn't have happened better if you had planned it."

The New Year card in the cheap, pink envelope was on Joan's dresser when she came up at noon to finish packing Bunty's lovely new clothes which she had bought for his Christmas gift. Barry Norton wanted his

wife and the baby, who was to take the place of all the little sons who had not lingered long at their home, in his own house on New Year's evening.

Peter Mercer had laughed at Barry Norton's question as to whether or not it would hurt his wife to move her now. He could have told him that other people who had had appendicitis operations were moved long before this time. But instead he had confided, "Nothing could hurt her now. She's too happy for that."

Joan held the card in her hand. Penitently, she looked at it. She should at least have telephoned Cynthia this morning. But how could she, with all her work to do and with Peter insisting upon telling her of the early morning talk he had had with Barry Norton.

She put her hands to her cheeks. Yes, they were flushed with happiness. The position of physician at the great Norton steel mills would just suit Peter. Out there would be many sick hearts as well as sick bodies to heal. Out there would be little children who were lame and whose little bodies were thin and wasted. And how Peter would love working with them and watching them grow strong and straight.

She walked to her window and looked out at the town. Her arms stretched out to it—to all the people it held, old ones, young ones, happy ones, sorrowful ones whom she would try to help. "Happy New Year, all of you," she cried. "Let's make it a happy year all together."

FIFTY YEARS OF POWER

This month marks the 50th anniversary of the opening of the first electrical central station in the world by Thomas A. Edison on Pearl street, New York. This modest plant, with a capacity of only 750 horsepower, was the beginning of the electric power and light industry.

When first put into operation on September 4, 1882, the Pearl Street station had only 59 customers. Electrical companies in the Greater New York area now have more than two million, while there are more than 24 million power and light customers in the United States. The total investment in the industry is now approximately 13 billion dollars.

More amazing even than this prodigious growth is the astounding effect produced upon the living habits of mankind. There is hardly a phase of human existence that is not touched by the magic of electricity, and its future possibilities are boundless.

It is doing the drudgery of the world and has added to its comforts and conviences in thousands of ways undreamed of even by the great Edison in his tiny Pearl Street Station a half century ago.—Selected.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS FOR THE PEDESTRIAN

(Reidsville Review)

While this is a good season for the motorist to determine that he will drive more carefully during 1933, it is also a proper time for the pedestrian to resolve that he will avoid those errors which in 1931 killed 14,500 walkers and injured nearly 300,000.

Maxwell Halsey, traffic engineer of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, has drawn up a set of resolutions for the man-a-foot. They are:

City

I will not cross a street when traffic lights are against me, nor will I cross diagonally or between intersections.

I will not cross at intersections where there are no signals without looking for traffic.

I will not come from behind parked cars without observing what is before me.

I will not get on or off a street car without satisfying myself that my way is clear and I will not take it for granted that all motorists always obey all rules.

I will not take a chance any place against a dangerous driver.

Country

I will not forget to walk on left side of road so that I can face oncoming cars.

I will not cross at a sharp curve or just at the brow of a steep hill where I cannot see what is coming.

I will not forget to allow for a swerve of a car on rough roads, giving all vehicles plenty of room.

I will not forget when I drive how I feel when I am walking.

Try these instructions and be a "safe walker."

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the subject of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and it is nearer attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

HONOR ROLL FOR DECEMBER

Room No. 2

—A—

Mack Hughes, Robert Merritt, Buford Shipman, Herman Nunnery, Robert Jernigan, and Arthur Wingler.

—B—

James Camden, Horace Brown, Ernest Green, Marshall Hartsell, Marshall Hawkins, and Sam Wilson.

—o—

Room No. 3

—A—

Albert Crepps, Amos Bell, Mell Russ, Bill Jackson, Robt. Hill, and Thurman Lockamy.

—B—

Pink Chester, Fred McCurry, Charlie Bowman, Chas. Everett, Curtis Holtzhouser, Avery Gunter, Chas. Wagoner, Ed Hall, Claude Tillman, Goley Kimery, and Chas. Smith.

—o—

Room No. 4

—A—

Eddie Lockamy, Daniel Rhyne, and Lloyd Wrenn.

—B—

Richard Burleson, William Byrd, Ralph Calhoun, Arthur Chatham, Samuel Chunn, Rick Dalton, John Kelly, Wm. Roberts, Ernest Wright, Hubert Gray, Roy Gregory, L. T. Hartsell, LeRoy Janey, Billie Justice, Elbert Price, Lewis Smith, John West, and Robert Worthington.

—o—

Room No. 5

—A—

Robert Alexander, Billy Craven, Benjamin Overby, Jessie Tyndall, Clarence Ashburn, Edwin Cooper, Monroe Denham, Paul Eason, Willis Mize, and John Owens.

—B—

Wallace Anders, Ed Fisher, Tom Welch, Clifford Bowers, and Fleming Collins.

—o—

Room No. 6

—A—

Raleigh Akridge, Bill Barrett, Wm. Barber, Shuford Cagle, Carlton Campbell, Elsie Carpenter, Carl Everett, Claude Hicks, Charlie Mounce, Hardin Meddlin, and James Kelly.

—B—

Ernest Anderson, Roscoe Ashburn, Femas Butler, Douglas Carter, Walter Campbell, Wm. Hames, Frank McAllister, and Morris Staley.

—o—

Room No. 7

—A—

Bill Young, Jas. Young, and Lonnie Holleman.

—B—

Howard Cook, Henry Mathis, Johnnie Walsh, and Robt. Rhoades.

—END—

Statistics show that the white race is larger than the yellow race, there being an estimated total of 725,000,000 Caucasions compared with a total of 680,000,000 Mongolians in the world's population.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Dr. Jenkins, president of Boiling Springs Junior College, made a brief visit to the institution last Wednesday.

—o—

The first hog-killing of the new year occurred at the school last Tuesday, several fine porkers being butchered at that time.

—o—

The gardens are still keeping our tables well supplied with generous portions of salads, such as turnip greens, collards, etc.

—o—

New Sunday School quarterlies, covering the first three months of the new year, were issued to the boys and their teachers last week.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have removed a little milk house from near the dairy barn to the rear of the school building, and converted it into a storage place for our fire-fighting equipment.

—o—

The recent snow and rains have caused a great deal of damage to the roads over the campus, but we notice that since the sun and wind have dried them off, a number of wagons have started hauling gravel to make the necessary repairs.

—o—

Miss Sarah Boger returned to N. C. C. W., Greensboro, last Tuesday, after spending the Christmas holiday with her parents, Superintendent and Mrs. C. E. Boger. We regret to report that during the greater part of the vacation season she was confined to her home by a severe cold.

—o—

The number of boys who were suffering from severe colds and sore throats last week was sufficient to cause considerable alarm for fear that the "flu" had taken possession at the school, but we are glad to report that since the return of favorable weather only a very few boys are now on the ailing list.

—o—

The Training School boys seem to have acquired friends both far and near, as was evidenced by a shipment of more than three years' issues of the National Geographic Magazine, coming from Mr. and Mrs. G. Wesley Alleger, of Flemington, N. J. These were sent to the boys of Cottage No. 2, where Mr. and Mrs. Alleger spent a few days last Summer. These splendid magazines will be a great sourse of pleasure to the boys as they while away

the long Winter evenings, and to these friends we extend herewith our most hearty thanks.

—o—

At the beginning of last year the dining room at the Cannon Memorial Building was closed for economic purposes, and remained closed throughout the year. A number of people have been busy this week putting the room in shape for serving dinner to the Board of Trustees, which held its quarterly meeting last Thursday.

—o—

Mrs. Howard Caldwell and Mrs. Ralph Boyd, of Concord, delivered more than 250 magazines to the school one day last week. Among these were Time, Boys' Life, Literary Digest, Woman's Home Companion, American—in fact copies of the leading magazines published, which were issued to the boys in respective cottages. It has long been the custom of these good ladies to furnish suitable reading matter for our boys, but this is by far the largest number ever delivered at one time. This interest in the welfare of the boys is greatly appreciated, and we take this opportunity to thank these ladies for their kindness.

We were pleased to receive Christmas cards from a number of our paroled boys. In some instances the cards stated as to whether the boys were working or attending school, while others bore only the season's greetings. Among those sending cards to several members of our staff were: Edgar Rochester, who is employed in a printing office in Charlotte; Clarence Mebane, attending school in Burlington; Emmet Allen, Staatsburg, N. Y.; Burnie Lassiter, Hamlet; Alden Rash, North Wilkesboro; Mitchell Khoury, New Bern; Constantine Meena, attending school in Charlotte; Malcom Driver, attending school, Dunn; C. Keith Hunt, working in printing establishment, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Bill Newton, Pasadena, Calif.; Robert Sands, Chicago Ill.; Frank Cotton, Charlotte; Horace McCall, U. S. Navy, Panama Canal Zone; Fred Costan, Charlotte; A. J. Allen, Cramerton; James Allen, Raleigh; Francis Hart, Monroe; Clyde Small, Valdese; James Jones, Fayetteville; Brunell Fink, Charlotte; Harry Sims, Charlotte; James Briley, Sanford; Luther Kellum, U. S. Marine Corps; Robert Glassgow, Winston-Salem; and Charles Smith, Fayetteville.

The books of ancient Egyptians were written hieroglyphics upon long strips of papyrus which were rolled when not in use, hence the modern use of the word "volume" with reference to a book, derived from the Latin "volumen" meaning a roll.

—Selected.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA REC

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 14, 1933 No. 2

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VALUE OF ENTHUSIASM

You may have plenty of sound sense and much experience, but if you lack an enthusiastic interest in your work, you're destined to the dull drudgery of the day.

Enthusiasm is the dynamo of your personality, driving all other advantages in your favor.—Van Amburgh.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

BEWARE OF BIG WORDS

Tradition has it that years ago when Benjamin Franklin was a lad, he began to study philosophy, and soon became fond of applying technical names to common objects. One evening when he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some ascephalous molluska, the old man was much alarmed, and suddenly seizing him, called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came in with warm water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump. They forced half a gallon down Benjamin's throat, then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch and shook him, while the old man said, "If we don't get them things out of Benny he will be pizened sure." When they were out, and Benjamin explained that the articles alluded to were oysters, his father fondled him for half an hour with a trunk strap for scaring the family. Tradition adds that ever afterward Franklin's language was marvelously simple and explicit.—Selected.

THE BOARD MEETING

The New Year's meeting of the Board of Trustees of Stonewall Jackson Training School was held on Thursday, January 5th, with the following members present: Chairman L. T. Hartsell, Messrs D. B. Coltrane, Herman Cone, and J. E. Latham; Mesdames Cameron Morrison, R. O. Everett, I. W. Faison, and Miss Easdale Shaw.

The budget, as recommended by Superintendent C. E. Boger to the Advisory Budget Commission, including the financial report of the institution, in connection with other routine matters pertaining to the school were reviewed.

The members of the Board recommended a letter of apprecia-

tion be written by Mrs. R. O. Everett, secretary, to Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, expressing its appreciation to the local circle of King's Daughters, Concord, for the handsome portrait of the late James P. Cook, who spent his life in giving thought to the salvaging of young boys—coming from broken homes.

The books given to the School by the Charlotte King's Daughters, Mrs. E. E. Peele, president, were accepted, with the recommendation that a letter be written expressing an appreciation of the interest of this splendid organization.

* * * * * * * * * * *

FINE LEADERSHIP

On Thursday, January 5th, under most favorable circumstances and appropriate ceremonies, Governor Gardner retired after four years of constant and most intensive service, and Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus took his place as pilot at the wheel of the Ship of State. Throughout Governor Gardner's term of office he was confronted with hard problems, the after effects of an ill fated boom, but with the courage of true manhood he never wavered in the discharge of duties showing himself worthy of the confidence imposed when the great commonwealth chose him as their banner bearer—the Chief Executive.

Never at any time has North Carolina had a Governor better cast for the problems of the day than O. Max Gardner who met ever issue face forward, and in his retirement has the esteem and confidence of the people at large. He gave fine service to the State. There was sympathetic communication between him and the people generally which was unspoken. He stood for thrift in an age of wild extravagance, for prudence in an age of fantastic imprudence, and sobriety amidst drunken recklessness.

His successor, Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus, a man of fine bearing and splendid intellect, who by inheritance and training is splendidly qualified to meet every emergency, will doubtless follow up the same policy of his predecssor, "economy," till the budget is satisfactorily balanced.

Governor Ehringhaus stated in his inuagural address that "every kind of income has shrunk, some twenty, some fifty, some

an hundrel," and with this shrinking process comes the necessity to "trim-sails,"—a terse expression with all down easterners when it becomes necessary to cut the pattern to fit the goods, or words to that effect.

The Governor from the east shows wisdom in emphasizing "economy," but at the same time warns against parsimoniousness. We understand economy meants thrift, through the process of conserving, but parsimoniousness would work a detriment by letting things it has taken generations to build go to waste, such as our many institutions for the unfortunates and schools for the youths of the state.

One recognizes that in both houses of the General Assembly there is serious recognition of responsibility upon the part of the Solons, giving hope that the dawn of a brighter day is breaking and the old Ship of State may be put once more on a level keel.

* * * * * * * * * *

ONE WAY TO ELIMINATE CRIMINALS

"I want to help that boy." That was the statement of Judge Luther B. Way, Norfolk, Va., after hearing the case of a seventeen year old boy, who had been accused of taking an automobile. The boy said he innocently bought the car, and the court believed the boy. The Judge further said, "I will not turn that nice boy loose if the authorities are going to jump on him and prosecute him. I intend to see that he is placed in school somewhere." Could anything be finer than the interest shown by this Judge for a boy who possibly had made a mistake for the first time, and if placed with hardened criminals there would never be the least hope of reclamation. This act will be applauded by every thoughtful and humane person. The only way to eliminate criminality is to give the youths of the country a chance. For every boy saved possibly it means the setting up of a home of the finest principals instead of one polluted with crime and ignorance. Unless we desire to see a batch of confirmed criminals grow out of this economic age the state must intervene between them and ruin. The only way to avert more criminals is to make plans for a greater efficiency in the schools for wayward youths. There is nothing gain-

ed in just confining them, they must be given the best educational advantages as well as provide for vocational training. Criminality is on the increase, so it behooves every interested citizen to see that this delinquent class be given advantages that inspire to higher ideals.

Judge Way has set a worthy example to all jurists and law makers that it is a duty to look after the erring youngsters set adrift in a storm without a compass or guide. To herd the child of tender years with criminals is unthinkable and violative of every right and justice. The sooner the state makes provision for efficient training of those whom necessity forces to leave the parental home the quicker will society be relieved of some of the burdens of criminality it is now forced to bear. In these restless days more than ever we need judges, officials and citizens with understanding hearts—not to punish, but instead use corrective measures.

* * * * * * * * * *

HOW TO PREVENT CRIME

Through the universally read Brisbane column we get the estimate of this renowned writer as to the value of reformation for the youths of the country. He thinks the "army of itinerant youths," known as hoboes, each with some grievance against society is furnishing an opportunity for developing crimnials. Brisbane and New York City's chief of police, General Glassford, agree that money spent for preventing crime, supporting schools for that specific purpose, returns better dividends than money spent in detecting and punishing crime. This is the thought projected by Brisbane. He never gives an expression until he has thought straight through the subject. We hear from every angle the topic "economy" discussed, but let us hope the 1933 General Assembly will consider it poor economy when it comes to saving the dollar at the expense of neglecting our young boys—the only thing in God's world that will make a man. The boys of today are our American citizens of the years to come. A country is no stronger than its citizenship. Our first duty is to protect those coming from broken homes and without hope. Unless the strong arm of

the state reaches out and protects them as a parent would a child, the army of "itinerant youths" will continue to be on the increase.

* * * * * * * * * *

CALVIN COOLIDGE

The news of the unexpected death of ex-President Calvin Coolidge came as a distinct shock to the nation. During his public career, he was modest and simple in taste, avoiding every thing of a spectacular nature. It is quite true there were no grave problems like those during the administrations of Wilson and Hoover, to test out his ability, but there is reason to infer he had the qualities of mind and spirit to meet the crisis and ascend the heights. Will Rogers in his remarks said, Coolidge left a great lesson to our governmnt in "common sense." Not a finer compliment could be paid any man than to say, "he has fine common sense." To have risen so suddenly from obscurity to the highest office his countrymen could give him is convincing that he had silent power. His passing from this life to that of the great beyond was as silent as the walks of his daily life. His extreme reticent nature made him in many ways a puzzle to the people, however, men trusted him and respected him for his simplicity and unassuming manner.

* * * * * * * * * *

SCHOOLS

"Jails and state prisons are the complement of schools; so many less as you have of the latter, so many more you must have of the former," thus said Horace Mann, one of America's most distinguished educators.

RAMBLING AROUND

(With Old Hurrygraph)

The man who wins is the man who stays
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways;
And, perhaps, who lingers now and then
To help some failure to rise again—
Ah, he is the man who wins.

—o—

It may be true that one-half of the world does not know how the other lives; but it must be acknowledged that there are a great many people trying to find out.

—o—

There's every reason for your heart to rejoice. Get away from looking blue. In about a month the mails will be bringing you those beautiful and gorgeously colored fancy seed catalogs, which will dazzle your eyes.

—o—

The French people said to the American soldiers, when they first landed overseas, in the World's War, "We can never repay you." It looks now like they told the truth, and haven't changed their minds.

—o—

"It was only a glad 'Good morning!
As she passed along the way
But it spread the morning glory
Over the livelong day."

—o—

France said she couldn't—and did not—pay her United States debt, and turned right around and loaned Austria the sum of $14,000,000. The French defalcation of its American debt may yet come home to roost. France must not forget she set the fashion in such affairs. What is there to prevent the eight debtor nations to France treating their obligations the same way as France cast aside its debts to America?

—o—

It is to be hoped that 1932 has taught us we must rely on common sense, hard work, and an application of proven first principles; and that artificial stimulus will not give us a sound economical body. It is quite time that we stop trying to save people and defeat the natural laws by legislation. We have too many laws now, too many elections, too much governmental, state, county, municipal, school districts, etc., expense—and as a result we have far too much debt, both public and private.

—o—

Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success,,
You'll find what you look for; don't look for distress.
If you see but your shadow, remember, I pray,
That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.

—o—

The beekeepers in some parts of Illinois are greatly enraged at George Bernard Shaw because of what they term "his blasphemous statements regarding Christ and His apostles," that they are going to fire him out of their association.

Mr. Shaw won't mind that. He's been thrown out of associations bigger than the beekeepers. But one might ask, what does belonging to a beekeepers' club have to do with one's religion? Or lack of it? The beekeepers might mind, but it's doubtful if the bees would. In fact, I have a notion that a bee might gather honey for a Mohammedan, or a sun worshipper, just as gayly as he would for an earnest Christian. I wish Mr. Maeterlinck would revise his wonderful book, "The Life of the Bee," and put in it what bees think of humans. It would be most interesting.

—o—

John Bull paid his debt to America like a man. Now our tourists, if there be any next summer, should go to England. The tourists to France may not know it, but England, Scotland and Wales are a thousand times more beautiful than France anyhow. ("And, besides," said the fox, as he whisked his tail and walked away, "the grapes are sour.") A day in Cornwall is worth four weeks on the Bois de Boulogne, and one walk across the heather on a Scottish moor is better than a year in the Chateau country. But you can't make Americans believe it. They are Paris mad. Well, let them go there and spend their money with these defaulters, but as sure as shooting, I'm not going.

—o—

Mrs. Kate Morris Green, relict of the late Caleb C. Green, erstwhile editor and for many years clerk of Durham county superior court, fell to sleep, at Columbia, S. C., Friday morning, where she had gone to reside with her son, Ernest J. Green, and daughter, Mrs. W. L. Dick, in the 85th year of her age. She was a life-long resident of Durham. She has laid down the cross to take up the crown. The noble traits of her character call forth the truest and deepest admiration. The best eulogy is the briefest. What are my paltry words of praise to the memory of one who was friend, and whose long life of Christian devotion to her church, her family, and all the kindly relations of life? Her cross was a "shut-in" with much pain and suffering, the result of an accident some years ago, which she bore with true Christian fortitude. She set the signet of her estimable character upon generations of loved ones and friends from her early youth. This mother in Israel, who has waved a gentle farewell to us poor creatures, still on the shores of time, as she faded into the purple paths of eternal glory, was the highest type of Christian, mother and friend. She sleeps beside her beloved husband in Maplewood cemetery. Her grave was covered by many beautiful floral offerings sent by loving friends. Like a lily did close, angels curtained her repose, and the next waking dawned in heaven.

—o—

Wouldn't life be lots more happy,
If the good that's in us all,
Were the only thing about us
That folks bothered to recall?

—o—

Some Don'ts for 1933

Don't look backward on the mistakes made and the wrongs done you. Look forward.

Don't take up the idea that other folks are trying to do you harm because they do not see things as you do. Perhaps nine times out of ten you may be wrong.

Don't brood over the underhand deals that have been handed out to you—or bear in mind a few of the deals you handed out. Keep before your own door clean.

Don't believe everything everybody tells you. Sift the grain from the chaff. Much of the trouble in this world is caused by people going about gossipping.

Don't try to boss other people's business. Give them credit for knowing what they are doing.

Don't ride your hobby into everyone's house. Hitch it outside the gate once in a while.

Don't hate your enemy, or those who dispitefully use you. It will sour your disposition. Forgive him—and forget. It will make life sweeter.

Dcnt' forget to do your own thinking in this good year of grace. Use your head for more than just a hat-rack.

God helps them that help themselves.—Franklin.

REMINISCENT OF BUFFALO BILL AND HIS WILD WEST SHOW

By C. W. Hunt

Most boys and girls know of Buffalo Bill (Wm. F. Cody) the great Western Indian fighter and crack rifle shot, who when there were neither buffalos to kill or Indians to fight, gathered together a great aggregation of fine horsemen, fine horses and nationally known cowboys and organized what was nationally and internationally known as Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, in which he went forth to show a celebrity and to teach history by example; show how proficient one could become on a horse, with a rifle or with a shot gun. It was a wonderful aggregation of frontier life on the plains of the west in the early days, and was educative in a high degree, being clean in every way. Among the things depicted in the performance was carrying the mail on galloping western ponies in relays, when one pony was ridden so many miles, then without ever stopping the rider dismounted on a run with his mail bag and mounted another and a fresh pony and on until the man was worn, then a fresh man and more fresh ponies made almost the time of a mail train, carrying the mail across the plains.

Another stunt was the old fashioned stage coach, one of the origi-

nals, still preserved, with which a stage coach robbery was depicted, when with blank cartridges the stage was held up and shots fired as people digorged their gold to the robbers. To show how the cowboys roped and threw wild steers he had steers trained to do their part and make what appeared to be a real catch of a wild steer. Then the cowboys would show the maneuvers of army men on horse-back, when all kinds of drills were gone through.

Perhaps the most thriling and wonderful performance in all the show was the rifle shooting by Buffalo Bill from the back of the great sorrel horse that was presented to Buffalo Bill by General Nelson Miles, the celebrated Indian fighter, who in 1898 was commander-in-chief of the army that went forth to free Cuba from Spanish rule. Mounted on this great horse, with rifle in hand and at a beautiful prancing gallop, Buffalo Bill would, with a rifile break glass ball after glass ball as they were pitched into the air by an attendant. The rifle was supposed to be loaded with shotted shells, but even with that it was a wonderful performance of hip shooting, exhibited to show how proficient one can become in any given avocation, provided they apply themselves.

Right beside Buffalo Bill in shooting ability was "Annie Oakley," a woman expert with a shot gun. Annie Oakley was not her real name, but a stage name, and who died, if I remember correctly, a few years ago about the Pinehurst section of this state. Annie Oakley could and did break almost 100 per cent of all balls tossed in the air. She would load half a dozen guns, place them side by side and without any slowing up of the ball tosser, pick up the guns one by one and break the balls as they rose in the air. That was her only part in the show, but was worth the price of admission.

The last performance of this great aggregation was given at Charlotte, and as the special train carrying all those horses and men and women was proceeding north to Danville, it met a through freight between Linwood and Lexington, head on, both trains on a down grade, killing and maiming abcut all of those trained horses, including the sorrel formerly owned by General Miles. None of the men and women were injured, but Buffalo Bill was heartbroken and retired to private life for the remainder of his days.

Since the end of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show a new generation has come on the scene. It is possible that few of the boys at Jackson Training School know of such a character as Col. William F. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.
—Franklin.

A SHORT SKETCH ON THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(Selected)

Benjamin Franklin, one of the finest examples of a self-made man that history affords, was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. Beginning life as a tallow-chandler's boy, he rose step by step until he became one of the greatest philosophers and statesmen of his age; and, having filled many high offices of profit and trust, and contributed powerfully to the establishment of our government and the improvement of mankind, he died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, full of honors as of years.

He was intended for the minstry, but either through lack of means or an early distaste for theolcgy perceived in the boy, the idea was abandoned in favor of an apprenticeship in an elder brother's printing shop. Benjamin seems to have mastered the trade in short order, read diligently and became a regular anonymous contributor to his brother's paper, "The New England Courant." The brothers were not congenial, however, and young Franklin broke his indentures and slipped away by sea to New York, en route to Philadelphia, where he arrived friendless and almost penniless. Within six years he was in control of the "Pennsylvania Gazette," now the "Saturday Evening Post." From then on he was engaged almost constantly in some sort of public activity, as editor,

author, economist, scientist and statesman. He founded many public institutions that yet are flourishing. In 1753 Franklin was appointed Postmaster-General for the Colonies, and later served them on several missions abroad. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

If you would learn the value of money, go and try to borrow some, for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.
—Franklin.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(Selected)

Benjamin Franklin was twelve years old. He was large and strong and fat and good-natured, and had a full-moon face and red cheeks that made him look like a country bumpkin. He was born in Boston within twenty yards of the church called "Old South," but the Franklins now lived at the corner of Congress and Hanover streets, where to this day there swings in the breeze a gilded ball, and on it the legend, "Josiah Franklin, Soap-Boiler."

Benjamin was the fifteenth child in the family; and several having grown to maturity and flown, there were thirteen at the table when little Ben first sat in the high chair. But the Franklins were not superstitious, and if little Ben ever prayed that another would be born, just for luck, we know nothing of it. His mother loved him very much and indulged him in many ways, for he was always her baby boy, but the father thought that because he was good-natured he was also lazy and should be disciplined.

Once upon a time the father was packing a barrel of beef in the cellar, and Ben was helping him, and as the father always said grace at the table, the boy suggested he ask a blessing, once for all, on the barrel of beef and thus economize breath. But economics along that line did not appeal to Josiah Franklin, for this was early in 1718, and Josiah was a Presbyterian and lived in Boston.

The boy was not religious, for he never "went forward," and only went to church because he had to, and read "Plutarch's Lives" with much more relish than he did "Saints' Rest." But he had great curiosity and asked questions until his mother would say, "Goodness gracious, go and play!" And as the boy wasn't very religious or very fond of work, his father and mother decided that there were only two careers open for him: the mother proposed that he be made a

preacher, but his father said, send him to sea. To go to sea under a good strict captain would discipline him, and to send him off and put him under the care of the Reverend Doctor Thirdly would answer the same purpose—which course should be pursued? But Pallas Athene, who was to watch over this lad's destinies all through life, preserved him from either.

His parents' aspirations extended even to his becoming captain of a schooner or pastor of the First Church at Roxbury. And no doubt he could have sailed the schooner around the globe in safety, or filled the pulpit with a degree of power that would have caused consternation to reign in the heart of every other preacher in town; but Fate saved him that he might take the Ship of State, when she threatened to strand on the rocks of adversity, and pilot her into peaceful waters, and to preach such sermons to America that their eloquence still moves us to better things.

Parents think that what they say about their children goes, and once in an awfully long time it does, but the men who become great and learned usually do so in spite of their parents—which remark was first made by Martin Luther, but need not be discredited on that account.

Ben's oldest brother was James. Now, James was nearly forty; he was tall and slender, stooped a little, and had sandy whiskers, and a nervous cough, and positive ideas on many subjects—one of which was that he was a printer. His apprentice, or "devil," had left him, because the devil did not like to be cuffed whenever the compositor shuffled his fonts. James needed another apprentice, and proposed to take his younger brother and make a man of him if the old folks were willing. The old folks were willing and Ben was duly bound by law to his brother, agreeing to serve him faithfully, as Jacob served Laban, for seven years and two years more.

Science has explained many things, but it has not yet told why it sometimes happens that when seventeen eggs are hatched, the brood will consist of sixteen barnyard fowls and one eagle. James Franklin was a man of small capacity, whimsical, jealous and arbitrary. But if he cuffed his apprentice Benjamin, when the compositor blundered, and when he didn't, it was his legal right; and the master who did not occasionally kick his apprentice was considered derelict to duty. The boy ran errands, cleaned the presses, swept the shop, tied up bundles, did the tasks that no one else would do; and incidentally "learned the case." Then he set type, and after a while ran a press. And in those days a printer ranked considerably above a common mechanic. A man who was a printer was a literary man, as were the master printers of London and Venice. A printer was a man of taste. All editors were printers, and usually composed the matter as they set it up in type. Thus we now have the expressions: a "composing-room," a "composing-stick," etc. People once addressed "Mr. Printer," not "Mr. Editor," and when they met "Mr. Printer" on the street removed their hats—but

not in Philadelphia.

Young Franklin felt a proper degree of pride in his work, if not vanity. In fact, he himself has said that vanity is a good thing, and whenever he saw it come flaunting down the street, always made way, knowing that there was virtue somewhere back of it—out of sight perhaps, but still there. James, being a brother, had no confidence in Ben's intellect, so when Ben wrote short articles on this and that, he tucked them under the door so that James would find them in the morning. James showed these articles to his friends, and they all voted them very fine, and concluded they must have been written by Doctor So-and-So, Ph. D., who, like Lord Bacon, was a very modest man and did not care to see his name in print.

Yet, by and by, it came out who it was that wrote the anonymous "hot stuff," and then James did not think it was quite so good as he at first thought, and moreover, declared he knew whose it was all the time. Ben was eighteen and had read Montaigne, and Collins, and Shaftsbury, and Hume. When he wrote he expressed thoughts that then were considered very dreadful, but that can now be heard proclaimed even in good orthodox churches. But Ben had wit and to spare, and he leveled it at government officials and preachers, and these gentlemen did not relish the jokes—people seldom relish jokes at their own expense—and they sought to suppress the newspaper that the Franklin brothers published.

The blame for all the trouble James heaped upon Benjamin, and all the credit for success he took to himself. James declared that Ben had the big head—and he was probably right; but he forgot that the big head, like mumps and measles and everything else in life, is self-limiting and good in its way. So, to teach Ben his proper place, James reminded him that he was only an apprentice, with three years yet to serve, and that he should be seen seldom and not heard all the time, and that if he ran away he would send a constable after him and fetch him back. Ben evidently had a mind open to suggestive influences, for the remark about running away prompted him to do so. He sold some of his books and got himself secreted on board a ship about to sail for New York. Arriving at New York, in three days he found the broad-brimmed Dutch had small use for printers and no special admiration for the art preservative; and he started for Philadelphia.

Every one knows how he landed in a small boat at the foot of Market Street with only a few coppers in his pocket, and made his way to a bakeshop and asked for a threepenny loaf of bread, and being told they had no threepenny loaves, then asked for threepenny's worth of any kind of bread, and was given three loaves. Where is the man who in a strange land has not suffered rather than reveal his ignorance before a shopkeeper? When I was first in England and could not compute readily in shillings and pence, I would toss out a gold piece when I made a purchase and assume a 'igh and 'aughty mien. And that Phila-

delphia baker probably died in blissful ignorance of the youth who was to be America's pride bought from him three loaves of bread when he only wanted one.

The runaway Ben had a downy beard all over his face, and as he took his three loaves and walked up Market Street, with a loaf under each arm, munching on the third, he was smiled upon in merry mirth by the buxom Deborah Read, as she stood in the doorway of her father's house. Yet Franklin got even with her, for some months after, he went back that way and courted her, and she grew to love him, and they "exchanged promises," he says. After some months of work and love-making, Franklin sailed away to England on a wild-goose chase. He promised to return soon and make Deborah his wife. But he wrote only one solitary letter to the broken-hearted girl and did not come back for nearly two years.

Benjamin Franklin was twenty years old when he returned from England. The ship was beaten back by headwinds and blown out of her course by blizzards, and becalmed at times, so it took eighty-two days to make the voyage. On that return voyage he inwardly vowed that his first act on getting ashore would be to find Deborah Read and make peace with her and his conscience. And true to his vow, he found her, but she was the wife of another. Her mother believed that Franklin had run away simply to get rid of her, and the poor girl, bereft of will, had been induced to marry a man by the name of Rogers, who was a potter and also a potterer, but who Franklin says was "a very good potter." After some months Deborah left the potter, because she did not like to be reproved with a strap, and went home to her mother. Franklin was now well in the way of prosperity, aged twenty-four, with a little printing business, plans plus, and ambition to spare. He called on Deborah, and they talked it over and made honest confessions that are good for the soul. The potter disappeared—no one knew where—some said he was dead, but Benjamin and Deborah did not wear mourning. They took rumor's word for it, and thanked God, and went to a church and were married.

Deborah had not much education, but she had good, sturdy common sense, which is better if you are forced to make a choice. She set herself to help her husband in every way possible, and so far as I know, never sighed for one of those things you call "a career." She even worked in the printing-office, folding, stitching, and doing up bundles. Together they became rich and respected, won world-wide fame, and honors came their way such as no American before or since has ever received.

When Franklin was forty-two, he had accumulated a fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars. It gave him an income of about four thousand dollars a year, which he said was all he wanted; so he sold out his business, intending to devote his energies to the study of science and languages. He had lived just one-half of his days; and had he then passed out, his life could have been summed up as one of the most use-

ful that ever had been lived.

Franklin established the Philadelphia Public Library, which became the parent of all public libraries in America. He also organized and equipped a fire-company; paved and lighted the streets of Philadelphia; established a high school and an academy for the study of English branches; founded the Philadelphia Public Hospital; invented the toggle-joint printing press, the Franklin stove, and various other useful mechanical devices.

After his retirement from business, Franklin enjoyed seven years of what he called leisure, but they were years of study and application; years of happiness and sweet content, but years of aspiration and an earnest looking into the future. His experiments with kite and key had made his name known in all the scientific circles of Europe. He was in correspondence with all the great minds of Europe, and what his "Poor Richard's Almanac" had done for the plain people of America, his pamphlets were now doing for the philosophers of the Old World.

In 1754, he wrote a treatise showing the Colonies that they must be united, and this was the first public word that was to grow and crystallize and become the United States of America.

In 1757, Franklin, chosen as the man of strongest personality and soundest sense, was sent to England, as a representative of the Colonies, where he remained for five years. He then returned home, but after two years the Stamp Act had stirred up the public temper to a degree that made revolution imminent, and he again went to England to plead for justice. The record of the ten years he now spent in London is told by Bancroft in a hundred pages. Among the things this noted historian says is that Franklin did all that any man could have done to avert the coming War of the Revolution. Burke has said that when he apeared before Parliament to be examinded as to the condition of things in America, it was like a lot of schoolboys interrogating the master.

Franklin sailed for home in 1775, and urged the Continental Congress to issue the Declaration of Independence, of which he became a signer. Then the war came and had not Franklin gone to Paris and made an ally of France, and borrowed money, the Continental Army could not have been maintained in the field.

In point of all-around development, Benjamin Franklin must stand as the foremost American. The one intent of his mind was to purify his own spirit, to develop his intellect on every side, and make his body the servant of his soul. His passion was to acquire knowledge, and the desire of his heart was to cummnicate it. For forty-two years he gave the constant efforts of his life to his country, and during all that time no taint of a selfish action can be laid to his charge.

He died on April 17, 1790, and as you walk up Arch Street, Philadelphia, only a few squares from the spot where stood his printing-shop you can see the place where he sleeps. The following epitaph, writ-

ten by himself, does not, however, appear on the simple monument that marks his grave:

The Body
of
Benjamin Franklin, Printer
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn cut,
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here food for worms,
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believes) appear once
more
In a new
And more beautiful Edition
Corrected and Amended
By
The Author.

There are two ways of being happy,—we may either diminish our wants or increase our means; either will do—the result is the same.—Franklin.

THE CURIOSITY OF FRANKLIN

(Selected)

Benjamin Franklin holds a peculiar position in our national consciouness. He is revered, but he is also laughed at. A recent biography has been charged with placing too much emphasis on those traits of his character which some call amusing and others immoral. The question is, however, whether he was not as much himself when he gave somewhat indelicate adivce to young men as when he took the first steps toward harnessing electricity for the use of mankind. He was not a philosopher in the accepted sense, but he was ever animated by a constructive curiosity akin to that of Bacon, and with this quality was mingled a wholesome scepticism of the kind now regarded as specifically scientific. He was as manysided as there are days in the year, but once his interest had been aroused he wou'd return again and again to a subject of investigation until his ingenuity and his patience had extracted from it some new principle tending to make human life a little more comfortable.

This side of Franklin is vividly exposed by a volume edited by Nathan G. Goodman and published by the University of Pennsylvania. It contains a judicially made selection from Franklin's letters, some of them hitherto unpublished, dealing with his scentific and inventive speculations. This is the real Franklin, one feels, and it is difficult to avoid the impression that it embodies to an unusual degree the spirit that has made America what it is. The

topics discussed range from electricity to diet, from the art of procuring pleasant dreams to the origin and location of the gulf stream. And every line of the volume makes good reading to boot.

Once, while living in London, he received from friends at home some bottles of Maderia. Pouring the first of the bottles, three drowned flies came to light. Had it happened to us, we should undoubtedly have felt nothing but disgust. Franklin, on the other hand, became interested at once. He had heard that drowned flies might be revived by sunlight, and he promptly engaged in an experiment. The result was decisive. Two of the flies came to life again after a while and flew away, and yet they must have been in that bottle for months. In writing of this incident to a French friend, Franklin concluded with the following delightful and illuminating passage:

"I wish it were possible to invent a method of embalming drowned persons in such a manner that they may be recalled to life at any period, however distant; for having a very ardent desire to see and observe the state of America a hundred years hence, I should prefer to any ordinary death the being immersed in a cask of Maderia wine, with a few friends, till that time to be then recalled to life by the solar warmth of my dear country!"

Who would not wish for a similar chance? But Franklin, inadvertently, made one mistake. He should have set the term of his suspended animation at a century and a half instead of at merely a hundred years. That would have brought him back to life, and to us, in the year 1923. And would it not have been worth a fortune to watch "The Ingenious Dr. Franklin," as Mr. Goodman calls him as well as the book about him, facing the twentieth century wonders of the telephone, the phonograph, the wireless, the automobile, and the airplane, and so on? But perhaps nothing would have pleased him more than to notice the perfection and wide use of the bifocal lenses which he was the first man to design and wear.

A portrait of the late James P. Cook, founder of the school, has been presented to the Jackson Training School by the King's Daughters of Concord. The exercises were held in the administration building where Mr. Cook, for so many years, guided the destinies of this fine school. Some day a more substantial and more fitting memorial will be erected to this man's memory at the Training School. It will, as it ought to be a gift coming from the people of the state, with the boys who attended this insitution taking a prominent part in the movement to so honor Mr. Cook. The most imposing and useful building to grace the campus of the Training School in the years to come ought to bear the name of James P. Cook.—Salisbury Post.

WHERE DEAF LEARN TO TALK AND ALMOST TO HEAR

By Ruth Moore, in Charlotte Observer

The 372 deaf children of North Carolina now studying at the state school for the deaf in Morganton can speak. So proficient are they in the art of lip reading it might almost be said that they can hear. Certainly they can sing., though they call it "rhythmic recitation." Some can even play in the orchestra.

Of these 204 boys and 168 girls, representing 92 counties of the state, the great majority were born totally deaf and the others lost their hearing at an early age. The 35 grade teachers and eight industrial teachers, with a very few exceptions, have normal hearing and give oral instruction.

Just as the state of North Carolina maintains free public schools for every hearing child within her borders, so is this school free to every deaf child in the state. Except in unusual cases, the deaf student appreciates this opportunity. When he graduates he becomes a worthwhile citizen capable of earning his own living.

Without education, he would be a heavy burden, terrific in his potentialities. To turn this liability into a decided asset to society is a work in human and economic salvage of which any state might well be proud. It is of special interest, however, that our school in Morganton is considered to be outstanding by those familiar with similar institutions throughout the country.

The course of study has proved so satisfactory that more than half of all the state schools in the United States have asked permission to use it. The efficient management is in keeping with the praiseworthy instruction. Only one state institution for the deaf in the Union, according to available data, operates at a cheaper per capita cost than our school, while one state's per capita expense is five time greater.

The former method of teaching the hand alphabet furnished no means of communication except writing with those not familiar with the sign language, and for that reason tended to separate the deaf as a class apart from ordinary people. In contrast to that, oral instruction tends to break down the barriers between the deaf and the hearing. Though the older students usually pick up the sign language for convenience in talking with each other, their ability to understand and converse with normal people helps them become more nearly normal themselves.

In 1907, at the suggestion of the superintendent, the name of our state school became the North Carolina School for the Deaf, omitting the "and dumb" that up to that time had been included. It is fitting that this change was made, for neither literally nor figuratively would the latter term apply to the bright-faced students of our state who are so gallantly striving to overcome their handicap.

That these boys and girls, living in a silent world of their own, can, in the same length of time allotted to the public school education of hearing children, graduate fully prepared to take their place in world of sound reflects credit on them as well as their instructors.

Indeed, this accomplishment seems something of a miracle when it is taken into consideration the plight of the average deaf child when he enters at the age of seven, which is the usual beginner's age.

It might be a slight exaggeration to say that he is a blank, but that is perhaps the most adequate word to express his condition when he arrives. He knows no name, not even his own. Mother, father, book, or bread—all are the same as far as he is concerned. In fact, he is not even aware that things have names.

Though a native Tar Heel with no matter how noble a heritage, he is in reality a stranger in a strange land. He has no knowledge of our language, our laws, our religion. Even a foreigner has some advantage over him, for in the case of an alien learning our speech it is mostly a matter of translation, but the deaf child has no word of his own to use in translating.

Having had no means of communication with his fellow-beings, except by a few rude signs, his mind and soul are undeveloped. The ideas and ideals that are more or less unconsciously absorbed by the hearing child are unknown to him.

His contacts with the outside world have been limited. In all probability he has never spent even one night away from home. Nor is there any way of making it clear to him just what is happening when he is left at the school. Some of the students have told in later years that for a long time they had no idea where they were nor why.

Teaching such handicapped students to use their hitherto unused voices for the sounding of words that they do not hear is a tedious process. Training their eyes to detect syllables on a speaker's lips is another slow and painstaking procedure. Yet this is done in addition to teaching the vocational subjects and the traditional three R's of public school education.

How all this is accomplished is a matter not easily explained. As Miss Enfield Joiner, the educational principal of the school, so aptly expressed it, "The education of a deaf child is a work so highly specialized that it is difficult to give an idea of its difficulties."

In the very beginning the child's sense of sight must be cultivated. This is done in various ways, such as picking out colors, similar objects, etc. When he is accustomed to "concentrating with his eyes," two entirely different things, such as a fish and a ball, are shown.

With the teacher repeating first one name and then the other while holding up the respective objects, the child finally realizes that one lip movement goes with one object, and vice versa. Sometimes it is a matter of weeks before the pupil understands this, but once the initial recognition of an article with a lip movement, other words are more easily learned.

The sense of touch must also be

developed, for it is chiefly through this sense that the child is taught to speak. Feeling the vibrations of a stringed instrument, such as a guitar, he learns to detect the high notes from the low. Then by putting his hand on the teacher's throat, he feels the different movements in her throat as she enunciates syllables or words.

Though these movements are sometimes so slight that an untrained person would have trouble in distinguishing them, the deaf child learns to detect the least movement or vibration. The next step is to imitate these throat movements in his own throat, thereby making speech.

It is interesting to visit a class of beginners who have been at the North Carolina School for the Deaf for only a few months. They seem so eager to learn and so enthralled with everything about them. Their gaze is so intent as the teacher speaks, and with remarkable accuracy—they read her lips as she gives the simple commands that they have learned.

Their little faces light up when they are called on to go to a picture chart and point out objects that the instructor names. For though every article's name had to be learned, their vocabulary has grown until they now know many such words as arm, tooth, thumb—or dog, horse, cat. They are beginning to speak too, and hardly a child goes home for the Christmas holidays but can greet his parents by name.

Eleven other grades await the beginner, for the first year is listed as preparatory. So well arranged is the work that by the time the seventh grade is reached, the deaf child is practically abreast of his normal contemporaries in the subject matter studied. Current history is so correlated with the lessons in all the grades that the students are exceptionally well versed in what is going on in the world today.

The high school department includes many courses of a four-year high school, but is considered the equivalent of only two years regular work. All the grades have the nine months school terms, with the pupils going home for the Christmas and summer vacations.

Some of the students have very pleasing speaking voices. Others do not talk so clearly, but all can be understood. In the grammer and upper grades, drill is given to the natural grouping of words in speech so that the voices might be more nearly normal.

It is sometimes difficult for the children to understand everything that is said, but they get a surprising amount. The older students can even follow a long story, and during chapel exercises and other programs the synopsis of an entire novel is often enjoyed.

Music has proven valuable in teaching rythm, and the students' ability to sing never fails to astound those who hear them. Perhaps it is not real music, for they themselves call it rhythmic recitation, but it furnishes a good illusion of singing. It is inspiring to hear them "recite" in perfect time as the pianist plays "America," the Star Spangled Banner" or the many other selections that they knew. Some of the

children have such a highly developed sense of rythm that, by putting their hands on the piano, they can name the selection being played by the pianist.

Whenever the toy orchestra plays, it is always the hit of the occasion. With symbals, bells, an drums, the boys and girls beat time to the piano accompaniment and the result is real music. This phase of the work is especially enjoyed by the children.

A full time director of physical education is on duty five days a week, giving the major portion of her time to the girls along corrective work, directing organized play, and teaching swimming. More than 60 of the boys and girls have already taken the life-saving course in swimming and have been awarded the life saver's badges given by the Red Cross.

One girl student was a real heroine two summers ago when she put her life-saving knowledge into actual practice and succeeded in rescuing a drowning person from the ocean near Morehead City. At that time she was only 15 years old.

Religious training is not neglected, and every Sunday morning finds the students of the North Carolina School for the Deaf in Sunday school, taught at the school by the faculty. Inspirational talks are given in chapel on Sunday afternoon. The older students have a Christian Endeavor Society, organized by themselves, aided by teachers whenever called upon.

The afternoon's work at the school is given over to vocational training and extra-curricula activities. Probably no school in the state has a better equipped printing shop. A weekly newspaper, The Deaf Carolinian, is issued every Saturday. More than $1,000 worth of public printing has already been completed this session, in addition to the material used by the school itself. The boys with several years experience in this shop have little difficulty in finding and holding jobs as linotype operators or printers upon leaving school.

Tailoring is another trade in which the boys are well trained. They make new suits that have the distinctive "tailor-made" air. By keeping the students' suits mended and pressed, they learn another vocation, dry-cleaning.

The shoe shop has modern equipment and here the boys learn how to do first class shoe repairing work. They get a great deal of practice by mending the pupils' shoes.

In the manual arts department, drawing and primary wood-work are taught. This department is for general development and here many a boy "finds" himself while creating something with his own hands.

Wood-work and carpentry are also taught and some of the older boys can design and estimate the required material for what they build. The interior of the superintendent's colonial home was almost entirely finished by former students of this department. They showed especially fine workmanship in making the living-room mantel, which they copied from the picture of the mantel in the house in Boston where the Boston Tea Party was planned.

Since many of the boys are from the country and intend to be farm-

ers after leaving school, there is a large class of agricultural students who hedp cultivate the 100 acre school farm. Besides facilitating the teaching of agriculture, this farm furnishes supplies for the school. Hundreds of bushels of sweet potatoes are now stored in the curing house near the barn.

The girls are taught domestic science, housekeeping, and sewing. They become expert cooks with a sound knowledge of food values. Their dressmaking skill rivals that of many experienced seamstresses.

Extra-curricula activities of the students are varied. There is a literary society, the members working out their own programs, always encounraged by the teachers. The recently organized Book club meets in the club room where good fiction can be read and discussed. Even the younger children have clubs, supervised by their teachers.

Many of the boys are active members of the Boy Scouts. Since last February they have won over 30 merit badges. Possum hunting is a favorite sport with some of these scouts. On their Saturday afternoon jaunts through the woods they have been very successful in "treeing" and catching many 'possums.

Going to the picture show might really be classed with the extra-curricula activities for it affords excellent practice in lip reading. The students enjoy the talkies and can understand the conversation. It is said that in the days of the silent pictures, they used to have lots of fun reading the lips of the actors, who did not always say what the sub-titles proclaimed.

Both boys and girls are organized in groups for taking part in all seasonal sports. In addition to the group teams, the boys are members of the Western Conference of iHigh Schools for football, basketball, and baseball. A brief resume of the past football season shows the pluck of the deaf students.

Sixteen boys reported for fall practice, for only 16 were eligible for play. They weighed to the man 10 pounds less than the average high school player. Did they withdraw from the Conference where they were scheduled to compete with western North Carolina high schools having a hundred or more eligible students to pick from? No.

The full seven game schedule was played. One victory, one tie, five defeats for the N. C. S. D. boys. Yet no team, even the final Conference champions, succeeded in rolling up more than two touchdowns against these game young athletes who called signals with flying fingers. Nor did any team win a game by a greater margin than six points.

This spirit displayed by the team in a way shows the real spirit of the North Carolina School for the Deaf. All the students face discouraging odds in the game of life, yet, by putting their best efforts in their daily tasks or conflicts, they make a most creditable showing.

Those who complete all the grades and stay out the 12 years allotted time have a wholesome attitude toward life. They are not whiners, complaining of their misfortune, but are alert workers trying to make up in other ways for their handicap. Unfortunately, as in all schools and

colleges, many drop out after only a few years and never take full advantage of their opportunities.

Such is the sympathetic and encouraging attitude of the personnel of the school, few of the pupils suffer from homesickness. They seem happy in their work or play with the many other children having their same handicap. Even the tiny tots are rarely homesick after the first 48 hours in their new surroundings.

The younger students stay in Goodwin Hall, where the furniture is on a scale to their size. Dining room tables and chairs are low enough for eating in comfort. The well-ventilated sleeping rooms have rows of single beds as neatly made up as those of a hospital ward. Each child has his special place for keeping his clothes, soap and towel, and his toothbrush. In the main building, where the 210 older students room, the same neatness and order prevail.

In all, there are eight adequately equipped brick buildings, one of which is the school hospital and dental office. The campus compares favorably with that of any college in the state, for its natural beauty is enhanced by many ornamental shrubs and trees. There are 340 acres in the tract, including the farm.

The herd of Holstein cows maintained by the school is one of the finest in North Carolina. Two of the prize cows give at their best 10 gallons of milk a day. The dairy barn is well screened against insects and has a concrete floor. Every sanitary precaution is made, the milk vessels being sterilized twice daily.

There is enough milk for every person connected with the school to drink a quart a day. This bountiful supply is one of the chief reasons for the good health of the students. Those undernourished are given milk four times a day. When the children were examined at the opening of the fall term, 77 were found to be underweight. In the recent monthly check-up, only two of these had failed to make the needed gain.

The school has its own watershed, a five hundred acre tract of land five and one-half miles from the school in a natural amphi-theater of the mountains. The elevation is 1,700 feet above sea level. Water is furnished through a six-inch gravity line, with over 200 pounds static pressure.

How the North Carolina School for the Deaf can operate so efficiently at such a comparatively low per capita cost is chiefly due to the capable management of the superintendent, E. McK. Goodwin, who has been head of the school snce its beginning.

Though the initial cost of the water shed and piping was some $20,000, Mr. Goodwin secured a 10-year contract with a nearby business firm for furnishing them $2 000 worth of water yearly. Thus the water supply has never been the big item of expense it is in many institutions.

The farm has also proved profitable, and about 100 tons of surplus alfalfa are sold every fall. If the printing shop had only a little more equipment, it is estimated that $1,000 worth of public printing could be done monthly instead of quarterly, as is now the case. All

the students have certain tasks to perform in connection with the routine work of the school, and this greatly reduces the general expense.

Such a school as our state school for the deaf has not been built in a day, but is the outgrowth of many years of experienced management and instruction. Mr. Goodwin, Miss Joiner, and all the faculty have fully measured up to their responsibility and they keep abreast of the best methods of teaching the deaf.

That there might always be well-prepared instructors for this highly specialized work, the school maintains a teacher-training department. More than 100 young women have completed the course in past years, and there is now a class of eight normal students.

North Carolina was the ninth in the union to establish a school for the deaf and the blind. In 1845, the "Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind" was opened in Raleigh. Until 1882, all instruction for the deaf was by the sign language, but in that year one teacher was engaged to teach the oral method.

During the War Between the States, the institution was one of the few schools in the state to remain open. In the last year of the war, both the deaf and blind pupils made or filled cartridges for the Confederate States Army.

In 1891, the General Assembly passed a law creating a separate school for the deaf, the North Carolina School for the Deaf and Dumb, and Morganton was chosen as the new location. At the first meeting of the board of directors, Mr. Goodwin, who had already had nine years experience in teaching the deaf, was elected advisory superintendent.

Though this position carried no salary, he worked for three years in getting the plans made and the two buildings completed. On October 2, 1894, the new school opened with Mr. Goodwin as superintendent. At that time there were 102 pupils and seven teachers, only two of whom taught the oral method. The two buildings then completed are still in use and look like new buildings in that they have never been defaced in any way by the students.

Mr. Goodwin is a native of Wake county. He graduated from Peabody, Nashville, Tenn., and also received his M. A. degree there. In June, 1932, Wake Forest college honored him for his meritorius service to the state by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Humanity.

He is recognized as an outstanding executive and educator in other states as well as in his home state. On the recommendation of Alexander Graham Bell, he was made director of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. In addition to being an active director, he has recently been elected first vice president of this national organization. Two other national organizations have rhoteI'uJo n TAOIN TOIN AOINN honored him. He has served as president of the American Convention of Instructors of the Deaf and has also been president of the Conference of Superintendents of the Deaf.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE EHRINGHAUS FAMILY

(Selected)

The people of North Carolina are always interested in the family of their governor, and this is no less true in the case of the new governor who assumed cffice last Thursday than of his long line of 53 predecessors.

A sketch of the Ehringhaus family in chronological order must begin in 1812 when the great-grandfather of Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus came from the Dukedom of Brunswick, Germany, to the United States and settled in Elizabeth City where he became a naturalized citizen of this country. His great-grandfather was a banker and was prominent in the life of Pasquotank county. The grandfather of the governor was born in Elizabeth City and also died there in 1853. He was a distinguished attorney and was interested nct only in the public affairs of his county but also in the state, having served two terms in the General Assembly. Erskine Ehringhaus, father of the governor, was born in Elizabeth City, where he now resides, being in his 80th year. He is still active and goes each day to his desk in the First & Citizens National Bank of Elizabeth City, where he heads the bookkeeping department of that institution. The governor's mother was Miss Carrie Matthews, who died about 40 years ago.

The Governor was born on February 5, 1882. He attended the Elizabeth City public schools and the Atlantic Collegiate Institute and before his 16th birthday, matriculated at the University of North Carolina. He was awarded a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1901 and two years later received an LL.B.

While at the University, he was awarded a Phi Beta Kappa key for his high scholastic standing, and was graduated cum laude. He belonged to the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, the Phi Society and the Gimghouls, in addition to editing the Tar Heel cne year.

On January 4, 1912, he married Miss Matilda Bradford Haughton of Washington. They have three children. The eldest, named after his father, is 19 years of age and a sophomore at the University. The others are 16-year-old twins: Matilda, who attends St. Mary's School, Raleigh, and Haughton, a student at Woodberry Forest, Virginia.

All members of the Ehringhaus family are Episcopalians, belonging to Christ Church here. All are popular in Elizabeth City society.

Mrs. Ehringhaus, one of the loveliest ladies to grace an executive mansion and possessed of an unaffected charm, will be a distinctive addition to Capital City society when the Ehringhaus family removes from 305 E. Main Street, Elizabeth City, to the Governor's Mansion on North Blount street, Raleigh. She has many friends in Raleigh who remember her as a student in St. Mary's School.

Her father was Rev Thoms Ben-

bury Haughton, Episcopal minister and chaplain in the Confederate Army.

High among the multitude of accomplishments of the governor is the championing of the cause of education. In 1905 he introduced the first bill providing for the establishment of a teachers' training school in eastern North Carolina, and two years later he was largely responsible for securing the passage of the act which resulted in the establishment of the Eastern Carolina Teachers' Training School in Greenville.

Mr. Ehringhaus worked shoulder to shoulder with Dr. J. Y. Joyner for the establishment of the present state rural high school system, and also secured passage of an act establishing the Elizabeth City graded schools.

For many years he rendered service on the board of trustees of the town's public schools.

As an ardent promoter of public welfare he stands preeminent in the Albemarle Country.

—Selected.

MY DESIRE

Make me too brave to lie or be unkind,
  Make me too understanding, too, to mind
The little hurts companions give, and friends,
  The careless hurts that no one quite intends.
Make me too thoughtful to hurt others so.
  Help me to know
The inmost hearts of those for whom I care,
  Their secret wishes, all the loads they bear,
That I may add my courage to their own.
  May I make lonely folks feel less alone;
And happier ones a little happier, yet
  May I forget
What ought to be forgotten; and recall
  Unfailing, all
That ought to be recalled, each kindly thing,
  Forgetting what might sting!
To all upon my way,
  Day after day,
Let me be joy, be hope! Let my life sing!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Ritchie and his tractor boys have been busily engaged for the past few days overhauling the tractors preparatory to the opening of the Spring farming season.

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Although we are fortunate so far in having passed through the "flu" epidemic without any serious illness, there suddenly broke out a few days ago, several cases of chicken-pox among the boys. These have been segregated and kept in bed, and we find it is rather a difficult matter to keep them there, as the infection does not make them feel that it is necessary. Several of these youngsters are well-covered with the "trade-mark" of this disease.

—o—

As noted in this column quite frequently for several years past, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, gives a quarterly prize to the boy in each school room who is outstanding in any line of study the teacher seeks to feature in contest. The winners for the last quarter of the year 1932 are as follows: Grade 1—Bill Young, greatest general improvement; Grade 2—Allen Barrett, highest general average; Grade 3—Edwin Cooper highest average in arithmetic; Grade 4—Elbert Price and Richard Burleson, perfect in spelling for three months; Grade 5—Albert Cripps, best speller; Grade 6—Lee West, best in catechism test; Grade 7—Joel Barkley, best speller.

—o—

On last Tuesday night both boys and officers listened to a real fox-chase over the Training School property and surrounding territory. Quite a number of hunters from Concord with 27 fox hounds took part in the chase which lasted for several hours. The manner in which the hounds "sang" out as they attempted to overtake the fox, was music to the ears of the lovers of this popular sport. While the sly animal lived up to his reputation and successfully eluded his pursuers, we are told that a jolly good time was had by all present.

—o—

The quality and effectiveness of the gravel taken from the Training School pit is becoming well-known locally. Quite a few people have been obtaining gravel from us for the purpose of building driveways and walks. Chief among them are Messrs Cassell and Jordan, our new neighbors residing along the National Highway, and the Harrisburg High School. This latter work is being carried on through assistance rendered by the Reconstruction Finance Coropration.

—o—

Very few boys who were placed on the parole list have left the institution yet, due to the fact that a number of the Welfare Officers seem to be rather slow in reporting on placement or home conditions. We assume that the unemployment situation makes it a rather hard matter for them to handle. The various Welfare Officers are notified when boys are ready for parole, and they are expected to report to the officials of the school as to home con-

ditions or the possibility of locating the boys elsewhere in cases where it is learned that home life would not be satisfactory. This is a very important matter for the future welfare of the boys, and many of the Welfare Officers are alert, trying at all times to co-operate in making the best possible arrangements. Some of them, however, do not seem to realize the importance of this duty. The following boys have been paroled since January 1, 1933: John Baxter, Thomas Blanchard, Mack Hughes, Goley Kimery, Larry Nelson, Albert Crisp, Ledford Boone, Grady Kennedy, Rufus Brown, Henry Smallwood, Blake Owens, Sidney Carter, and Dermont Burkhead. As these boys again take their places out in the world, some to attend school while others take up some sort of employment, our very best wishes for success go with them.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Huges, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Beginning a series of informative talks to our boys, Rev. Hughes chose on this occasion that sacred church festival known as Epiphany, his discourse being highly interesting. He pointed out that the three wise men, traveling on camels, started their journey on Christmas night, and after following the light of the guiding star for twelve days, reached the spot where the Christ-child lay. These three wise men, Melchoir, Gaspar and Balthasar, were very learned men of Persia and were supposed to have great knowledge of literature, science and art, and who, among people who were worldly, they were devoutly holy. Seeing this unusually bright star in the heavens, they set out on their journey, taking with them three things representing the three great treasures of the East, gold, frankincense and myrrh. Gold, because it stood for power; frankincense, because it was a symbol of prayer, it being the custom of those people of Persia to burn this sweet smelling incense, believing that the smoke went up to the god they worshipped; and myrrh, because of its value for medicinal purposes. On the twelfth day, arriving at the spot where the Holy Child lay, these wise men, who ruled kings, laid their treasures at His feet, knelt down and worshipped Him. Rev. Hughes concluded his remarks by stating that whatever we want to be or do in this world, we must realize that power to do so can come only through Jesus, and that we cannot be the right sort of people unless we worship God in the right way. He further said that we must make up our minds to accomplish something for good as we go through this life, and, doing so, the memory of these good deeds will live even after our bodies shall be destroyed.

When you learn a good thing you should seek to put it into practice at once, otherwise you will lose it.—Exchange.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 21, 1933 No. 3

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TRUE WEALTH

Some have much and some have more,
Some are rich and some are poor,
Some have little, some have less,
Some have not a cent to bless
Their empty pockets, but possess
True riches in true happiness.

—John Oxenham.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE CHARACTER OF LEE

When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he must lift his eyes high toward Heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty; a victor without oppression; and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without a wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy; and a man without guile. He was Caesar, without his ambition; Frederick, without his tyranny; Napoleon, without his selfishness; and Washington, without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates; and grand in battle as Achilles!—Benjamin Harvey Hill.

FORGET SELF

The finest element of manhood is unselfishness. One of the greatest generals known to history, General Robert E. Lee, whose birthday the southland so proudly celebrates this month, made himself more renowned because in every thought, word and act he gave first consideration to the welfare of his soldiers who proudly followed him during the struggle for state's rights.

As proof of the unselfishness of the man who loved his people grater than self, he said, in making terms of peace with General Grant prior to the surrender, "I am not willing to discuss any terms of surrender inconsistent with the honor of my company, which I am determined to maintain to the last." Also, his part-

ing words to his men, simple and sincere were: "Men we have fought together through the war, I have done my best for you, my heart is too full to say more." After these parting words he rode silenty away from Appomatox. As he passed on the admiration of the conquering legions for their vanquished antagonist broke forth into cheers, making a scene that reflected the glory of the man even in defeat.

We know of him as a hero in battle, but little has been said of him as a hero in defeat. In his private and public life he always exemplified the sweet submissiveness taught in the life of Christ. The time to test the mettle of a man is to see how defeat and misfortune are accepted. After General Lee and his family were driven away from their ancestral home, Arlington, Vriginia, he was importuned to take up his abode with a fine friend, Mrs. Cal Coke, near Richmond, Va. After accepting the hospitality of this splendid lady for a few months, he approached his hostess, saying: "Mrs. Coke, I greatly appreciate your kindness, but my family cannot stay with you indefinitely, but if you have an overseer's house we can live in, it would be a favor to us." Mrs. Coke assured him, after a hesitancy, that it was both an honor and a pleasure to have them. But the General insisted and the magnificent furniture and silver belonging to the Lees and Washington's were brought and installed in the overseer's cottage.

It was his simple but steadfast faith that enabled him to accept with resignation the disasters of his beloved South, besides advising publicly and privately all Southern people to renew allegiance to the United States' government, thereby becoming American citizens once more in fact as well as in name.

His unselfish spirit was proven when he refused to have his name used in a business way for the enormous salary of $25,000 a year. This is a record few men can boast of. We have heard men say, "I would rather be rich than any thing under the sun." These same men were holding responsible positions. But the lure of money does not really catch a big man. General Lee neither cared for nor sought money. The thought above every other was to help the people of his beloved Southland amidst their overwhelming calamity.

And thus, at the age of 63, October 12th, 1870, the star of the mortal faded gently into the sunshine of that blessed immortality which his religion taught him to hope for when his work was done.

* * * * * * * * * *

A COURAGEOUS JUDGE

The Stanly News-Herald pays the following tribute to Judge John M. Oglesby:

Judge John M. Oglesby, who is well and favorably known in this county, told the Mecklenburg county grand jury this week that "North Carolina has been writing a crime record for the past four years sufficient to shock the sensibilities of a pagan nation," calling attention to the fact that "the time has come when we must halt and search our souls and eradicate boldly and courageously the lawlessness which has come upon us." There is not a thinking man in the state who does not heartily agree with Judge Oglesby, and it is perfectly proper for a judge to emphasize the need of courageous action on the part of juries. Judges can help by meting out sentences commensurate with the crime, and solicitors can do their part by zealously prosecuting those charged with crime. Court officials can also render another service by refusing to recommend pardons when a few citizens allow their sympathies to run away with them. Our people have gotten the wrong conception of justice in some manner, and it is costing many lives and much money every year. We have gotten the idea that kindness and mrecy are noble qualities, and they are, but when "run in the ground", as it were, these qualities help to make a state of weak, flabby characters whose passions are their masters, and whose safety lies in the indifference and carelessness of a people whose servants in the court of justice are not given the co-operation and the necessary encouragement to do their duties.

* * * * * * * * * *

A FINE REPORT

The biennial report of the State Prison Department carries a human interest story of the complex and varied problems of pris-

on life and the manner each is solved. This report is illuminating, filled with information from the genesis of the institution, now termed a department, on down to the present date, including the population and every piece of detail work. The prison at one time was looked upon as a place of confinement or punishment for any infraction of the law, but now it is accepted as a "social agency" to help individuals, whenever possible, to become law abiding citizens.

It is evident as one reads that Superintendent George Ross Pou has a vision, because he has a hope of doing something in an educative rather than a punitive process. He is a firm believer in the classification of prisoners,—this is done by a medical staff; by precept and example he endeavors to have the prisoners differentiate between right and wrong; he emphasizes the standardization of menus, the object of which is to achieve good health—the menus are approved by the State Board of Health; he stresses vocational training with a hope of inspiring clean and wholesome thoughts by keeping busy; he is not oblivious of the illiterates, besides provides for the prisoners of the different units with library facilities, neither is the spiritual life of prisoners neglected. The illiterates after learning the rudiments of an education are effusive in their expression of gratitude for the opportunities.

The punishment at one time was the "black aggie," but finding that many who administered the flogging were cruel beyond conception, adopted as a substitute form of punishment solitary confinement on bread and water. It was during the administration of Governor Morrison that the form of punishment from a flogging to solitary confinement took place. The prison executives have accepted as the only true means of crime prevention the conservation of human beings by correct living and thinking. How to use leisure time is also emphasized by the Department. The prisoners are not coddled but are given the opportunity to organize baseball and boxing teams; to stage vaudeville and minstrel shows, to organize bands, to read books in the prison libraries, and to hear inspirational talks. In short this Department is an institution and nothing short of an institution all within itself,

because it functions as an institution.

The report is too full to go further into details but it represents a most comprehensive understanding and appreciation of the problems of prisons in North Carolina. The entire story as revealed is not only meeting the needs of the moment but looking to the future.

The success of this department is due entirely, said Superintendent Pou in his report, to the splendid humantarian motives which have dominated the actions of every person connected with and intrusted in the management of the State Prison Department.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE HEALTH RECORD OF NORTH CAROLINA

The State Department of Health was organized in 1879, one of the oldest organizations of its kind in the country. Dr. James Parrot, head of State Health Board, reveals the fact that the general death rate for the State in 1931 "was the lowest of any State in the South and one of the lowest in the Union." Besides for the past few years the death rate from infant diseases has steadily dropped to a new low level, also a perceptible decline in the death rate from typhoid fever is realized. The efficiency of the statewide health program can well be judged by the manner in which the officials are grappling with the problems of health.

The Asheville Citizen states that "Dr. Rankin, who is now in charge of the hospitalization unit of the Duke Foundation, gave us a start off in the establishment of the State Health Department. His good health campaign was so successful that he was loaned for a term to New York. But the work which he began was pushed unremittingly by the State agencies. Hence North Carolina holds a health record which is the envy of the nation."

RAMBLING AROUND

(With Old Hurrygraph)

The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell just when the hands will stop,
At late or early hour.
Now is the only time you own;
Give love, toil with a will,
Place no faith in tomorrow, for
The clock may then be still.

—o—

"North Carolina has treated me badly," said a drunken vagabond, as he wandered into the Salvation Army Emergency Lodge, "but I love her still." "Probably," remarked a gentleman present, "her STILL is all you do love."

—o—

A blushing damsel had a man and a dog up in the Recorder's court, to answer the charge of assault and battery on the dog's part. Asked what the dog did, she said the dog bit her. When asked where, after considerable hesitation and blushing, she replied, "On the left drum stick."

—o—

Little Bobbie, first time in his life away from home overnight, went to spend the evening with some little friends. In the group was another little boy with long curls, and this puzzled Bobbie. On his return home his mother asked him how he had enjoyed himself. He replied: "Oh, very well. Mums, there was a girl there with long curls, down on her shoulders; but she was a boy. She undressed there before us all; but she was a boy. She put on her pajamas like the rest of us; but she was a boy."

—o—

An editor and his wife were walking in the bright moonlight one evening, lately. Like editor's wives, generally, she was of an exceedingly poetic nature. "Notice that moon, how bright and calm and beautiful," she remarked. "Couldn't think of noticing it," he replied, "for less than 25 cents a line."

—o—

Some men were born for great things;
Some men were born for small;
Some—it is not recorded
Why they were born at all.

—o—

No man or family of my acquaintance ever saved by spending. Governments will not, either. It simply is not done. The theory put forth by this government to that effect by creating boards, commissions, bureaus, investigating committees and the like, is something new in the life of this country and is driving the people to exasperation. It is too expensive. Cut the governmental garment according to the governmental cloth.

—o—

A most charming lady tells me that the most embarrassing moment in her life was on a recent Sunday she went to church late. Services had begun. All of the seats in the rear of the church were filled. She walked up the aisle trying to appear

nonchalant. She says, "Imagine my embarrassment when the preacher pronounced the text in a resounding voice: 'Is this the one who is to come, or must we wait for another?'" She says she almost fainted.

—o—

"It ain't the guns nor armament,
Or the tunes the band can play,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.
It ain't the individual,
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlasting teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul."

—o—

I see it stated that President Machado, in Cuba, is going to issue $60,000,000 in fiat money, which means that it is such only because he oredered it and that it does not represent or is based upon gold or silver and contains no promise of redemption. To make fiat money you need a printing press. Is'nt the printing press wonderful?

—o—

It is reported that a man out in Washington state has sued the telegraph company because they put "suspected dupe" after his name. The man said nobody could call him a dupe and get away with it. The telegraph company couldn't mollify him even when they explained that it was an office form meaning that the message was suspected of being a duplicate of a copy previously sent. It looks like everybody is very irritable these days. Now, after this when I wish anybody good morning I will immediately follow it with the words, "merely an old Spanish custom, you know. Beg your pardon. No offense intended." Even at that, if it should be stormy, he might slam me on the beak, anyhow.

—o—

"To take a little word of love,
A little thought of cheer,
And turn life unto thoughts above
And heal it of its fear."

—o—

Notwithstanding everybody laughs at the braggetting and boasting of New York, you must admit that at times in this great metropolis they are always most modest in their claims. The city is now sending out glowing descriptions and beautiful pictures of a proposed thirty mile elevated highway to encircle the city and which will cost ninety million dollars. With New York in the red and going deeper every day, like the United States government, I am surprised that the city stands up and stoutly maintains it will pay ninety million dollars for the new highway. The surprise is in what they say they will pay. Knowing New York, like many do, I wonder that they did not say ninety billion.

—o—

The government, foiled in its attempt to get more money into the postoffice treasury by raising the price of stamps from two cents to three, is now considering going back to two cents. But again has the goose been slain that laid the golden eggs. People have got out of the habit of writing letters.

Knaves and nettles are akin, stroke them kindly yet they'll sting.

TRUSTEES EXPRESS APPRECIATION FOR COOK PORTRAIT

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, who recently presentd to the Jackson Training School, on behalf of the local King's Daughters, a handsome portrait of James P. Cook, founder and benefactor of the school, has received the following letter from Mrs. R. O. Everett, of Durham, secretary of the board of trustees of the school:

January 7, 1933.

Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman,
Concord, N. C.
Dear Mrs. Gorman:

The board at its meeting January 5, 1933, expressed its appreciation of the beautiful portrait of Mr. James P. Cook, the first chairman of the board of trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, and asked that its appreciation and thanks be conveyed to you and through you to your circle for this thoughtful and most appropriate gift. It will be placed in the office at the Cannon Memorial building and it is hoped that it may be an inspiration to those who are now responsible for the advancement and enlargement of the cause of the boy without a chance, for which cause he fought so valiantly and well.

Assuring you of our high appreciation of his services, your contribution to his memory, and your interest in the success of the school I am,

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. R. O. Everett,
Secretary.

A BRIGHT SHEPHERD DOG

"The sagacity of shepherd dogs is truly remarkable, and, in fact, in some instances, their intelligence seems more than human. A large collie had been trying to drive a flock of sheep across a narrow bridge, but they were suspicious of it, and held back. Presently the dog, finding it useless to try to drive them, leaped upon the backs of the sheep, who, in their crowded condition, looked like a great woolly floor, ran along on their backs to the bridge entrance, leaped upon the floor, and seizing one of the sheep by the neck with his mouth, dragged it on the bridge. Once on it, its suspicions were allayed, and it trotted across, followed by the whole flock, while the dog stepped to one side to let them pass, then walked along behind."—Selected.

LEE AND JACKSON SEEN THROUGH RETOLD ANECDOTES

By J. B. Hicklin

"I thank you for the victory," General Robert E. Lee wrote General Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson, who lay fatally wounded in his tent. "It was due to your skill and genius alone. Could I have had the direction of events I would have been prostrate in your stead."

"Geneal Lee is wrong," murmured the dying man when the adjutant had ceased reading. "He awards the credit to me. It belongs to God."

If, as Edward Channing, famed historian, asserted, "one anecdote of a man is worth a volume of biography," the foregoing story as told by Edward M. Alfriend in Lippincott's magazine of May, 1902, should serve to give a rather accurate insight into the characters of two of the foremost leaders ever produced by the South, or the United States.

As though turning the leaves of an old family album to chuckle over or to study the tin-types, one may read hundreds of anecdotes about these great men to draw new strength and courage.

For instance, recalled Col John. S. Mosby in Munsey's Magazine, April, 1911, Lee happened to go into a store in Alexandria across the Potomac from Washington, to pay a bill. His heart was burdened with a great sorrow and he uttered these words, which the merchant wrote down in his journal—they stand there still today—"I must say I am one of those dull creatures that cannot see the good in secession." Below this entry the merchant wrote, "Spoken by Col. R. E. Lee when he paid, April 19, 1861."

A few days later, continued Colonel Mosby, Lee was made commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia.

—o—

In the spring of 1861, while on an inspection to Norfolk, according to the account of the Rev. J. William Jones in "Personal Reminiscences of Robert E. Lee," a friend there insisted that he should take two bottles of very fine old London Dock brand, remarking that he would be certain to need it and would find it very difficult to obtain so good an article. General Lee declined, saying he would not need it. "As proof that I will not," he said, "I may tell you that just as I was starting for the Mexican war, a lady in Virginia prevailed upon me to take a bottle of fine old whiskey which she thought I could not get on without. I carried that bottle all through the war without having the slightest occasion to use it, and on my return home I sent it back to my good friend that she might be convinced I could get along without liquor."

—o—

One of his officers, speaking of the enemy, once remarked, "I wish

these people were all dead," recalled Mrs. General Pickett in Lippincott's Magazine, January, 1907. "How can you say that?" Lee remonstrated. "Now I wish they were all at home attending to their own business, leaving us to attend to ours."

Lee often referred to the enemy as "General Meade's people," "General Grant's people," or "our friends across the river," according to J. W. Jones in his "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters of Robert E. Lee."

"It is well war is so terrible; we should grow too fond of it," he is quoted by Fitzhugh Lee as saying at Fredericksburg.

—o—

On the last day of Gettysburg, Mrs. General Pickett wrote in Lippincott's magazine, January, 1907. Longstreet, with his fixed policy of maintaining the defensive, pointed out that there was still time to maneuver Meade into making an attack, but, shaking his clenched fist towards Cemetery Heights, Lee said. "The enemy is there and I intend to strike him." The blow he struck was Pickett's charge.

But, continued the writer, his resolution to attack was equalled by his shattered and bleeding battalions from Cemetery Heights and he pointed with trembling hand to the few of his division that could still follow him, Lee said, "It is my fault. You have done nobly. You and your men have covered yourselves with glory." Then turning to the soldiers reeling back from the bloody heights, he shouted, "I have lost this battle. You must help me out of it the best you can." Even in that bitter moment, cheer after cheer told him that the men would stand by him to the last.

—o—

"I was badly wounded," opens the story of a private of the Army of the Potomac as told by P. A. Bruce in "Robert E. Lee." "A ball had shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge and, as General Lee ordered his retreat, he and his officers rode near me. As he came along I recognized him and, though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up my hands, looked Lee in the face and shouted as loud as I could, 'Hurrah for the Union.'

"The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted and came towards me. I confess I first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression on his face that all fear left me and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me and grasping mine firmly, and looking into my eyes said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.'

"If I live a thousand years I will never forget the expression on General Lee's face. Here he was defeated, returning from a field that cost him and his cause almost the last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed. As soon as the General had left me, I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."

Another intimate story told by a soldier, this time by a member of Lee's own staff, is quoted by Mr. Bruce in the same collection of reminiscences, as follows:

"He (General Lee) was visiting a battery and the men, inspired by their affection for him, gathered about him in a group that attracted the enemy's fire. Turning towards them he said in his quiet manner, 'Men, you had better go farther to the rear; they are firing up there and you are exposing yourselves to unnecessary danger.'

"The men drew back, but General Lee, as if unconscious of the danger to himself, walked forward, picked up some small object from the ground and placed it on the limb of a tree over his head. It was afterwards perceived that the object for which he had risked his life was an unfledged sparrow which had fallen from its nest."

—o—

General Lee was noted for his impartiality, according to Mrs. General Pickett, writing in Lippincott's Magazine, January, 1907. Only worthy deeds won recognition from him. He was urged by some of his officers to place his own son in command of a brigade, but he replied that he would not appoint an untried officer to so important a post.

"He paid no more attention to personal antagonisms than to personal affection in the management of the army," she adds. He recommended a certain officer for promotion despite the fact that friends urged him to withdraw his favor because the officer was in the habit of speaking disparaginly of Lee. "The question is not what he thinks of me," said Lee, "but what I think of him. I have a very high opinion of this officer as a soldier and I shall certainly recommend him for promotion and do all in my power to secure it."

Another incident told in a soldier's letter is repeated by Mrs. Burton Harrison in "Recollections Grave and Gay," as follows:

When Private Robert E. Lee, shabby and travelworn, appeared at the commanding general's headquarters barefoot, carrying in his hands the ragged remnant of a pair of shoes, he addressed his father, "I only wanted to ask, sir, if I might draw a new pair, as I can't march in these.

"Have the men of your company received permission to draw shoes yet?" asked the general. "No, sir, I believe not yet?" "Then go back to your battery, my boy, and wait until they have."

General Lee, according to J. W. Jones in "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters of Robert E. Lee," said that when he met General Grant, they exchanged polite salutations and he stated to him at once that he desired a conference in reference to the subject-matter of their correspondence. "General Grant returned your sword, did he not, General?" asked one of the company. The old hero straightened himself up and replied in most emphatic tones, "No, sir, he did not. He had no opportunity of doing so. I was determined that the sidearms of the officers should be exempt by the terms of the surrender, and, of course, I did not offer mine. All

that was said about swords was that General Grant apologized to me for not wearing his own sword, saying it had gone off in his baggage and he had been unable to get it in time."

—o—

His generous sympathy was not confined to war days, according to Mrs. General Pickett in Lippincott's of January, 1907. Long afterward a friend came in just as Lee was sending a poor fellow from his gate with a happy face. "An old soldier in hard circumstances," explained Lee. When the friend asked to what command the soldier belonged, Lee replied, "Oh, he was on the other side, but we must not hold that against him now."

Perhaps Lee's last admonition known to every school boy, best sums us this remarkable life.

"Lay aside all local animosities, and train your sons to become Americans."

—o—

"Reconnoitering the enemy's front on one occasion in the winter of 1863," recalled General R. L. Dabney in "Life of Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson," "when prudence forbade sbecameofi
the use of fire, Jackson became so chilled that his medical attendant urged him to take some stimulant. There was nothing at hand but some ardent spirits and he consented to take some. As he experienced a difficulty in swallowing it and seemed to produce a sensation of choking, a friend asked him if it was very unpleasant. 'No,' he said, 'I like it; I always did, and that is the reason I never use it.'

"At another time he took a long and exhausting walk with a brother officer, who was also a temperate and God-fearing man. The walk terminated at the friend's quarters; he proposed to General Jackson in consequence of their fatigue to join him in a glass of brandy and water. 'No,' he said, I am much obliged, but I never use it. I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets.'"

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An incident exhibiting Jackson's kindness of heart belongs to this period and is here related in the words of the officer who communicated it to John Esten Cooke, author of "Stonewall Jackson."

"In November, 1862, while passing through Middleton, Va., General Jackson with his staff, riding some three or four miles in advance of his army then on march to Fredericksburg, met an old woman looking for her grandson who was somewhere in the army. As he passed she hailed the General, saying, "Are you Mr. Jackson?" He said that he was and asked her what she wanted. 'I want to see my grandson, George Martin—he belongs to your company, I've brought him some victuals.' The general asked her what regiment her son was in, but she could not tell. She did not know the company he was in—the name of his captain—even whether he was a private or an officer. All she could tell was that he 'was in Mr. Jackson's company.'

"In her disappointment she cried,

'Why Mr. Jackson, don't you know little George Martin? George Augustus Martin? He's been with you in all your battles, and they say,' she added, with tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks, 'that he fit as hard as the best of them." At this point some younger members of the staff laughed. The General wheeled about quickly, with his brow contracted, his lips compressed and his eyes flashing anger. He looked as if he were trying to find the guilty ones. Dismounting from his horse and approaching the old woman, he in the kindness and simplest words, explained why he did not know her grandson, but gave her such simple and repeated directions as would enable her to find him."

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To one of his friends, wrote E. A. Pollard in a popular biographical sketch, Jackson asserted that he had cultivated the habit of praying without ceasing and connecting a silent testimony of devotion with every familiar act of the day.

"Thus," Jackson is quoted as explaining, "when I take a draught of water I always pause, as my palate receives the refreshment, to lift up my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life. Whenever I drop a letter in the box I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission and upon the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received I stop to pray to God that He may prepare me for its contents and make it a messenger of good."

Jackson systematically gave to the extent of his limited means to every benevolent object, according to John G. Gettiings, writing in "Personal Recollections of Stonewall Jackson." In illustration of this trait in his character, it is related that when the news reached Lexington of the victory of Manassas, it was reported that the Rev. Dr. White had received a letter from Jackson, and the people gathered around him to hear the particualrs of the battle. The venerable preacher mounted on a store box, arranged his spectacles, broke the seal of the letter and read—"My dear Pastor: In my tent, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday school. Enclosed you will find my check, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige. Yours faithfully, T. J. Jackson."

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He (Jackson) had a magnetic faculty of extending to others his own furious determination, recounted Gamaliel Bradford in the Atlantic Monthly, June, 1911. He could demand the impossible of them because he performed it himself. "Come on," he cried in Mexico, "you see there is no danger," and a shot passed between his legs spread wide apart. His soldiers marched to death when he bade them. What was even worse, he marched at the double through Virginia mud, without shoes, without food, without sleep.

"Did you order me to advance over that field, sir?" asked an officer.

"Yes," said Jackson. "Impossible, sir, my men will be annihilated. Nothing can live there. They will be annihilated."

"General," said Jackson, "I always endeavor to take care of my wounded and to bury my dead. You have heard my order.—Obey it."

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The sobriquet "Stonewall" was applied to him during the first engagement at Manassas, or Bull Run, according to Gen. John B. Gordon, writing "Reminiscences of the Civil War." His brigade was making a superb stand against General McDowell's column, which had been thrown with such momentum upon the southern flank as to threaten the whole army with destruction. General Bee, of South Carolina, whose blood was almost the earliest sprinkled on the southern altar, determined to lead his own brigade to another charge, and, looking across the field, he saw Jackson's men, firmly, stubbornly resisting the Federal advance. General Bee, in order to kindle in the breasts of his men the ardor that glowed in his own, pointed to Jackson's line and exclaimed, 'See, there stands Jackson like a stone wall. Bee himself fell in the charge, but he had christened Jackson and his brigade by attaching to them a peculiar and distinctive name which will live while the history of the Civil War lives.

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General Jackson said, according to the same author, that the sobriquet "Stonewall" was won in the battle by his brigade and that it did not belong to him, but should be applied to the "Stonewall Brigade."

Thackeray truly remarked that the world is for each of us much as we show ourselves to the world. If we face it with a cheery acceptance we find the world fairly full of cheerful people glad to see us. If we start at it and abuse it, we may be sure of abuse in return.

The discontented worries of a morose person may very likely shorten his days, and the general justice of nature's arrangement provides that his early departure should entail no long regrets.

On the other hand, a man who can laugh keeps his health, and his friends are glad to keep him. To the perfectly healthy laughter comes often. Too commonly, though, as childhood is left behind the habit falls and a half-smile is the best that visits the thought-lined mouth of the modern man or woman.

People become more and more burdened with the accumulation of knowledge and with the weighting responsibilities of life, but they should still spare time to laugh. Let them never regret that "a smile sits ever serene upon the face of wisdom.—Exchange.

BUY AMERICAN

(Reidsville Review)

What promises to become a nation-wide movement, with results that are difficult to determine, is the one now being launched by an organization of business men with headquarters in Washington City. They propose to educate the people of this country to give preference to American-made goods and American-grown products. They are going to keep constantly hammering it into the heads of the American people that the way to use up this nation's surplus production — both from farm and factory—and the way to aid American industry employed on these farms and in these factories is for everybody to "Buy American."

They are only paying Great Britain in her own coin, for she has been sounding her slogan, "Buy British," for several years. It is reported that the movement is bringing results, and good results, over there, since British citizens began giving preference to British products. So if it has proven a good thing for Great Britain, these business men in this country argue, then it is likewise going to prove a good thing to adopt the plan over here.

The slogan has been sounded! Ere long it will be a nation-wide cry, and we will be hearing it on every tongue around Reidsville, "Buy American" will be the great American slogan. And if Americans will carry it out there is no question but the results will prove beneficial.

A SLOGAN

Don't pity; Help. These three words are given much publicity in Philadelphia as the welfare drive for six million dollars is being conducted. It seems wise to have some catching and holding slogan. This one combines a negative and a positive—it says what not to do and what to do. It suggests that one thing be stopped and something else be given a chance. But it seems quite probable that there will not be much helping unless there is some pitying first. If the help is to be an expression of sincere desire to relieve an unfortunate situation, there must be aroused some pity for the unfortunates. But, the framers of the slogan probably had experienced disappointments in dealing with potential givers who were demonstrative in their pity but retiring in their helping. It was to lead people beyond pity into activity that the slogan was adopted. What the "chest" needs is nothing short of a material, real money equivalent of the pity.

—Young Folks.

ANDREW JACKSON

(Charlotte Observer)

Under the tall cedars that grace the lawn of the "Hermitage" near Nashville, loyal Tennesseans gathered recently to pay honor to Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," whose defeat of the British at New Orleans on January 8, 1815, was the prelude to an exciting string of events that made him President. Tennessee holds Old Hickory in high regard and as the years roll by his commanding power, his rugged honesty and courage shine all the brighter.

Jackson was the first President to come from what was then then the Far West. He was born in the Waxhaw community, a stone's throw south-east of Charlotte. Inured to hardships and poverty in his childhood days, with little formal schooling, but possessed of a flashing intellect, he gained a legal education at Salisbury and was admitted to the bar at 20. But the call of the pioneer was in his blood and he drifted to the Western District of North Carolina. When this great territory became the State of Tennessee in 1796, Jackson became its permanent and leading citizen.

A lawyer by profession, a fighter by preference and a politician by accident, Andrew Jackson might have rounded out his days as a local figure, but the War of 1812 found him eager to take arms against the British. His campaign against the Indians, inflamed by foreign agents, his overwhelming victory over the British at New Orleans, his governorship of Florida, brought him into national acclaim. He was the Tall Tennessean, the courageous fighter of the vast new country, admired and feared by friend and foe alike.

His election to the Presidency in 1828 followed by an unsuccessful campaign in which he was defeated by John Quincy Adams, Jackson received the more electoral votes but he lost when the election was left to the House of Representatives.

In a formative age of the young Republic when such men as Clay, Webster, and John C. Calhoun thundered, Jackson was the most gigantic power, the commanding figure among giants. His unflinching courage and devotion to the inalienable rights of the common people thrust him into fights against nullification and against federal bank. More than perhaps any other President he used the constitutional power of his high office for the benefit of the people. To arbitrate his power or influence was impossible. He was hot-headed but willing to listen to reason, autocratic in power but simple in his love for humanity. He was foreign to compromise when it affected the public welfare.

Jackson's career is proof that the strength of this country has been the strength of its men. He was 47 years old, a country lawyer and plantation owner, approaching middle age when war came. Like Cincinnatus of old he lay down the plow and took up the sword. He did

this without hope of reward or expectation of fame or glory. Defense of his country was natural to him. His elevation to the Presidency was an expression of respect and confidence from the masses.

North Carolina should be particularly proud of the three Presidents that were nurtured at her bosom. Polk and Jackson were born almost at the door of our city and in this section received the home training that was to guide their later lives.

The tall cedars and the oaks bend over the tomb where Andrew Jackson and his beloved Rachel lay. In the Spring the perfume of the flowers is wafted through the garden that they loved, and in Autumn the haze from the surrounding hills casts a kindly mantle of peace upon the great white house and the fields where the master used to watch his slaves, happy at their work. Tennessee and the United States revere today the memory of Old Hickory and his life of honor.

BURNING CORN

The fact that corn is being used as fuel in a number of rural communities throughout the corn belt has touched off another controversy in the Middle West. Hundreds of individual families have adopted the idea, and it is said to be spreading from the farms to the smaller towns.

It is claimed that 40 bushels of corn will give out the same amount of heat units as a ton of coal. At 20 cents a bushel corn as a fuel would be worth eight dollars a ton. Good easttern coal costs more than that per ton delivered to the corn belt home, though a poorer grade of western coal doesn't cost as much. Opponents of the "burn corn" idea claim therefore, that there really is no saving in cost; that burning corn will only save to put more miners out of work and further aggravate the unemployment situation. They argue that its a lot of bother keeping a corn fire going and that it just isn't morally right to destroy food when there are so many hungry people in the country.

On the other hand, advocates of "corn heat" claim that at the present price of corn it is cheaper than coal heat; that burning corn will reduce the surplus and thus tend to increase prics and that it is the only way farmers have of getting rid of the crop without depressing the market. You can find a division of sentiment on the subject. But, right or wrong, the "corn burning" idea seems to have taken hold in earnest this time, and only time can tell whether or not it is a sensible and economic thing to do—Mooresville Enterprise.

RECALLING WILLIAM PENN

By Leah A. Kazmark

It was in the month of August in 1682 that William Penn set sail from his native England to try his fortunes in the distant New World of which he had heard. This opportunity to take religion to the strange land he called "his opening of joy" and history's pages record how well he made it a real opportunity for others. Now both America, his foster land which he so loved, and his own nation will suitably honor that historic sailing.

Memorial tablets of William Penn are to be erected in the little midland village of Deal where he was born in October of 1644. The tablets are to be life-size, showing young Penn as an Oxford student, a vigorous young man with real ability as a student. Various experiences of his younger years will be told in bronze in tribute to this one whom history has remembered.

Other tablets are to be erected in London, from which port Penn and his followers set sail. Services on that historic date are to be observed by the English nation, while on this side of the water America will keep with public ceremonies the day of his landing here in October. What a long, long travel it was in the past when only the wind could be depended on to drive the ship toward its destination!

Every school pupil recalls how Penn was given a large tract of land in America in cancelation of a debt that Charles the Second owed his father. The king named it "Pennsylvania," combining the name for woods with that of Penn's name. When the young man feared it might make him vain and wished that it be called "New Wales," in honor of his Welch ancestors, the king replied: "I am godfather to the land and will bestow its name." And it has retained its name, given in good humor, so long ago. It was the largest tract of land that history ever recorded being given to one man.

Of this, one historian wrote as follows: "Kings have had such domains, but never before a private citizen who scorned all titles." Indeed, William Penn had no thought of either title or power. He wished only to establish a place where all might worship God as they believed and where no persecutions would be allowed.

This he made come true. Of special interest were his friendly relations with the Indians and how that condition continued long after his death. No sooner had he landed than he gathered the leaders of the neighboring tribes under the great elm which so long bore his name. Here he made a treaty. The Indians were to be friends with the newcomers. And so just was Penn that history has remembered the ideal way in which the white settlers and the redmen lived together in peace in Pennsylvania all down the years. No other settlements could boast of such friendship.

Others followed Penn to the new colony, where one could worship as one thought best, where neighbors were kind, and fellowship was honor-

able. The tiny village of Philadelphia grew. When but a year old it opened the first school for girls. Other settlements taught the boys. It was not thought necessary that girls should know things other than the home could teach. Enoch Flowers, village master, built himself a little school of cedar planks, where he taught girls and boys of all ages on these terms: "To learn to read, four shillings a quarter; to write, six shllings."

The settlement grew. More and more came from other lands where it was promised them that "all persons acknowledging the one Eternal God shall live peaceably and justly together.' But no man who did not believe in God and His Son, the Christ, could vote or hold offiice in the community. A Quaker in faith, Penn welcomed all other sects to his domains.

Penn returned once to England, but came again to his beloved colony. In late life he was called to London, where he passed away in the summer of 1718, an old man who had lived a rich, full life in doing for others. His colony flourished in religious freedom and education. Its aims and traditions continued, too, to honor its founder.

So, after two hundred and fifty years America still honors Sir William Penn, who "loved plain folks."

CONCERNING UNCERTAINTY

By William Adams Brown

The only way to deal effectively with the uncertainties which make up so large a part of our life is to lay hold on some larger certainty which makes it possible for us to accept them without worry or rebellion. We who are religious beleive ourselves to be in first-hand contact with a God who is so much greater and wiser than we that what we can know of Him is only partial and seldom, if ever, in complete accord with our expectaticns and wishes. Uncertainty, therefore, ought not to surprise us or to disturb us. It is only what is to be expected.

This is true of the uncertainties that meet us in the realm of knowledge. Why are things as they are (e. g., the tragedy of the Lindbergh baby)? We cannot know. But we do know that there is no tragedy which, met in courage and faith, may not open the door to a larger life. This is the first lesson of the cross.

It is true also of the uncertainties which meet us in the realm of experience. Who will insure us against disaster—financial, political, domestic? There is no insurance. But we do know that there is no disaster which, met with courage and faith, may not be triumphantly overcome; more than this, which, through the assurance that it gives of the inexhaustible springs which faith in God opens to the human spirit, may not become a source of light and hope for generations still unborn. This is the second and greatest lesson of the cross.

THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES

(The Charlotte Observer)

Greater and greater grows the work of the North Carolina Orthopædic Hospital, on Babington Heights, near Gastonia, which opened its doors on July, 1921, with 50 beds and which is now operating on a 160-bed capacity, with hospital staff correspondingly enlarged. During the 11 years of the constantly expanding work of this institution more than 8,000 children have received successful treatment, which means that their crooked bodies and limbs have been made straight and these little people sent out into the world barren of the handicaps that had been theirs since birth.

The report of the work of the past two years is impressively set forth in the book just issued, giving illustration of the physical condition of many little patients when received and of the condition in which they were discharged. One cannot look upon results of the kind and fail to bless the day when the orthopædic hospital was established. It has grown into the largest of its kind in the United States, and this because of efficient management and skillful operation. The institution is owned and maintained by the State, but is enabled to enlarge its field by reason of individual and corporate contributions.

It is a house in which miracles are performed, and life there is happy. It is true, as told in the report, that it is a source of constant wonderment to those who visit the hospital to note the happy attitude of the children undergoing treatment. Except for very short intervals, these patients suffer little pain. Many of them are ambulant throughout their treatment. Through the generosity of friends of the hospital the children enjoy books, movies, radios, birthday parties and story hours. The local civic clubs see to it that they miss very little of outside attractions, such as circus parades and appropriate shows. They are particularly generous to these children at Christmas time and on other special days, such as Easter and Hallowe'en. The children themselves take part in many plays. All in all, life is a very normal and very interesting thing to them while at the hospital as patients.

And truly it can be said that this beneficient institution is writing a great piece of history in North Carolina and in the philanthropic world, one that will forever stand as a monument to those who are making the service possible, and who constantly keep before them the picture of the little crippled child who through them has a chance.

Glass agates are sometimes used as electric light bulbs on Christmas trees.—Selected.

BIRD TRAVELERS

(Selected)

Nearly every one knows that many of our bird friends arrive in the neighborhood early in the spring and take leave some time in the autumn. The old Greeks thought that the birds went to sleep in caves or in hollow trees during the cold months, as bears, some squirrels and other animals do. Aristotle even wrote that swallows hibernated in the mud at the bottom of ponds during Winter.

There is still a good deal of mystery about the how and when and where of bird travel; but careful students of the little feathered people are finding out more each year about where birds go and what they do there. It is quite certain they do not go to sleep anywhere for the winter.

The United States Biological Survey has many stations where birds are invited into big wire cages by means of tempting food. Before Mr. Robin or Mr. Swallow gets out, he has a small aluminum band fastened around one leg. By means of banding birds in this way, it is possible to tell when the same bird comes back next year or he can be identified at the next station he visits. This is one of the ways in which accurate information about birds' travel is being collected and does not harm the bird in any way.

Different sorts of birds have different places to go in the winter. Many of our common summer birds spend the winter in Mexico, but the barn swallow and the bobolink go as far south as the pampas of Argen- are not really hawks at all, but valuable insects catchers, and cliff swallows go to Argentina and Paraguay when they leave us.

In the same way that some birds spent the summer with us and the winter farther south, some more northern birds spend all their winters with us. Throughout the northwestern part of our country the Alaska robin is common in the winter months, but he flies away to Alaska for the summer.

In general, birds build their nests at the northern end of their traveling route. Some birds, however, make long special journeys to their nesting places. The surf bird, who spends most of his life on the reefs of the Pacific ocean, flies up into the high mountains of the continent to raise his family. Some birds stay in one location the whole year.

How would you like to travel from one end of the world to the other twice every year? The golden plover makes a non-stop flight across the Atlantic from Nova Scotia to the Lesser Antilles, about two thousand four hundred miles, that often. Tiny warblers cross the Gulf of Mexico without food or rest and barn swallows travel five thousand miles between their summer and winter homes. The champion bird traveler is the Arctic tern. He really goes from the top to the bottom of the world every year. One may wonder what difference the tern sees between the icy wastes around the North Pole; but he makes his nest in the icy regions of the north in tina. Nighthawks, which, by the way, the spring and goes back to the South Polar country in the fall.

HOW DID STONEWALL JACKSON ACQUIRE HIS NICKNAME?

(Selected)

General Bernard Elliot Bee, (1824-1861) of South Carolina, gave General Thomas Jonathan Jackson the name by which he is known in history. As a brigadier general Bee commanded a brigade of Joseph E. Johnston's army at the first battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, on July 2, 1861. Jackson, who had brought a brigade from the Shenandoah Valley to take part in the engagement, arrived, on the the field just in time to form a junction with Bureaugard's forces. The impetuosity of the Federal attack at first produced considerable confusion in the Confederate army and Bee's brigade suffered heavily, finally breaking up after it had held back the Federals long enough for the defense to be organized in the rear. Riding up to Jackson, General Bee shouted, "General, they are beating us back." "Then, sir," replied Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet." Bee galloping back to the South Carolinians and cried. "Lock, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians." He informed the remnant of his command near the Virginians and held his ground until the Federal army was completely repulsed, but before the battle was over Bee fell mortally wounded and died the next day.

The story is told of a man who, in the early days in the West, was driving in a cart along a road. A colt was trotting and galloping at the side, keeping up with its mother in the shafts. The man in the cart was thinking deeply about something as he drove, and did not notice that the colt had entered an open gate by the way, and that it was on the other side of the fence in a field that extended for several miles. He stopped his horse, wondering how to get the colt out. The fence was high and there was no gate in sight. The only thing he could do was to turn around and go back to the gate through which the colt had entered.

This story has something to do with your life. As you go along the road of the days and years, you are forming habits, some good and some bad. The day is coming when the bad habits will give you trouble. But you cannot stop them long enough to go back and do the journey all over again. You will have to keep on living.

Don't you think it would be much better to watch the road to see that no habit gets on the wrong side of the fence? Keep the habits in the road that leads to Christian character.

FACTORY GIRL

By Edward P. McKechnie

Jane Campbell stood before the office window and watched the cut-flowing tide of workers as they pressed from the gates of Fisher and Company's factory, at the close of the working day.

There were workmen in overalls, carrying lunch boxes; white-collared foremen; women workers, surprisnigly neat after a day of toil; and boisterous young apprentices, who chased each other through the throng. These were prosperous times, and this the busy season.

Jane had been working hard and though he said little, Mr. Briggs, the superintendent, was not unappreciative of the efforts of his secretary. He looked up now from his desk. "You may as well go now, Miss Campbell," he said. "I'll have to stay and finish this report, so that you can type it tomorrow morning."

"All right, Mr. Briggs," returned Jane. "I'll wait a few minutes until this factory crowd gets away."

There was something in Jane's tone which caused Mr. Briggs to inqure, "What makes you think the people who work in the factory are any different from those in the office?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Jane, a little embarrassed. "But office people are more educated, more cultured. They appreciate the better things in life."

"There are some mighty fine people working in our factory. I know, fcr I worked in the shop for fifteen years.' '

"Oh, you're different," hastily answered Jane, now quite flushed and confused. She quickly adjusted her hat and went out.

When she had gone, Mr. Briggs slowly shook his head and with an air of reluctance crossed out something on his memo pad. "Jane's a nice girl, but—well—a bit too snobbish for this job," he said to himself.

Six months later the economic blight, which had already played havoc with so many seemingly impregnable citadels of industry, swept over Fisher and Company's factory. Where the human tide had flowed, the gates remained shut the whole day through. Jane Campbell found herself at last faced with the necessity of finding a new position, at a time when there were dozens of girls scrambling for every vacancy.

No one, it seemed, needed a stenographer, or secretary. Jane's savings and those of her widowed mother were drawn upon, until finally only a few dollars remained of what had once seemed a sizable amount

Jane tried to be her old cheerful self, but she was expressing a confidence she was far from feeling when she said to her mother one morning, "Don't worry, mother, I'll find a position today sure. I've got three good prospects."

By noontime these prospects had vanished like the mirage of the desert. Hot, tired and discouraged, Jane sought a small park and sat

down on a bench, grateful for the shade and a few moments of rest.

A group of girls came along, chatting and laughing, as they shared a candy bar between them. Then the group scattered and two of the girls approached the bench where Jane was sitting. She moved over to make room for them. With a smile of appreciation the girls sat down, and were soon engaged in animated conversation.

Jane could not help but overhear when one of them remarked, "Sadie's certainly lucky, getting married to a swell fellow like Tom. Wonder who'll get her job in the factory. Hope it's someone we'll like."

Jane's heart beat a bit faster. Perhaps she could get the position the lucky Sadie was leaving. She had always thought that factory girls were rough and ill-mannered, but these girls seemed really nice. She touched the girl nearest her on the arm.

"Pardon me, but I couldn't help over-hearing your conversation. I've been looking for work everywhere and I thought perhaps I might be able to fill the position of the girl who is leaving your factory. If you would tell me where your place is located, I could apply there this afternoon."

The other girl looked into Jane's tired eyes. Jane felt the quick sympathy in the girl's voice as she said, "Why, I don't know—you might try anyhow. Come along with us and I'll introduce you to our foreman, Mr. Winters."

During the short walk to the factory, Jane introduced herself to her new-found friends. She learned that the girl she had first spoken to in the park was named Mary McAllister and the other girl, Doris Long.

A few minutes' walk brought them to a long, low factory, proclaimed by a big white sign to be the Hercules Refrigerator Works. Aided by Mary McAllister's introduction, Jane found the interview with Mr. Winters not all difficult. After some questioning, he said, "Come back ready to work in the morning."

When Jane returned home, her quick step and shining eyes told her mother at once that she had found a job.

Jane found the next morning at the factory a bit bewilderng. First there were intelligence and apitude tests to be taken, and then having passed these successfully, Jane was given a key to a locker and provided with a suit of working clothes. These consisted of a loose blouse and large baggy trousers, a close fitting cap and a pair of heavy gloves.

Jane felt very queer when she emerged from the dressing room in this uniform. Mr. Winters noticed her embarrassment when she reported to him and he said kindly, "You look very well in the uniform. We have the girls wear them for safety's sake and for comfort as well. Here are your goggles, and now you are ready for your first lesson in welding." Mr. Winters smiled encouragingly.

He was a very nice man, Jane decided. She wondered if she really did look well in the uniform. She felt the eyes of the other girls upon her as she walked beside Mr. Winters down the long aisle. They paused at a place where several

girls were working with welding torches on refrigerator boxes. Jane recognized her friends, Mary and Doris, among them.

Mr. Winters called the girl named Sadie and said, "Miss Turner, this is Miss Campbell, who is to learn your work." Then to Jane, he said, "Miss Turner is one of the most skillful welders we have. I'm sure you will learn rapidly under her guidance."

Jane found that first day a very trying one. Manipulating a welding torch was certainly far different from running a typewriter. But by the end of the week, Jane found herself beginning to like the work, and as she became better acquainted with the other girls, she was surprised to find in them a depth of character fully as great as that of the girls she had formerly associated with in the office. Mary and Doris proved to be especially companionable and Jane enjoyed many happy week-ends in their company.

One day a group of visitors came through the factory. This was not an uncommon occurrence, for it was still quite unusual to employ girls on welding, and many factory executives were eager to inspect the work. Jane paid no attenion until suddenly she heard Mr. Winters say, "Come over this way, Mr. Briggs." Jane was panic stricken. What if Mr. Briggs should find her here! She turned her back toward the visitors, pulled her gogges over her eyes, and pushed a telltale bronze curl beneath her cap. Gratefully she realized that as a disguise her costume was nearly perfect.

The visitors came closer and finally stopped almost directly at her position. Mr. Briggs' eye was on her, she knew. Would he recognize her? Her hand trembled. After an interval that seemed an age, the party moved on—all but Mr. Briggs. Jane felt the blush overspread her cheeks.

"Hello, Miss Campbell," he laughed. "Come out from behind your mask, can't you?"

Jane pushed back her goggles, a whisp of hair fell over her cheek. She was laughing, too, now. After all, why should she be ashamed of honest work?

"That's a good sport," said Mr. Briggs, shaking her hand.

"Tell me, Jane, how do you like the factory crowd now?"

Once more the flush crept into Jane's cheeks. She suddenly remembered the scene at the window. That was ages ago, it seemed.

"I've changed my mind about factory people, Mr. Briggs. These people are the best folks in the world."

"That's fine, Jane," said Mr. Briggs, heartily, and he hastened on to join the rest of his party.

Later in the afternoon, Jane was called to Mr. Winter's office.

"Jane," said Mr. Briggs, "I have been talking to my friend, Mr. Winters, about getting you back to our company. We have a vacancy in our Personnel Department that I think you can fill, now that you have had some factory experience. You might have had the position before, but—well, you didn't have quite the right idea about factory workers."

"I know, Mr. Briggs, and I'm ashamed of myself. I'll never be such a snob again."

BEETHOVEN

By Lois Snelling

"Keep your eyes on him; some day he will make a stir in the world."

Prophetic words were these, uttered by Mozart in 1787 after he had gained a glimpse of the accomplishments of the young musician from Bonn! Not many years passed away before the anticipated stir was made —one from which the world has not yet recovered!

Ludwig von Beethoven came of a musical family. Johann Beethoven, his father, was a singer in the Electoral Capel at Bonn, and his grandfather was kapellmeister at the same chapel. When still a mere baby the boy showed a decided love for music, so when he was four years of age his father began instructing him on the piano and violin. When he was seven his talent had become so marked that the Elector volunteered to assume the expense of his further muscial training. Young Ludwig was placed under the court organist for instruction in both the organ and piano. He was introduced to the works of Bach and Handel and very soon he was attempting compositions of his own. At the time of his visit to Vienna, on which occasion his wonderful powers elicited the prophecy of the great Mozart, Beethoven was a lad of seventeen.

When he made a second visit to Vienna, in 1792, he had acquired sufficient fame to admit him immediately into the most exclusive circles. Following the commencement of his public career three years later he was much flattered and sought after by the nobility. After his playing at the court of the Prussian king, Frederic William II was so impressed with his genius that he endeavored to persuade Beethoven to settle permanently in Berlin. And in 1808 Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, tried to attach the famous master to his own court by offering him 600 gold lucats (about $1,400) and the title of Hof-kapellmeister. No sooner did the news of this offer reach Vienna than Archduke Rudolf and several members of the court pledged themselves to the payment of 4,000 florins (about $1,600) annually if Beethoven would refuse Bonaparte's proposal and consent to remain in their city.

It was about this time that the musician's tragic deafness began to shut him off from the world of sound. He continued, however, to compose long after he had ceased to hear the melody of his composition. So absorbed would he become at times that he forget everything but his work, and would go for long intervals without food, rest or sleep. Finally his health, never robust, began to break beneath the strain. Ill health and his total deafness combined to render him, in his last years, morbid, irritable and melancholic. Through this stage he passed into comfirmed hypochondria, followed by delirium, and at the age of fifty-seven the great master took his place with the invisible choir.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. G. H. Stone, of Concord, who kindly donated a number of good books for the use of our boys.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been busy for the past few days installing shelves in one of the rcoms in the school building, to be used as a library. As soon as this work has been completed, the books recently donated by the King's Daughters of Charlotte, and other interested friends, will be placed therein.

—o—

Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager, spent last Tuesday in Raleigh, where he attended a meeting of the county commissioners cf the State. The commissioners were interested in getting before the Legislature matters pertaining to the various counties over whose destinies they preside.

—o—

The sunshine, warm weather, and the receipt of beautifully decorated seed catalogs, make us feel that Spring is just around the corner. In going about the campus we note other reminders that Spring is approaching, such as the blossoming of early shrubbery, local flower admirers working in the beds near their cottages, and the long line of farm wagons hauling compost to the poorer sections of our farm.

—o—

We find that the office force is again studying the budget for the new year, preparatory to meeting with the Legislative committee some time next week. The poor, insignificant writer of this column, along with many other interested persons, hopes that fcr the sake of the boys entrusted to our care, this budget allotment may be considerably increased.

—o—

Sam Everett, of the Mecklenburg Cottage, who some months ago was taken to the hospital at Lumberton for treatment of a kidney infection, was returned to the school last Tuesday. Sam said that he surely was glad to be with us again, and the Welfare Officer of Robeson County, who brought him back, told us that his chief topic of conversation for some time past was his return to the school. Sam seems greatly improved, and delighted to resume his place among the boys in his cottage.

—o—

Hog-killing was the order of the day last Monday, and four fine porkers felt the keen edge of the butcher's knife. Instead of following the usual custom of sending the sausage to the cottages in bulk, it was placed in skins and hung up for future use.

As a result of the labor of the boys and officers engaged in this work, there was a tempting lot of fine-looking stuffed sausage.

—o—

A rather unusual visitor was with us at the Sunday School hour, 10:30, last Sunday morning. One Odell Doby, who was the third boy to enter the Jackson Training school, being admitted in January 1909, was this visitor. Upon inquiry it was learned that Odell is now living in Salisbury, where he is employed in a cotton mill. We were pleased to note that he said he was married and had four fine children. We have since learned from another source that his description of his children was correct, and not the boastful remark of a proud father. Odell has not accumulated money, nor was he attired in the heighth of fashion, but if he is meeting life bravely, and is earning the necessities for the home and care of his children, this certainly classes him as a good citizen.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, making a very interesting talk on the 23rd and 103rd Psalms. In the course of his remarks he explained how these two beautiful Psalms were written by David, the one in the early part of his life, and the other shortly before his death. The speaker also pointed out how we might be greatly benefitted by shaping the course of our lives as indicated in these two Psalms. We all thoroughly enjoyed Rev. Baumgarner's remarks. Not only the officials of the school but the boys also appreciate the service rendered by the members of the Concord Ministerial Association in conducting the Sunday afternoon services at the institution, and we are led to believe that these ministers enjoy the privilege of speaking to the boys. This was brought to our mind by a recent conversation with Rev. Baumgarner, who expressed his feelings as follows: "Following an operation I was in poor physical condition for some time, as you know. My physician advised that I give up all outside activities for a time, to which I agreed, with the exception of my monthly visits to the Jackson Training School." He further stated that he really enjoyed his contact with the boys here. In our humble opinion, any minister who considers this a privilege rather than a duty, shows a true Christian spirit, and is in line for doing great and lasting good among our boys.

If it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity but, as long as I can avoid it, I will never be unhappy.—Sydney Smith.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 28, 1933 No. 4

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"To make a little child rejoice,
To bring a smile to sorrow's face,
Restore the laughter to some voice
Or put a broken heart in place.
So, lay the tinsel crown aside;
We do not ask the fame it brings,
For we, dear Lord, are satisfied
To take thy gifts of smaller things."

—Exchange.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

Civilization is riddled with blind alleys. The prosperity that ends in my being prosperous is a blind alley; the education that ends in my being educated is a blind alley; the amusement that ends in my being amused is a blind alley; the religion that ends in my being religious is a blind alley. These broad highways were never intended to end abruptly at the points that I have indicated. My prosperity, instead of ending with the inflation of my bank account, should lead to the enrichment of the world. My education, instead of ending with a university triumph, should equip my whole individuality for loftier service. My amusement, instead of being a mere revel, should be a tonic, a refreshment, a recreation. And my religion, instead of merely filling my soul with a smug and unwholesome self-content, should help every man I meet to fight life's battle with a braver heart.—F. W. Boreham.

HENRY BURKE MADE A RECORD NOW APPROVED

The press is now writing rather complimentary things about Henry Burke, who was imported from Louisiana to North Carolina to set up a budget commission wherein North Carolina could merge from a financial muddle that has been growing according to statistics for the past thirty years. He has spent eight years in North Carolina working out financial problems sufficiently large to make the head of the average citizen whirl around like a top. Henry Burke, so termed by all who know him, has been during the eight years most severely cussed and extravagantly discussed. He has received an unusual amount of publicity. By some he has been represented as "hard boiled", a misnomer, for in every instance it was our pleasure to approach him he proved to have an understanding heart, showing an innate desire to respond

to the needs of all departments and institutions. As custodian of state funds he had to be cautious, sit steady, using the same measure for all and favoritism to none. To have met every proposition as he did, and the number was countless, showed the mettle of the man who at no time patronized for the sake of applause but after due consideration conscientiously discharged his duty to the state with a calmness and courage that at times made him appear as "hard as nails."

Retrospection brings about a complete reversal of opinion since the public has had time to study and valuate the work that has been accomplished through the Budget Commission in North Carolina under the supervision of Henry Burke. There is one thing that can be said to his credit, and that is when approached he bore every chastisement with a steel nerve and at no time passed the responsibility that was his to another—"he never passed the buck" to use the common expression. We wish for Mr. Burke unbounded success in his new field of activities wherever that may be. By not responding to the appeal every time for the Jackson Training School did not indicate a lack of interest upon the part of Mr. Burke, but as custodian of state funds he had to safeguard the responsibility entrusted to him. He spoke on one occasion deeply as to the value of work attempted by the school, saying at this "age of increasing crime this is not the time to step backward in devloping citizenship"—or words to that effect. This remark was suggestive of his feelings showing appreciation of our work.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL IS THE HOME FOR INCORRIGIBLES

An article captioned "Durham Youth Caught Here Thursday" carried interest sufficient to have a welfare minded person read the article instantly. It is needless to say there was amazement upon finding the youngster was only ten years of age, and had been in court a number of times charged with larceny, Besides to cap the climax the Durham officials admitted the little fellow was so notorious they had to run him out of the county. Can you visualize a burly policeman chasing a ten-year-old youngster

out of the county. We do not credit the newspaper report. There is surely some mistake, or the named counties have pygmies for officers. Again one is constrained to think there was something terribly wrong in the boy's home, or a ten-year-old boy could not possibly gain such headway as to defy or out-general the officers of a city who are expected to meet the most extreme cases of lawlessness. These officers who chased the little fellow from one county to another to rid themselves of a nuisance should remember that the Jackson Training School continues to function and has never failed yet to meet and master similar cases to the one reported in the Beaufort News. If nothing else was possible this ten-year-old boy could have been physically subdued and then confined. We believe this entire story is terribly exaggerated and publicity of this kind should not be given out. We would gladly have received this boy, and in short order he would have had a different slant upon life:

> John Richardson, the ten-year-old boy, who has been in court here a number of times charged with larceny, was caught again last Thursday evening in the D. M. DeNoyer garage, and since then word has come from Durham officials that he was so notorious there that he had to be run out of the county. John has confessed to practically every Christmas time robbery around here, Chief W. R. Longest told a News reporter.
>
> The youthful thief is now being held in the county jail, awaiting the Durham officials who will come after him. He was ordered to leave the county about ten days or two weeks ago and his mother sent the police word that she was coming after him, but he tried to perpetrate another robbery in the meantime. After he is taken away, the police think that thievery will show a marked decrease here in Beaufort.

* * * * * * * * * *

A SHORT RESUME

This brief review of the state's history since 1790 carries a wonderful story of the progress of the Old North State during the past 142 years. It is worthy of the attention of all interested "tarheels." It is a story of the beginning and also gives an insight into the swiftly mounting tempo of the movement that made us one of the most progressive states of the Union.

Admitting we are passing through a cycle of depression, condi-

tions now are not comparable to the experiences of the early patriots who blazed the way for this age of advanced civilization. So it is easy to see, in the face of misfortunes, we are a most fortunate people.

This you will acknowledge after comparing previous living conditions with those of today. No one would be willing to step back. Read:

> In 1790, Washington, New Bern and Wilmington were the only post-offices in North Carolina. As late as 1812 there was nct a newspaper west of Raleigh. In 1787 Charlotte was a village with 276 inhabitants 153 whites and 123 colored. The industries consisted of a saw mill, a flour mill, blacksmith shop and three stores. And this phenomenal growth was the result of an impetus given the community by establishing the county seat there in 1774 and by the erection of Liberty Academy in 1777. Ninety years ago which is almost within the memory of some people still alive, New Bern had a population of only 3,699, Wilmington 4,747, Fayetteville 4,285, Raleigh 2,244 and Charlotte was slightly larger than Raleigh, while Greensboro and Salisbury followed close behind the state capital numerically. And these were, at that time, the largest towns in the state. All others were mere country villages with a few stores, a blacksmith shop or two, and the county seats had a court house, a jail and a whipping post. Is it any wonder that the following became a familiar saying, "North Carolina is a vale of humility between two mountains of conceit—South Carolina and Virginia."

* * * * * * * * * *

MRS. R. S. ARROWOOD

We were sorely grieved to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. R. S. Arrowood, the wife of Rev. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, who has endeared himself to this institution by his faithful and earnest service on different occasions. Mrs. Arrowood came to the city a young and hopeful bride of the popular pastor, and at once made for herself a place in the hearts of the people by her interest in the spiritual, social and civic activities of the community.

This splendid woman with her fine qualities of spirit and mind combined with the rare graces of Christian womanhood was not only outstanding but in demand, possessing the elements of true leadership.

It seems all but too sad she should have been taken just in the formative period of her young life, especially so when there was hope of developing her talent as a writer, besides becoming a superb leader in church and other good works. Unlike most gifted young people she used her talents to the glory of God by contributing unselfishly to the development and uplift of humanity. We feel deeply for the bereaved husband, and young daughters who will miss her most keenly.

* * * * * * * * * *

PROFESSOR R. G. KIZER, SALISBURY

After a lingering illness of a year or longer the white soul of Professor R. G. Kizer, Salisbury, has gone to rest from his labors to enjoy the Kingly heritage which is so rightfully his. He was a Virginian by birth, but a North Carolinian by adoption and throughout life has proven a most valuable acquisition during the lean days of the state when it took the rarest culture, the highest ideals and finest Christian leadership to forge the way for the advanced school system that prevails throughout the Old North State. In manner and mind he was typical of the old school, and with the courage of his forebears gave unstintingly of his time and talent to the cause he was vitally interested in—education.

He has left a fine heritage to those left to take up the work he nobly challenged. He was not classed as a citizen only of Rowan county, but of the state at large because of his vision as one of the outstanding educators. And thus, at a very advanced age on January 19, 1933, the star of this fine spirit faded gently into the sunshine of the blessed immortality which his religion taught him to hope for when his work was done.

RAMBLING AROUND

(With Old Hurrygraph)

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it.
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
O! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hand contains the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

—o—

I see it stated that the greenback dollar bill wears out in seven months. What puzzles me is, how in the name of common sense did anybody keep one long enough to find this out.

—o—

Many people have found it hard to eat bread with syrup without getting syrup on their hands. A fellow told me something the other day. He said his father taught him. It was "spread butter on bread, filling all holes. Turn bread over, put syrup on other side—no leaks."

—o—

Who of my readers remember way back yonder when teachers kept a stool in the school room, and whenever a male pupil was caught whispering, or misbehaving, was placed on that stool, in one corner of the room, in plain view of the other pupils, with a tall paper dunce cap on his head?

—o—

A Miami (Fla.,) beach hotel sends me a notice that for a brief period there are marked reductions in rates, and will give a special service if I will visit them, of "$9-$15 per day for single room," and "$3 daily for the use of a golf course." The only thing that prevents me from packing up and starting immediately is the $9-$15 daily for a single room, and $3 daily for the use of a golf course.

—o—

"Never the New Year morning,
Never the old year ends,
But somebody thinks of somebody,
Old days, old times, and old friends."

—o—

It is stated that three people were killed at a cricket game in Bombay, India. Goodness gracious. Cricket is getting into the class with American football. It was my impression that all they did in a cricket match was to stand around in an indifferent sleepy manner until after two hours or more something or other happened that makes the spectators all clap their hands gently together and murmur, "Pretty, pretty," and then they all go to tea. How can anybody get killed in a game like that. Maybe the tea was poisoned.

—o—

The income tax season is around on us again, a way it has every year, just when one thinks he is getting a good start for the year's work. But the outgo tax is bothering me more than the income tax. It is like a race and the former seems to be trying to outrun the

latter—trying to go out faster than come in. They talk a great deal about the budgets, from the humblest homes to the head of the greatest of nations, and with all that is said and done they do not seem to budge, just a little bit. There is a balance somewhere, if a fellow can only manage to find it, and end this ever incerasing wrangle over the subject. This budgetting business is a veritable perpetual motion, as every one has his own notion about it. But in comes tax, whatever they say and do.

—o—

To those who talk and talk and
talk
This proverb should appeal:
"The steam that blows the whis-
tle
Will never turn the wheel."

—o—

There is a Boys' Club which has for it's motto, "Plow a Straight Furrow." That is a very simple maxim and it is not very difficult advice for an experienced plowman to follow, as long as the soil is loose and free from rocks, but if the rain failed to fall, or the field contained a lot of stones or stumps, the task is not so easy and the furrows are apt to show ragged edges. Yet, if the one doing the plowing did not hesitate, waver or get excited and held the plow steady, he would not be ashamed of the work which he left behind him. Life is somewhat like that. As long as the ground over which we travel is smooth, it is easy for us to leave a straight furrow, but the testing time comes when the ground becomes filled with stones and stumps. 'Tis then we need to go slow and steady if we would leave "a straight furrow" and not be ashamed of the work which we leave behind as we journey along doing the work which has been assigned to us.

—o—

A certain Professor, not long ago, was quoted as saying: "I shall spend my first million years in heaven playing the piano." I have no doubt that is a desire that will not be shared by many. Those who believe in immortality have varied anticipations of what it will bring them. I have often wondered about this. What use could there be for a newspaper writer in the kingdom of the great hereafter? He certainly would not be needed in the other place. The thought has come to me that a man may well spend thousands of years in heaven praising God for the "means of grace and the hope of glory" in this life, and meeting and renewing acquaintance with relatives, loved ones, and friends, and with the great men of ancient and modern times of whom one had read. The social life there must be prodigiously interesting. But as Saint Paul said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." We can only have faith and hope in immortality.

—o—

"Keep a song in your heart,
Through sorrow and cheer,
And the music of life
You always will hear.
For a heart full of song
Blesses all who come near,
And life gives its music
To those wihtout fear."

A SHORT SKETCH OF CENTRAL STATE HOSPITAL

By Mrs. Pauline H. Finnell, R. N.

Through the untiring efforts of Miss Dorothy Lynde Dix, the most distinguished and useful woman America has yet produced, active measures were taken and preparations were made for the construction of the first insane asylum of North Carolina, which is the present State Hospital, Dix Hill, located in Raleigh, North Carolina. At the urgent request of the Legislature a chosen by Miss Dix and is named for her, "Dix Hill." In addition to noble and commanding site was this hospital, she was the founder of thirty-two others.

The plan of the main building was the finest type then conceived and it stands today a fine example of the best thought of eighty-two years ago. Great numbers of visitors and citizens viewed the building and expressed their admiration for the elegance of its design and its completeness. It was to accomodate 224 patients. It may be said here that the construction was under the direction of Dr. Edmund Strudwick, who may be considered the first superintendent, though he served for only a few months.

In 1856 the institution, under the supervision of Dr. Edward C. Fisher, opened to receive male and female patients suffering from insanity.. During the first year 90 admissions were made. A large number of these had been suffering from insanity for a period of thirty years or more. Some of them durng that time had been confined in most unsuitable places of security. For instance, some were chained to the floors of their homes or confined to the dark, damp rooms of a cellar, while the much larger number had been confined to cells of county prisons.

The effect upon the physical condition of many had been highly deleterious, undermining the general health and at the same time accentuating into a more hopeless form their mental delusions. It has been related that a man of means within our state had for years confined his insane wife in a log prison under unbelievable conditions that would not seem fit for untamed beasts. After a series of years of heartless torture he beat out her brains and forced one of his slaves to secretly bury the mangled body. When his fiendish acts had been detected he was publicly hanged.

North Carolina realized, together with Miss Dix, that some immediate provision must be made for the unfortunate citizens. Although the buildings and funds were inadequate, rapid progress was made in relieving the sorrow and suffering of the insane.

Superintendent's Fisher's first year report was of noteworthy importance and interest. He reported a total of 169 patients. During this year the installation of gas, water, and a ventilating apparatus added much to the comfort of the patients

and the efficiency of the hospital. A bakery, a work shop, a steam laundry and a drying plant were installed. The local clergymen of Raleigh had agreed to hold weekly religious services for all. Editors of local papers, magazines, and chronicles furnished regular issues. A special vehicle was provided for the female patients and they were given rides daily. These recreations added much to the happiness and well-being of the patients. The institution seemed to thrive slowly yet well enough until the hardships of the war were felt so severely on it. It is related that when Raleigh was surrendered to General Sherman in 1865 that the Federal troops took supplies of the hospital and burned the fences. General John U. Schofield was notified and he most kindly and promptly came to its relief. He furnished all necessary supplies for the remainder of the year. He furnished material and men for repairing buildings and machinery and rebuilding a fence, also the hauling of necessary wood and fuel.

The circumstances surrounding the management of the hospital from its beginning have been unusual, but all emergencies have been met. The mortality of the patients has diminished considerably, due to new conveniences. The by-laws governing the institution were drawn up and put into effect in 1858.

In the year 1858 the question arose as to what extent this institution be applied to the service for the colored insane. It led up to the provision made for the erection of such an institution in Goldsboro, North Carolina, in 1880.

In 1868 Dr. Eugene Grissom became superintendent and served for twenty-five years. He made an extensive investigation and gave specific reports on insanity both in this institution and the entire state. He did much toward the improvement of the grounds and added to the outside beauty of the hospital as well as to the inward beauty and comfort. It was during his term of office that the question arose as to what could be done with the criminal insane. It was not until later that a decision was reached as to just what definite arrangements could be worked out, but they were in the meantime properly cared for in this institution.

The Legislature continually provided improvement and enlargement of the hospital. In 1892 fireproof towers and fire escapes were installed. A new building containing a general dining room and dormitories for female patients was erected. In 1895 the school of nursing was established. In 1908 more land was purchased and two epileptic colonies were established. A colony building for convalescing male insane and an annex to the male insane department were begun. Work was begun on the Erwin building. This was for the female convalescing patients. The epileptic colonies were opened in 1910 with a capacity of 192 patients.

During the twenty-year period following the death of Dr. Grissom the institution had three superintendents, all of them exceedingly able men. They were Drs. George Kirby, James McKee, and L. J. Picot. In this period the hospital made substantial progress, although some of those years were troubled

ones politically and financially. As an illustration of the place the hospital had in the esteem of the people, about the first act of the leaders of the Fusion Legislature of the Nineties was to assure Dr. Kirby, who was superintendent at the time, that they had no desire or intention to displace him or his board of directors so that the affairs of the hospital might continue to move along with serenity. They had the power to abolislh the board, terminate the incumbency of Dr. Kirby and set up a new outfit, but such action was not even considered.

In 1913 Dr. Albert Anderson became superintendent and remained in this office until his death in 1932. He instituted vocational training for the patients with great success. He secured a highly trained expert for directing and demonstrating this new phase of treatment. Clinics were being held for the first time. At this time patients were beginning to be very carefully classified according to physical disease as well as mental. Tubercular patients were disclosed and placed in special buildlings for both male and female. A complete medical laboratory was installed with a registered technician. A greenhouse was added to the hospital equipment, affording the patients access to more flowers and greater variety. In 1915 a Receiving Building was constructed for females. Here the patients are received, classified, and distributed to the various departments in Center Building and Brown Building. Later a dental department was inaugurated. A Nurses Home was built. The school of nursing, then called the Dix Hill Training School, was incorporated; the first superintendent of nurses was Mrs. Lessie Johnson, R. N. This offered a broader field for study and demonstrating theory to the nurses. The nurses home had all modern conveniences for the comfort and needs of nurses. Nurses until this time had been residing on the various wards.

In 1918 a new kitchen and the best in any institution of this kind was built with a capacity to serve two thousand persons. In this year also the laundry was burned but was quickly rebuilt with double the former capacity. A new dairy barn was built, a new herd was purchased. The former herd was slaughtered, due to Tuberculosis. The barnyard equipment was moved to the center of the farm with modern and convenient buildings. Eight cottages for colored laborers and a cottage for a feeder and caretaker were added to the apartment accommodations for employees and officers of the hospital.

General surgery was begun, giving actual proof to the citizens that mental and nervous diseases did not only affect the brain, but affected the physical health as well. During 1922-1932 a great number of minor and major operations were successfully done. This called for the present Emergency Room to be converted into an Operating Room equipped for modern surgery until the Hospital Unit Building was completed. This building was put into operation during the year 1923 and a large number of operations have been performed each year, the to-

tal number of operations the first eleven months of 1932 being 103.

In 1925 the west wing of the main building was destroyed by fire. This was immediately reconstructed with modern facilities. The Receiving Building, now the Harvey Building, was proved inadequate for the number and types of admission. A new building, the Brown Building was constructed and opened in 1931, bringing the total capacity of the entire institution up to two thousand patients.

In 1925 the School of Nursng, under the supervision of a newly appointed medical director, had the curriculum enriched both theoretically and practically so the students were given not only equal opportunities offered in general hospitals, but, in addition, a thorough training for the care of persons suffering from mental and nervous diseases. Here the use of hydrotherapy in form of hot and cold packs and continuous baths replaced straight jackets and other less effective treatments. The demand for nurses was growing more insistent and more difficult to meet ever yday, not only in general and special hospitals, but also in community and social welfare work. Therefore, the plan of affiliation for students with other hospitals of more varied experience with physical illness was begun. Up until this time students were affiliated with Bellevue in New York. This arrangement being unsatisfactory, due to the long distance from the Home School, affiliation was established with the Medical College of Virginia. The high standards of ethics and ideals established for nurses has been rigidly maintained in the Dix Hill Training School. They also offered opportunities to both male and female attendants, who have been advised and urged to attend classes and lectures in the Training School regularly that they might attain the highest efficiency in the handling of the mentally sick. Since then the standards have been raised and the attendants are given separate classes in proper instruction which has added to the hospital's efficiency. The addition of individual departments of work offered a greater advantage to nurses. Their duties until that time had been more closely related to those pertaining to household duties rather than actual nursing procedures. Attendants with certain educational and social qualifications to whom caring for the sick was not desirable as a profession, were given these positions that dealt with the more minute household duties. Requirement for entrance for both students and attendants is that the applicant be eighteen years of age and have a high school education.

In 1927 it became necessary, in order to meet the requirements set by the North Carolina Board of Nurse Examiners and the North Carolina Standardization Board of the State Nurses Association, that the school of nursing have in addition to the superintendent of nurses an instructor. On the establishment of this instruction service the classroom and class demonstration room equipment was brought up to standard. Separate classes for each year's classes were given in order to attain the required semester hours and give proper instruction. The Nurses Reference Library was at

this time very inadequate. It has been increased and improved until at the present it has a collection of approximately three hundred volumes of importance and interest. At present the school has in addition to its superintendent six instructors from the nursing staff. And four instructors from the medical staff. Due to the over-supply of nurses the school of nursing limits its matriculation of students to a maximum of ten entering in September of each year. Up to the present date approximately sixty-four nurses have been registered from this school.

A flea and an elephant walked side by side over a little bridge. Said the flea to the elephant after they had crossed it: "Boy, we sure did shake that thing."—Selected.

THE SCRATCH OF A PEN

(Young Folks)

One of the most celebrated of English reformers was Hugh Latimer. He was born two years later than Luther, and suffered martydom by being burned at the stake when he was seventy years old. While the ruler on the English throne was sympathetic to the Protestant cause he had peace and could go on preaching the pure Gospel. It was a humiliating blow to the Catholic Church in which he had been ordained a priest, that he should repudiate many of its claims and identify himself with the Protestant cause.

Of course, he could not escape trial for what was called heresy when a rabid Catholic like Queen Mary was on the throne. An interesting incident occurring at the time of his trial has come down to us. When his enemies were firing questions at him he was not as careful in some of his answers as he might have been, until he heard the scratch of a pen. Some one had been stationed behind curtains to take down his replies. Afterwards, when he was preaching, he recalled this incident and remarked on his feeling at the time, and added, "My hearers there is a recording pen always at work behind arras, taking down all thou sayest, and noting all thou doest; therefore, be thou careful that thy words and acts are worthy of record in God's Book of Remembrance."

His martyrdom occurred nine years after Luther's death. There stands in the middle of a prominent street in Oxford a monument to him and his two associate reformers, Ridley and Cranmer.

LAST OF THE 600

(Reidsville Review)

Although the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, immortalized by Tennyson, occurred 78 years ago, on October 25, 1854, the last survivor of that "gallant six hundred" died only recently.

He was Edwin Hughes, a sergeant major, who until his death received assitance from a special fund raised fcr veterans of that heroic charge, which was an incident of the Crimean war, in which Turkey, with the aid from England, France and Sardinia, defeated Russia.

The Light Brigade, composed of 673 British cavalrymen, charged the Russian field artillery over a distance of a mile and a half, losing 247 men and 497 horses in 20 minutes. They cut down many of the Russian gunners, but were forced to retreat in disorder. Their dashing exploit raised the mcrale of the allies, however, and diminished that of the Russians.

A few days later, at the battle of Inkerman on November 5, 8,000 British held 50,000 Russians at bay in a hand to hand conflict until the French arrived and routed the enemy. Then, after a year's siege, during which the allies suffered untold hardships, the great fort of Sevastopol was evacuated by the Russians and the war was ended. It was during this siege that Florence Nightingale organized the first nursing system in military hospitals.

Thus, while the charge of the Light Brigade was unsuccessful, it was a moral victory which probably turned the tide of war against the forces of the czar. It was a stirring memory that Edwin Hughes carried with him during his long life.

NEW THOUGHTS FOR THE YEAR

Would you be happy this year?
Then fill up your pockets with pennies of cheer,
  And dollars of kindness, to comfort and bless
Those who are needy and know not success!
  Would you be prosperous? Then practice the law
Of loving your neighbor and picking no flaw;
  Be patient, be kindly, be noble, be strong,
And all of God's riches to you will belong.
  Would you be wiser? Then learn to forget
The fears and the worries, and last year's regrets.
  Old year, that is gone, we bid you adieu,
Your joys, your sorrows, and welcome the New
  With thoughts that are kinder, good will and good cheer,
And best wishes to all for a Happy New Year!

—Nettie A. Osborn.

ALASKA NEARING STATEHOOD

By Josephine E. Toal

Now that statehood for Alaskan territory is being talked of, that northwest corner of Uncle Sam's broad acres is coming into prominence in a new way. Not that the entire territory is seeking admission to the sisterhood as yet; but since Chief Forester of the United States William B. Greeley has recommended statehood for that portion of Alaska lying east of the 152nd meridian and south of the Artic Circle, and since President Harding, following his visit to the northwest, advised that this southern district should be given statehood soon, we may look for some action to this end in the not far distant future.

While a large portion of the territory is still uncultivated and uninhabited, the southeastern part has the economic wealth and the stable population which entitles it to self-government.

A glance at the map shows less white space in this southern portion of Eskimo-land. In other words, it is more thickly dotted with cities and towns. It contains Juneau, the capital, which in 1920 had a population of over 3,000, and Sitka, the former capital, where it rains from 200 to 285 days out of the year. The winter temperature of Sitka is about that of Washington, D. C.

The entire territory of Alaska, inclusive of the Aleutian Islands, contains 590,884 square miles. It is considerably larger han the combined areas of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Nevada. The cencus of 1920 gave it a population of 54,899, of which 27,883 were whites, the remainder Indians and Eskimos.

Comparing area and population, it will be seen that with more than ten square miles to each inhabitant, there is still ample opportunity for development. Within the limits of the region fast fitting itself for statehood—the Panhandle and an adjoining section—are ninety per cent of the white population and of the developed resources. The President characterizes the people of Alaska as "the finest, most hospitable people in all the world." He does not recommend rapid development of the territory by wealth-seekers, but a slower developoment by home-seekers and home-builders. Its great—even marvelous—resources, he says, should not be exploited, but should remain to the Alaskan citizens.

Something more than half a century ago — in 1867 — the United States purchased Alaska of Russia for $7,200,000. That this was an absurdly trivial figure is apparent from the fact that in the space of forty years—from 1880 to 1920—Alaska produced $320,000,000 of gold, and gold is but one item of its wealth. Yet Secretary of State Seward was severely criticized for the purchase by many who regarded the investment as utterly worthless. So little faith did they have in the future of this Arctic country, settled by a few Russian trappers and Indian traders, that they dubed it "Seward's Folly." It was argued that

white men could never live there on account of the severity of the climate.

The fact of the matter is, the temperature in the interior of Alaska reaches 90 degress above in summertime, while on the southern cost the thermometer rarely goes below zero in the winter. Yukon River, the great water highway, is navigable in the summer for about 700 miles.

While mining, trapping, fishing and sealing are the big industries, yet agriculture is by no means a negligible occupation. All the hardier vegetables and most of the cereals, corn not included, can be raised in the southern part.

Railroad facilities are as yet few. Congress in 1914 authorized the building of a railway not to exceed one thousand miles, at a nexpense of not over forty millions of dollars. The line now in operation from Seward to Fairbanks is hardly half the distance, and has cost so far, at war-time prices, more than fifty-two millions. The road will, however, be completed, probably at an early date.

A notable feature of Alaskan wealth is the salmon fisheries. In 1920 the pack amounted to over 2,00,000,000 pounds and was valued at $37,050,212.

Shipments of dressed sealskins for the 1921-22 season totaled in value $1,005,175.

Alaska's copper mines also turn out vast wealth, and there are productive iron mines and undeveloped coal mines of great worth.

The timber resources of the territory are marvelous. Large yellow cedar forests are found. When transportation facilitiees are available, the lumber industry will yield big revenues.

The reindeer-raising experiment has proven satisfactory. Estimates based on records already made in the development of this industry declare that fifteen years hence there should be available for annual shipment from Alaska one thousand head of reindeer weighing from two hundred to three hundred pounds each.

While thirty years ago there was not a single domesticated reindeer on American soil, in 1922 there were over 200,000 of these "Arctic steeds" foraging for their sustenancc upon the vast lichen beds of Alaska's frozen fields.

Not many years ago reindeer steak was a decided novelty among the white population of this country. Judging from the extent to which shipments from Alaskan herds are now being made, the day is not far distant when reindeer meat will be no rarity upon the dining-tables of the Uniited States. Consignments running as high as 30,000 pounds have been received at one time in San Francisco.

The average dressed reindeer carcass weighs about a hundred and fifty pounds. At present it is shipped to the states in the hide, for the better preservation of the meat.

To Dr. Sheldon Jackson, an Alaskan missionary, must be given credit for originating the idea that the Siberian domesticated reindeer might be profitably raised in our own arctic territory. At first he received little encouragement from the Government, but enlisting the aid of private parties, he finally secured a few animals from a Siberian owner.

Later on, Uncle Sam granted several appropriations, and then the experiment, already showing promising results, became a profitable industry under the direction of the United States Bureau of ducation.

The total population of Hawaii is 368,336, an increase of 43.9 per cent since 1920.—Selected.

PROGRESS

(Selected)

Success is reaching the goal you choose in good condition so you may enjoy the rewards you have earned. If you reach the goal in such poor condition or health that you cannot enjoy the success you have earned, then success is only half success.

Let each letter stand for certain qualities of work. Follow each and reach the top.

"P" represents promptness, pep, punctuality, all of which are needed if you intend to go far along the road toward success.

"R" stands for regularity, resolution, and restraint. It will take full measure of each of these to reach the end of the road.

"O" means order and observation. You will have to have an order of work and thought and be very observing.

"G" is for growth. One must get larger and think larger thoughts, be more generous and give much to rise very high in the world.

"R" must stand for renunciation when you have gotten thus far along. So many little pleasures and so many habits must be given up if you would get much farther toward the top of the ladder. It may be a picnic or a ball game that must be given up in order to study, or some other choice pleasure.

"E" shows that education is necessary to those who travel toward success. When you make any advance today, you must have education to compete with the others in your chosen line of work. It may be books or it may be hand work, but it is absolutely useless to try to go far unless you study that you may be prepared.

"S" is the extra study that you must give to go the rest of the way to the top, and the skll you must acquire in order to do your work well. "S" is the stability you have and the service you give to the world. Those two stand for success.

Form good qualities into habits and you can climb the ladder of progress until you reach the top round of success.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

(The N. C. Christian Advocate)

Little Orphant Annie is immortal —the same little Annie who gathered the Riley children at eventide about the big fireplace, told them tales of ghosts and witches and at the same time warned them: "An' the goblins will get you if you don't watch out!" It was the genius of James Whitcomb Riley that endeared "Orphant Annie" to the heart of childhood and to the heart of the world in that poem which begins:

"Little Orphan Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep,
An' make the fires an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep."

At the age of ten the little girl, whose name was Mary Alice Smith, came to the Riley home near Greenfield, Indiana, to live "an' earn her board an' keep." Mary Alice married a farmer by the name of Gray, and Mrs. Mary Alice Gray, for some years a widow, died eight years ago at the age of 73 in the home of her only surviving daughter, Mrs. L. D. Marsh, in Indianapolis. Somehow, the new made grave of this aged woman takes us back across the years to the time when this tiny, elfish girl in the spare hours at the close of day sat by the dim light of the old fireplace and told stories to little Jim and the rest of the Riley children. Her stories doubtless kindled the slumbering fires of genius in the childish heart of the great "Hoosier" poet and the memories of her early years perchance increased his love for little children.

To be strong and true; to be generous in praise and appreciation of others; to impute worthy motives even to enemies; to give without expectation of return; to practice humility, tolerance and self-restraint; to make the best use of time and opportunity; to keep the mind pure and the judgmnt charitable; to extend intelligent sympathy to those in distress; to cultivate quietness and non-resistance; to seek truth and righteousness; to work, love, pray and serve daily, to aspire greatly, labor cheerfully, and to take God at His word—this is to travel heavenward.—Grenville Kleiser.

THE QUITTER

By Edward Ormerod

As Junior Nash was passing Indian Joe's log house at the side of the depot's single long street, he was arrested by a series of sharp exclamations, the snap of a whip several times repeated, and the snarling yelps of a dog in distress.

Junior slipped his feet out of the ski-harness and in a dozen swift steps had reached a rear corner of the building, stopping short again at the spectacle that confronted him there.

Lying on the snow of the yard was a team of dogs, harnessed to a sleigh, whimpering and yelping restlessly; and chained to a stout staple in a log of the house, another dog—a magnificent-locking animal, as big as a large wolf, and not unlike one. He was cowering and crying out under a rain of biting blows from a rawhide whip in the hands of Indian Joe's half-breed son, Pete.

Junior had been warned by his father to avoid mixing in the affairs of the Indians or half-breeds so far as possible. This present example of cold-blooded cruelty, however, stirred every ounce of resentment of which the boy was capable. A man who would beat a chained dog might expect little consideration at Junior's hands.

"Here, Pete," he called, stepping toward the furious half-breed. "That's enough of that! Lay off, or I'll put that whip on you! What's the idea anyhow?"

For answer, Pete merely turned his distorted face and glowing black eyes on Junior, and seeing in the latter's face the determination that might carry out the threat he had made, he turned the lashing whip from the body of the cowering dog and in an instant it had wrapped itself viciously about Junior's legs!

It did not hurt much—the tall ski-boots Junior wore warded off most of the bite of the whirling rawhide —but it lifted to boiling point the boy's resentment at the half-breed's whipping of the helpless animal cowering against the log house

In two steps he was upon the other boy—a fist shot out and caught Pete's jaw in a jolt that caused him to drop full length in the snow, among the sleigh dogs.

There was a snarling mix-up for a moment, and Pete staggered to his feet, a hand fumbling at his waist.

Junior knew what that meant—the sure refuge of Indian blood; a knife! Before Pete could draw it, the boy was upon him again—there was another crashing blow and once more Pete shot full length to the snow, beyond the dog-team this time. With cat-like agility he was half-afoot again when Junior reached for him. There was a moment's sharp struggle, then Junior's hands found the knife, unsheathed it, and tossed it yards away in the snow. He stepped back a pace or two from the now raging half-breed, watching him closely as he did so.

Suddenly, the expression on the dark face changed completely. Pete looked scornfully toward the chained, cowering dog, then into Junior's

eyes, and to the latter's amazement a smile began to cross the dark brown face.

"Dees is meestake. I can' fight my frien'; you' father save my life wan tim' w'en bear catch me! You meestake, too. Dees dog no good; him quitter!" He stooped and picked up the whip that had fallen from his hand.

"Well, I'm sorry, Pete. A white man doesn't like to fight anything that has no chance to get back at him, you know. Here, I'm sorry." He reached out a hand, which the other boy took at once, and the trouble was ended for the time being, at least.

Pete loosed the chain from the big dog's collar, and forbore even to aim the usual kick at him as he slunk away, in deference to the presence of the boy who held the queer, foolish prejudices of the white race.

As the dog reached what seemed a safe distance, he turned about, crouched on the snow and fixed his smouldering eyes upon Junior's face in a peculiar, intent, unblinking stare.

Stretched full length in lazy comfort on a couch in the living-room of the big house reserved at the depot as the doctor's quarters, Junior related to his father, after supper, the incident of the afternoon in Indian Joe's yard.

"I'm glad it ended that way, son. I've only taken this work in the camps for the winter as a rest, as you know, and this is a wonderful country; I feel it doing me good already; and I want to feel that we can come back here any time we need a winter holiday. So, of course, we want to make friends here, not enemies!"

"I know, Dad. You certainly are looking better. I'll have a good report for mother when I go back to school!"

"That thing Pete spoke of, about the bear, happened last spring. You remember, I came in here to see the president of the company. He'd broken a leg away back here, and they were afraid to move him."

"Sure."

"The boy was in bad shape from his mauling, but he made the grade, after all."

"Some of these sleigh dogs are wonderful, aren't they, Dad? This fellow today, for instance. He lay down and looked at me in the queerest way, after Pete let him loose."

"Was he a big dog, Junior, with a dark patch about his right eye?"

"Yes, that's the dog! Pete was giving him a proper trimming, but he'd taken care to tie him up mighty tight first."

"There's something queer about that dog," Dr. Nash said. "They call him 'The Quitter!' He's a good sleigh dog for a short run, and he's a terror in a fight—but he lacks sand or grit or endurance. He's good for a short time, then he quits, cold! There's probably something physically wrong with him—though he has a magnificent appearance."

"I was sure sorry for him today."

"You'll need to be a little cautious, son. Some of these dogs are treacherous brutes, you know. They live too near the wolves to be depended on—they're vastly different than the dogs we've known!"

Isn't it about bed time, Dad? This air up here makes me sleepy!" Junior stretched and yawned lux-

uriously.

"Yes, it is! And we've got to be out early tomorrow. We're going to Camp Five."

The drive to Camp Five was almost an adventure in itself. Over and through the surface of the deep snow, Dr. Nash and Junior were drawn by a spirited team, hitched to a light sleigh.

Dr. Nash had pulled up at the crest of a rather steep rise, to rest the slightly winded horses. They sat talking quietly for a few moments, drinking in the pure delight of the clear, pine-laden air.

Suddenly Junior put a mittened hand against his father's, and inclined his head ever so gently toward the side of the road and a little ahead of them.

"There's Pete dog, Dad," he said, in a low voice.

"No, son, you're mistaken—though it is very much like him. He has not the black patch at his eye. That's a big timber-wolf that has been hanging about the depot for some time!"

"Well, wouldn't that beat you? Isn't he a corker?"

"Indeed he is. He's leading a charmed life; nearly every man in the camp tried a shot at that fellow one time or another this winter, but no one seems able to hit him! I was just wondering whether we'd see him today."

"This is the first good look I've had at a wolf in the woods!"

"You've nothing to fear from that fellow in daylight, so long as you're on your feet and moving. He's as big a coward as the rest of his tribe. But if he got down, or in a tight corner somewhere, he'd surprise you!"

"I think I'll remember your advice, Dad, and get into camp before sundown."

The splendid brute stood only a little way off, on a rise of snow at the wood's edge. They had not seen him come out—Junior's eyes had alighted on him by chance, as his gaze swept the wood's border.

The horses saw him now and pricked up their ears nervously.

The wolf lifted his head and bared his teeth in a silent snarl, laying his ears back along his head, then pointed them sharply again as though seeking the result of his demonstration.

"There's a rifle under the seat. Watch him jump when I reach for it!" The doctor stooped forward to get the gun, and there was a flash of gray over a thicket of bushes that stood at the rear edge of the little rise of snow. Not a limb moved; not a sound. One instant the wolf was there—the next he was gone; that was all.

The drive was resumed and the men at Five given the needed attention. As the team reached the depot on the return trip, dusk was beginning to fall.

Junior lingered behind his father to observe some unimportant detail of the unloading of a sleigh at the company's store, and when he turned toward the house, he found that a big sleigh dog had been standing close behind him.

The boy started a little, and a queer, chilly feeling ran up his backbone as he gazed into the inscrutable, luminous eyes of the big brute bent searchingly upon his face.

It was Pete's dog, the quitter.

Several days passed in which Junior had no further sight of the big dog—he wondered at this a little, since he knew that Pete had not gone out of camp.

The boy stood one afternoon at the top of a rise, in a glow of warmth from an hour of brisk skiing on some neighboring hills. Though he had found no companion at the depot who could join him on his daily ski excursions, yet he had had a wonderful time, and now looked forward with more than a tinge of regret to the slender store of days remaining.

Below him lay an open space of the river, where a long, treacherous rapids forbade freezing over of the swift water. Far out toward the center a jam of logs had formed against an outstanding mass of rock, and the flying spray of the white water had coated the big sticks thickly with glaring ice that shone and glistened in the sunshine.

As Junior looked admiringly at the sparkling bulk of the jam, he was surprised to see a substantial cake of ice detach itself from the upper edge of the obstruction and start downward through the rapids toward the ring of new ice constant-forming and breaking far below at the edge of the moving water.

As Junior's eyes unthinkingly followed the maving mass of ice rushing down in the swift current, the sun threw a peculiar slant of light upon the cake's surface and the boy saw something moving on it!

To say that he was surprised would be to put it mildly. What could the object be—a child, a bird, some animal?

He started down the river-bank, keeping opposite the floating cake, with the hope that it might drift well in toward shore before it lodged against the treacherous new ice at the end of the swift water.

The cake did not do this, however, and half an hour later Junior lay on his stomach far out on the river's face, his skiis side by side beneath him, to give broad support on the thin ice, reaching forward toward the big cake that had crashed its way well in through the new formation. With the biggest blade of his pocket-knife he was hacking carefully to release The Quitter, who, weak and exhausted—from starving, likely, Junior thought—lay half on a side, frozen solidly to the surface of the big mass!

An hour after that, Dr. Nash, stepping from the veranda of his quarters at the depot, confronted a strange couple.

Junior, evidently at the point of exhaustion, was half-dragging, half carrying and at intervals partly leading, the huge sleigh dog who seemed too dazed to protest at this unusual and unpleasant treatment. He staggered and reeled drunkenly when he attempted to walk.

"Frost bites, Dad. He was frozen to the ice! And starvation! He's been away for days!" Junior let down the beast at his father's feet, the pieces of ice frozen to the dog's hair clinking as he rolled over.

"Let's save him, Dad. I'll bet that Pete threw him into the river, the hound."

So Dr. Nash wisely took the big beast in hand. After several days, as a result of suitable feeding and efficient care, he was returned to Pete, who quickly hid his surprise

behind the impassive mask of Indian stoicism.

Junior devoted himself now with greater persistence than ever to his exploration of the country lying about the depot. His remaining days at the camp were few, and he prized every hour remaining at his disposal.

On a sparking, crisp morning, with lunch in a haversack at his back, he turned his skiis from the depot toward a bluff mountain-side that lay a number of miles out, from the top of which he was told a magnificent view might be had of the surrounding country. The going was excellent and he made rapid progress toward the objective.

Along toward noon he stopped for breath at the crest of a little rise well up the side of the mountain, and looked back and downward to the winding trail he had made in the ascent.

Suddenly he saw a gray, slouching figure flash quickly from one clump of bushes to another, nose to trail, traveling swiftly along the tracks he had made!

Despite his father's assurance as to the harmlessness of wolves in daylight and while one was afoot and moving, Junior experienced a very definite chill of fear within him as he thought of that gray, silent thing trailing him up the mountain. The sunshine seemed less bright, somehow, and it was with many an apprehensive glance backward that he resumed his journey up the slopes.

He had just come out into the open from a wooded space where the underbrush was quite thick above the snow, when, following a backward glance, he stopped, then turned quickly toward the back track.

The gray beast was coming out of the woods behind him, loping smoothly along, scenting the track as he ran.

At what seemed an alarming short distance to the fear-stricken boy, the animal lifted its head and stopped dead in its tracks. Junior's heart gave a great bound in his chest and he experienced a thrill of tremendous relief. There was a black patch about the right eye. It was the quitter!

For several minutes the two stood immovable, eyeing each other. In the unblinking stare of the dog his eyes seemed to change color frequently, and there came over Junior an almost uncanny feeling at the intense, basilisk-like scrutiny to which he was being subjected.

Then he laughed at his fears, shifted the straps of his haversack to a more comfortable position and called out to the dog, pulling off a mitten and extending a bare hand toward him.

The quitter moved several paces nearer, then sat down and resumed his stare at the boy. Junior moved a little toward him and the dog made no attempt to retire.

Casting about for a comfortable log, Junor sat down and opened his lunch. He was a little tired and the food might as well satisfy his excellent appetite here as elsewhere.

The quitter moved closer still and watched the progress of the meal with marked interest. From time to time Junior threw in his direction portions of the food—they were seized and wolfed greedily.

"Well, what now, old fellow " the

boy asked, when he was afoot again and ready for the final climb. "Are you going to stay with me, or what?" He held out a hand again toward the dog, sitting now only a few feet off, and the beast advanced cautiously, with eyes glued to Junior's, smelled the hand and licked the fingers twice. Still looking straight into the inscrutable eyes, the boy advanced a step easily, and placed the hand lightly on the quitter's head.

There was the commencement of a curl of the lip backward from the gleaming teeth, but it ended there. Junior patted the smooth head a time or two, lifted the hand away carefully, and turned toward the rise behind him. A dozen paces away he looked back, but the dog had disappeared.

"Wouldn't that beat you now?" he asked of a big pine, that stood right in his path.

When Junior returned to the depot an hour before sunset, he found Dr. Nash comfortably reading beside a glowing stove in his quarters.

"Dad," the boy asked, "would you really like to examine that dog of Pete's if he were dead? I remember you said something about that one day."

"I certainly would, son," the doctor responded. "Has something happened?"

"He's lying dead on the snow not a mile out of camp—and there isn't a mark on him that I can see."

It was late when the doctor finished the examination of the great creature that Junior had taken from the men who brought him in, dismissing them at the door, and carrying the big animal himself to the table his father had been preparing for him.

Junior helped with the work—he, too, was destined for his father's profession one day.

"It's just as I imagined, son; that great hulk of a dog has suffered all his life, or since puppyhood at any rate, with a physical disability that no one suspected. They called him 'The Quitter', and I've no doubt he was one, but he couldn't help it any more than we can help breathing.

"There are men, son—as you'll learn some day—whose body framework is of insufficient size to accomodate properly the vital organs nature puts inside them. Under such circumstances these organs can't do their work properly. Sometimes the organs don't even get a chance to grow as they ought.

"This dog's heart, because of such a condition, is very little larger than it was when he was a puppy! The condition did not prevent him looking like a fine dog when he was alive, but I saw the thing just now the minute you laid him on the table. He hadn't sufficient heart capacity to carry him, son. He died at last from heart failure from some cause or other."

Junior stroked the thick hair on the quitter's head thoughtfully.

"I guess I'd better tell you then, Dad," he said. "I didn't want to for I thought it'd make you nervous about me being out of camp alone.

"The dog followed me this morning from the camp. I mistook him for the big timber wolf at first. Afterwards I shared my lunch with him, and he let me pat his head.

Then he disappeared, and I went on up the mountain.

"On my way back this afternoon, I took the big jump I showed you at the hill a mile out toward Camp Five. I made a mess of the take-off, and fell when I landed. I rolled down into deep snow with the breath knocked clean out of me. In fact, I guess I was unconscious for half an hour or so, for I was pretty sick when I came around. As I came down the hill there was no one in in sight. When I got to my feet again after the tumble, the snow all around me was tracked down thickly, and the big wolf that we saw on the road lay dead not ten feet away.

"The dog was dead, too, Dad, but his teeth were clamped like a vice into the timebr wolf's throat—and there wasn't another scratch on either of them! It must have been some fight, judging by the way the snow was hammered down, but the wolf never could have had a chance with that grip on him—it never broke loose!"

Junior's voice was becoming very thick as he proceeded.

"That gray savage saw me down and out, Dad, and he was going for me, just as you said he would. I expect the dog kept close to me all afternoon, though I didn't see him.

"He may have been a quitter, just as they said he was, and I've no doubt he died of heart failure, just as you've said he did. The scrap he had on hand would account for that, but he understood me somehow; he knew I wouldn't hurt a hair of his body, and the only way he could show it was by standing guard over me when I couldn't look out for myself!

"I wouldn't mind being called a quitter under circumstances like that, myself, would you, Dad?"

THE GIVER

Can I be blind to tears of withered age
And deaf to children crying in the night
For bread? Co-heirs in that rich heritage—
America—theirs is an equal right
To live and laugh, to labor and to play.
They are the wounded victims of the fight,
The guiltless martyrs of an ill-starred day
They had no hand in shaping. Theirs the plight
Of mortal souls in wastes where hope is gone.
Conscience of mine, awake! Plumb deep my heart!
Sting me to sacrifice! Too long apart
In selfish aisles I've snugly walked alone.
Today I reach the crossroads and I go
Contented down the road the succorers know.

—Fitzhugh L. Minnigerode.

THE WONDERS OF HELIUM GAS

By Adrian Anderson

It is an obvious fact that you can not eat your cake and have it, but if you want to have it for a while, there is one certain way of keeping it fresh and tasty for a long time. Preserve it in helium gas.

Recently, in an experiment to determine the value of helium as a preservative, half of a fruit cake and a quantity of fresh orange juice were sealed in this gas for six months. At the end of that period they were found to be just as fresh and palatable as when sealed.

In 1868, Jansen, the French scientist, discovered the first trace of this unique and valuable element. During a total eclipse of the sun, he discerned a brilliant yellow line in the spectrum which he assumed to be due to a previously unknown element. Because of its presence in the sun, he called it helium (sun element).

The first trace of this element on the earth's surface was discovered by Sir William Ramsey, of England, nearly twenty-five years later. While heating a rock of cleveite from the mines of Norway, he found that the gas given off contained helium.

Up to the World War, helium gas was extremely expensive, costing about $2,000 a cubic foot. With the discovery of its value as a gas for balloons and airships, however, cheaper methods of production were diligently sought after. So successful were these efforts that, at the close of the World War, helium gas could be obtained for five cents a cubic foot.

One of the most remarkable qualities of helium gas is its extreme lightness. It is the lightest gas known, except hydrogen. This quality, along with its safety for lighter-than-air crafts, has made it preeminent in this field.

Among the steadily increasing uses discovered for this gas is its aid in metallurgy, driving systems and in deep sea diving. And then, of course, there is its most recent use as a preservative.

As an aid to deep sea diving, helium has proved to be of much greater value than ordinary air. When mixed with oxygen, this gas permits a diver to go deeper and remain longer under water.

Experiments with this colorless, odorless gas are going on constantly, and those who are interested in its development predict for it many new and varied uses.

"The one who is self-controlled in the little things of every day will not be found wanting in the day of greater responsibilities, greater opportunities or greater privileges."—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

In strolling about our farm we notice the truck farmer cleaning out plant beds, preparatory to the early sowing of seeds.

—o—

Mr. W. M. White, our poultryman, and his group of boys are cleaning out the incubators and making other preparations for the first hatching of the season.

—o—

W. W. Johnson, Jr., young son of our school principal, had the misfortune to fracture his arm, near the elbow, while playing one day last week. We are glad to report that the injured member is getting along nicely.

—o—

Mr. Hudson, assisted by a number of boys has been spending the past few days pruning the fruit trees in our young orchards, making a decided improvement in the apearance of same. Preparations also are being made to spray these trees in the near future.

—o—

For the past two months large forces of boys have been busily engaged clearing new ground. In addition to greatly improving the appearance of the farm and giving us more land to be cultivated, this activity furnished a good supply of firewood, thereby enabling us to save quite a bit of coal.

—o—

The boys on the farm force have been sowing Spring oats for the past few days, and the large field in the rear of the athletic field, along the line of the Southern Railway, will soon be covered with a new coat of green. These fields were in lespedeza last Fall, at which time a nice crop of hay was gathered. It is hoped that sufficient seed was left on the ground to re-seed this territory in lespedeza.

—o—

Mr. Presson and his Receiving Cottage boys have been working on some clumps of woods and bramble thickets in the pasture for several weeks. A great improvement can be seen even from the office, some distance away. These thickets have been thinned to the point where grass will grow, and all this land will be used as pasture.

—o—

Talk about economy—it can be seen on every hand. Recently a hot water tank in one of our cottage basements, rusted so as to cause several leaks that could not be repaired, and had to be replaced with a new one. Just the other day we came upon Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys cutting off the ends of the discarded tank. Upon inquiry we learned that it was to be

used as a drain pipe across one of our roads, and were told that the same had been done with a couple of oil drums. These discarded articles are now serving as drains as well as newly-purchased drain pipes.

—o—

Following the service last Sunday afternoon, Mr. Sheldon delivered about twenty bocks, given By Mr. A. H. Wilson, vice-president of the McMillan Publishing Company, New York City, to the Training School library. Among these were works of Jack London, Hartman's "Story of the United States," "Young Peoples' History of the World War," by Benezet; "Learning to Fly," by Lieut. Barrett Study, and others. These are fine books for the boys, out of which much useful and entertaining reading may be had. We are very happy to have this valuable addition to our young library, and wish to thank Mr. Wilson very heartily for his thoughtfulness and generosity in presenting to the school such good reading material.

—o—

Thanks to the young farmers at the Training School, we have a plentiful supply of potatoes, both Irish and "sweets," for use at the institution. Sweet potatoes have been served to our large family of more than five hundred about four times a week, nearly eight bushels being required at each serving, ever since they were gathered last Fall, yet the potato house still holds a sufficient supply to continue this until late Summer. There also remains enough Irish potatoes to last until the present season's crop is gathered. With collards, turnips and other greens from the gardens in generous portions; plenty of home-canned string beans from our pantry shelves; and a goodly supply of fresh pork and other meats, added to our daily menus, we have been able to deal "Old Man Depression" a knock-out blow during the past Fall and Winter months.

—o—

The service in the auditorium last Sunday was conducted by Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. After the opening hymn and Scripture recitation, Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. Bill Senn, well-known Charlotte singer, who delighted his audience with "The Lord Is My Light," Mrs. Beard accompanying at the piano. He then presented Rev. Wilbur S. Parker, pastor of the East Avenue A. R. P. Church, Charlotte, who addressed the boys in a most interesting manner. For his subject, Rev. Parker selected two words, "I Will," and stated that they were the most important words in the English language. The speaker cited several instances when certain groups of words brought joy to those who heard them. He first told of an old man, born in England, who became a very wealthy citizen of this country, but because of business matters requiring all of his time, was never able to return to visit the land of his birth. All his life he yearned for the scenes of his boyhood days in England. In the meantime he had adopted a boy

and given him an opportunity to develop into a successful business man. Then came a crash, and the old man lost his fortune. One day as he sat lamenting because of his losses and his inability to visit his home land, this adopted son came to him and gave him the money to make the trip, at the same time uttering the most pleasing words the old man had ever heard, "You can go." Rev. Parker then told of another happy event which occurred up in Massachusetts. It was the custom in this state to pardon a prisoner each year at Christmas time. In a group of prisoners, all were hoping to be the lucky man, except an old timer who had gone up expectantly a number of times but failed to obtain the pardon. On this occasion, however, the old man was selected, and the most pleasant words to his ears were, "You are pardoned." The third instance cited by the speaker was about a young couple we will call Mary and John. They had been going together for years, and when Mary finally said, "I will," she spoke the happiest words John had ever heard. Rev. Parker concluded by telling the story of a leper who was cleansed. Because of this dread disease, this man was an outcast. Each day he would come as near his home as the law permitted and call aloud to the other members of his family, thus getting some of the home news. One day they informed him of the presence of Jesus, the great healer and teacher, and implored him to call on Him. He did so, and as he approached the Master, called out to Him, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Jesus replied, say- "I will, be thou clean," and the man returned to his home once more, free from disease, with the happiest words, "I will," ringing in his ears.

"Sing a song of winter!
  North wind's bitter chill,
Home and ruddy firelight,
  Kindness and good-will,
Hemlock in the churches,
  Daytime soon withdrawn;
Sing a song of winter—
  Ah, but winter's gone!"

—Selected.

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CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

Vol. XXI CONCORD, N. C. FEBRUARY 4, 1933 No. 5

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FAITH IN NORTH CAROLINA

Whatever doubt of misgiving, of disappointment and dread there may be in other hearts and minds at this time, let me say to you, with all the emphasis at my command, that I, for one, have faith in North Carolina and am quite certain that you will follow me and support me in this faith.—Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WORTH OF A BOY

In times of subnormal business and reduced tax receipts the cost of rearing a boy looms larger than at a time of general prosperity. It has been estimated that it costs $100 *a year to keep a child in school. Life insurance companies figure that if boys become self-supporting at the age of* 20, *they will earn in the normal course of their life from* $10,000 *to* $62,500. *So the profit in rearing a boy is, after all, a handsome one when figured on the basis of dollars and cents. Parents are justified in placing a new estimate of value on their boys, with these figures in mind. It costs the state* $300 *a year to keep a criminal and it costs* $100 *a year to educate a boy. So from both the standpoint of the boy and the state it is cheaper to educate him, no matter how costly it may be, nor what sacrifices have to be made to keep him in school.—Selected.*

SPLENDID MANNERS—ONE OF THE COVETED GRACES

Fine manners ought not be like fine clothes, taken off and put on to suit the occasion. We admit fine manners can be absorbed by contact and gentle training, but contend that inherited gentility never fails under the most adverse circumstances. Louise Alcott insists that "fine manners are the mantle of fair minds." Environment has much to do in developing a gentle and courteous demeanor if sufficient time is given to training by precept and example. No one need to expect results in a reformation of splendid manners or habits if the teacher or leader picks the occasion to be courteous to certain classes—those thought to have influence—and then in every other walk of life treat right down discourteously others supposed to be socially inferior.

A leader of this type is taking a chance for there are times when the finest spirits in the world are clad in the plainest clothes. So, we repeat that manners are not to be treated like clothes—used for certain occasions—if so some of the finest opportunities of life are missed. To give proof of the argument that it pays to be courteous at all times we give this incident, small as it may be, wherein a thoughtful courtesy gave a clerk a coveted privilege:

"I know a young New York fellow who has built for himself a big business. He used to be a poorly paid clerk in a department store. One rainy day, when customers were few, the clerks had gathered in a bunch to discuss baseball. A woman came into the store wet and disheveled. The baseball fans did not disband; but this young fellow stepped out of the circle and walked over to the woman. "What can I show you, madam?" he asked courteously. She told him. He got the article promptly, laid it before her, and explained its merits smilingly and intelligently. On leaving the woman asked for his card. Later, the firm received an order to furnish an estate in Scotland, with the request that this young man supervise the furnishing personally. The head of the firm by letter suggested that this was one of their youngest clerks and suggested an older, more experienced man to handle the matter. "Large orders impose their own conditions," wrote the woman. "I want this young man." So the courteous clerk crossed the Atlantic and directed the furnishing of the great castle. The rainy day customer had been Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. The estate was Skibo Castle."

* * * * * * * * * *

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS LIBRARY MOVEMENT

The King's Daughters have undertaken a most worthwhile work, the establishment of a library for the Jackson Training School, that doubtless will prove to be an incentive to our boys to read, making it possible for many to pass the leisure hours most profitably. It is gratifying to know ex-Governor Gardner's estimate as to the value of a library to any community. He states he would rather have his money invested in a community that reads than in one that does not. We congratulate the King's Daughters in accepting a piece of uplift work that is in accord with the ideas of the retiring Governor, known throughout the state as the "friendly Governor". The following is a commendation of the fine spirit of the King's Daughters:

"I regard the Citizens' Library movement to provide a good county-

wide library service for every county, as one of the most profoundly important and far-reaching developments in public education in the state since the introduction of the compulsory school law.

"If our municipalities and chambers of commerce would actively interest themselves in this movement, it would be, in my judgment, the finest community service they could possibly render. For after all, the chief end of organized civic endeavor is not exclusively materialistic in its nature. Additional smoke-stacks and bigger and better business are good and greatly to be desired, but they are an asset to a community or city only in the degree that they affirmatively enrich and contribute to the well-being and happiness of the people who live in the community. And apart from and beyond these considerations, I would rather have my money invested in a community that reads than in one that does not. I challenge the chambers of commerce and municipal authorities of North Carolina to a fuller appreciation of this aspect of the Citizens' Library movement."

We regret exceedingly that we were not apprized of the gift of books from McMillan Publishing company, New York City, in due time to acknowledge them editorially. We feel sure that Mr. A. H. Wilson, vice president of the publication house, realizes the value of fine books in keeping boys' minds profitably employed when there is no work for their hands to do. We take this opportunity to give acknowledgment of the gift, and express our appreciation of the thought with the hope Mr. Wilson will keep in mind the hundreds of boys who pass in and out of this school directed for their sppecific benefit. The first books received from a book cocern came from the American Book Company, New York City, but the gift was not so large, however, we are grateful for small contributions. Many books have been received from interested parties in Charlotte, Concord and Kannapolis, and we feel sure friends in other communities are yet to be heard from. We now have approximately six hundred books.

* * * * * * * * * *

SOLONS ARE MAKING A COURAGEOUS FIGHT

There are many who think the people of the state are forced this session of the legislature to disclose their estimate of education by saying to all the world how much they are willing to sacrifice for public schools and colleges. Our present system of education extending from Manteo to Murphy, giving children in the

most obscure corners and from every walk of life equal educational advantages, bespeaks most effectively what the people would do if there were no financial tangles.

Our state institutions also have been most generously supported both in lean and flush times bringing them up to a standard the equal of any in other states. The fact is in our program of progressive ideals we have reached the cross roads where the sign reads 'caution,' so there is nothing else to do but to stop and ponder seriously for fear of making the financial situation of the state more acute. The members of the legislature have a hard problem to solve—to meet the ideals of education and other service, caring for the mentally and physically sick of the various institutions and at the same time find a way to pay for the things wanted.

Realizing that the "world moves forward on the feet of little children and our democracies depend upon the intelligence of their citizens," makes it doubly hard for the legislators to know the best thing to do, so as to neither retard the progress of the child nor make it impossible for the state to meet all obligations. It is a dual problem—a duty to the state and a duty ot the child—the two are inseparable in the hearts of men who are struggling to amicably and justly adjust the critical situation in the finances of North Carolina.

In conclusion there are many who will acclaim the homes must be preserved without further taxation or there will be fewer children to educate and opportunities will likewise proportionately diminish for those we have. It is a hard job for the wisest and bravest to pay debts and carry on business when funds are not available. Everyone has felt the pinch during the depression and can talk wisely on the economic question without ever studying economy in any school in any of the states. This is proof that experience is the best teacher.

* * * * * * * * * * *

TOO MUCH CHARITY

The prevailing opinion of the general public is expressed in the action and position taken last week by the members of Buncombe

county grand jury. The jury members visited the recreation room for the unemployed on the third floor of the court house and ordered it abolished, declaring it a perfect nuisance. This room was arranged by the Associated Charities several months ago to give recreation to the unemployed, but instead men and boys were found engaged in playing cards and other questionable practices. It seems too bad that people will abuse fine privileges and wonderful opportunities, but such is the case which is proof that the state and the nation have gone too far in dispensing charity.

* * * * * * * * * *

HE WHO LAUGHS AT HIMSELF

"Tell me what you laugh at and I'll tell you your mental age. Laughter is an indication of intelligence, and of all the degress of laughter. The laugher at one's self rates the highest.

A moron, a half-wit, even an idiot, can laugh at other people's mishaps; the man who can laugh at a superstition, a custom, a tradition, an institution, must be an observer; but the man who can genuinely laugh at himself, is truly intelligent."

The above quotations are from Prof. Gaum, of Rutgers. It must be his actual experience. We had not thought much about it, but if our intelligence is to be rated by our laugh at ourself, we'll rate mighty low in the list. At this moment we are unable to recall when we did laugh at ourself, and to be honest, at any time. We wonder what Prof. Gaum did laugh at himself about—"laughter is an indication of intelligence," eh!

There is no doubt about laughter being a wholesome thing in life. It brightens one's existence. We do not think it would do that if it pertains to our follies, mistakes and ridiculous incidents in the lives of all of us, when they excited laughter in others at our expense. We have always regarded "intelligent laughter" as being at the expense of the other fellow, and not ourself. But Prof. Gaum has gaumed up the proposition.

RAMBLING AROUND

(With Old Hurrygraph)

"Square your shoulders to the world!
It's easy to give in—
Lift your chin a little higher!
You were made to win.

Grit your teeth, but smile, don't frown,
We all must bear our bit.
It's not the load that weighs you down,
It's the way we carry it."

—o—

We all know that times are hard, money is scarce, and we are hard pushed, but that does not mean that we can stop doing business. All of us must continue to work to create and acquire new wealth. The country has learned that much of its accumulated wealth has disappeared; money in stocks of mills and other industries are not paying dividends. But take heart. This is a time for greater efforts. You get no where doing nothing, and you discourage others by idleness, and talking hard times. Dig in and do something constructive.

—o—

The lame duck congress has passed a law exempting tickets sold for the grand stand to witness the inauguration parade of President-elect Roosevelt from the payment of the federal amusement tax. I am of the opinion that the lame ducks do not regard the inauguration of a Democrat as coming properly under the head of amusements.

—o—

I wonder what would happen in the world if everybody stopped talking about hard times, and budgets, and economics, and honest to goodness try to do something—for themselves and their neighbors.

—o—

Carl Breuner, in Chicago, asks some one to explain the difference between talking and singing. A fellow by the name of John P. Hoff, hoped up and said, "One can be sung to to sleep, whereas they can be talked to death." Maybe. But you will never be sung to sleep by some of the crooners over the radio, and some of the talkers, via the same route, are enough to kill something, if they do not cause the hearers to commit suicide.

—o—

The town of Halfway, Mo., is very appropriately named. It is really a 50-50 proposition. It has a population of 100 persons, and 50 are males and 50 are females. Speaking of names Missouri certainly does show us. Helen Heaven lives in St. Louis.

—o—

The late Colonel Shakespeare once intimated that there was nothing in a name. He may have been right in his day. But in these latter days a name carries a more or less significance. They are now talking about sending a Mr. Bullitt across the waters to make peace between Europe and the United States. I question the propriety of doing this. It is suggestive of war. One of his missions is concerning the war debts. Along this line, if they want-

ed to make a bigger impression, I think Bishop Cannon would have been a more suitable person to look after that matter.

—o—

It does look as if the wise in this generation are confounded. In fact, worse than confounded. When the States and Nation had surpluses they went on a wild spending orgy, with no thought for the future, and the consequences of such prodigality. As soon as the various surpluses had been thrown hither and yon to bring back the prosperity that kept digging itself deeper, the more we kept spending foolishly it benecessary to start borrowing. Then we established the vicious circle trying to borrow ourselves back to prosperity in order to get money to spend ourselves back to prosperity. No government, Nation or State will ever prosper by borrowing all the time and spending more than it takes in. It is time for people to come back to sound reasoning and sober judgment.

—o—

I saw where a doctor in one of the Southern States, I can't recall which just now, cancelled all the debts that were due him by his patients. Now, that's a doctor with patients and patience. Now a will has been filed in Milwaukee in which the testator wrote he forgave all his debtors. Possibly that was a good thing to do, for he couldn't carry anything with him, and he had to leave it all behind, anyhow, and then it would relieve his executors of the trouble of trying to collect it. I am perfectly willing to forgive my doctor when I prepare to cross the Styx, but I'm not going to forgive radio crooners. If Charon takes a crooner in his boat on cur voyage across the river—well, one of us is going to get out, that's all.

—o—

We are coming out of this stress of the times as sure as gun is iron. But it will not be because of panaceas. Probably the most that any of us can do now as individuals is to keep voicing our demands that governmental expenses be reduced in proportion to the reduced purchasing power of the dollar and that the government be simplified to an extent that will make this change possible. You will see that just as soon as the federal budget and the various State budgets are balanced, even though it should be by the vicious method of increased taxes only that there will be a substantial improvement in general business conditions. I think it is safe to say that most of these budgets will be balanced before the end of the first half of this year. It is deplorable that men will insist upon playing politics at the expense of a prolongation of the country's condition. These budgets could and ought to be balanced before the first of March, but in most instances that is not likely to happen. If the balancing of the budgets is accompanied by a substantial reduction in governmental expenditures no matter how accomplished the resumption of business activity will be that much more pronounced.

A species of tropical poison fish carries its poison in spines equipped with poison glands.—Selected.

SALEM COLLEGE CELEBRATES 161ST BIRTHDAY

By Mary C. Siewers

In quaint old Salem, within sight of one of the tallest skyscrapers of the Carolinas, stands the oldest institution in the state, Salem college, the date of whose founding precedes the Declaration of Independence. During its 161 years of existence this school has in a remarkable way mingled tradition with progress, and has been known far and wide as outstanding among women's colleges.

Founder's Day. which is to be observed on February 3rd, will be particularly a day of celebration among students, alumnæ, and friends of the college because of several instances of national recognition which have come to the school during the past year. Notable among them is the statement of Dr. Elizabeth Barber Young, educational authority of Columbia University, that Salem is among the seven colleges for women in the south which are best equipped to meet the needs of the modern woman in education.

Salem College has an academic and historical background parallel to the history of the United States from its very infancy. Under the title "Salem Girls' School," it was opened in 1772 by the Moravian Brethen of Salem who, with a wisdom in advance of other educators of their day, sought skillful and thorough instruction for their daughters as well as for their sons. At first the pupils came by day from the families of the community, paying for their instruction one shilling or approximately thirteen and one-half cents per week.

There was, however, from the very start a constant demand for a boarding school. Many students moved to Salem from quite a distance to live with relatives or friends and attend school. Visitors commented upon the unusual advantages enjoyed by the girls of the community and wished for like privileges for their daughters.

Finally, in 1802, Salem Female Academy was begun by the governing board of the Moravian congregation. On October 31st the Reverend Samuel Kramsch was called as its first principal. His wife was well acquainted with the best boarding schools of the day while he was well educated, an excellent linguist, and well fitted for this position. The cornerstone of the first building was laid on October 6, 1803, and the first boarding pupils arrived in May of the following year.

The experiment of founding a school in North Carolina proved to be a wise one. Enrollment steadily increased and patronage was drawn from every portion of the land. During the first century of activity the register shows an attendance of ten thousand, or an average of one hundred new names each year: creditable figures for such early times. Among these is represented nearly every state in the Union and a number of foreign countries.

The first great crisis of American

history encountered by the school was the Revolution. In February, 1781, the British army under Lord Cornwallis passed through Salem causing no serious disturbances. Previously, however, the whole community had been stirred by a visit of General Gates' troops demanding horses, wagons, and men to carry provisions to Camden, and later by a month's residence of one of General Greene's detachments in the neighborhood.

Much happier was the reception given ten years later to President George Washington, who spent a day and night in the village on his way to visit Governor Martin. On the lower campus of the college grounds there is today the same spring which this great man visited while inspecting the school and its grounds.

During the close of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th, Salem Female Academy did much to promote the cultural education of women. At this time there were no similar institutions in the south and but few in the north. A southern aristocracy with fast accumulating wealth and a refinement broadened by study and travel welcomed the opportunity of placing their daughters in competent hands.

The school has always been strictly non-sectarian in principles, but deeply religious in its methods of teaching, for which fact parents have never ceased to express their gratitude.

Many features of the school life in those early days seem quite strange to us. The actual transportation of students to the school was no easy problem and when they came the usually stayed not for a nine month's term, but throughout the several years of their training.

Girls came by traveling coaches or on horseback. Frequently a party of student might come in the latter manner and later the escort would sell their horses and store the saddles at the school until time for the return journey should come. At holiday seasons and at commencement the town was filled with family coaches and other conveyances bringing parents and friends to visit the students. The gentry of the land took possession of the whole community and greatly enlivened the usually quiet days in the neighborhood.

The life of the girls at school was planned to resemble that of the home circle. Each group of twelve or fifteen pupils lived in "Room Companies" under the special care of two teachers who were on duty on alternate days to watch over and guide the group like a mother might have done. We pause in interested amusement when reading some of the rules and regulations of student life in those days: The strictest order is to be observed in the Embroidery Room. The Embroidery Room shall not be made a place of resort.

When the bell rings for dinner or supper, the pupils are to assemble in their respective rooms and thence proceed silently, and in order to the dining hall. At table, all loud and unnecessary talking is positively forbidden, and no waste of victuals dare not be attempted.

Baths can be taken only by spe-

cial permission, and at times indicated by the teachers.

During recess and recreation hours, all boisterous plays and games, rudeness, and unladylike conduct must be avoided.

On the piazzas, noisy games and plays, unnecessary running and jumping, and collecting in crowds around the windows must be avoided. Under the piazza and in the yard is the place for plays and games.

At bedtime, the pupils will devoutly attend evening prayers, and then retire to bed in perfect silence and order. No talking, whisepring or disturbance of any kind whatsoever can be tolerated in the sleeping apartments."

Now came the memorable days of the Civil War. Parents from all over the south sent their daughters to the Academy which was regarded as the safest place for them, if safety could be found anywhere. As applications poured in, new students were told they might come if they could bring a bed with them, and later on, they were placed as "out boarders" with families in the community. Here the girls lived, sheltered from the turmoil all about. Not for a single day was the routine interrupted, but the officials had no easy time in keeping things running smoothly. These were war days and food for two hundred and fifty girls was terribly hard to secure. All day and often through the night the principal, steward, or their assistants would drive about the countryside in search of food to purchase. When in April, 1865, Stonerian's Brigade was approaching Salem, the Mayor of the town with other citizens rode out to meet it, surrendering the town, and were granted protection for the Academy and other institutions. As the whole brigade marched down Main street in front of the Academy, one daring little rebel hung out a Confederate flag but was promptly suppressed by her teacher. On this occasion valuable office papers were hidden beneath the stones of the cellar floor, while at another time it became necessary to hide the Academy horses in the basement of Main Hall while a body of stragglers passed through the town.

The close of the war brought first a renewed rush to the school and soon thereafter many grave problems caused by the hard times of Reconstruction days. The eighth principal of Salem, the Reverend Maximilian E. Grunert, took charge when the propects were very gloomy.

Friends of the school had been left with devastated plantations, no slaves to repair them, homes burned to ash heaps, and little or no money. The struggle for existence absorbed the minds of all, and schools were left to their own resources. By practicing the most rigid economy Mr. Grunert succeeded in keeping Salem open when almost every other institution, including the State University, was forced to suspend sessions. On February 6th, 1866, the Salem Female Academy was regularly incorporated as a college, and with the raised standards of scholarship collegiate studies were introduced. In 1878 the first Senior Class was formed for more advanced study, and six graduates were presented with diplomas at the end of the term.

With the coming of the twentieth century one factor in the history of Salem's development predominates—her quick and intelligent adaptation of curriculum and student life to the ever changing needs of modern times. Having been begun on a plane of education ideals far in advance of the age, she has continued to lead rather than follow other institutions in the march of progress.

During the presidency of Dr. John Henry Clewell, Ph. D., (1888-1909) many changes took place in the appearance of the campus and the scholastic work. Commerical and Domestic Science departments were established, many courses systematized for graduation, and provisions made for post-graduate study. Athletics directed by the Department of Hygiene, as it was first very modestly referred to, flourished rapidly and occupied the off-class hours of an increasingly large proportion of girls.

The great age of expansion which the country experienced during the days of Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt was reflected in the life at Salem by the arrival of girls from many of the younger and more distant states of the union. Year after year new sections of the land were represented and life moved on smoothly and happily. With the outbreak of the World War the students, like all those throughout America, were stirred by the great waves of patriotism which rolled over the land, and they entered into the many war activities with great enthusiasm. Records of the life in the college during this period reveal some interestingg evidence of the spirit in which a great variety of services were performed. For instance, there is a report from the North Carolina Food Administration in 1918 stating that four meatless days were observed each week, corn and graham bread used largely in the place of white, and the sugar consumption cut 60 per cent, and calling the attention of all boarding schools in the state to the example of Salem. The Associated Press in Washington sent out a telegram specifically mentioning Salem's war activities.

The Domestic Science Department, as the result of its experiments with fifish, notably shark, was able to furnish shark and other fish recipes which were widely published by the United States Government in an effort to increase the use of fish instead of meat. Thus Salem's history continues to parallel the history of that nation whose birth she witnessed. Her daughters, scattering throughout the countries' broad expanse, have lent well-trained minds and willing hearts to the shaping of the nation's destiny.

During the administration of Dr. Howard E. Rondthaler, president of Salem College since 1909, five distinct and notable honors have been bestowed upon the institution at various times, indicating a constant progress and rapid achievement of the standards which modern education has raised. In 1915 the college became a member of the American Association of Colleges; in 1921 it was recognized by the North Carolina State Department of Education. It was one of seven out of the thirty-five institutions applying that were admitted to membership in the Southern Association of Colleges

during 1922. The year 1931 saw it admitted together with Duke University, to the American Association of University Women, an organization requiring academic excellence as well as a high standard of women in the institution. Then quite recently Salem attracted nation-wide attention when selected by Dr. Elizabeth Barber Young of Columbia University as the finest school for girls in North Carolina, and one of the seven best in the south. In 1932 the high standard of work of the school of music was recognized and the school of music of Salem College became a member of the National Association of School of Music.

The stalwart character and thoroughbred culture of the Moravian founders are perpetuated in the spirit that is the soul of the institution. To an observer a day spent at Salem shows appreciation for beauty in personality and in art. There is a vital reason for studying each subject in the curriculum. Salem was distinctive in offering classical and literary education for women at a time when it was at low ebb in the American colonies. Young women were equipped for colonial life by instruction in reading, writing, spelling, needlecraft, music, art, housekeeping, and religion. To these accomplishments, as woman's place in society changed, new studies in science, business, and pedagogy have been added. The motivating force of every improvement, begun by the founders and continuing down to the present, is love for youth, with a desire to teach young women how to make their lives most profitable.

Clearly imprinted upon the record of Salem's during the last half century is the influence of one particular family—the Roundthalers—whose individual members have served her in varied capacities with continuing devotion and steady purpose. From the time of his coming to the town of Salem in 1877 until the day of his death on January 31, 1931, the Rt. Rev. Edward Roundthaler, D. D., L. L. D., was the ever-present friend and counsellor of the students. A strong sense of duty and an understanding of the needs of the school led Bishop Roundthaler to become principal in 1884. Into his work he put a characteristic energy and wholeheartedness, and into every department of the school, weakened and dejected by the terrible depression of educational finances throughout the state of North Carolina, new life and inspiration were instiled. nI 1888, he was relieved of his duties as principal that he might devote himself more fully to his ministry in the Salem Congregation, and later, as a bishop of the Unitas Fratrum, to the work of the Southern Province and the Morvian Church at large. Still he remained an integral part of Salem's life, for many years as President of the Board of Trustees and head of the language department, as the devoted teacher of Bible classes to within one week of his death, and most important of all, as an ever present influence upon spiritual and temporal life of the individual students. His personal contact with the hundreds of girls in the school yielded an inestimable influence for good that will continue to be felt for years to come. His

wife, who shared always in the Bishop's loving service, still lives near the campus and is greatly interested in its activities. As the daughter of Bishop Jacobson, a former principal of the school, she hold a double claim to the affectionate regard of the students.

The resonsible office of president of Salem College of today is filled by Dr. Howard E. Roundthaler, son of the beloved bishop, upon whom the University of North Carolina has recently conferred the degree of L. L. D., with which it previously honored his father. For many years Dr. Roundthaler has been prominent in the educational and other public affairs of the state, serving once as President of the North Carolina Historical and Literary Society and of the North Carolina Conference of Social Service. It would be difficult to find an abler combination of minister, teacher, and executive who succeeds in performing such innumerable services. During the past twenty-three years, under Dr. Roundthaler's guidance, the school has grown beyond all expectations, while it remains unchanged in the spirit of Moravian culture and idealism in which it was founded. To Mrs. Howard E. Roundthaler is entrusted one of the most difficult of all tasks—that of being friend, adviser, and mother to hundreds of girls who have Salem as their home for nine months out of the year. Her hours are long and her duties unnumbered, but not even the smallest detail is omitted and not a single girl misses the joy of personal contact with her.

There are on Salem campus twenty buildings, a unique group, faithful to mid-colonial ideals prevailing in the days of Salem's founding, which challenges the delight of architects. In point of age the office building has first place and is considered by many artists to be the most beautifully constructed of the group. Adjoining it is Memorial hall, the auditorium and music administration building, where chapel services and concerts are held. Most imposing in design is Main Hall, its classic white columns and ivy-covered walls, which is the administration building for B. A. subjects. Quaint brick walls, tiled roofs and hedged courtyards speak the gracious hospitality and friendly hominess of this now modern college, where buildings of a century and a half ago harmonize with modern buildings in careful architectural consistency, from which Salem has never departed.

Behind the row of brick buildings which border the street lies the beautiful campus, delightful with its atmosphere of friendliness and quaint sedateness. Graceful willow trees, sturdy oaks, poplars, and maples give their shade and dignity. There the seasons are marked by the blooming of the flowers—violets at the end of winter, thousands of daffodils and tulips in the spring, roses as summer approaches, amaryllis to greet them in the fall. A "Salemite" finds pleasure in strolling past Main Hall, across the lawn to a group gathered about the lily pond.

REAL GIVING

(Selected)

Giving without hoping to receive as much again, is a God-like quality. Probably the most giving done by men is more or less flavored by the idea of some kind of a reward as compensation for their gifts. In the strictest sense this is not giving at all, but mere trading. Real unselfish giving is the fruit of unfeigned love. It is love's most natural and spontaneous expression. Love and giving are never separate. Wherever there is real love, there is certain to be some sort of giving. No matter how poor or small the gift nor how great the sacrifice, love will find a way to make it. Our Lord was quick to notice real giving. One day He stood near the temple treasury and watched the people as they cast in their gifts. He noted how the haughty Pharisee put in gold out of his abundance. (That was one extreme.) He discerned the motives which prompted each gift. Then came the poor widow with her two mites which represented all her living—all that stood between her and hunger. But her heart loved and worshiped the Lord; no sacrifice seemed too great, and she, out of her penury put in all she had. (That was the other extreme.) The Pharisee expected to be seen and praised of men, and no doubt got what he sought — human praise — no more. But the poor widow had no such thought. She loved God and had no other thought than to show her affection. To her, giving was a delight, not an irksome duty. Though she sought not either honor or reward, she obtained both. The Lord commended her and gave her a perpetual memorial.

Amnesia is a good thing. The wonder is it was so long in invention.

The Country needs a thorough saturation of it. Memory of ill events and misfortunes haunts and harasses. Recollections of untoward circumstances of the past few years are clipping the wings of soaring business. Bewailing is all too common a fault. Weeping on one another's shoulders has come to be a convention.

A good, thorough, conclusive forgetting would do everybody good—it's the tonic that the times need.—Julian Miller.

TO BE AND TO DO IS THE QUESTION

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

President Wiliam Dewitt Hyde made in the following a summary of what a man should be and do that, so far as our information goes, has not been surpassed by the great and useful men of the present generation. Read what he writes and form your own judgement of its worth. Dr. Hyde says:

"To weigh the material in the scales of the personal, and measure life by the standard of love; to prize health as contagious happiness, wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, station for the good it can do; to choose in each case what is best on the whole, and accept cheerfully incidental evils involved; to put my whole self into all that I can do, and indulge no single desire at the expense of myself as a whole; to crowd out fear by devotion to duty, and see present and future as one; to treat others as I would be treated, and myself as I would my best friend; to lend no oil to the foolish, but let my light shine freely for all; to make no gain by another's loss, and buy no pleasure with another's pain; to harbor no thoughts of another which I would be unwilling that others should know; to say nothing unkind to amuse myself, and nothing false to please others; to take no pride in weaker men's failings, and bear no malice toward those who do no wrong; to pity the selfish no less than the poor, the proud as much as the outcast, and the cruel even more than the oppressed; to worship God in all that is good and true and beautiful; to serve Christ wherever a sad heart can be made happy or a wrong will set right; and to recognize God's coming kingdom in every institution and persons that help men to love one another."

The man who on himself relies
Shall fail, however strong and wise;
But he who grips the strength of God
Shall walk the path the heroes trod.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

THE NATION'S FIRST CONGRESS IN WASHINGTON

By Everett Spring

Previous to 1800, the nation's Congress had been located at many different places. It was the Sixth Congress which first assembled at Washington in 1800. What a vast change has been witnessed since that period. The conditions existing when the seat of government was permanently established at Washington were greatly different from those of today.

Then the present maginficent Capital City was but a hamlet, with only a few hundred inhabitants. At that not very remote period no swiftly-moving palace cars brought senators and representatives from their homes; no turnpike roads for comfortable carriages; no automobiles. There was no telegraph or long-distance telephone to herald their coming.

Once in awhile an old coach or a private carriage rolled along the roads of endless mud, or over mountain rocks, through long and weary days. But chiefly the long journey from the then distant Northern and Southern states was made on horseback, as the safest, easiest and best mode of travel.

Then there existed no palatial hotels, supplied with every comfort to greet the congressional solons on their arrival, but some humble "inn or tavern," or boarding-house poorly supplied and scantily furnished, were their dwelling places.

At the time of the Sixth Congress it was the correct thing for a gentleman to wear a queue and powder his hair. Then not a publiic library existed in the Uniited States. Almost all the furniture was imported from England. Then two stage-coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston, and Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

At that time our population was less than 5,500,000. Germany and Britain each had four times our number. Spain had twice as many, and even little Portugal had as big a family of sons and daughters as Uncle Sam.

West of the Mississippi all was a wilderness. We had thirteen little states and few cities of prominence except Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Boston, and Charleston. The entire revenue of the United States Governent was not enough to pay for a month what it now costs the city of New York to defray the annual expenses of its government.

At that time the country had not recovered from its grief over the death of Washington. The Louisiana Purchase had not been consummated. Napoleon Bonaparte was at the zenith of his power, and the United States was paying tribute to the Barbary states in northern Africa.

But, notwithstanding the adsence of what we now consider comforts and necessities, the men who tock their seats in the Sixth Congress were the foremost men of the re-

public, of integrity and patriotism, and in the main endeavored to guard the liberties of the people and strengthen the foundations of the Government, although oftentimes party supremacy was paramount to all other considerations.

In the Congress which first convened in Washington were such men as John Langdon, senator from New Hampshire, who had been military governor of his state, judge of its courts and a member of the convention that framed the Constitution under which we now live.

There were also Uriah Tracy, senator from Connecticut, who had rendered illustrious service to his country; Nathaniel Chipman, senator from Vermont, who had been twice the chief justice of his state; John Eager Howard, of Maryland; John Brown, of Kentucky; Abraham Baldwin, of Georgia; and Governeur Morris, of New York; eminent lawyers, statesmen and scholars.

In the House was that brilliant but erratic genius, John Randolph, of Roanoke, who was the Republican leader; John Marshall was there, the Federalist or administration leader, until nominated Chief Justice of the Supreme Ccurt. There were Robert Goodloe Harper and Nathaniel Macon, and many others whose names will live as long as the nation endures.

The Sixth Congress had 32 senators and 112 representatives. The two great states were Virginia and Massachusetts, the former having 20 representatives and the latter 19. Pennsylvania was next in size with 14 representatives, while the now Empire State of New York had only 10.

The Sixth Congress had a Platt and a Hanna, though they were not so distinguished as the members by that name in the 57th Congress. At that time both the President and Speaker were from Massachusetts. The great Northwest territory had only one representative in the Sixth Congress. William Henry Harrison was the territorial delegate.

Party animosity ran high during the time of the Sixth Congress. It was at the close of the stormy administration of John Adams. On questions affecting party, an accurate picture of those times would show great men appearing small; true patriots forgetting their country in anxiety for their party; honest men made purblind by prejudice. and straying perilously near the line of dishonor.

The story of that session is a tale of the most bitter feud in American history. It was a time when heroes became petty, noble men ceased to inspire respect, and selfishness eclipsed greatness of purpose.

At the first session of the two houses of Congress in Washington the Capitol building was of small dimensions as compared with the present stupendous structure. The senate met in the present supreme court chambers, and the house in the room now designated Statuary Hall.

It was the custom in those days, as at present, for the President to address Congress. Upon the opening of the Sixth Congress both houses assembled in the senate chamber to listen to President Adam's address. He said: "I congratulate you on as-

sembling at the permanent seat of governnment. It would be unbecoming to assemble for the first time in this solemn temple without imploring the blessing of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. May this territory be the residence of virtue and happiness. In this city may strict piety and virtue, that wisdom and magnanimity, that constancy and self-government which adorned the great character whose name it bears, be forever upheld in veneration. Here, and throughout our country, may simple manners, pure morals and true religion flourish forever."

PATERNALISM

We can but view with alarm the growing of paternalism in this country. Too many are calling upon the government for support; only a short time since and the State guaranteed a six months school term to every child in the State, then it began to furnish transportation to the school children, and now many schools are furnishing books to the poor, and even in this County the children are largely being supplied with shoes; we sit in our office and see children being hauled in by the truck load and having shoes fitted; just today we saw an army of something like one hundred or more march down to the welfare department and they practically spent the day being fitted with shoes. Many families have been supplied with flour for the past several months, and the Lord only knows what is going to be demanded next.

That there are worthy poor in our midst is admitted, and they are to be pitied, but when it comes to feeding, clothing and shoeing the schools almost indiscriminately it is being carried too far, and unless a halt is made the State and the County will be bankrupt, for it was never intended that the government should supply these things to its citizens. Care for the needy, of course, but be sure that they are needy and worthy.

A gentleman remarked in our hearing one day this week that it would take twenty-five years for the County to get over this spree of furnishing flour, shoes and clothing, for once you begin to care for the public there will be war when you attempt to discontinue the practice.—Chatham Record.

RESPONSIBILITY OF YOUTH

(Suffolk News-Herald)

Speaking in Chicago recently, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt made a plea to young people to enter politics and to have a hand in shaping the policies of government. "We have come to the way from the early days of shoving off responsibility and leaving everything to the government; government must be a matter of individuals. Now is the time for young persons especially to interest themselves in politics because leadership will not go far without assistance from every individual in the country," Mrs. Roosevelt declared.

The next first lady of the land told her hearers that one way women could serve in politics was through keeping the avenues of information open. It is difficult, she said, to know what the people expected of newly-elected public servants. Probably Mrs. Roosevelt had in mind her husband who has been called to the most difficult task of any American president, that of bringing order out of economic chaos. But we are sure her distinguished husband is not lacking in information on that point. He may need assistance but he does not have to be informed as to conditions. He knows them only too well.

However, Mrs. Roosevelt has sounded a note that should echo in the minds of the women voters. They should make themselves vocal during the Roosevelt adminstration. But especially should the young people of both sexes bestir themselves and become active in politics. They should not be content to leave matters to the "elder statesmen" but should throw themselves into the fray without stint. Youth imagines that it is not enough versed in politics to take a stand. That is a mistake for they really know more than their elders. What this country needs in politics is more youth and virility. The elder statesmen have made a sorry mess of things.

Only the waters that in stillness lie
Reflect the unbroken image of the sky;
Only the tranquil soul can truly show
The look of heaven in the life below.

—Edwin Henry Keen.

THE PEACOCK

By Ina Long Perry

Among the rare and beautiful birds which have played a part in the feasts and banquets of the great, and in the Christmas celebrations of early days in England, is the peacock. Served with great pomp and splendor in the days when Greece and Rome were at their height, and in fact at most public ceremonials during the Middle Ages, it was introduced into England with a wealth of customs and traditions clinging to it. Perhaps the idea that no feast was complete without dainty dishes of peacocks' tongues and peacocks' brains came from the East where the peacock was known as the "food of lovers and the meat of kings."

The home of the peacock seems to be in the Indo-China region of Asia, and the neighboring islands. Peacocks are found there today in the wooded hill country where they are hunted at certain seasons. Hunters say that they are usually found in the same region as the tiger. It is thought that the tigers like to be near them because of their extreme wariness in detecting enemies, and sending out an alarm call. They feed upon small insects, worms, snakes and seeds. They lay their eggs on the ground, but at night are found perching on the highest tree.

In early times they were domesticated and carried by merchants and traders to various parts of the world. From India they were carried to Media and Persia, as has been verified by literature. Aristophanes, the Greek writer, calls the peacock a Persian bird, but Suidan refers to it as the Median bird. According to I Kings 10:22, the fleets of Solomon took peacocks to Judea to add to the beauty and splendor of the King's domain. "Every three years," we read, "once came the ships of Tarshish bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." When Alexander the Great made his expedition to India it is thought that he caried peacocks back with him to Greece. By and by they became plentiful among the Greeks and Romans. At the breaking up of the Roman Emipre it was only natural that they should be raised in England and used as the bird of ceremonial occasions there.

Wherever this bird has been found it has played an important part in the history, mythology and folk-lore of the people. In India, its original home, it is still regarded among some castes as sacred. The white peacock especially is considered a sacred bird. It is thought to be a branch of the old stock, which has been modified by environment and climatic conditions until its color has changed. To the Greeks the peacock was the sacred bird of Juno; and to the early Christians it stood for a glorified body. Its feathers have decorated many a throne where royalty sat, and have ornamented many a shrine where men bow down to worship. In China peacock feathers are used for making ornaments and fans. To present a gift to a very dear friend nothing more appropriate can be selected

than a peacock feather fan. These fans are equally appropriate for men or for women. In a country so extremely hot men always carry fans concealed in the folds of their robes ready for use when needed.

Clothed with wonderful beauty, set aside as sacred for worship, and chosen for ornamentation and food for the great, it is doubtful whether any bird has played such an important part in the life and history of nations as has the peacock.

FOR COUNTRY AND CHURCH

(Young Folks)

Every American boy and girl of high school age should know something of Wendell Phillips, the renowned New England scholar, orator, reformer. He graduated at Harvard at the age of twenty, and at the law school two years later, and at the age of twenty-three was admitted to the bar. When the question of slavery arose, he took the position that slavery is wrong and he became one of the champions of that view. It was no passing belief with him, for in defending his position, which was very unpopular in that day, he sacrificed nearly all the advantages of a social and educational character he had up to that time enjoyed. He was a remarkable orator, and fearlessly outspoken. He was the champion of the oppressed and the downtrodden. Though threatened by mobs on many occasions he could not be intimidated. He felt called upon to defend the cause of the Negro, of the Indian, of women, and of labor reform. He gave himself unremittingly to the lifting of sinful and unnecessary burdens from the backs of people.

The service he rendered his country may be found in any United States history. But the service he rendered the Church and Christianity is not so easily discovered, though it shone through everything he did.

He tells us that he once heard Lyman Beecher preach in Boston on the theme, "You Belong to God." He tells us himself what resulted. "I went home after that service, threw myself on the floor in my room, with locked doors, and prayed: 'O God, I belong to thee. Take what is thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing is wrong, it may have no power of temptation over me, and that whenever a thing is right, it may take no courage to do it.'" All through his life he retained the evangelical faith.

Chico is a town in Texas of about 1,000 population which is said to have no law enforcement officers.—Selected.

THE HISTORY OF SILK

(Selected)

Did you ever stop to think how ancient a fabric silk is? Who first discovered that the glossy filaments of the unraveled cocoon could be woven into a shiny web of apparel? Tradition answers that it was the Empress Sing-lee Shee of China. The written records of the Chinese Empire are said to describe the treatment of silk 2,700 years before the Christian era. It seems certain that the Greeks obtained their knowledge of silk from the Chinese. Aristotle includes it among the discoveries in natural history made during the conquests of Alexander the Great and gives a minute description of the silk-worm. Yet so jealously did the Chinese guard their stock of silk-worms that for ages the origin of the fabric imported into Greece and Rome were a matter of conjecture, it being supposed by some that silk was made from flowers or the barks of trees.

In Rome it was at first considered effeminate for men to wear silk, and for two hundred years after the age of Pilny its use was confined to women. Heliogabalus was the first man in later years to wear a garment composed wholly of silk. The price of the material was prohibitive, a pound of silk being sold at Rome in the third century for its weight in gold.

About three hundred years later the whole silk trade was revolutionized by the visit of two Persian monks to China. "There, amidst their pious occupations, they viewed with a curious eye the common dress of the Chinese, the manufacturers of silk, and the myriads of silk-worms. They soon discovered that it was impracticable to transplant the short-lived insect, but that in the eggs, a numerous progeny might be preserved and multiplied in a distant climate." After describing the patronage given the monks by the Emperor Justinian and their return to China to procure the eggs, the chronicler goes on: "So a caneful of the eggs of an Oriental insect became the means of establishing a manufacture which fashion and luxury had already made important, and of saving vast sums annually to European nations, which in this respect had been so long dependent on, and oblidged to submit to the exactions of their Oriental neighbors."

From that time on, the silk industry spread rapidly through Persia and the whole of the Byzantine Empire, and in 1130 Roger of Sicily brought some silk manufacturers from Corinth and established them at Palmero. The Sicilians soon betered their instruction and ran Greek silk out of the market. The Venetians, who had been the chief importers of Oriental silk, went to war with Sicily on this account. But Palmero silk thrived in spite of this, and in self-defense Venice took to the silk manufacture herself, and by the thirteenth century had acquired unchallenged supremacy. Silk weav-

ing, glass-blowing, and drug-compounding were the three trades in Venice held not to be derogatory to gentle blood, and the noblility could engage in them without degradation.

Silk was first manufactured in England in the reign of Edward III. France established her silk culture in 1564—first nursery white mulberry trees were planted at Nismes.

In early times the American colonists devoted much labor to the growth of the mulberry and the culture of silk-worms. In 1732 the Colonial Government of Georgia allotted a piece of ground for a nursery plantation for white mulberry trees. However, after 1759 the production of silk in Georgia fell off greatly. Mansfield, Connecticut, became, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, an important silk raising section, and this continued to be a fixed industry in that locality. Pennsylvania engaged in the culture about 1767, and a filature was established in Philadelphia about 1769 or 1770, and in 1771, 2,300 pounds of cocoons were brought here to reel. Pennsylvania maintained the industry up to Revolutionary times. From the close of the Revolution to about 1825 silk manufacture in the United States was domestic, families making small quantities—hardly ever reaching 100 pounds per annum in a single family.

A blight in 1844 affected all the mulberry trees in the country. Congress began making appropriations for the encouragement of silk culture in the United States in 1884.

The first silk mill on the Western Continent was set up at Mansfield, Connecticut, in 1810. As early as 1824 the Jacquard loom began to be used in Philadelphia. Power looms were next introduced and power-loom weaving began about 1838. From 1831 to 1839 many faactories were started at Windsor Locks, Connecticut, Poughkeepsie, New York, Philadelphia, etc. Burlington, New Jersey, became an important silk-producing locality about 1838. Hartford, South Manchester, Connecticut; Holyoke, Northampton, and Haydenville, Massachusetts, are among the New England towns in which silk has been manufactured extensively. The most important centre of this industry in America is Paterson, New Jersey, where the water power of the Passaic River, facilities for transportation, etc., offer good conditions for its prosecution. The first silk mill in Paterson was set up about 1838 in the fourth floor of Samuel Colt's pistol factory. After the Civil War Paterson became and has since remained the chief seat of silk manufacture in the United States.

The tears that flood the eye when some irritation occurs are supplied with certain antiseptic agents which have the power to destroy germs.—Selected.

BURDEN OF TRAVELERS AID SOCIETY GROWS

By Diana Rice

In three years of economic upheaval new and difficult problems have arisen to confront the social agencies of New York. Out of widespread unemployment has arisen the task of dealing with the roving boy and girl and the "lost family," the family that has moved on from State to State, looking for something better, and has finally found itself utterly stranded. These problems have necessarily broadened the work of the Travelers Aid Society, which has recently been compelled to meet emergencies far different from those involved in the work of helping bewildered travelers.

The Travelers Aid Society is now engaged in an effort to reinforce its budget and the total proceeds of a performance of "Autumn Crocus," to be given at the Morosco Theatre, will be used for its emergency work. Mrs. Percy S. Straus, a patroness of the benefit and a member of the board of directors of the society, explained recently the nature of the relief it now is called upon to extend.

"Many people do not understand the multiple duties of our workers," said Mrs. Straus. "They think the society is an imformation booth in a railway station, where travelers ask a few questions and go on their way. They fail to realize that each case which comes to us requires special handling and expert knowledge of specific needs.

"In the case of lost families a definite constructive plan is followed. If relatives or friends will help a family group, it is returned to its former home. If it has no legal residence, no friends or relatives who will assist in rehabilitation, then we attempt to settle it locally. All this work takes time and money. Frequently medical care is required. We must see that the homeless ones go to a proper agency to get it. And they must have food and shelter until permanently placed."

Mrs. Straus said that more than 45,000 persons had been helped in various ways during the past ten months by the New York Travelers Aid. Eleven hundred women and children have been domiciled in the society's Guest House at 139 East Forty-third Street; 15,000 free meals have been served; 3,500 nights of shelter given to travelers temporarily stranded. Three hundred old people, bewildered and adrift, have been succored in the past few months, and 2,000 children, traveling alone, have been cared for.

In the society's earlier days, where the flow of immigration was heavy, its workers found many cases on the steamship piers. The railroad terminals, too, were important fields of activity; to the railway stations have now been added the bus terminals.

"Times have changed," continued Mrs. Straus, "immigration has prac-

tically stopped. But from all directions come the buses bringing hundreds of unemployed. The buses have simplifiied transportation. The girls appear to start out with little thought of where they are going. Why they choose New York at this time, they cannot tell; they hope to get work. Many have not even enough money to pay bus fare. Bus officials telephone the society to come and take care of a girl without a cent in her purse or a friend in the city. Our responsibility is to get these jobless ones back to their homes; New York is too full of the jobless now.

"Most of the girls have pluck. Rather than stay home and add to the family burden, they take a chance. Young boys, as well as young girls, are among the stranded appealing to us; 2,400 boys, many between 14 and 15 years of age, have been assisted recently. When home folks send money to return the youthful traveler, it is easy. When they are too poor to do this, we must provide it. One boy of high school age, when he received the $5 which would carry him back to his native village, asked if he could please hitch-hike home and send the money to his parents, as they were in desperate need.

"The child traveling alone with a tag pinned to its clothes bearing the simple inscription, 'Smith, Chicago,' presents another baffling question. Telegrams to Chicago, where there are thousands of Smiths, do not immediately bring the necessary imformation. Other telegrams to relief agencies, to city authorities, may eventually reveal the child's complete history and verify its identity. But in the meantime we must feed, house and take care of the young citizen. Today our Guest House families may include a mother with six children, another mother in her teens with a 3-weeks-old baby, a lost girl found in a dance hall, a youngster with an inadequate tag."

The Travelers Aid Guest House, which adjoins the society's main office at 144 East Forty-fourth Street, serves as a temporary shelter until such time as stranded travelers can be sent home or placed in jobs. The Guest House is a remodeled three-story stucture, attractively furnished and decorated. In addition to its living rooms are a limited number of bedrooms.

The house is under the general supervision of Miss Virginia Murray, director of the Travelers Aid Society, who has been keenly concerned with the problem of the girl traveler whose home ties have been broken as a consequence of unemployment.

Miss Murray said the increased work of the Travelers Aid had filled the Guest House to overflowing. "We have had to put up cots in addition to the regular beds," she added. "In other years, young girls stranded in New York could be sent back to their homes, but today their families have no money to support them, and advise their staying when there is even slight opportunity of getting a job."

Travelers Aid work in the United States may be said to have taken its start in 1866 through the widely distributed warnings to travelers, issued by the Boston Young Women's

Christian Association. But little active work was done thereafter for nineteen years. In 1885, two elderly Quakers, William Collins and Edward Prior, becoming interested in newspaper accounts of snares set for inexperienced girls who arrived alone in New York, agreed to pay the salary of a worker to meet trains.

Various sectarian groups in this city and through the country took up the idea and further developed this aid to travelers. In 1905, under the leadership of Miss Grace Dodge of New York, a study was made for the purpose of ascertaining whether the existing service was effective. The study disclosed that it was not. The result was the organization of the present Travelers Aid Society, a nonsectarian society with definite aims.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—Franklin.

TWELVE OUTSTANDING WOMEN

(Selected)

If you were selecting twelve outstanding women leaders of the last century, whom would you choose? Following is a list selected by 128, 882 women in a contest, as recently announced by the board of directors of the National Council of Women, an organization for co-ordinating the efforts of women's clubs. The leaders chosen, in the order of the highest number of votes received, were: Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the Christian Science movement; Jane Addams, founder of Hull House in Chicago; Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross; Frances E. Willard, founder of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; Susan B. Anthony, woman suffrage leader; Helen Keller, deaf and blind lecturer; Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle Tom's Cabin; Julia Ward Howe, composer of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; Carrie Chapman Catt. suffrage leader; Amelia Earhart Putnan, aviatrix; Mary Lyon. founder of Mount Holyoke College; and Dr. Mary E. Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke College and delegate at Geneva Disarmament Conference.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Due to the rainy weather very few of our boys were visited by friends and relatives last Wednesday.

—o—

Last Saturday afternoon several bushels of fine peanuts were sent to the boys in their respective cottages. It is needless to say that the youngsters thoroughly enjoyed this treat.

—o—

In addition to overhauling the 15-30 tractor, Mr. Richie spent several days working on the Ford coupe owned by the school. We feel that when this machine comes from the hands of our mechanic it will be ready for efficient service for some time.

—o—

Mr. L. T. Hartsell, Chairman of the Board of Trustees; Superintendent C. E. Boger; Messrs J. Lee and W. M. White, spent Friday of last week in Raleigh. The visit to the capital city was made for the purpose of meeting the Legislature Appropriations Committee relative to the appropriation for the Training School for the next biennium.

—o—

When we saw Messrs Hudson and Walker and a group of boys, armed with butcher knives, sally forth last Monday morning, we knew that some more of our fine hogs were scheduled to go the way of all good porkers. Our farm manager reports five were killed and that there is a sufficient number left to supply fresh meat for our Sunday dinners for some time.

The members of the local farm force were somewhat disappointed when their activities were again halted by rain last Wednesday. The ground was just beginning to be dry enough for cultivation and seed beds were being prepared. Early garden seeds had arrived and the gardens were ready to begin preparations for early gardening. With the coming of the rain this work will be delayed for some time.

—o—

Cecil Osteen, one of our old boys, who was paroled August 20, 1919, called on us last Wednesday. He informs us that he is still living near Selma and is getting along nicely. As has been previously mentioned in this column, Cecil is a licensed preacher of the Pentecostal Holiness Church and is doing well in his chosen line of work. In addition to renewing old acquaintances at the school, his visit was for the purpose of bringing Mrs. Pierce, who lives in his community, to see her two boys now at the institution.

—o—

The Jackson Training School basketball team played its first game of the season last Thursday afternoon, with the Hartsell High School basketeers furnishing the opposition, and the local lads emerged victorious by the score of 12 to 7. The school players were arrayed in new uniforms consisting of white jerseys with red and white numerals and letters, and red trousers trimmed with black, making a snappy appearance. The local line-up was as follows: Wall, center; Ollis and

Hollifield, forwards; Green and Mr. John Carriker, coach, guards. The high scorers for the school lads were Ollis and Carriker, with five points each.

—o—

Last Tuesday afternocn one of our old boys, John Page, of Salisbury, called at the Uplift office. In the course of our conversation with him we learned that he came to the Training School just a few months after it was first opened in 1909. John tells us that after leaving the School, he spent several years in the state of Iowa, and in 1917 enlisted in the U. S. Naval Air Service, serviing twenty-one months overseas during the World War. He is now living in Salisbury, where he is employed as an auctioneer, is married and has a son six years cld. John tells us that when he entered the Training School there were only two cottages in cperation, the King's Daughters Cottage and Cottage No. 2. He was very enthusiastic in his praise for what the institution had done for him, and was delighted with the many improvements made since the time he was a student here.

—o—

Last Sunday being the fifth Sunday of the month, no reguar speaker was scheduled to conduct the afternoon service at the Training School. The Kannapolis Y. M. C. A. male quartet has taken this service for some time past, much to the delight of both boys and officials. On this occasion our good friend, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, who arranges all the the Sunday afternoon services at the school, brought with him Dr. W. E. Davis, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, and Miss Annie E. Bostian, principal of the John S. Henderson School, Salisbury. Following the singing of the opening hymn and prayer by Mr. Barnhardt, Dr. Davis was presented, who read the Scripture lesson and commented briefly on same. Miss Bostian was then introduced and told the bcys several interesting stories. The boys always enjoy stories and their enjoyment on this occasion was evidenced by the rapt attention accorded the speaker throughout the program. The appearance of bcth Dr. Davis and Miss Bostian on this occasion was greatly appreciated. It was the first time the boys had had an opportunity to hear either of them and we wish to assure them that they will always be welcome visitors at the Training School.

"Sleep is no servant of the will,
It has caprices of its own,
When courted most, it lingers still,
When most pursued, 'tis swiftly gone."

—Selected.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 11, 1933 No. 6

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

CAN YOU STAND CRITICISM?

It you expect to make a sucess of life, you must be able to take criticism. No matter what position or profession you choose to follow, you can be sure you will meet many critics. Learn to divide these critics into two classes: constructive critics and destructive critics. You should always welcome constructive criticism; destructive criticism, simply ignore.

Don't let just criticism raise your ire; or unjust criticism spoil your life. Accept good criticism; reject the bad. Criticism that kills weaklings, makes strong men stronger. Remember that!

—John L. McCullough.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THINGS EDISON SAID

"The greatest monument of all times was the Cross of Calvary. It had a greater effect on more people for a longer time than anything erected by man.

"One generation doesn't profit by the pain of another.

"This fellow Ford is like a postage stamp. He sticks to a thing until he gets there.

"I have friends in overalls whose friendship I would not swap for the favor of kings.

"Fools call wise men fools. But a wise man never calls any man a fool.

"A man's best friend is a good wife.

"Look at the moon—it winks at the world's ignorance.

"A good idea never was lost. Its possessor may die, but it will be reborn in the mind of another.

"Our goal is peace and preparedness is the road to it.

"Time is the cheapest thing in life, and the only thing you cannot buy.

"Even a man that doesn't amount to much usually gets a hearing when he's telling the truth."

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS LIBRARY

Last Sunday, February 5th, was the date of the opening of the King's Daughters Library at the Jackson Training School. It is enough to say that not a finer move for the uplift of the boys has ever been made by this noble band of women, known formerly as the "silent sisters" who unostentatiously move quietly about seeking something to do for the sake of humanity. This library now of 600 books is just a nucleus, but we visualize in the future a standard library of most valuable literature that will prove a valuable acquisition to the institution.

Despite the fact the day was intensely cold a splendid crowd

of representative visitors assembled, showing in this manner their appreciation and approval of the efforts and thoughtfulness of the King's Daughters for the boys who perhaps, have made a wrong step because of the lack of attention or lack of a mother's love.

The program was made more interesting by the presence of Rev. Herbert Spaugh, pastor of Myers Park Moravian Church, Charlotte, who gave an inspirational address, emphasizing that the strongest element of character building is purity of life in all activities. "Good literature," he impressed his hearers, "is conducive to high and pure ideals." Miss Mary Garrison of Charlotte contributed greatly to the delight of all present by giving several vocal selections. The entire program was expressive of a hope of contributing to the future development of the wayward boy, therefore, the King's Daughters will continue to push onward till their goal is reached—a standard library for the Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * * * * *

MARK EDISON'S BIRTHDAY

The eighty-fifth anniversary of Thomas A. Edison's birth was marked on February 11, 1932, at Dearborn by a luncheon in Clinton Inn attended by a group from the Edison Institute. Work began earlier than usual that day in the Menlo Park laboratory, in keeping with Henry Ford's suggestion that the most fitting way to commemorate the birthday was to work harder and longer than usual. Said he:

"Go out and do some work that needs to be done whether you are hired and paid to do it or not. When a man starts something of himself, then something usually starts in his behalf. One thing that will help unemployment is to take hold of work that needs to be done—around the house, on the streets, anywhere—solely for the sake of getting it done. No one ever hired Edison to do anything. He saw something to do and did it.

"Just think of what one day of everyone doing his best would do for the nation. It would change our whole outlook. It would start things going in the spiritual realm. That's where we are stagnant. Mankind is stagnant—not the times.

"Everything is here just as it was, but our old pioneer spirit

of tackling the job is not. It will come back the moment we force ourselves to move out on some volunteer job. Let everyone look round and see the things he can do just where he is. Let him do it. It would make Edison's birthday a day of economic revival all over the land."

* * * * * * * * * *

HENRY GRADY'S ADVICE

As an American journalist and orator, Henry W. Grady, born in Athens, Georgia, 1851, was the peer, and we make bold to say the superior of any of his contemporaries either North or South. The one passion of his life was to give hope to the down-trodden people of the South and this he did with his tempo of oratorical power and facile pen. Whatever he wrote was colored and magnetized by the hue and subtle force of his own personality, and as an orator he was a master with manners, grace and fervor that carried without effort. He knew the possibilities of the southland. He was one of the first to call attention to the wealth of the mountains, he saw the possibilities of the southern soil, warmed by the gentle skies above and moistened by the dews which come out of the night upon it. He was an idealist. His editorials on truck farming were recognized as prose poems. He was the first to idealize the Georgia watermelon; the blossom that bore it; the vine that nourished it as well as the planter that protected and cultivated it. He was a man of vision, he was a leader when the South truly needed a Moses.

One particular gem of his which has been often republished is of peculiar significance just at this time that bears a semblance to the period following the afterglow of the sinking Confederacy. Optimistic Grady said:

> "When every farmer in the South shall eat bread from his own fields, and meat from his own pastures, and disturbed by no creditor and enslaved by no debt, shall sit among his teeming gardens and orchards and vineyards and dairies and barnyards, pitching his crops in his own wisdom and growing them in independence, making cotton his clean surplus and selling it in his own time and in his chosen market and not at a master's bidding—getting his pay in cash and not in a receipted mortgage that discharges his debt but does not restore his freedom—then shall be breaking the fullness of our day."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

While many legends dealing with St. Valentine's Day have been current throughout the centuries, it seems probable that the day takes its name from an early Christian martyr who was put to death in Rome late in the third century. Some say there were three martyrs named Valentine, all of whom were killed on February 14 of different years.

The sending of love missives on that day is said to have originated when one of the Valentines on the day of his execution sent a farewell note on paper cut in fanciful shape to the blind daughter of his jailer. The girl had been kind to him and he signed the note "Your Valentine."

Another tradition is that the first poetical valentines were written by Charles, Duke of Orleans, during his imprisonment of 25 years in the Tower of London. He was finally ransomed and became the father of Louis XII of France. His love poems, written 500 years ago, are preserved in the British Museum.

The observance of St. Valentine's Day became widespread during the reign of Charles II of England, and not only love messages but expensive gifts as well were sent by young nobles to their ladies fair.

Many of the early paper valentines produced for sale were made, ironically enough, by nuns in the French convents. An interesting collection of old valentines has been made by the Chicago Historical Society.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE BOY'S BANNER

We get occasionally a small paper, "The Boy's Banner", published at the Industrial School for boys, Birmingham, Ala. This school was founded by Mrs. R. D. Johnson, who previous to the establishment of the Jackson Training School made a visit to North Carolina in the interest of this institution. She also was the guest of honor at a King's Daughters annual convention soon after the school was opened for the reception of boys. She expressed herself as well pleased with the plant and the government of the school.

The January issue of the "Boy's Banner" gave a bird's eye view

of the way the Christmas season was enjoyed by boys in the Alabama school—a program of music and then many good things to eat. The music for this occasion at the Birmingham Industrial School was furnished by the boy's band. In fact the band played the accompaniments for singing of the Christmas carols. The other selections by the band on the program were by such composers as Verdi, Brahms, Nola, Chopin and other authors of classical music. There was not a piece of jazz mentioned on the program. The results of this type of teaching are twofold—learning music and at the same time cultiivating a taste for good music.

The gifts for this event were sponsored by the Rotarians of Birmingham. The boys were given candies, fruits and such useful gifts as sox, handkerchiefs, combs, books, magazines, balls, bats, marbles and other things too numerous to mention. On Christmas Day a fine dinner fit for a king, consisting of pork and gravy, canberry sauce, English peas, mashed potatoes, candied yams, mince meat pie, coffee, apples and candy. Beside all of these things the merchants of the city contributed tools for the auto shop and paints for the boys of the paint gang—all of these things were for the boys learning a trade. Then to cap the climax the whole school was given transportation over the street car line to the different theaters in the city where a real afternoon of genuine recreation and joy were realized by the boys. This was the end of a perfect Christmas Day for the wayward boys of the Alabama Industrial School.. Our boys too had a fine day made possible by the many good people all over North Carolina when sent checks so that the real Christmas spirit could prevail.

We gathered from the little paper that the founder, Mrs. R. D. Johnson, who now is too advanced in years for active service, continues to reside in the midst of the activities of the school, a recognition that she is entitled to because of her fine service in the past. Really it must do her soul much good to see the fruits of her life work.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

Not always is a Valentine
Composed of fancy paper,
With buds and birds and clever words,
And Cupids a la caper.
Oh, birds and darts and sugar hearts
Are very gay and fine,
But often just a friendly word
Will make a Valentine.

—o—

They say that "money talks." Not if it is hoarded in bank vaults and stuffed in old socks and not given a chance to meet the masses of the people.

—o—

It is claimed that the United States has the world's best "chiselers." And they haven't yet thought of putting a single one of them to work on the expenses of the government.

—o—

A fellow said the other day that this nation "is going to the dogs." Well, it may be the saving of the nation. The dogs may drive off the wolves, which have had it long enough.

—o—

A new disease—if you may call it such—seems to have sprung up recently. It is sneezing. Reports are beginning to come in from all parts of the country of people starting long spells of sneezing. I do not know the cause of it. As I read the news from day to day I do not see anything to sneeze at.

In the list of ten most beautiful words they have left out the word "work," which, just at this time, is the most beautiful and euphonious of the entire list.

—o—

If you are not tetotally blind,
You will readily see;
I've picked you for my Valentine
In 1933.

—o—

Something new under the sun. A hen-pecked wife! A Mrs. John Hansel, in Rochester, Indiana, stooped down to pick up an egg and a hen pecked her on the face. It is said that she may lose the sight of one eye.

—o—

The Davidson county, Tennessee, (and Nashville, the State capital in Davidson county), the W. C. T. U., has petitioned Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes to refuse to administer the presidential oath to Mr. Roosevelt because the latter "by open opposition to a part of the constitution had disqualified himself to 'preserve, protect, and defend the constitution.'" This makes one wonder whether we humans ever really grow up or do we always remain children?

—o—

If we had the courage to say in this State, and all the States, and the Federal government, that we are going to eliminate about five out of every six of these various departments, commissions and bureaus and get along with less government, we

would soon find a way to reduce taxes. A certain director of finance made the flat statement that if people don't want to submit to increased taxes that they must get along with less government. This statement rather presupposes that the people have wanted all of this government, which is far from the truth. Not one per cent of the people want all of our present government. Most of these additions and refinements have been added to the various legsilatures and sessions of Congress at the request of departments who wanted to perpetuate and enlarge their own powers and sphere of influence.

—o—

On Valentine's Day—recording suspense;
The young man who will play the lover,
With no better sense than stay "on the fence,"
And won't propose, should be "thrown over."

—o—

The very simple inaugural parade of Mr. Roosevelt has been ordered simplified some more and until it will be only two hours passing a given point. Thomas Jefferson's inaugural only took about two minutes passing a given point, unless the peerless Old Tom said "Whoa!" and stopped his parade right dead on the given point. But, otherwise, Tom's parade passed along in abcut two minutes and when he got to the back fence of the capitol he hitched his parade to the fence, gave it a bucket of water and went over and got sworn in. Then he came back, unhitched his parade, climbed into the saddle and rode home. But simplicity, like everything else, seems to have changed.

—o—

This little verse goes forth
As cheerily as Noah's dove.
And carries to my friends
The expressions of my love.

—o—

We do not need the complete junking of our present established system to correct our present difficulties. We have no problems that are not soluble. We have no problems that are even difficult of solution if we would eliminate parties in politics and human greed. The time has arrived, however, when men are beginning to think seriously. We cannot continue having one man out of three in this country unemployed. That condition has sinister possibilities. We are not going to have any revolution or radical changes in the shape of experimentation with untried theories, but the American people are going to do some plain talking, which is going to result in a turn to more simple life with its greater measure of distribution of wealth, with its lesson in governmental expenditures, diminished governmental participation in interference with people, with a substantial reduction of taxes and an opportunity for people who are willing to work to earn their means of livelihood. It is because these things are being brought about right now by public sentiment that fundamental conditions are better and that we can look forward to a return of better times.

REMINISCENCES OF MENLO PARK

By Francis Jehl

Before 1878, all attempts to produce a practical incandescent lamp had failed. A summary of attempts was prepared by me not long ago for the New York Edison Company, extracts from which I make bold to repeat here.

The annals of research show that among the men who strove without avail for this discovery were De la Rive in 1820, Grove and Jacobi in 1840, De Moleyns in 1841, Starr in 1845, Straite in 1848, Roberts in 1852, de Changy, Gardner and Blossom in 1858, Farmer in 1859, Adams in 1865, Lodyguine in 1872, Osborn and Kosloff in 1874, Khotinsky and Konn in 1875, and Bouliguine and Woodward in 1876. Draper, Fountain, Sawyer, Lane Fox, Swan, Van Choate, Childern, du Moncel, Ruhnkorff, Jablochkoff and Maxim complete the list up to 1879. All of these investigators toiled in the same field and tramped the same treadmill. New and original methods were sought by Edison alone.

Some employed rods, pencils or sticks of gas retort carbon, which they filed or worked down to the desired sizes and placed in glass tubes or globes sealed by metal caps. Some tried with poor means to evacuate the air; others replaced it with nitrogen, while some used their unprotected carbons with the result that these were generally consumed in a few minutes.

Other workers sought to remedy the defect by automatically shifting in new rods. But none could retain a vacuum for the simple reason that their containers were not air tight. All knew that carbon would not fuse, and yet they never investigated the reasons why carbons disintegrated so rapidly when subjected to the action of the current.

From De la Rive down to Sawyer, they all found that neither the rare metals nor carbon could be employed with any chance of success; so they gave it up and devised, as already mentioned, automatic means for replacing the burned-out carbons. Even the best lamp of all —one that came out in 1878, received its death warrant from its own inventor, who says in his book that "to replace a carbonn requires a workman's time from two to three hours, and the recharging of the lamp with absolutely pure nitrogen costs about seventy cents, without taking into consideration the cost of the carbon. It was therefore an impraticable lamp."

Another fact to remember is that even if any of those early lamps, regardless of cost and bulk, could have been made durable, it would have been impossible to utilize them, their resistance was so low. Too, their carbons were thick and short, and the investment for copper conductors to supply the current would have been prohibitive.

All of these men tried to produce a lamp by employing the principle of incandescence. However, light produced simply by heating a material to incandescence through an electric current is not a lamp by a far cry. It merely demonstrates a

natural phenomenon. A lamp must incoroporate certain requisites to make it of practical use. First, it must give a steady light and provide a high resistance. The lamp adaptable for domestic use must be simple and of light weight. Furthermore it must be flexible and must function under all conditions and in all positions. It must be cheap. Its flame must be noiseless and inoffensive.

None of the men here mentioned succeeded in making such a lamp until Edison came. The most successful lamp before Edison was Jablochkoff's electric candle.

Edison's first experiments with carbon in the field of incandescent electric lighting were made in September, 1877, at the time he was developing his phonograph and carrying on additional experiments with the telephone transmitter. Some one has spoken of that year as a "carbon year" for Edison, because "carbon in some form for use in electric circuits of various kinds occupied the minds of the whole force from morning to night."

In the beginning a strip of carbonized paper about one inch long, its ends fastened to the poles of a wet battery, was brought to incandescence in the open air to determine how much current was required. As soon as it became incandescent, the paper was destroyed. The experiment was next tried under a glass jar from which the air had been evacuated by means of a hand pump. There it burned for about eight minutes before disintegration.

Following his system of "trial or error," the inventor attempted various methods of preventing oxidation but all without success. At least fifty different carbons made of tissue, wood or broom corn were used. Coated with a mixture of lamp black and tar, they were rolled into the long form of a knitting needle, and carbonized. He now laid aside the use of carbon for the time, and resumed experiments with almost infusible metals, such as chromium, ruthenium, and so on. Previously, he had tried out platinum, only to discard it temporarily for carbon.

His conclusions in this new effort were that the metal substances were within the bounds of possibility for the purpose, but did not reach the ideal he had in mind. Early in 1878 his experiments were ended, partly through pressure of work on the phonograph and other inventions; partly because he was exhausted and in need of a vacation. Not until September1, 1878, after his return from the West did he resume the search.

During that trip the question of generation and transmission of power came frequently to his attention. While visiting mines in the Rockies and the Sierras, he had noticed difficulties encountered by workmen in drilling and boring, in many cases near rapidly flowing mountain streams. Turning to his friend Professor Barker of the University of Pennsylvania, he had remarked:

"Why cannot the power of yonder river be transmitted to these men by electricity?"

Professor Barker said that this thought seemed to linger in Edison's mind on their journey home across

the plains. As they discussed it again and again, Barker described a machine he had recently seen in process of being made. It had been devised by William Wallace, a brass manufacturer of Ansonia, Connecticut, who happened to be a friend of Barker's. His ambition was to build something that would make possible the transmission of power from one point to another by electricity.

Edison, Batchelor, Professor Barker and Dr. Chandler (Professor of Physics at Columbia University), made the trip from New York City to Ansonia in order to learn what progress had been made on this machine. They found it completed. For their benefit Wallace connected it up with eigth arc lamps, each having a radiance of about four thousand candles. He called it a "telemachon," and described it as a dynamo-electric machine for transmitting power by electricity.

Both his arc lamp and his dynamo may be seen in the restored laboratory at Menlo Park.

VALENTINE BY POE FOUND

A poem of despair Edgar Allen Poe wrote to a woman friend on lace-edged valentine paper 16 days after the death of his wife 85 years ago, has been found by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the latter said recently.

Nothing is known about the woman except her name inscribed on the valentine, "Miss Louisa Olivia Hunter."

The poem, dated February 14, 1847:

"Though I turn, I fly not—
  I can not depart:
I would try, but try not
  To release my heart.
And my hopes are dying
  While, on dreams relying,
I am spelled by art.

"Thus the bright snake coiling
  'Neath the forest tree
Wins the bird, beguiling,
  To come down and see.
Like that bird the lover
  Round his fate will hover
Till the blow is over
  And he sinks—like me."

NEW SALEM A SHRINE TO LINCOLN

By Earle W. Gage

Our modern universities cover many acres of land, boast of towering structures valued at millions and employ an army of instructors. Yet, in the crude one-room log-cabin, now preserved as one of America's patriotic shrines, one may gaze upon the now famous "fire-lit home college" of Abraham Lincoln. Here, gleaning the truth from the classics, the Emancipator-to-be passed the formative years which were destined to prepare him to play a gallant role in one of the greatest dramas in human history, writing his name foremost among the great.

Into this little Illinois cabin was born that mastery of English that later thrilled a nation into action and contributed permanently to our literature. Thousands of tourists troop to this shrine from all parts of the globe, view the scenes of Lincoln's young manhood, become intimately acquainted with the atmosphere he breathed, leaving with the feeling that the enigma of his greatness is less difficult to solve.

Unique among shrines erected to the memory of loved leaders is New Salem, a personless town, ghostlike structures lining the street. The visitor is alone save for impressive memories, since no one resides in the re-created extinct town.

The replica of old Salem has an especial appeal as the anniversary of Lincoln's birth draws near. It is surrounded by scenic grandeur, even in dead winter, that imposes silence and soberness, even devoid of the innumerable sacred associations.

A quarter of a century ago Illinois lovers of Lincoln discovered the abandoned settlement of old Salem going to ruin. Although no attention had been paid to the rude log-cabin structures for more than fifty years, save by visits of passing tramps who sought shelter under the leaky roofs, the cabins were found in a fair state of preservation.

The committee found it possible to rebuild the structures and dedicate New Salem to the memory of Lincoln. Decayed logs were replaced, roofs patched, the grass cut, that present and future generations might visualize the scenes of Lincoln's early life. Standing on the veranda of the new museum erected by the State of Illinois, on the bluff upon which the old settlement stood, the visitor looks over a fertile valley. The suggestion is of incomparable peace. In the distance appear gently rolling hills, while nearer, framing the vista on the right and left, are lofty bluffs, as densely wooded as they were in Lincoln's time.

Yet the scene that today greets the eye is far different from that which Lincoln gazed upon when he first visited New Salem iin 1833. Then there was activity and life. The hum of the spinning wheel was heard in log cabins which now are silent. Then ox carts came and went with their loads from the farms or with products from the general store or mill. A primitive citizenry engaged in their humble

and prosaic occupations, little dreaming of the immortal fame that was to come to the clerk in the single center of trade and who was the champion wrestler and courtier of Ann Rutledge, fairest flower of the settlement.

The Henry Onsott cabin is well preserved and nearby is the famous Rutledge cabin, wherein resided the family with whom young Lincoln boarded for five years, between 1832 and 1837. At the left of the hill stands the old McNamer store, a "leading mercantile establishment" back in 1833. The right room was used by the firm of Berry & Lincoln, grocers and general merchants, and here Abe told some of those now famous yarns.

To those accustomed to modern architecture, these old cabins appear as barn-like structures, yet they are all in a good state of preservation. Those responsible for their re-creation and preservation, caused them to rise from historical ground. These "clearings" were continually the scene of Indian warfare. Many modern buildings would soon fall before the terrible onslaughts these cabins withstood. The Rutledge log cabin, for example, was superior to the average American home of pioneer settlements of the Middle West. Aside from providing a comfortable habitation for the large family, it became a popular center and inn to those who followed the wilderness trails. Beside its hospitable fireplace were entertained many famous trail-blazers, whose names are now inscribed in bold letters in the history of the Winning of the West."

These pigmy log cabins, scarcely larger than the living room of many a modern abode, give the visitor a new appreciation of the comforts and conveniences enjoyed by modern homemakers. In the Lincoln Museum we may see the primitive utensils of the home and farm. There are innumerable memorials of Lincoln and his period.

The family Bible of the Rutledges is the most sacred relic of all. The yellowed pages show the birth and death records of Ann, Lincoln's first love, to whom he was betrothed. Her untimely passing brought the melancholy tinge to his face that in succeeding years was never missing. A stately monument of granite marks her grave in Oakland Cemetery, Petersburg.

In the Henry Onsott cabin, where young Lincoln toiled in the copper shop by day and saved plentiful heaps of shavings to burn in the fireplace at night, we may see the same old fireplace that provided him with the feeble light to read the books of classic literature, law and the Bible, which gave him a marvelous mind. Serving both as a place of industry and a home, and substantially constructed, this cabin was found in a good state of preservation, even to the crude chimney and fireplace.

The location of New Salem is at a point where the Sangamon River, winding its way from the southeast, turns sharply westward in its course, and striking a high bluff, turns abruptly north. The high bluff extends north and south for about a third of a mile, with a ridge

extending westward from the center, giving the impression of a letter "T." On either side of the bluff is a small brook that empties into the river. On this location John Cameron and James Rutledge, in 1828 and 1829, had R. S. Harrison survey and lay out the town of New Salem.

Cameron from Georgia and Rutledge from South Carolina, were both millwrights. They threw a dam across the Sangamon and settlers began to come from Kentucky, Georgia, and the Carolinas. During February, 1830, when Lincoln was twenty-one, his father, Thomas, his step-mother, and the family of Dennis Hanks, settled on the north fork of the Sangamon, ten miles to the southwest of Decatur, Ill.

As the spring freshet was running, in April, 1831, the tall young Lincoln, with his helpers, were endeavoring to dislodge a flatboat from the Salem dam. As the villagers flocked down from the shops and stores to watch and lend a hand, that the craft might continue on its way to New Orleans, Lincoln first became acquainted with the townsmen he was later to join. From the Sangamon into the Illinois, thence into the Mississippi and to the famous Gulf port, Lincoln was enroute to that now-famous auction of slaves, at which time he reached the conclusion which was later to change the lives of so many.

Returning from the south, Lincoln advised his father that he thought it time that he make his own way in the world, with which idea his parent quickly agreed. In July he went to New Salem, where, to use his own words, he "stopped indefinitely, and for the first time, as it were, by himself." Now the settlement boasted twenty-five buildings and more than one hundred inhabitants; it had a tannery and a stone quarry; it made boots and shoes and hats and furniture, kegs and barrels; it carded and spun wool, its tavern, operated by James Rutledge, was a famous inn.

Here for the next six years, until 1837, lived young Lincoln, earned his keep as a storekeeper with Onsott, with William G. Green and with Berry, until he became an officeholder, his first public service. Here, it was that he pinned Jack Armstrong, town bully to the grass in a test of strength and skill now historic. Mrs. Hannah Armstrong, his foe's wife, was good to the young man, mended his clothes. In Civil War days Lincoln remembered her benefactions by discharging her son Duff from the army in response to her humble plea.

Lincoln studied grammar and mathematics under Mentor Graham, village school teacher; he became surveyor and postmaster of New Salem. In 1834 he was elected to the Illinois Legislature from the district. Here, in the court of Justice Bowling Green, he tried his first legal case. When the Blackhawk War opened in 1832, Lincoln marshalled a company and was elected captain.

Soon after Lincoln moved to Springfield, in 1837, the life seemed to go out of New Salem, due to the migration of immigrants to other parts of the country. The inhabitants scattered, mostly to Petersburg. Many of the people moved their log cbains, and when a few

years ago the committee re-created New Salem on the exact site of its historic origin, it became necessary to move crude log structures from half a dozen places.

Old-timers, still living, and their children, familiar with the scene of New Salem, assisted in placing the structures in the exact location, and here they are today, duplicates of the originals of Lincoln's day. Old-timers who have visited the shrine and who recall the region from memory and stories, testify to the fidelity of the reconstruction.

As the visitor passes along Main Street markers may be seen telling who formerly occupied the cabins and stores. The association has also built of native stones a memorial building that houses articles that belonged to Lincoln and his immediate associates.

Thus a town that passed into oblivion some eighty years ago has been re-created, the place where Lincoln lived and dreamed about his future has been reborn. The mute reminders of the hardships that were so stoically borne by the pioneers from the cultured sections of the East appear to have awakened from their Rip Van Winkle sleep.

Lacking the grandeur of Mount Vernon, New Salem is none the less the nation's shrine, a shrine of logs, perpetuating the simplicity and the poverty of Lincoln, teaching that the lowly may rise to honor.

HIGHER EDUCATION

"There are many who believe that the cost of higher education in North Carolina is too much. They claim that the state has done enough for its children when it puts them through high school, that any farther education, especially that dealing with research, scientific inquiry and professional training should be done at the expense of the individual. There are many privately endowed and supported colleges in the country where all these higher advantages can be secured, and the people are not taxed to maintain them."

It does appear to me that one of the greatest needs of North Carolina is vocational training in our high schools rather than teaching our young people for the various professions. There are few white collar professions today that are not overcrowded. In fact, it has almost come to the pass where a college graduate is not wanted, because there is no room for him in the various professions as we know them.

Some day we will realize that at least part of the population must live by the sweat of the face.—Gastonia Gazette.

FORWARD STANLY

(Charlotte Observer)

The establishment of a cheese factory at Albemarle, to be put into operation by early February, is a development to gratify every person interested in the economic development of the Carolinas. At the present time the people of the two Carolinas are hiring the farmers and cheese factories of Wisconsin and other states to manufacture for them approximately 20,000,000 lbs. of cheese per year. The fact that Albemarle and Stanly county are able to supply the milk necessary to make a cheese factory profitable is an evidence of the success of the co-operative efforts of the business men of Albemarle and the agricultural interests of the county, and of the splendid work which has been done in Stanly county over a period of years by an intelligent, hard-working county farm agent. It has not been many years since Stanly county was one of the half dozen or so poorest counties in North Carolina from an agricultural standpoint. Today it is one of the most outstandingly progressive agricultural counties in the state and there is probably less distress among the farmers of Stanly county than almost any county in North Carolina.

The chances are that a cheese factory will be due very largely to the work that has been done in the promotion of dairying and livestock activities in general by practical, intelligent county farm agents in Mecklenburg and adjacent counties from which milk will be drawn. Incidentally it is to remarked that here is one group of public servants in North Carolina who are working constructively and who are making and saving for the tax payers many, many times what their salaries amount to.

My trouble is like
  The winters's snow,
That comes in a blizzard,
  But will quickly go.

Though it chills my soul,
  It always ends
When exposed to love
  From the hearts of friends.

—Selected.

SOME EARLY SCHOOLS

(Selected)

One of the first laws passed in America in the interest of education was enacted by Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1647, and required all towns of 50 or more householders to appoint a teacher to instruct children to read and write. No special qualifications were set for teachers, and the pay was miserably small.

Even before this law was passed, Dedham, Mass., had a free school supported by taxation, the teacher receiving $66.80 a year. In most cases, however, the town paid a portion of the expense and the pupils made up the remainder through tuition fees. The record of one school shows that the tuition charge was 67 cents for three months.

Closely following Massachusetts, similar schools were established in the Connecticut colonies, and in 1657 the New Haven colonial court ordered that each town not already maintaining a school should open one and pay one-third of its expenses, the rest to be paid on a per capita basis by families served.

Plymouth Colony later on provided school money by leasing its fisheries on the coast, thus raising about $150 a year. In New Amsterdam, now New York, the first schools were supported by the West India Company, but controlled by the Dutch Reformed Church.

There were also "dame schools," taught by women in their homes, these teachers receiving as little as 10 shillings, or $1.67 a year. In 1682 the salary of President Rogers, of Harvard University, was fixed at $516 a year, one-third of which was paid in provisions or other goods.

In the early elementary schools only reading, writing and the Bible were taught, those who desired to learn arithmetic being obliged to resort to a special "ciphering master."

THE DESCENDANTS OF MARTIN LUTHER

Dr. Otto Sartorius, the well-known historian, writes in the Deutsches Pfarrerblatt, that at the present time there are 646 descendants of Martin Luther still alive, but that none of these bears the name of Luther. The last descendant who bore the name of Luther was the jurist, Martin Gottlieb Luther, who died unmarried in Dresden in 1759. Of the 646 still living several descend from Margaret Luther, the daughter of Luther who married Herr von Kunheim and from the two granddaughters of Luther, children of his son, Dr. Paul Luther. Among these are found 180 different family names. The most of these live in Thuringia and Saxony, while the others are scattered over the whole world.—N. L. C. Bulletin.

HOME SWEET HOME

By Ethel Thiel Rugh

"I'm getting tired of school and studying all the time," declared Donald Lanier, as he tossed a couple of books on the living room table. His sister, Janet, looked up, inquiringly.

"You're funny, Don. School has barely started; what's the matter? Haven't you gotten your schedule fixed yet?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, but I'd rather be doing something to make money. Seems like wasting time to learn what other people have done, and never get a chance to do anything myself," he answered, stretching himself out on the lounge-chair and scowling darkly.

"You'll have plenty of chance to do things, my son," Mother Lanier came into the room in time to hear Don's last remark. "There is something I'd like very much if you would at least start before supper time; that is to get the wheelbarrow and bring some of those dry leaves back by the garage, and mulch my rose bushes. I'm so anxious to keep them from freezing this winter."

"May I help him, Mother?" Janet asked. "I'd rather do that than anything else. Sarah can set the table, can't she?"

Mrs. Lanier consented, and her two older children went out for the tools, and were soon busy at the rose bushes. However, they did not get the work finished before supper was announced, so they went back to it again. Sarah and Tom were appointed to wash the dishes, and they were accompanying their work with a song that did not have so much musical value, but at least gave evidence that they were happy doing a task that is often considered distasteful. Mother and Father Lanier were sitting at a table in the sun parlor going over family accounts, when they heard voices outside.

"I'm sick and tired of being tied to apron strings," Don's voice, although not loud, carried distinctly. "I'll soon be sixteen years old, and you'd think I was a baby the way I'm treated around here. I think I'm old enough to have a little freedom."

"You've got as much freedom as I have," Janet answered quickly.

"It's different for a girl," replied Don. Not taking notice that his sister was about to make a scornful retort, he continued. "Ive been talking things over with Joe Mansfield, and he feels just like I do. A fellow just has to get out and make his own life."

"Donald Lanier," Janet exclaimed. "You know what mother and daddy said about you being with Joe Mansfield so much. His folks don't have a good name around this town."

"Well, there it is again," declared Donald. "I can't choose my own friends, or where I want to go or when."

"I know," said Janet sympathetically. She remembered a recent party that she had not been allowed to attend.

"You don't need to say anything to anybody," said Don, lowering his

voice, "but I'm going to leave home."

"Where are you going?" asked his sister, unbelievingly.

"First thing, I'm going home with Joe after school, tomorrow. Then we're going to set out Saturday morning. We'll likely get on a freight train some where along the line. Joe wants to hitch-hike, but someone we know might pick us up and ask a lot of foolish questions," answered Don.

"Yes, but where will you land, and what are you going to do?" Janet was always practical.

"Oh, we'll get to the city, and we can find something to do." Don's ideas were a bit vague.

Mr. and Mrs. Lanier exchanged glances over their account book.

"We can't let him go with Joe Mansfield; we know scarcely anything about the boy," Mrs. Lanier said in a low voice.

"Yes, let him go home with Joe. He'll learn some things first hand. I remember when I felt I knew more than my parents," replied Mr. Lanier.

"If he knew Uncle Ben might come tomorrow night, I'm sure he wouldn't want to go," mother said anxiously.

"Ben wrote not to tell the children, because he wasn't certain. Besides, that would only put off Don's lesson," her husband answered.

Outside, the planning was still in progress. Donald was boasting.

"And when I make my pile, I'll come back and buy you anything you want."

"You'll have to make a pile to get me everything I want," laughed Janet.

The following morning Mrs. Lanier found an overnight bag in Donald's clothes press, partly packed with some of his cherished belongings, but she said nothing about it. She found it hard to follow her husband's suggestions, even when she realized the wisdom of them.

There seemed to be a tension about the house that Friday. Janet was glad to start to school early, and Donald couldn't seem to find anything to do or say in the little time he was home. At the dinner table he mentioned the fact that Joe had asked him to go home with him and spend the night.

"Are you sure his folks won't mind?" Mrs. Lanier asked.

"Of course not," replied Donald. "You never care when I bring fellows here." He had not learned that all mothers are not alike.

When Joe whistled for him, he took his bag and started out the door, calling to those who might hear,

"So long, don't know when I'll be back." The fact that no one had opposed his going with Joe rather surprised him, and for some reason he had a guilty feeling as he went off with the only boy his folks had ever objected to having him make an intimate friend. Even then it was more a warning than an objection, because they had only met the boy once, but they had heard that Mr. Mansfield had a very bad reputation.

Uncle Ben, Mr. Lanier's brother, did come that evening. He was connected with a commercial aviation concern, and had traveled a great deal by airplane. In fact, he usual-

ly came by plane when he made his visits. Naturally, he was a wonderful hero in the eyes of his brother's children, especially the boys.

"Where is Don?" he asked, when they gathered around the supper table. Janet looked at her mother, but her father answered quickly.

"He went home with one of his friends for the night. He certainly will feel badly to have missed you."

"I can only be here a few hours now, but I expect to come back tomorrow afternoon, and spend Sunday with you," Uncle Ben announced.

"If I could only get word to Don tonight," thought Janet to herself. "But I don't know Joe's folks, whether they have a telephone or not. Maybe I ought to tell mother his plans, and have dad go after him." Yet she hesitated, because she had promised Donald not to tell a soul, and she knew he would not like it if she did.

That Saturday morning was one of the longest ones either Mrs. Lanier or Janet ever spent. They planned the housework, finished cleaning the rooms, and baked for the coming day. They talked of many things, but both were silent on the one subject that filled their minds so completely. They were both praying that by some chance Donald would come back home by noon. Janet hoped he had forgotten something he might consider necessary, and Mrs. Lanier was just praying for the safe return of her son.

When the family had been called to dinner, and Mr. Lanier was about to say grace, they heard quick footsteps on the gravel walk, and Donald burst into the house, his bag in hand.

"Just a minute, Dad, I'll be there," he cried, hastily washing his hands and face at the hall lavatory.

Mrs. Lanier breathed a prayer of relief and thanks, and Janet suddenly realized that her mother had known something of Don's intended plans.

"My, but it's good to be home again," said Don, as if he had been gone for a month or two instead of one night. Mr. Lanier smiled to himself and slyly winked at his wife as he served the food.

"You know the Mansfields never say grace at the table, and somehow it didn't seem right to just pitch in and eat," continued Don. "And such cooking!—"

"Donald you were a guest," his mother began.

"Oh, I didn't say anything out there, but I thought a plenty," he replied, hastily. "Everything we had for supper last night was too greasy, and I decided I wasn't very hungry this morning, so am I ready for some dinner!"

"Your mother is the best cook I've ever had the pleasure of meeting," Mr. Lanier stated, emphatically.

"Well, I guess I think that too," Don agreed, and continued telling of his recent experiences. "I sure do feel sorry for Joe; they just nag at him all the time. He never does enough work to suit them, even when he gets so tired he can scarcely study."

Janet was aching to ask her brother how it happened he had come home instead of going off with Joe to make their fortunes in the big world. But it seemed as though

Don had forgotten all about his boasts of the day before.

"Joe told me he isn't Mansfield's son, that he is an orphan, and they took him from a children's home when he was just a little fellow. He wants to be a lawyer, and good land! If I had to study like he does, why there isn't even a light for his room! He gets up as soon as it's beginning to get daylight, and reads." Don was so full of his subject that he could hardly eat. "Say Dad, do you suppose you could get him something to do nights, and Saturdays, and let him stay here?" I didn't say anything to him about it, but you know that room over the garage would make a swell den for the two of us, and then mother could have my room for that spare bedroom she's been wanting."

"We'll investigate that." answered Mr. Lanier. "It sounds possible, but maybe we'd have trouble with the Mansfields."

Mrs. Lanier had been thinking to herself,

"No wonder Joe wanted to leave home! He needs some mothering!"

"I don't believe Mansfield would do anything," Don answered his father's statement. "Joe thinks they would be glad to be rid of him, because he's too young to get a steady job, so he can't bring in much money. Besides, he thinks they are planning to leave here and go into bootlegging, and they're afraid he would tell on them."

"We surely must do something for him," declared Mrs. Lanier.

"By the way, is Uncle Ben in town?" asked Don. "I heard a plane last night, and it made me think of him. Then Eddie McCost was out past Joe's place this morning, and he said it landed in the field over by the schoolhouse. That's the big reasnon I hurried home this morning, as soon as I helped Joe with some work." Don glanced a bit guiltily at his sister.

"Yes, he came last night, but had to leave again in a couple of hours. He's over at Sheffield now on some business, but expects to be back here this afternoon," Mr. Lanier reported.

"And he's going to be here all day tomorrow," Tom added. "I'm going to ask him to take me up."

Several times during the remainder of the meal Donald glanced around the table at the different members of the family as if he were seeing them in a different way than he ever had before.

It was not long until Uncle Ben arrived, and during the conversation which followed, he announced,

"We are going to fix a permanent field and airport here. I'll be in charge of getting it under way, so I suppose I'll be around here quite a bit for a while."

"Hurray!" cried Tom, and the others, although not quite so expressive, made Uncle Ben realize a hearty welcome.

"And I'm going to need some help," he added as he looked at Donald. "Do you suppose you could find another young man about your size? I can use you both, beginning next week, and I rather think there will be steady work for after school hours and Saturdays. It will be a chance to learn something and earn a little, too."

"Oh boy! Do you mean that?"

cried Donald. "I know just the fellow you want, and he needs the work, too. Won't that fix things up fine?" he looked from his father to his mother.

"I'll say it's great to have a real family," Don grinned as he left the family circle to carry his bag upstairs.

As Janet and her mother worked in the kitchen washing the dishes, they heard Don in the room above, whistling the strains of "Home Sweet Home."

When Andrew Jackson had become a successful man and President of the United States, he reviewed the early events of his life. He told how, at fifteen, he inherited nearly two thousand dollars. But he spent unwisely and soon it was gone. Without home, friends or money, he faced the world. This is what he said about himself: "The memory of my mother and her teachings were, after all, the only capital I had to start life with, and on that capital I have made my way."

A New England lad, at the age of nine, was compelled to go out and start earning a living. He had no money, either, but his mother gave him one piece of advice, which he took with him. "Always act on principle," she said to him. By living according to that motto he was able to win success in business and to give thousands of dollars away to charity.

When people speak of capital most folks think of money right away. But there is a capital which is worth more than money. These two boys had home training that was more precious than gold to them.

Statistics show that eighty-five per cent of all the men and women who have become leaders in the field of science, industry and the professions, were trained in Christian homes. The real qualities of leadership are found in this direction.

—Exchange.

PROSPERITY MUST START ON THE FARM

(Selected)

The quickest way to break the back of depression is to restore the buying power of the farmer. If this one thing is done a cycle of improved business will result, reaching into all other fields of endeavor.

The reconstruction of our distress must start at the bottom, not at the top, if we are to overthrow our business lethargy within a reasonable time. Farming communities are without buying power, merchants stocks are low, trade is at a low ebb, creidt is tight and naturally so because of low priced commodities. Communities, such as ours, will not regain their purchasing power until prices of farm products are boosted.

When the farmer cannot buy, the manufacturer does not operate, his employees do not work and so the cycle of unemployment and business listlessness goes on in metropolitan centers. When the farmer buys, the merchant moves his goods and re-stocks his shelves from the manufacturer. Then the wheels start to turn.

So far we have witnessed a congress devoting its time to beer. And its time was wasted in this session. The important thing is not beer, it is business—the business of putting the farmer back on his feet. The froth on beer discloses no prosperity.

But take hope. Just now there is indication that congress intends to take up farm relief. The Domestic Allotment plan is coming up for consideration. There are arguments in favor and against it but we have reached the point where it behooves us to try something new. If it fails we will be no worse off than we were; if it succeeds we are ahead.

The allotment plan looks to improving the price on several farm commodities. It could be put into operation within a short time and improve the farmers' purchasing power at once. That done the farmer would be a good spender. He needs things; we all need something or other. The manufacturer would soon feel the results of our needs when the farm buying power is restored.

It wouldn't take much to start the cycle of business and industry on the upgrade if buying power were in the right place but until the wealth that comes out of the soil is recognized there will be no buying power and no prosperity. Better days will come to all when corn and hogs are put on a pinnacle of respect, not before.

"Cheerfulness in the morning tends to brighten the whole day for yourself and others, and to lighten every burden."

—Selected.

THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Jean Halifax

Such a poor little cabin as that was on the banks of a small stream in Kentucky, where Thomas and Nancy Lincoln lived!

But the baby boy that came to them one Sunday in February, more than a hundred years ago, grew up to be our beloved and honored President, Abraham Lincoln.

Bears and panthers growled and prowled around that lonely hut in the woods. For that part of Kentucky was a wilderness then. Settlers' cabins in 'the clearings" were few and far between.

Little Abraham's father could not read or write. But his mother was a fine woman, and, busy as she was, she found time to teach little Abraham and his sister Sarah to read and spell.

She made a deer-skin suit for her liittle boy. There were no stores, and the Lincolns had no money to spend, had there been stores.

Before Abraham was seven years old, the family moved to Indiana. The family had little to move, only some pots and pans, a little bedding and a few clothes.

They walked all the long ninety miles to the new home. They camped out every night. Little Abraham enjoyed that journey through the forest. It was full of adventure.

In Indiana the children had a chance to go to school for a little while. But, oh, how hard you would have thought it! For they had to walk eight miles, and had only cornbread to eat.

In all his life, Lincoln had only a year's schooling, counting all the days.

Little Abraham helped his father build the new cabin on Pigeon Creek in Indiana, and to make the rough furniture from the logs they cut in the woods.

What a little fellow to work so hard! He was a kindly, thoughtful, truthful boy, too.

He was very fond of reading. He had only three books, the Bible, "Æsop's Fables" and "Pilgrim's Progress." He knew these almost by heart.

When Abraham was only nine years old, his good mother died. How the lonely little fellow mourned for her!

By and by a loving, capable stepmother came to the forlorn cabin. She, too, loved little Abraham, and did all she could for him.

How proud his mother and his stepmother would have been of the man that poor little boy became, our beloved President Lincoln, "the greatest, wisest, noblest, truest man of the nineteenth century."

Here are some sentences for you to copy in your Lincoln booklet:

Lincoln was born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809.

His parents were poor, but his mother taught him to read, and did all that she could for him.

His stepmother loved him, and she, too, did all she could for him.

His home was a poor cabin on a scrubby hillside. But he never complained of his hard, dreary life.

He loved to read, and he studied

by himself, for he had little chance for schooling.

He was a tall man and not handsome. But he was so simple, kindly, sunny and truthful that every one loved him. And he was so noble, true, eloquent and able that no one could help admiring him.

He was a chore-boy, rail-splitter, clerk, storekeeper, soldier, postmaster, lawyer, representative to Congress, and at last, our loved and world-honored President.

When he died the whole world mourned him. And year by year we realize more and more his nobility and his greatness.

"His is a story, boys and girls of America, that you can never know too well, for it tells you how the poorest boy can reach the highest power, through ways more wonderful and by paths more difficult than were ever trod by hero in wonder story or prince in fairy tale."

IMPORTANCE OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES

One of the striking features of the long depression is the heavy increase in the use of public libraries in every part of the land. Thousands with time on their hands are turning to the libraries for books as never before. They cannot afford to buy books, they do want to read, and the libraries are coming to be appreciated as they were not appreciated in normal times.

Unfortunately, the financial support of the libraries has had to be reduced just at the moment when the tax upon their facilities has become greatest. They lack money in many instances for the purchase of new books and they are understaffed for the work that is now expected of them. The cheerfulness with which they have assumed the added burdens imposed upon them, not only without extra funds but generally with reduced funds, is remarkable.

It is, as the Houston Post says, "worth a good deal to aid people in keeping their minds profitably employed when there is no work for their hands to do." The public library was never so useful an institution as it is today. Those whose responsibility it is to try and keep the social fabric from wearing through under the strain to which it is being subjected will do well to inform themselves as to the part the library is playing in the present situation and be governed accordingly.—Asheville Citizen.

BI-CENTENNIAL OF FAMOUS CLOCK-MAKER CELEBRATED

By Mary Carolyn McKee

Nearly two hundred years ago, an eight-year-old boy sat under the great tress of his father's yard near Norristown, Pennsylvania, whittling a pice of wood with his jack-knife.

When his tiny hands had completed their work, it was discovered that he had made a small water mill that was a clever copy of the quaint mills then at work on the Schuylkill and the Delaware. And not only was it a clever model, but a workable one!

The small carver whose unusual ingenuity was apparent at such a youthful age was David Rittenhouse, the two hundreth anniversary of whose birth was celebrated in 1932. Later as a clock maker and astronomer, he became one of the most interesting men of Colonial times.

Young Rittenhouse was only twelve when his uncle bequeathed him some tools and scientific books, but for four or five years he had been experimenting with mechanical devices.

Instead of taking his mathematics and geometry as regular routine tasks, his imagination was fascinated by the involved calculations, and the elder Rittenhous often found his fences and barn door covered with figures.

By the time David had reached his late teens, he had constructed a clock of wood, and had set up a small workshop in one corner of his father's farm.

It was a glorious period for the young clock maker up, for life on the great estates around Philadelphia was basking in the glow of a golden age. Stately mansions were builded and filled with the fine furniture that reflected the taste of their cultured owners. And David Rittenhous designed clocks that were proud companions for the furniture of the day.

The tall grandfather clock was most in vogue for the better-class homes. In humbler ones, hour glasses and sun dials were still the popular ways of telling time.

In those far-off days, clock-making required a certain amount of scientific knowledge since a timepiece often indicated the days of the month, the year and the phases of the moon. Some of the Rittenhouse clocks showed the movements of the planets and the difference between sun time and meridian time.

The clock which is probably considered his finest is owned by the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia. It shows, in addition to the clockwork on its face, a tniy planetarium, with balls representing the sun, earth, moon and other constellations.

Along about the age of thirty-six, Rittenhous became actively interested in astronomy and built for himself the first observatory in this country. Later he prepared two planetariums which were sold to Princeton University and the University of Pennsylvania. They were

remarkable for their accuracy.

When Rittenhouse died in 1796 in Philadelphia, he was the president of the American Philosophical Sociiety and a member of the Royal Society of London. He had laso been director of the United States Mint and was a Professor of Astronomy.

However, through his entire life, he had been interested in clocks, and Rittenhouse clocks are today the most highly prized of any made during the picturesque Colonial period.

O DUKE, ALMA MATER

A Song, which may be sung to the old Scotch air,
"Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

(Dedicated to One Beloved of the Generations, Robert Lee Flowers. Words by Robert Lee Durham of the Class of 1891).

O Duke, Alma Mater, how restful thy shades,
Thy green woodland coverts, thy warm sun-lit glades;
The Good Earth enrobes thee with life ever new,
In beauty presents thee to Heaven's gold and blue;
In majesty's grace roll thy wide boulevards;
The strength of the hills forms thy ingles and yards:
O Duke, Alma Mater, in age—as in youth—
May God hold thee steadfast in courage and truth.

O Duke, Alma Mater, the Beauty and Grace
And strength of Thy Spirit illumine thy face;
In long generations thy children will come,
To love and to trust thee, and follow thee home
From bondage in darkness to Lands of Desire—
Thy Mother-Soul leading, a Pillar of Fire:
O Duke, Alma Mater, in age—as in youth—
May God hold thee steadfast in courage and truth.

—Selected.

HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY

ROOM NO. 1

—A—

Howard Boaz, Clarence Helms, Thomas Hayden, Clarence McPherson, Earl Neal, Troy Thompson and Richard Whitener.

—B—

James Modlin, Spencer Yow, Marshall Hollifield and Homer Smith.

ROOM NO. 2

—A—

Ernest Munger, Ernest Greer, Robert Jernigan, Thomas Osteen and Sam Wilson.

—B—

William Arnold, Lloyd Long, Troy McPherson, Harvard Winn, Shannon Broom, Randolph Elliott, Marshall Hawkins, R. B. McDonald, Leroy Shields, Arthur Wingler, Jesse Whitman and David White.

ROOM NO. 3

—A—

Amos Bell, Albert Crepps and Bill Jackson.

—B—

Robert Hill, Thurman Lockamy and Mell Russ.

ROOM NO. 4

—A—

Eddie Lockamy, Robert Worthington, Lloyd Wrenn and Wm. Mills.

—B—

Roy Gregory, L. T. Hartsell, Billie Justice, John Kelley, Woodrow Myers, Lloyd Pleasant, Albert Price, Daniel Rhyne, Kenneth Shoemaker, Hassell Shropshire, Lewis Smith, Marvin Watts, B. T. Ransom, Richard Burleson, William Byrd,, Ralph Calhoun, Arthur Chatham, Samuel Chunn, Lewis Crabtree, Rick Dalton, Sam Mangum, Bobbie Poole, William Roberts and Walter Sluder.

ROOM NO. 5

—A—

Wallace Anders, Robert Alexander, Clarence Ashburn, Allen Barrett, Monroe Denham, James Fox, Edward Fisher, John Owens, Lee Pearce and Thomas Welch.

—B—

Clifford Bowers, Walter Beaver, Billie Craven, Fleming Collins, Wm. McDade, Claude McLaughlin, Raymond Nance, Benjamin Overby and Charles Smith.

ROOM NO. 6

—A—

Bill Barrett, Wm. Barber, Sammie Belk, Jereldia Blackwood, Carl Everett, Warren Holleman, James Kelley, Harding Medlin and Charles Mounce.

—B—

Ernest Anderson, Femas Butler, Walter Campbell and Wm. Hames.

ROOM NO. 7

—A—

Charles Heffner, Lloyd Pettus, Howard Rice, John Walsh, Clyde Young, Fred Vereen and Lewis Janey.

—B—

Marvin Chappell, Lonnie Holleman, Gilbert Murray, Richard Sullivan and William Young.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have just finished repairing a number of chairs used by the boys in the cottages.

—o—

The boys on the main work force have been busily engaged for several days shelling peanuts for planting. We are told that several bushels have been shelled. These are the large red peanuts and are of extra fine quality.

—o—

Eight boys have been paroled since the last report appeared in this column, January 14th. To these boys who, by reason of their good record at the institution, have been permitted to return to their homes, we tender herewith our best wishes for success.

—o—

Mr. William M. Crook, a member of our teaching staff, who has been appoined custodian of the King's Daughters Library, recently installed at the schol, has been spending several days classifying and cataloging the several hundred books now on hand. These books were recently donated through the efforts of the King's Daughters. Miss Elizabeth Black, Supervisor of the Concord City Schools, spent one day with us last week, directing the work preparatory to opening the library.

—o—

Last season our farm manager left the beans in one patch until the coming of frost, in order that they might attain their full maturity, when they were gathered and stored away. For several days past Mr. Presson and his Receiving Cottage boys have been shelling these beans, known as the Valentine seed beans. This is an extra fine variety of early seed beans and comes high during the Spring planting season, but with this supply as a starter, the expense of planting our crop this season will be very materially lessened.

—o—

Ramsey Glassgow, a former member of our printing class, called on us last Tuesday. After spending sixteen months at the Training School, he was paroled on July 25, 1928, returning to his home in Winston-Salem. A few months later Ramsey enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, and received an honorable discharge January 3, 1933. While in the Marines he was a member of the China Expeditionary Force from December 14, 1929 to March 22, 1932, participating in the defense of the International Settlement during the Sino-Japanese controversy. Service with the "devil-dogs" has developed Ramsey into a fine-looking chap, and in conversation with him one could readily see that he was proud of the record he had made while in Uncle Sam's service.

A man who is proud of his money has rarely anything else to be proud of.—Selected.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 18, 1933 No. 7

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

FORGIVING AND FORGETTING

Reminding another repeatedly of the wrong he has done you is a poor way to make your forgiveness of it appear complete. If you have gone so far as to wipe the slate clean, then it is best not to let even the shadow of the old wrong fall across its surface. To forgive is not only to cease holding a matter against another; it is also to forget it.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

TRAGEDY OF CHILDREN WHO LOSE PERMANENT TEETH

Dr. E. A. Branch, who directs the Dental Division of the State Board of Health, issues monthly a publication which he calls "Tooth News." It is devoted to a more or less personal account of the activities of his department. Every month, however, he has one or more pertinent paragraphs of general interest. We quote below a most arresting comment about the large number of children who continue to lose permanent teeth. Dr. Branch will send "Tooth News" to any one desiring it.

The comment follows:

"One of your dentists reports that last week he had to extract 130 teeth for children in the school where he was directing a Mouth Health Program. Fifty of these teeth belonged to the permanent set and could have been saved with the knowledge of prevention on the part of the parent and child.

"Can you imagine a worse tragedy than a child losing a permanent tooth, and some have to lose more than one. You can never buy a tooth. You may replace worn shoes, clothes, etc., but never buy a tooth. Good teeth must be made and require years of the best care and if lost through neglect or accident may be replaced by a substitute, but you can never buy a tooth."—Selected.

GOOD TEETH CONDUCIVE TO GOOD HEALTH

The relation between good teeth and good health is a very direct one. The mouth is the avenue through which many infections enter the body and the cleanliness and integrity of the mouth and gums do much to protect against germ invasion. Defective teeth in themselves lead to faulty mastication and this in turn may cause indigestion and faulty nutrition. A whole train of more serious ailments may be caused by defective teeth. Heart conditions, rheumatism, St. Vitus's dance, neuritis, and many other

conditions may sometimes be traced to teeth.

When asked the question, "What causes more evil than alcohol?" Sir William Osler's answer was "decayed teeth."

Now how may we have and keep good teeth? Views of the dental profession have undergone a slight revision and the emphasis now seems to rest upon the importance of diet in relation to sound teeth. From the prenatal period on through life tooth-building foods must be eaten freely if we would have healthy teeth. These are the foods containing much lime and phosphorus and Vitamins A, C, and D,—milk, cheese, butter, eggs, whole grains, fruits and vegetables. The young child needs these foods in abundance for tooth building. The adult needs them to keep the tooth structures already formed strong and resistant to decay. Milk and "pot likker" are two great foods for the teeth.

This does not mean, however, that the teaching of mouth cleanliness is out of date. The old slogan, "a clean tooth seldom decays", stills holds good. And the daily cleaning of the teeth should be supplemented by visits to your dentist twice a year for a checkup.

A decayed tooth should have attention at once. Decay which is allowed to go till the tooth is a hollow shell full of pus, possibly complicated by a gumboil, is a serious matter. Dr. E. A. Branch, of the State Department of Mouth Health Education, says that from one such tooth as much as a teaspoonful of pus may be absorbed into the system in a day. Early loss of one of the "baby teeth" through decay is bad enough, but loss of a permanent tooth should be avoided if possible.

* * * * * * * * * *

DENTAL CLINIC FOR JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

The boys of the Jackson Training School have again engaged the attention and interest of the members of the Stonewall Circle of King's Daughters. This time the circle members have decided to hold a dental clinic for the benefit of all the boys. The intention of the members is to engage a dentist so it will be possible to check up on the defective teeth of every boy. This is a splendid work, a valuable work, knowing that a healthy mouth

means a healthy body. The mouth is the only avenue through which the food supply can be furnished to the body. The heritage of every child is happiness, and nothing can make a person more miserable than germy teeth. We commend the King's Daughters of Concord for this thoughtful consideration for the future happiness of the boys. The King's Daughters are always rendering a service for the sake of humanity, and most especially are they interested in the Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE BOY SCOUTS

The Boy Scout movement was inaugurated February 10th, 1910, twenty three years ago. This organization has grown by leaps and bounds encircling the globe with a membership in seventy-three lands under forty-four flags. Its remarkable growth, both national and international, is indicative of its fine aims and purposes, "to make the man of tomorrow fit for citizenship and to throw around him in the formative stage those influences which gives tone and strength to character without which there can be no strong and dependable citizenry." That scouting develops and at the same time gives an impetus to serve whenever the occasion presents itself was proven a few days ago while passing on North Union street in Concord. At the intersection of North Union and Grove streets, two boys, handsome and of fine physique were passing. They stopped and carefully picked up a quart milk bottle, broken into pieces sufficiently large to play havoc with any car tire. The act was so magnanimous, and performed in such a manly way the writer was impressed sufficiently to ask: "are you Boy Scouts?" The boys proudly answered in the affirmative. It was just this act that awakened a latent interest in scouting, for in this age of increasing crime we commend any organization that inspires a sympathetic and tender interest for his fellow man. For really the spirit now is "I don't give a tinker." therefore, we need all the aid that can be mustered to develop true citizenship that was once acknowledged as true neighborliness. It is a pity, but true, that much of the training that once was inseparable from the home has now been passed up to the schools, supervised play grounds or some organization similar

to that of the Boy Scouts. This rather is an indictment of our home life, but the ideals and customs of the old homes no longer prevail, but instead the physical, moral as well as the intellectual training of our children today has been passed over to others. This one thought impresses the fact that teachers or leaders should be chosen with the same care that a minister of the gospel is called to lead a congregation. The morale of a teacher should take precedent over the certification if a discrimination is required. The child of tender age is as sensitive and as impressionable as the canvass under the touch of the master artist. To make a mistake in directing childhood perhaps means the loss of a human soul, or many more.

* * * * * * * * * * *

JUDGE JOHN M. OGLESBY AS TEACHER

The Men's Bible Class of St. James Evangelical Lutheran Church, Concord, was most fortunate last Sunday to have as a teacher, one of Cabarrus county's most distinguished citizens, Judge John M. Oglesby. Judge Oglesby, as a jurist, is known throughout the state as a man who has the courage of his convictions and never fails to decry crime of any form regardless of class or clan. He is accepted as a representative layman and splendid Sunday school teacher in his church, showing an interest and earnestness that appeals. By experience he is thoroughly conversant with the weakness of mankind, this information combined with a love and knowledge of the Holy Word fits him for the high office entrusted to his charge.

The lesson theme for the morning was the "sower and the four kinds of soil" with the varied results, the parable that portrays four types of hearers of the Word. Before entering into the lesson Judge Oglesby expressed his regrets to the defiance of Sunday observance upon the part of many, declaring it would be a calamity for any country to have a universally accepted open Sunday. In his usual emphatic manner he made clear his position as a firm believer in the law that God established—"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work. The Sabbath is a day of rest." Judge Oglesby's interpretation of the lesson was clear, orthodox,

and impressive. The large and representative class showed by the attention given an appreciation of Judge Olgesby as teacher and citizen.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE QUESTION IS, WHAT TO DO?

It is suggestive that by calling the 48 governors of the states together at the White House, two days after the inauguration, the president-elect is deeply interested in conditions throughout the states. The idea is sufficient proof our next president does not intend to leave a stone unturned. There are some who think the conference will be of no avail. But others think just the opposite, thereby showing faith in a friendly get-together meeting of any kind for the specific purpose of studying conditions with a hope of finding out just now "what is best to do." Conferences though are good at any time, because by contact we get better acquainted and absorb many new view points.. We will abide our time to see who will prove to be the leader on this occasion. If there is a man who can offer a remedy for the world-wide stagnatiion of business the country is awaiting him with open arms. We are a strong believer in strong leadership, but in this instance the man who leads will have to show super-power to put over any proposition. Let us hope the meeting will not end with "marching up the hill and down again." Leadership is the keynote!

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Friendship is a chain of gold,
Shaped in God's all perfect mold,
Each link a smile, a laugh, a tear,
A grip of the hand, a word of cheer,
As steadfast as the ages roll
Binding closer soul to soul;
No matter how far, or heavy the load—
Sweet is the journey on Friendship's road."

—o—

The school of experience is one place where you can't play "hookey." Don't depend on "pull" when it is "push" you need.

—o—

How many aristocrats will be technocrats enough to raise a garden this spring?

—o—

Of course, something must be taxed to pay for extravagance, but it is too bad to begin on the children and the aged. Can't we find some other way?

—o—

We miss the truth many times by believing just what we want to believe and nothing else.

—o—

When more tax is added, the "forgotten man" will be surprised how suddenly he has been remembered.

—o—

It seems that everybody is getting worked up over the prospects of being one of the two hundred thousand who are going to get jobs on Mr. Roosevelt's repair work on the Tennessee watershed. What do you do to a watershed, anyway—shingle the thing, or white-wash it?

—o—

If technocracy turns out to be everything that everybody says it is it will be the greatest curiosity ever seen on this earth.

—o—

It is said that the "Intense activity of Vesuvius is viewed by Scientists with alarm." Well, well! And just to think I did not believe anythng was ever viewed with alarm except the tariff, the government bureaus, the farm question, the treasury deficit, and the foundation stones of the Republic. And then only once every four years.

—o—

A fellow writes me to know which is the correct way to say, "I went back and forth" or "I went forth and back." A crab could explain that better than I can. But I will venture to say that either one is correct, as it depends on your position. If you were standing close to and facing a wall you'd have to go back to get a start, and if you left home and forgot something of importance you'd go forth and then go back to get it. So the whole thing works either way, and I wouldn't lose any sleep which way it was so I was going.

—o—

A newspaper headline says "Famous Virgil Brand Collection of Coins Worth $5,000,000." This will cause people to look over their coin collection, if they have any. I look-

ed over mine and found I had a big copper of the mintage of 1797; another of those large cart wheels of 1848, and another of 1857; eagle penny of 1857; Liberty head copper of 1817; two Lincoln pennies of 1910; and a Buffalo nickel of 1915; and a plugged dime. It would seem, in spite of the great value of the Brand coins, that my collection is worth far less than five million dollars. Blessed is he that hath little for he is not worried over it as much as he that hath much.

—o—

A man in Maryland, who did not like banks, hid his money in tin cans around his house. His house burned down and he didn't even find the cans. It is presumed that if he ever gets any more money he will probably get some sense with it.

—o—

It is said that Shakespeare never told the same story twice. That is not new in these latter days. Many court witnesses have records similar to that of Col. Shakespeare.

—o—

America wants to teach the world to disarm even though it has to buy them off. Meanwhile America furnishes arms and ammunition, and even finances to promote internal wars among other nations. There's something wrong about such proceedure that is not conducive to America's good name.

—o—

The people who are prating so about the government supporting them, and insist on borrowing from the government. will have apopletic attacks when they are asked to pay back R. F. C. loans, and find the government cannot go on indefinitely supporting one-tenth of its population. In all lending there is a pay-day ahead. Borrowing and debt do not pay bills.

—o—

The unusual is all the time bobbing up. Often heard of people getting tongue-lashings, but New York comes to the front with a new kind of punishment. Charles Risdell charged that his wife, not satisfied with using her tongue to "bless him out," threw her teeth at him, and hit him with a doll, when he censured her for keeping late hours. Trying to bite him by proxy, it seems. When women become human molars, to throw their teeth at a fellow, it is enough to put a man "down in the mouth."

—o—

Somebody is always asking questions. Guess that's the way to find out what you want to know. Now a fellow in the Chicago Tribune wants to know "whether or not the water on the bottom of the oceans is the same water that was there when the oceans were formed? In other words, does the water on the floor of the oceans ever rise to the surface?" I cannot tell him for I haven't been down to sea. He may have crossed the ocean, but as for me, I know a notion has crossed me.

The famous Liberty Bell arrived in Philadelphia from London in 1752 and in a test was cracked. It was twice recast and finally placed in the new State House in 1753.—Selected.

BALANCED AND UNBALANCED AGRICULTURE

A Comparison of Stanly and Anson Counties, Illustrating Balanced and Unbalanced Farming.

By C. W. Hunt

The most outstanding thing that has come to light in North Carolina in a decade to illustrate the soundness of old-time agriculture, (Plain farming, if you please), than what has been uncovered by the distribution of the Federal Relief funds to the states, and by the states to the counties; is that the records show that Stanly county has the smallest percentage of indigent of any county in the 100 in the state, while Anson county, lying along side, has the highest percentage of families needing help at this time.

These very facts, stated in the first paragraph above, open up a field for discussion that is as wide as the nation itself, and there can be few things calculated to do more to stimulate country life and agriculture as a whole, than to broadcast this knowledge to all the world. If the Department of Agriculture at Washington would have a bulletin printed, entitled "Balanced and Unbalanced Agriculture," describing conditions in the counties fifty years ago, then compare them with each other today, distinctly describing and explaining why the change in standing, it would be an object lesson as to why the decadence in agriculture, as well as demonstrate the need of a concerted move for the farm as the only safe haven for storm-tossed humanty. But back to the subject, Stanly and Anson counties.

Both of these counties are well watered. Stanly borders Rocky river on the south side and the Yadkin on the east, with numerous large creeks; while Anson borders Rocky river on the north and the Yadkin-Pee Dee down its east side. The soils are different in a large degree. Stanly is more rolling and has much of a rotten rock soil, porus, that dries up creeks in time of drought, but with rainfall produces great crops, and in recent years demonstration work has had a telling effect, in that lespedeza has shown what it can do and has been used. Anson county has had some good work on that line also, for it joins Union county, broadside, and Union is the home of lespedeza growing in the state.

Stanly county was for many years considered the veriest backwoods country in this section of the state, and was inhabited by a people who were as a whole, as poor as the county was considered, but these were largely home owners, and are still home owners who have improved with the progress of the state and the county in general. Forty to fifty years ago Albemarle was a village with not even a stopping-place for a traveling man, say in 1885, but by 1905 it had a railroad and

was the center of a territory that was doing a very large business. In that time the great cotton mills had come, developing a town and a business that was actually startling to those who formerly knew the crossroads place called Albemarle.

The farm population of the coun- had also seen the light and had kept pace but had never given up their raising, but held to the idea of farming to make a living. That very thing and the rule of the cotton mills to care for their help in the best manner possible, even in times of distress, tells the tale.

To further illustrate how the county of Stanly has progressed, a story is being told here as told by the late Joe H. Young, who was reared in the Concord section of Cabarrus. It was this: Concord was the trading center for many years, of all the western half of Stanly, and the trip to Concord from all that section was a laborious one. Stanly county was a kind of by-word to trading Concord. A wagon would drive into Concord with a mule hitched to one side of the tongue and an ox to the other side. When some merchant or merchant-runner would approach and inquire, "What are you loaded with?" the reply would come back: "Fruit and lumber." "What kind of fruit and lumber?" "Hoop-poles and persimmons," would be the reply. The idea for telling such a story was to heap derision on Stanly, and for the benefit of the benighted it is proper to state that hoop-poles are small saplings which are split and barrel hoops made from the halves. Every one knows how lowly the persimmon is. But given what other counties had had for generations, Stanly outstripped them all, and that without any blowhard newspaper to herald its greatness.

While Stanly was wrestling with all its backwoods name and state, Anson county was growing cotton. Her soil is a natural cotton soil, but would grow most any other crop as well. The writer has in his possession a five dollar state bank note of the "Bank of Wadesborough" and dated first of August 1860 and signed with a pen by H. Beverly, cashier, and H. S. Hammond, president. On its face to the left is the face of a beautiful child, in the center is a happy negro with a hamper basket of cotton, and to the right is a surveyor's scene. The supposition is the bank was founded on character, cotton and lands. The bill is now 72 years old and a splendid specimen of the engraver's art. That is given here to show that at the time Stanly was in the backwoods, Anson county was the scene of great plantations, splendid homes and slaves and civilization in keeping with wealth and culture.

The war between the states destroyed all that wealth, and many of those once wealthy farmers moved to town, but still held those great plantations and populated them with tenant farmers, whom they required to grow cotton, which when sold kept them in ease; so much so that Anson county became a one-crop section. Any one crop agriculture will wreck any county, state or nation. It all seems so easy and fine to grow one crop, sell it for money, then go buy with that money what should have been grown at

home, and which if grown, would have been a balanced agriculture which created something more to sell to those who grew one crop. But the one-crop farmer-landowner, resident or absentee landlord or tenant farmer ought to know by this time, and know it full well, the folly of growing cotton alone. If cotton was selling for fifty cents per pound it would be a poor policy not to farm to make a living first.

The above fully illustrates why Stanly county has the lowest percentage of needy, while Anson county, lying alongside, has the highest percentage of needy families. The great pity of it all is the fact that there is no organization that has the power or the intestinal stamina to change such a state by a process of elimination, a few at a time, until we can get back to the live-at-home base, which is the great secret of balanced agriculture.

EX-PRESIDENTS' JOBS

It is natural that many are speculating on what President Hoover will do when he leaves the presidency next March. Without venturing a guess on the subject, it may be interesting to mention what a few other ex-presidents did after leaving the White House.

Washington returned to his large Virginia plantation; Adams served as a member of a Massachusetts constitutional convention when he was 85 years old; Jefferson founded the University of Virginia and designed some of its early buildings.

John Quincy Adams served as a congressman from Massachusetts, while John Tyler espoused the Confederate cause and was a member of the provisional congress of the Confederate states. Andrew Johnson became a United States senator from Tennesee.

Grant became a partner in a banking and brokerage firm which failed, but he left his family in comfortable circumstances through the writing of his memoirs, completed only four days before his death from cancer.

The two ex-presidents whose lives after leaving the highest office afford the most striking contrast were Taft and Monroe. Taft served nearly ten years as chief justice, an office almost equal in dignity to the presidency itself; while Monroe, who was a poor man, was content to serve for several years in the humble capacity of justice of the peace in his home county in Virginia.—Reidsville Review.

TEETH A LURKING PLACE FOR DISEASE GERMS

(Health Bulletin)

In the "Hoosier" days a sound mind was the sole aim of the teacher, and the fact that the source of a strong mind is a strong, well developed body was entirely overlooked. So today it is not enough that our children read about life, but they must learn what they must do to live life, to live it fully, strongly and gloriously. Health is the very cornerstone of this kind of life. Parents, teachers, health workers, children and those interested in child welfare are pulling together toward the goal of perfect health for every child. The time has come when every cause or institution interested in children is emphasizing health. The first school nurse who entered the halls of our educational institutions was our child's first insurance toward sound health. Hence the importance of a health nurse for the schools.

We can have healthy bodies only when we have healthy mouths. The mouth is the gateway to the body. Water, food, drinks and a great deal of the air that we breathe must pass through it to enter the body. It is the only way by which we can take nourishment to supply our bodies with the necessary heat, fuel and energy. If bread and butter and vegetables could only speak how loudly would they express their horror of entering some of the mouths into which they must go. How important it is that we keep our bodies and especially our mouths clean and healthy. If the mouths of our graded school pupils are unclean, with every mouthful of food that is swallowed goes the germs that cause disease in the body. A majority of tonsil infection comes directly from decayed teeth. What chance have our children to live to the utmost with the menace of an unhealthy mouth to overcome? All the energy that they need to build strong bodies for the future is used at the present to overcome these invading disease germs. It is a constant battle. The heritage of childhood is happiness. No child can accept this heritage without perfect health.

Ruskin has observed that there are no children in Greek art, but that they abound in Christian art—an unmistakable token that it was the eye of Christ which first fully appreciated the attractiveness of childhood.—Selected.

RICKETS

(Health Bulletin)

Our first knowledge of rickets came to us from England about the early part of the 17th century, at which time it appeared in the south western part of England. During the latter part of the 15th century religious pictures painted by artists in Germany, in which children were used as models, portrayed unmistakable evidences of rickets, such as square heads, knock-knees, bow-legs, enlarged wrists and pot bellies. The geographical distribution of rickets conforms to the theory that the lack of sunlight is an important determining factor, since this disease is, for the most part, restricted to that part of the world north of latitude 40 degrees, and to the corresponding area south of the equator. The distribution is not uniform as we do occasionally find cases of rickets elsewhere. It is of interest to note, that, the children of India, because of poverty, are required to subsist on an inadequate diet. However, we find that these children remain free from rickets on account of the exposure to sunlight, rich with ultra-violet ray. Then too, rickets is found infrequently among Eskimo children who live in darkness during the greater part of the year. Their freedom from rickets is explained by the fact that the diet of the Eskimo child contains fats, oils and fish liver which are rich in the antirachitic substance. These protect them from this disease.

Recent studies indicate that both food and ultra-violet light are factors in preventing rickets and that where there is an abundance of the solar ultra-violet rays, even with a deficient diet, rickets seldom develops, which shows, in the last analysis, that the sun is of the greater importance in preventing this disease.

At the present time rickets is a milder disease in the United States than it was formerly, and cases with marked deformity are becoming rather rare.

Though rickets may begin earlier, it is rarely evident much before the third month of life, and the active process is usually over by the eighteenth month. In this country the more deeply pigmented dark-skinned races are the more susceptible to the disease.

Recent excavations in the ruins of Pompeii brought to light some skeletons upon which were found the jewels they had worn when life was snuffed out by the volcanic outburst of Vesuvius long ago.—Selected.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1732-1933

By Amos J. Traver

"Debunking" the memories of great leaders has been the delight, too often financially profitable, of many recent authors. There should be little credit for proving that national heroes were not perfect. If some legends have persisted about American leaders, it does no harm. It is natural that Washington, who played the leading part in the drama of the American Revolution, should be the subject of many stories like that of the cherry tree. Whether true or not they correctly picture the innate worth of the boy and the man. Circumstances play their part in the development of heroes. But heroes are ready when circumstances call for them.

It has been the special delight of the warriors for "personal liberty" to drink to play up Washington's use of liquor as an argument against the Eighteenth Amendment. Washington was a product of his time and it is not fair to draw conclusions as to his stand today on any personal right.

Two hundred years is a long time in human history and, thank God, the generations show progress in the standards by which men live. We have much that is desirable in the life of George Washington for our times. We must not permit our judgments to be warped. Add two hundred years' progress in human knowledge to the experience of Washington and he would be the man of the hour for 1933.

Lord Bryon in his "Ode to Napoleon" gives deserved tribute to the unselfishness of Washington. Speaking of the fall of the self-seeking Napoleon, he says:

"Thanks for the lesson it will teach
To after-warriors, more
Than high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks, never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those pagan things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great?
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable estate?
Yes, one, the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate.
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
To make man blush, there was but one!"

We should never forget that Washington could have been king. Many fellow leaders of the Revolution felt that a monarchy was the one way to a strong government and the respect of the nations of the world. Many friends coveted the added honor for Washington. No

other name was even whispered for royal honors. When Washington heard of the plot to make him king he set his foot upon the whole project in no uncertain way. Even the desertion of Benedict Arnold hardly grieved him more than the thought that his friends believed him capable of such desertion of his ideals of freedom.

How sadly we need the same unselfish leadership in our day. Economic depression with its trail of broken homes and hunger and misery becomes to many national leaders just another fortunate circumstance which they can turn to the advancement of their own position. The American people have lost confidence in their leaders because they believe they are in public life for what they can get out of it. Oh, for another Washington!

Washington was a sincere Christian. Even as a young man he wrote a series of prayers for morning and evening, and all his life he had famly prayers or held his own personal devotions when away from home. The picture of Washington on his knees at Valley Forge is known to every school child.. It is well supported by the testimony of the Quaker with whom he was living during this tragic winter. Every morning he went into the woods, coming back with face alight with new hope.. One day the Quaker followed him and brought back the picture of Washington on his knees. He was a vestryman in his home church and attended service every Sunday if possible. He knew and loved his Bible.

In a day when national leadership depends on the clever moves of diplomacy rather than on the frank adherence to principle, there is call for another Washington with his vital religious faith.

Said Charles Henry Fowler, "Courage made him great." Rather it was his greatness that made him courageous. The courage of Washington was not the result of reckless bravado. Many a little man has been brave in battle. Washington had to deal with too many such among his generals and statesmen. True courage is the outgrowth of an inner appreciation of that which is of most worth. He was a devotee of freedom. He believed God was back of the experiment in democracy which he was leading. He had committed himself and all his possessions to the ideal of independence. From the standpoint of human experience he was taking a most hazardous venture. He believed the cause was just and that God was on the side of justice. Therefore he was not afraid.

This kind of courage is a quality needed as never before in our day. It partakes of the courage of Christ. "Have no fear of those who kill the body, but cannot kill the soul." A great statesman is endowed with spiritual vision and a sense of spiritual values. Live or die, he will war for the right. This was the greatness of Washington.

This two hundreth and first anniversary of the birth of George Washington will be of real national worth if we can distinguish the qualities that made him great. We must learn to separate the policies and attitudes and habits of Wash-

ington that are a product of his day from those that are built on eternal principles. The new study of his life fostered by the nationaa\ celebration cf his birth should be a challenge to every American. Any leadership for today that merits confidence must be unseifish, brave and founded upon a conviction of God.

A HIGHWAY IN MEMORY OF WASHINGTON

By Earle W. Gage

The Mt. Vernon Memorial Highway, which Uncle Sam's engineers are thrusting through the country between the nation's capital city and the estate of George Washington, will not only be one of the world's finest highways, but a fitting reminder of the conspicuous role the "Father of His Country" played in establishing the new order in this hemisphere.

Penetrating one of the most historic sections of the United States, passing through community after community where were enacted those stirring dramas which resulted in freedom and independence; for fifteen miles the highway closely hugs the historic Potomac River. Here the founders of the nation struggled, demonstrating sacrifice and valor seldom surpassed, which ultimately achieved the establishment of our republic.

Leaving Washington by any one of several streets which converge toward the Potomac, where the new and beautiful Arlington Memorial Bridge spans the river, the tourist soon reaches the northern section of the new motorway. Arlington National Cemetery, overshadowed by the famous amphitheatre, is the sacred spot of the nation, wherein lies the remains of the heroes of all struggles. The Arlington Mansion is a fine example of colonial architecture, and closely resembles Jefferson's Monticello mansion.

Before the visitor has journeyed a great distance over the new roadway, he will be struck by the fact that is is entirely different from any highway he has seen. It has great width, compared with those famous highways built in memory of Lincoln and Roosevelt. It has a right-of-way two hundred feet broad, with the exception of that section which passes through Alexandria, which is forty feet wide to conform to the streets. There are two ten-foot shoulders on either side. In sections where conformation of ground was suitable, the engineers constructed two pavements, each twenty feet wide, providing one-way traffic arteries. Built at higher and lower levels, with the space between for parking, the dual-type

highway was not only less expensive to build, but provides the tourist many strikingly beautiful scenes impossible in a single roadway.

Between the Arlington Bridge and Alexandria, the highway has two levels near Abingdon House, birthplace of Nellie Custis, and again near Four-Mile-Run, and at points below Arlington. There are seven masonry bridges spanning the streams, each of which is monumental in design, harmonizing with the Arlington structure. Each carries a sixty-foot roadway, with a five-foot walk on each side. The cost of the Mt. Vernon highway and these bridges will exceed $4,500,000, which was appropriated by Congress as a part of the two hundreth anniversary of the birth of Washington, which was celebrated throughout the nation in 1932.

Near the end of the railway bridge which links Washington with the Virginia shore, we may plainly see Fort Runyon, a strong earthwork erected in 1851 to guard the head of the bridge. Soon we are skirting the base of Braddock Heights, the low hills upon which General Braddock's army was encamped in 1751, prior to undertaking that disastrous march against the French and Indians at Fort Duquesene, where Braddock was killed and his army saved from annihilation only because his young colonial aide, George Washington, demonstrated a genius which even his closest friends did not realize he possessed.

Soon we enter the city of Alexandria, Washington's "home town," and the place where he hoped to establish the nation's capital city. All his life Washington loved this place. As a youth he rode through its lanes and helped survey its streets and in manhood he dreamed that it might become the first city of the land. Had his wishes been fulfilled, this history-stamping ground would today be buried under the burden of modernization and public buildings cover many a romantic spot. It remains one of those border cities where the trimness of the north melts into the geniality of the south. Large aristocratic colonial mansions are elbowed by uncouth dwellings, each amiably tolerant of the other, and, rattling beside the modern sight-seeing motor bus, are strange equipage drawn by raw-boned horses and mules.

Lord Fairfax, with Lawrence Washington, half brother of George, was among the founders of Alexandria, and there are mementoes of the two families at every corner. The oldest dwelling is the Ramsay house, erected in 1751. Mrs. Ramsay was a Washington, and often entertained at dinner her cousin George and his wife Martha.

More pretentious than the Ramsay house is the Carlyle house, built by a Scotch merchant who married a Fairfax. It stands, it is said, on the foundations of an old fort built a few years after the coming of Captain John Smith in 1638. This house was one of the great social centers of Virginia. Here Washington, a young man, was introduced to General Braddock, and here, on the balcony overlooking the Potomac, he whispered sweet things to Sally Carey who, all unheeding, gave her love to a Fairfax. Jefferson, Franklin, John Paul Jones, Aaron Burr, often resorted here, and, in the

gloomy vaults of the celar, the Hessian soldiers were imprisoned before they were set to work paving the muddy streets with cobblestones which still remain.

The most noted of all the colonial landmarks is Gadby's Tavern, called, until 1792, City Tavern. Coaches started from its courtyard for Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and south for Williamsburg, Richmond, Charleston and New Orleans. Lafayette and Baron DeKalb stopped here on their way to join Washington's forces. They were having some little difficulty in ordering a relay of horses when a stranger, John Paul Jones, stepped forward and assisted them.

Before the arrival of General Braddock, in 1755, Washington had his headquarters here, recruited his first command and started out on his first expedition to confer with the French and Indians on the western border. From its steps he delivered an address to his neighbors before leaving for his first inauguration. Here, also, he attended the first public celebration of his own birthday, on February 22, 1798.

Washington was never above helping Alexandria in progress. When he was a trustee of the village he urged that it be kept clean, yet it was not until 1793 that hogs and geese were deprived of the freedom of the streets. He was very anxious that the public market be of excellent quality and sent vegetables from his own plantation at Mt. Vernon, insisting that the scales be of standard measure.

The old fire hall, erected in 1774, also was the scene of the volunteer fireman, George Washington's activities. He gave the company a fire engine, and, when quite well along in years, he jumped from his horse and joined forces at the hand-pumps, rebuking others who stood idly by and watched the flames consume the building. Alexandria was his post office and his voting place. Here he cast his last ballot, in November, 1799, less than a month before his death.

Although George Washington had few intimate friends, the people of Alexandria affectionately called him "the General." They were friends all his life, they formed the escort for his funeral, and said the last rites at his grave. Thus, the men and women, yes, the little children of this community, knew and loved Washington, as he did them. The modern visitor will find it a great pleasure to pass through the old houses and streets and realize that the wise leader of America here once lived.

Down on Duke Street is the house of Dr. James Craik, companion of Washington from his youth. He accompanied the colonel on his expedition to the Ohio Valley under orders from General Braddock, and in the Revolution he stood by in every battle. He dressed Lafayette's wounds, was with Mrs. Washington's son when he died after Yorktown, and he attended General Washington in his last illness. On Prince Street is the old home of Dr. Elisha Cullen Dick, a Quaker and a staunch friend. He officiated when Washington laid the cornerstone of the Capitol and presided at his funeral.

On Cameron Street is the old Lee house, home of that madcap, "Light

to a host of people.

Time, which marks so many changes in most communities, has truly treated Alexandria very kindly. It has preserved for those of this day, nearly one hundred and fifty years after the passing of the First President, many memorials just as they existed when he was alive. Here he founded the first free school in Virginia and the building is still used for school purposes. The old drug store, Leadbetter's, which he patronized, is still flourishing, as is the Alexandria Gazette, the oldest newspaper in the country, whiich recorded at the time of the passing of Washington that the sad news produced "dismay and consternation."

Old Christ Church was regularly attended by the Washington family. Sunday after Sunday the stately coach of George Washington stopped before this edifice. The church was completed in 1773, and one may see in it the ptws purchased in that year by Washington for the sum of thirty-six pounds and ten shillings. You may also see the brass and crystal chandeliers presented to the church by the first President. It was here, after the sermon, on a Sunday morning in 1774, that Washington quietly but forcibly and boldly took the first step and openly advocated the withdrawal of American allegiance to King George.

After the seed of independence sown by Washington had borne fruit, he again attended a service here, and heard a sermon from the text, "Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children and peace upon Israel." At the present time this old historic church is in an excellent state of preservation, and one would not dream that it had survived the rigors of so many years of strife and peace.

Now we leave Alexandria behind, and continuing down the Mt. Vernon highway, the broad Potomac again comes to view, and a bridge spans the broad estuary of the Big Hunting Creek, at the head of which was built, during the Civil War, Fort Lyon, one of the principal defences of Washington. The red-brick building seen some distance up the stream is the old seminary, founded in Colonial times.

More plainly visible at the left is Jones Point, marked by a lighthouse. This was the southern corner of the original District of Columbia. Near the lighthouse is buried a marked cornerstone placed there with much ceremony by Washington and other founders of the Government; and it was proposed to erect here a magnificent monument. A mile farther on the position of Fort Foote on the oppcsite side of the Potomac is seen; and presently the ground rises to a higher level where, looking back, the Capitol building is visible, a dozen miles to the northeast.

Here, among the peach orchards, begins the Mt. Vernon estate, which in Washington's day contained about 8,000 acres of land, stretching for some ten miles along the river front, and far inland. Just below Belmont is seen, some distance to the left, the white house in which dwelt Colonel Tobia Lear, Washington's secretary. The half-ruined barn, somewhat removed from the house, dates back to the early history of the property.

Now the highway closely hugs the Potomac, forming a giant horse-shoe-shaped form, as the flags of Fort Washington and Fort Hunt come to view. Turning westward, and following the river banks, we continue on through beautiful fields, with pleasant outlocks all around, with the river ever beside us to the south. Crossing another estuary of the river, shaded by towering trees, we enter the portals of the Mt. Vernon grounds.

These lands were a portion of an extensive grant made to John Washington, the first of the family who came to America in 1656, and they descended fortuitously, in 1752, to George, then hardly more than a lad. He married Martha in 1759, and continued to develop and beautify the estate until the breaking out of the Revolution, when the ability he had demonstrated in the Virginia militia called him to the service of the struggling Colonies.

To Mt. Vernon he returned after he had laid his sword aside for more peaceful pursuits, and here he hoped to spend the last days of his life in a tranquil manner, following farming, which he so loved. But he was again forced to obey the call of his people, and to his grief, quit the beloved estate to become the first President.

Finally, in 1797, the great commander was released from the cares of government, and enabled to retire, to pass, as he hoped, many quiet and enjoyable years upon his plantation. But only two years were vouchsafed him, for on December 14, 1799, he passed away of membranous croup, following an exposure in a storm. Here he was buried, and the Washington family declined to accept the subsequent invitation of Congress to transfer the immortal remains to the undercroft of the Capitol.

For sixteen years Washington cultivated his great farm and lived the usual life of a Virginia planter of that day. He had no ambition for public life after his term of service in the Virginia Legislature had expired, and was content with the pursuit of agriculture and the social pleasures of a country gentleman.

The approach to Mt. Vernon, by the new highway route, impresses the visitor wiith the sightliness of the situation and the dignity of the mansion, which shines among the trees from an elevation of one hundred fifty feet above the river.

In the summer Mt. Vernon is a mass of foliage to the very edge of the Potomac. It has a great growth of ancient trees and luxuriant undergrowth. Like all the region in which it is located, it is thickly wooded, and from the river has an exceedingly picturesque appearance. The mansion is very nearly concealed by the trees surrounding it. There is only one place as the visitor approaches it from the north, where it can be seen at all. Approaching it from the south nothing of it can be seen save a small part of the roof. From the south the river curves directly to the estate. Until you get within a short distance of the estate, a high jutting bank hides it from view. Then, as the bank passes, the estate comes boldly and suddenly to view, and presents a most beautiful and striking picture.

Truly, here is America's great

Horse" Harry Lee. Here his two illustrious sons were born and reared, Robert E. and Sydney Smith Lee. Truly, this dwelling is a shrine shrine, and one of her most beautiful estates, preserved in its natural grandeur. Slight wonder that millions visit Mt. Vernon each year.

WHAT DO YOU SEE?

(Selected)

Someone suggested the other day that we begin to make a note of all the cheering things which we saw, things which made us know that there are kind, helpful, thoughtful happy people all about us. Here is part of my list:

A big policeman stood in the midst of a traffic jam. His face was kind and serene. His voice was quiet as he spoke to a little girl. Then, taking her by the hand, he led her safely to the sidewalk.

A boy and his dog were playing in a rough and tumble way on the lawn. In the tumbling the boy stepped on Spot's foot. Quick as a flash he was down on his knees with his arms around Spot's neck soothing the bruised paw.

At the end of a busy day an operator at the switchboard answered pleasantly for the third time that the outside line was still busy. She added in the same even tone of voice, "I'll call you as soon as you can get the line."

A little boy and an old man were walking hand in hand up and down the pavement. The boy, vivacious and full of life, was skipping along. The old man was walking slowly. Yet they were hand in hand. The boy was looking up into the old man's face, laughing, teasing, happy. The old man was looking down into the youngster's face, laughing and teasing back. Back and forth, back and forth they went, the old and the young yet perfectly congenial. It was sweet to see!

A father, mother, two brothers and a grandfather, taking an afternoon off, were going to the woods together. In the back of an old rattling car there was a lunch basket, some kindling wood and some old blankets. Tied on the outside of the car there were several fishing poles. What a good time they were going to have! You could see on their faces what the boys were expecting.

The boy who brings the paper—always courteous, always pleasant, always grateful. Perhaps it is just good business. But it is a very pleasant way to do good business.

These and many other similar incidents make one know how many right-thinking, honest, fair-minded people there are all about us. Such things inspire one to unselfishness.

Don't let ambition kill your scruples.—Exchange.

LINCOLN: TYPICAL AMERICAN

By Raymond W. Settle

With the passage of the years it is being slowly borne in upon the American mind that Abraham Lincoln was more than a statesman or political leader; more than a transient personality thrown up by fortuitous circumstances. He is the typical American; an individual citizen who embodies within himself those characteristics which distinguish the true American from everyone else in the world.

The mode of life and thought which pertained in America subsequent to the War of the Revolution and prior to the Civil War was of a kind which was conducive to the production of peculiar characteristics. Cultural communication with Europe was haphazard at best, even along the seaboard, while in those remote regions west of the Alleghanies it was practically unknown. The stream of immigration, which was to rise to a veritable flood in later years, was then no more than an insignificant rill which dissipated itself along the Atlantic coast. Those far western communities, tentacles of an outflowing civilization, were untouched by whatever foreign influence might have been felt in the older settlements.

Naturally, the ideas and ideals which gripped and animated the settlers of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana were indigenous and not imported. It is true that the elements of old New England Puritanism still existed among them, but they had been so changed in passing through generation after generation of frontier life that they were scarcely recognizable. Furthermore, those self-same elements were never typically European. They represented the ideals of a small group, some of whose members emigrated to America to develop a type of thought and society peculiar to themselves.

Added to all this is the fact that Lincoln's ancestors were to be found among those hardy, irrepressible spirits who threw off the restraints of highly developed society with impatient ease. For generations they had contrived to keep just ahead of the "settlements." A lonely cabin beside some stream where a visitor was a rarity was more to their liking than a comfortable house on a village street or beside some well-traveled highway. Their isolation and native independence constituted not only an effective barrier to foreign culture but also a media for the development of individualistic tendencies.

Lincoln was born and reared in an atmosphere and an environment which was almost one hundred per cent American. His early education was entirely within the field of those things relating to his nation. What little history he learned was gleaned from hearsay and two books which recorded the lives of two famous Americans. They were Parson Weems' "Life of Washington," and a "Life of Henry Clay." In addition to these he read a local newspaper whose columns were mainly filled with news relating to people

and events close at hand. Long before he had opportunity to come in contact with things European his thinking was rooted in things American.

One of the chief factors in Lincoln's make-up was that thoroughly American quality of self-reliance. His people were accustomed to shift for themselves. If they required an article for household or farm use they either manufactured it themselves or had one of their neighbors do it. Each home was a self-sustaining unit. Food, clothing and shelter, the three prime necessities of mankind, were supplied by the efforts and ingenuity of the members of the family. It is therefore not to be wondered at that Lincoln was ingeniously self-reliant throughout his lifetime. He learned well the cruel lesson of independence and never forgot it.

While still a youth he exhibited that sturdy spirit of honesty and fair play which characterized the frontiersmen. They possessed so little of material wealth and were so dependent upon each other that this virtue was a necessity. The title "Honest Abe" was no misnomer when applied to him. He was the kind of a young man who could "pull fodder" for three days to pay for a damaged book or assume the whole burden of a debt incurred by himself and partner in an unlucky business venture at New Salem.

Early in life Lincoln adopted the habit of looking upon men and affairs from the individualistic point of veiw. Having been reared in a society which knew no false class distinctions he ardently believed all men were created free and equal. In his opinion government should be for and by the people as individuals. This habit of regarding people as individual human beings, each with a divine right to "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness no doubt had much to do with forming his attitude toward slavery. It also enabled him to gauge correctly political movements and shape his thoughts with prophet-like clarity. The people were not slow to comprehend this sympathetic spirit with the result that no man in American hisory was ever granted a greater measure of love and admiration by his own and subsequent generations.

With the passage of the years the American people are more clearly recognizing the fact that Lincoln embodied those virtues which are cherished by our nation. His utter lack of ostentation, simplicity of thought, rugged sense of justice and tenacity of purpose admirably qualify him for the unique place he holds in the hearts of his countrymen.

A clock's pendulum should be about thirty-nine inches long in order to beat seconds when it swings. Slight variations in length of the pendulum is necessary in different parts of the earth.—Selected.

"HONEST ABE"

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Abraham Lincoln failed—as a country storekeeper. With a partner he had bought a grocery store and had given his note. Perhaps he was too busy as deputy surveyor and as postmaster of that little frontier town of New Salem, Illinois. Perhaps he spent too much time reading good bocks and talking politics with his neighbors. Anyway, Abraham Lincoln failed.

The Trent brothers, Aleck and Bill, bought the store—fixtures, merchandise, and all—and gave their notes to Lincoln.

They failed, too, but first they sold out every dollar's worth of merchandise. Just before the notes were due, they quietly disappeared one moonless night along the newly-broken trails opening westward. The ways were little more than muddy tracks; there were no railroads, telephones, or telegraph wires to carry the news of their evasion. They were quickly lost in the confusion of a new country. They followed the custom of their time and place and were heard of no more.

But Abraham Lincoln, a business failure at 25, was far ahead of his time and place in business ethics. He had only the Trent's worthless paper to pay his own debts, incurred in the original purchase of the store and its stock. He was faced with a landslide of obligations and the choice between taking on an appalling load of debt, which would weigh him down for years to come, or of following in the footsteps of the Trent boys and simply fading out of sight and memory.

Abraham Lincoln, the failure, did not disappear. He settled down among the men to whom he owed the money, shouldered his burden, and patiently and laboriously went about earning, dollar by dollar, the money to pay it off.

By that one act, as much as by anything he did in his early life, he won the respect as well as the admiration of his neighbors. He laid the foundation stone of his reputation.

This was not an easy task for young Lincoln. He was fifteen years paying off the whole amount, including the high rate of interest then current. He used to refer to his burden cheerfully as the "national debt"; but it was not a laughing matter for a man who had no hope of earning money except by his daily work. Speaking of it once in later life he said:

"That debt was the greatest obstacle I have ever met in life; I had no way of speculating and could not earn money except by labor; and to earn by labor eleven hundred dollars, besides my living, seemed the work of a lifetime. There was, however, but one way. I went to the creditors and told them that if they would let me alone I would give them all I could earn over my living, as fast as I could earn it."

They did let him alone—all but one who brought suit against him and would have ruined his chances if a neighbor with faith in the young man had not come to his res-

cue. Judgment was brought against Lincoln. His horse, saddle, bridle, and surveying implements were sold at auction to pay the amount. They were bought in, however, by this friendly neighbor, who restored them to their owner. Lincoln never forgot this act of kindness and as soon as possible paid back, with interest, the money this friend in need had spent for him.

So with his horse and surveyor's chain Lincoln went about his heavy task. "Honest Abe," who in his storekeeping days would walk six miles to return six and a half cents change to a customer, established his reputation for character that enabled him to win a success and fame the like of which no American has ever surpassed.

Arguments are being put forward showing why the Jews should re-occupy the Holy Land. During the last decade large numbers of them have been emigrating thither. These, however were for the most part from southeastern Europe, and hardships led them to change their residence. The movement was financed chiefly with money from the United States, though few Jews were willing to leave these hospitable shores. But the situation is somewhat different now. Times are not so good here just now. Money is hard to get. Suffering has been experienced and the end is not yet.

This period of depression has accentuated the importance of the Zionist movement to American Jews and causes them to look with greater favor upon Palestine as a "living, breathing, national home," in whose opportunities they and their children may share. Many of them in the past three or four years, like Caleb and Joshua and their associates, have made a journey to the Near East to spy out the land, and they have brought back most encouraging reports. It would be a mistake to represent this movement as wholly economic in character. It has that aspect, but it is being fostered with the view to a restoration of the Jewish state and a revival of Jewish life. Whether a part of God's plan is being worked out in this way or not we can not say, but we may believe His eye is on the Jews, that race of destiny.—Young Folks.

BITS OF SHOE HISTORY

By Thelma E. J. Allinder

The sandal, the earliest and simplest shoe, was known by the most primitive races. The prehistoric man, no doubt, wore mats of woven grass, strips of hide or flat pieces of wood fastened by thongs over the toes or sometimes brought up between the toes and bound around the ankle.

The ancienut Egyptians wore sandals. The Hittites wore shoes, often with gaiters above to protect the ankle and calf of the leg.

In time more material was added to cover the foot either for decoration or for protection from the cold, and the sandal became the shoe.

The Greeks and Romans worked out a variety of decorative sandals. Some of the Roman styles approached the shoe form. In colder regions some of the first shoes were mere bags padded with grass and tied about the foot. Sometimes the skins of animals were made into moccasins or clumsy boots.

Modern footwear had its beginning in the Middle Ages. In the feudal days the craftsmen who fashioned the footwear for the castle lords or ladies were considered quite important personages. Substantial footwear was necessary in the cold climates. Persons who took part in the Crusades or went on long pilgrimages needed durable shoes. Furthermore, the barons and knights paid a great deal of attention to their appearance and to please them their craftsmen showed great individuality in working out a variety of slippers, shoes and boots. Some were made with and some without heels. Fashions ran to ridiculous extremes. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it was fashionable to wear long narrow-toed shoes; the higher the rank of the wearer, the longer the toes. High heels came into favor in the fifteenth century.

It is said that Louis XVI appeared in court wearing high wooden heels on his shoes. He was not a tall man and adopted this expedient to make himself regally impressive. The term French heel was applied to high heels and finally to a certain type of high heel.

Thus we see how our present day shoe has evolvel from the earliest forms. It is claimed by shoe manufacturers that foot covering antedates clothing or ornaments. There is, of course, no authentic record, but it does seem plausible, however that shoe covering is the oldest form of wearing apparel.

Oj,

Too many young people depend upon their father's money taking them through this world, and their mother's prayers making everything all right for the net.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We are sorry to hear of the illness of our neighbor, Mrs. J. M. W. White, mother of Messrs J. Lee and W. M. White, members of our staff. Her many friends at the school wish her a speedy recovery.

—o—

Eleazer Cox, of Cottage No. 4, after spending three months at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, where he received treatment for a leg ailment, returned to the Training School last Tuesday, and is well on the way to recovery.

—o—

Because of bad weather for the past week the boys on the outside forces were compelled to spend most of the time in cottage basements. Such conditions are hard on both the boys and their supervisors, as these basements are not large enough nor are they equipped for any kind of amusement. What a fine thing it would be to have a well-equipped gymnasium at the Training School.

—o—

This section was visited by a sleet storm last Friday afternoon and night, and when we emerged from our respective cottages on Saturday morning and started on our daily hike to the regular meeting-place near the Cannon Memorial Buiding, we found everything covered with a heavy coat of ice. The boys in the cottage lines usually march up in single file formation, but on this occasion we noticed many of them slipping sidewise, on hands and knees, and in fact, traveling in every other way but in line. In spite of all the scrambling and piling up in heaps, we are glad to report that none were injured by falls. This falling business was not limited to boys, either, for we noticed a number of the officers taking tumbles. One officer, in conversation with the writer, seemed quite proud of the fact that he had not ye come in close contact with the ice, saying, "A man would not fall if he just kept his mind on his business." Just that that moment his mind must have wandered temporarily, for he had no socner spoken, when he went down on the ice. When he was scrambling to his feet he remarked that he guessed he had bragged too soon. It was not long however, until the danger of falling was passed, for Mr. Ritchie got out the big 10-20 "iron mule," hitched it to a harrow, and soon scratched the ice off the drives and walks.

—o—

Last Sunday afternoon's service at the school was conducted by Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord. After reading the Scripture lesson, beginning at Matthew 16:21, Rev. Hughes told the boys a very interesting story of a Christian who

gave his life for what he believed to be right. The scene of this story was a little German village in which men and women seemed to have forgotten God. There were but one or two churches left in the community, the ministers had lost control over the people, and things were at a very low ebb. There was an old man in the village who was a devout Christian and who wanted to help remedy this terrible state of affairs. Realizing that he could do little or nothing with the grown folks, he decided to help the children. He rented an old store building and on Sunday afternoons large crowds of children would assemble to listen to Bible stories. At first the parents of the children did not approve of the old man's efforts, and did all they could to discourage his good work. In another section of the village stood a blacksmith shop, operated by a young man by the name of Karl, and the children gathered here daily to watch him at his work. While Karl was a splendid blacksmith, he was a wicked man. He used vile language in the presence of the boys and girls, and it was not long until the grown folks heard their children using the same kind of language, which caused them to realize that Karl was exerting a bad influence in the lives of the young ones. One Sunday afternoon as the children gathered in the old store building to hear the old man's Bible stories, Karl quietly joined the crowd. He came for the purpose of listening to the old man's remarks, and then go out and make fun of them. The old man made these services so pleasing that Karl became interested and attended every Sunday. The effects of these meetings on Karl was quite noticeable. In a short time he stopped using objectional language when talking to the children, and talked to them of the Bible stories instead. The parents soon realized that Karl no longer wielded a bad influence over the boys and girls, and were now glad for them to stop at the blacksmith shop. During one of these Sunday afternoon meetings a mad dog leaped into the room. The brave young blacksmith, realizing the danger, grappled with the brute, and at the same time called to the children to get out of the building. He succeeded in choking the mad dog to death, but was bitten twice during the struggle. Karl knew what the result would be—that in a short time he too, would go mad, and while still in possession of his sense went to his shop, made shackles for his hands and feet and chained himself to the anvil. Large crowds came to see him and to thank him for his brave act. He replied that he did not want them to thank him, that he had done as Jesus would have hm do—to give his life, if necessary, to save the children. He asked them to bring a mattress in order that he might be more comfortable, which they gladly did. They also brought him good things to eat, and watched with him all through that night, and until he became a raving maniac and finally died. His funeral was attended by hundreds of people from far and near who wished to pay homage to this Christian who gave his life for others. They tell us that today in a prominent place in this German village, may be seen a monument bearing

the simple inscription, "Karl, a Martyr." Rev. Hughes concluded by advising the boys that to become Christians, they should guard well their tongues; to stop using objectional language; for as our tongues become cleaner, those around us also have cleaner tongues by reason of our influence. He also stated that like Karl, when we begin to know what Christianity is, we think less of self and more of others. Rev. Hughes then added that there is nothing to the person who wants to get all the time and never wants to give; also that it is a poor Christian who has not the courage to stand up for what he believes to be right.

—o—

Quite a number of our boys are rehearsing songs and recitations for the George Washington program to be given in the auditorium next Wednesday.

The following is quoted from the Monroe Enquirer:

Mayor-elect Carson of Portland, Oregon, has prescribed some good medicine for public consumption. He said: "We must quit asking the government to be a wet nurse to everything.

"We must realize that the people support the government, not that the governmnt supports the people.

"We cannot get out of debt by going farther into debt.

"We must cut the cost of government, for in that way lies the only avenue of relief at present.

"I am not an alarmist, but we must admit that none of us knows whether or not we have hit the bottom in this deflation of credits that is now going on.

"We must maintain the stability of the economic order, must preserve our institutions; if we do not, it will mean that we are breaking the last timber that holds the roof of protection over our heads.

"The protection of life, property and health are the fundamental duties of our government. All else is superflous. We must hold to these fundamentals and turn our back upon these other intriguing things, if we are to hold what we have and build solidly for the future."

Portland is fortunate to have elected a mayor who has the courage to advocate such practical and fundamental American ideas.—Selected.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

CAROLINA ROOM

C 364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 25, 1933 No. 8

Carolina Collection
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I SHALL NOT LIVE IN VAIN

If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

—Emily Dickinson.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

TO HOLD SUCCESS

Thirty years ago, in a poor schoolhouse in a back district, a boy at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the entire class.

"Go up head," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can do it if you work hard."

The boy hung his head. But the next day he did not miss a word in spelling. The brighter scholars knew every word in the lesson, hoping there might be a chance to get ahead. But there was not a single one. Dave stayed at the head. He had been an indiffrent speller before, but now he knew every word.

"Dave, how do you get your lessons so well now?" asked the master.

"I learn every word in the lesson and get my mother to hear me at night; then I go over them in the morning before I come to school. And I go over them at my seat before the class is called up."

"Good boy, Dave," said the master. "That's the way to have success; always work that way, and you'll do."

Dave is today the manager of a big lumber company, and he attributes his start to the wordss "Go up head, and see that you stay. You can if you work hard."—Exchange.

WHY SUNDAY OBSERVANCE?

Because, according to Sir Matthew Hale,

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of tomorrow."

"We do not believe the average citizen will get an over-supply of worship and divine truth by going to church twice on Sunday,

popular as the once-a-day-is-enough idea is becoming among church members. We do believe that some wealthy corporations are open to sincere criticism when they employ church hours for advertising their commodiities. In the area of Eastern Central Time, the eight o'clock period on Sunday night seems to be the hour preferred by business enterprises of such resources as to enable them to hire 'the best talent' through whom to market their wares. Beneath the veneer of art and culture, there is sheer commercialism, not a whit more ethical than an open shop or store would be. In the long run, this defiance of a divine enactment relative to a day of rest will react upon business. Pastors are hard put to keep up the morale of their evening services. And business standards are not growing more satisfactory as disregard for spiritual training becomes more prevalent. 'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work. The Sabbath is a day of rest.' God established that law, not the preachers. Defiance of it, even by corporations of much power and substance, will not pay."

Sunday advertising over the radio is pretty general, but not universally popular for in the minds and hearts of the masses it is becoming as distasteful as jazz is to the masses. There is danger of overdoing a good thing, if we could realize it.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A RESUME OF MARYLAND, MARYLAND!

James Ryder Randall, the author of "Maryland, My Maryland!" gave to the South at that time a war lyric that thriilingly appealed to Southern sympathizers. This song was inspired during a sleepless night after reading of the clash between the citizens of Baltimore and Sixth Massachusetts when marching through the city of Southern soil, in which the first citizen, a friend and college mate of the poet, fell on that second 19th notable in American history.

The poet was a tutor of English in a Creole institution in Lousisiana. After finishing the poem, April 23, 1861, he read it to his English class the next morning, the membership receiving it with

enthusiasm. History and tradition relate that the people of Baltimore through close association socially and in a business way were greatly in sympathy with the Southern cause and never endorsed publicly or quietly the intended coercion of the seceding States.

The words were first published in a periodical of New Orleans and afterwards went by leaps and bounds throughout the Southern States. An editor, Thomas W. Hall, Baltimore, of the paper, "The South," was confined in Fort Warren for spreading "seditious sentiment"

There were many changes before the words were satisfactorily adapted to music. But the immortalitiy of the song was attained through a German air then popular, "Tannebaum, O Tannebaum," the melody suiting the swing and rhythm of the words. Baltimore like all Southern cities boasted of the beauty of the Cary sisters, they received a distinction similar to that of the beautiful Langhorne girls of Richmond, Virginia

It is pertinent to state just here that the beauty and character of womanhood just at this era of Southern history were prized above all other possessions of material worth, and were fitting companion pieces for the true chivalry of Southern manhood—the innate ambition of the aristocracy of the South.

The song that was now ringing under suppression was soon to burst romantically upon the field of the first Confederate triumph through the influence of a Southern beauty—Miss Cary. On July 4th, 1861, the Misses Cary, with their brother and friends ran the blockade to Orange Court House, Va. It was General Beauregard, who, hearing of their labors upon the part of the Marylanders, invited them to pay a visit to his headquarters near Halifax Court House sending a pass and an escort. The youg ladies upon their arrival were serenaded by the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans, aided by all the fine voices in reach. A vote of thanks was given the Artillery and were asked if there was any service that could be rendered in return. The reply was, "let us hear a woman's voice." So standing in the tent door under the cover of the darkness, Miss Jennie Cary sang "Maryland. My Maryland!" The refrain was caught up and tossed back from hundreds

of "rebel" throats. "As the last note died away," writes Mrs. Martin, "there surged from the gathering throng a wild shout, 'We will break her chains—she shall be free! Three cheers and a tiger for Maryland!'" History has never recorded such an interpretation and reception of a war song on the field of battle. There was not a dry eye in the tent, and neither was there to be found the next day a cap with a rim on it.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE ROTARY CELEBRATES

The Rotary movement organized February 23, 1905, By Paul P. Harris is now celebrating in 3,500 cities throughout the entire country in observance of the founding. The object of the movement is to encourage business fellowship, to sound the note of optimism and idealism, of faith, of mutual helpfulness and courage. Since the first movement 28 years ago the Rotary clubs have encircled the globe with a membership of approximately 350,000 members. During the life of the organization it would be impossible to estimate in the terms of dollars and cents the contributions of this fine body of men to the uplift of humanity.

* * * * * * * * * *

GOVERNOR BLUCHER EHRINGHAUS

We were delighted to learn from a former resident of Elizabeth City that our new Governor is known in his home town as "Blucher." It sounds so formal to have to say Governor Ehringhaus all of the time. Governor Gardner was referred to with a feeling of esteem as "O Max Gardner," Governor Morrison as "Cam Morrison" and Governor McClean as "Angus McClean," and so on, and now since learning Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus is known to his friends as "Blucher," we will begin at once saying "Blucher Ehringhaus." It is an unusual name, but let that be as it may, we are sure that we have an unusual Governor who in due time will show a strong hand, and put over in fine style a program of activities that will rebound for the good of the state. In trying to pronounce "Blucher" just remember to sound the "ch" as "k"—

"Bluker." Are we right Governor? Remember we are a long ways from the eastern part of North Carolina and want to get thoroughly acquainted in every way and manner with our new Executive.

* * * * * * * * * *

OUR HIGHWAYS, DANGEROUS

We have become so accustomed to reading on the first page of every paper, especially the Monday morning issues of the State's dailies, the casuality list of the highways caused by careless automobile drivers, till there is not the least impression made, showing that we neither shudder or comment upon the horrible state of affairs. It is known by statistics that the Sunday tragedies outnumber those of the week days. This is another evidence that the open defiance of Sunday observance is on the increase.

From an exchange the information is stated that during the past fifteen years—the combined years of all American wars, including the Revolution, the Mexican, the War Between-the-States and the World War, more people have been kiled on the highways than were killed in the fifteen years of the American wars. This information should shock our citizenship of the most remote corners of the Nation and impel us to demand a finer system of law observance if it continues to be impossible to make every one feel he is his "brother's keeper."

The whole world shuddered at these horrible castrophes: 1. The Titanic disaster, 1517 deaths. 2. The Palm Beach Hurricane, 372 deaths. 3. The Knickerbocker theatre collapse, 98 deaths. 4. The San Francisco earthquake, 500 deaths. 5. The Explosion of Battleship Maine, 260 deaths. 6. The wreck of the Shenandoah, 14 deaths. 7. The Ohio State penitentiary fire, 317 deaths. But last year's auto death record was 29,000.

Twenty-nine thousand people hurled into eternity without warning, and the sad fact remains this is the true condition of things in a highly christianized and civilized country. We do not even exclaim as to the report of the startling conditions. Why? We read and hear frequently of such catastrophes till we are calloused.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"If you think you are outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battle don't always go
To the stronger and faster man,
But soon or late the man who wins—
Is the fellow who thinks he can."

—o—

A newspaper headline states: "Savings Banks Will Cut Interest Rates." Okay with me. In fact, if I could get some money to put in a bank I would pay the bank a commission on it.

—o—

Professor Piccard says you could fly by rocket to Mars now but that there would be no way to return. Who wants to go to Mars, anyhow? Haven't people on this earth enpugh troubles without flying to those they know not of?

—o—

With the theatres doing such a poor business, even at reduced rates, I understand the New York speculators have dropped the usual advance and are only asking a cup of coffee. They won't even "take another piece of pie."

—o—

Beautiful steel engraved invitations have been formally issued for the inauguration of Mr. Rcosevelt. Which seems a good deal like sending out invitations to see a sun rise, or attend a private showing of Niagara Falls, or the Atlantic Ocean.

—o—

Carter Glass, it is intimated, is somewhat reluctant about that secretary job. You can't blame him. If every one of us isn't able to buy a new car, a new radio, a new electric refrigerator, and all taxes reduced three days or so after March 4—oh, how we will roast that new secretary of the treasury.

—o—

Now a doctor comes forward and says that "too much dancing is apt to affect the heart." Too much sitting out is sure to.

—o—

I read in a newspaper article headed, "Sargent Seeks Cash Today." I ask you is that news? Most everybody is seeking cash. For instance, take my case, today, tomorrow, any day. Or anybody else's case. But if the headline was "Cash Seeks Sargent Today." "Cash Seeks Brown, Smith, or Robinson," why that would be news with a thrill.

—o—

We spent billions in money—and haven't gotten through paying yet—and thousands in lives to make the world safe for democracy, but jigsaw puzzles and technocracy seems to be all we've gained.

—o—

Kueger, the late and unlamented financier, appropriated to himself no less than $115,776,000 of other people's money, it has been discovered.

That is not surprising, when one remembers how easily he found it to have great and shrewd bankers let him draw out money almost as one draws water from a tap.

—o—

I still believe that the first thing the government shoud do is to start its budget balancing the way the rest of us have to—by cutting expenditures.

—o—

The governor of Vermont, addressing the legislature of that State, said: "I believe in balancing our State budget by reducing expenditures rather than increasing taxes." It is pleasing to run across occasionally such examples of the old-fashiioned American spirit of self-reliance. The blood of our fathers has not all turned to water.

—o—

A great deal is now being said about cheapening money, and that such a course will enable people to pay their debts more readily. Such reasoning is on the same line as that it will be cheaper to burn down the barn in order to get rid of the rats.

—o—

A Wellington, Kansas, man took a ewe to market. The sheep weighed 90 pounds. The price on the market was 50 cents a hundred. He got 45 cents. He added 5 cents and went into a restaurant and bought a 50-cent meal to last him while he was going home, happy in doing a good day's work.

—o—

I have come to the conclusion that a lot of people in this world are as unbalanced as the budget.

—o—

What we need today is courage. The sure way to ruin health and nerves is to allow oneself to drop into a state of never being satisfied. Things always work out in the long run so "Why Worry?" Of course it is quite easy to tell one not to worry, but to follow such advice is another thing. However, if we would realize the absolute futility of worry, if we could take stock of our mental aspects of life, as a whole, we would often be able to create a condition that would enable us to find a greater joy in living. Worry does'nt get you anywhere. After all we must go on living, why not therefore make the most of our lives, which were created for some needful and useful purpose. Upon analyzing worry as to cause, I find four main groups, namely: Worry over what we have or have not done; what we are going to do; what people think of us; and our health—mental and physical. You can combat worry by learning to enjoy your work, and less thinking of yourself. Conceive your job as a form of service to others and you will find more happiness in it. When in trouble or in difficulty go to a good friend and talk over your troubles. If your mind is troubled with fears, doubts or strange thoughts which you cannot get rid of, consult the minister of your church, or a physician. In the meantime get a better grip on your courage.

The broad-minded see the truth in different religions; the narrow-minded see only the differences.—Selected.

LIFE IN THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS HAS ALWAYS PRODUCED GREATNESS

By C. W. Hunt

The first history of man, as told in Holy Writ, was one of families and nomadic tribes, who lived out of doors with no shelter save tents, and in the dry and desert lands not even these; and they lived to a very great age. As civilization advanced the city sprang up and trade centers came and with these came the city dweller for generation after generation. Our forefathers in Europe were once tribal and clansmen, but lived in homes, had to on account of the winters and rainfall. They even built castles to better withstand the onslaughts of another tribe or clan, all of whom were governed by the law of "The survival of the fittest." Then came a still better civilization, when under kings who were dictators and powerful to do. How these lived and had money to do seems impossible from this distance; but they did and men accumulated wealth, even then, when it could be, and often was taken from them at will of the ruler. But all these things seem not to have made men seek a new country until religious persecution set in to make men worship by the ways of others, and this seems to have been the first incenitve to make a new country and free from all that disturbed man in his former environs. There were plenty vacant lands in Asia and Africa, but America offered a new country with only the savage Indians to fight, and where no dictator could hold sway. Its wide climate and fertile lands were worth fighting for as well as freedom. The greatest task was the clearing of the forests, generally in the face of fighting savages, who resented the coming of a race which would destroy the forest by which the Indian had lived since man's advent upon this side of the earth, and whose interests were exactly contrary.

But the struggle went on; the new comers pushing further and further from the coast, while a higher and higher civilization advanced steadily, taking deeper and deeper root while the chief aim of man was to make a home in a new country, clear more lands, grow more of food and suppplies, grow a family. Then the accumulation of wealth was secondary. The first was a ruling passion to have a home and that very fact enabled the home maker to accumulate a surplus to sell and to further strengthen his position in a new country. It finally came to the point where men were considered rich, having dug it from the land or forest or mine. Slaves lent much to this wealth and, when factories came and men began to make those things that formerly came from the home-land, riches increased and industry and commerce took a firm hold, but even then the making of a home and the growing of food and supplies and the rearing of a large family was the chief aim of man;

but not all. The poor have always been with us; the poor who came from the poor and who for generation after generation remained the same.. These were "Hewers of wood and drawers of water," but these and the man with aspiration to possess had to be friends for each needed the other: the one to accumulate the other to simply live.

It was in the period of the first 100 years of the organized history of this country that the great out-of-doors produced the greatest men of all its history. Passing over the period of the War Between the States, when we flew at each others throats, we come to the ruin of the south and the humiliation of the flower of the land: not only humiliation, but destruction of all her wealth. Pride was stricken down and we never saw any more the great mansions and a proud people. The few of such rural homes that remained were only a dream of her former pride and greatness that would, could it come back in a night, have an influence on present day civilization that would be decidedly wholesome.

Up to this time these great and the more humble homes were the bulwarks of the nation, for out of these came men and women with a culture and a dignity and a poise we sadly need today. These great homes of the days of slavery (Who would bring back slavery?) are no more, and as that civilization was largely destroyed by the War Between the States, so was the center of population started toward the city rather than the country. As the merchants and mills and factories made more money and town riches supplanted the former riches of the plantation, so did the trend to the city and industrial centers increase and the greatness of the country home and great estates lose their place as head of our civilization, affecting both the educated and the well-to-do and the humble poor as well. It was at this stage that the dollar mark drove its way, and very deeply, into the make-up of men and women, often displacing all that was considered necessary to make fine men and women.

Thus for close to 100 years rural civilization has had to fight its way, and the men and women who still held that the country born and the country reared had something in character foundation not possessed by the dollar chaser, have had to prove it. Time after time it has looked like the great commercial and industrial age has defaulted but each time it came back and swung further toward the urban center, and each time it picked up momentum and went further each time from the simple rural life that made a great nation. Now one has to look at it as never before. Look at it not in the expectation of seeing industry hum and men growing raw materials to feed this humming industry at a price that leaves a profit for all, but have to look at it in wonderment as to how the population is to be re-set, re-distributed and what we will do with the great army of commercialists and industrialists stranded and kicked out by the very smartness of the race and now being fed and clothed, millions of them, who should have always been on the land. To get

these back into the great out-of-doors in spite of all our learning will remind the old of the days of "Reconstruction" in the south, when in sorrow and in rags and in deep humiliation our fathers and mothers and grandsires built, as best they could that which war had torn down.

It is folly to attempt to make ourselves believe we can live on in our present unbalanced condition of both population and finances, expecting lightning to perfom a miracle and melt this idle, stranded mess back into a fine and civil mass, with plenty. We have run our life span of the orgy of eat, drink and be merry, and are facing an upset. Men have to be shown how to start life over again or else die of hunger. Else leaders must come that can open a way for these idle sufferers to earn their bread and at the same time open a way for raw materials to sell at a profit. The loyal, faithful countryman has always been an honor to his country, and he will yet produce greatness if given a chance in "The great out-of-doors."

THE BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN POST OFFICE

(The Pathfinder)

The year 1932 is seeing the building of a new and more stately Post Office Department for Uncle Sam, while throughout the length and breadth of the land hundreds of new post office buildings are springing up. Therefore one may cast a curious glance at the beginning of this service that now reaches every American cabin. The story is well told by Mr. Isaac Gregg, chief of information service, Post Office Department.

Ship captains, he said, used to carry letters between the first colonies and England for a penny each, gathering them up in a convenient public tavern on one side and depositing them in another across the sea. In 1639 the General Court of Massachusetts ordered that overseas letters be left at the house of Richard Fairbanks, who was charged with seeing them delivered, hence Fairbanks has been called America's first postmaster. In Virginia the Assembly ordered in 1657 that letters be conveyed from plantation to plantation as directed—presumably by anybody going in that direction. In 1672 Governor Lovelace of New York set up a monthly mail service between New York and Boston, but it was soon discontinued and not resumed until 10 years later. It was in 1673 that a regular service was begun in Massachusetts, Connecticut following two years later. "Post messengers" were paid threepence a mile and certain other allowances. William Penn established quite a system out of Philadelphia in 1683, extending south in Maryland.

But let the story be told in Mr. Gregg's own words:

It may be stated that the real beginning of postal service in America dates from February 17, 1691, when letters patent were granted to Thomas Neale by William and Mary, then King and Queen of England, giving Neale "full power and authority to erect, settle, and establish within the chief parts of their Majesty's colonies and plantations in America an office or offices for the receiving and dispatching of letters and pacquets, and to receive, send and deliver the same under such rates and sums of money as the planters shall agree to give, and to hold and enjoy the same for the term of 21 years." Neale did not come to America, however, to carry on his work, but named as Postmaster general for America Andrew Hamilton, a merchant of Edinburgh. The latter returned to his native country after a journey of several years to New Jersey. Hamilton was an earnest public-spirited man and his engaging personality made friends for him even among those who, like Penn, were not disposed to assist in any movement for consolidating the British Colonies in America. But after much negotiation Hamilton succeeded in persuading practically all the colonial assemblies to pass postal acts that were sufficiently identical in their terms to permit the establishment of a united system of posts in America.

In 1698 Hamilton himself, in partnership with a Mr. West, took over the ownership of the American posts and established a service equally as good as that which maintained in England under similar conditions. While the postage rates were prescribed separately by each colonial legislature, they were in effect uniform. At the time there were no common standards of money among the Colonies. The English pounds, shillings, and pence were in use, but there was no English coin. Spanish coin was used and also coin issued by the several Colonies. For example, seven shillings in Massachusetts were the equivalent of nine shillings in New York. But Hamilton operated the post office finances on a sound money basis by requiring postage to be paid in pennyweights and grains of silver. The policy of Hamilton promoted better highways. When the Intercolonial Post Union started in 1693 every post road had to be made through a wilderness. But in 1698, when Hamilton returned to America to resume his duties, these routes had become the accustomed way for travelers and were traversed with much less difficulty by the post riders. Hamilton, recognized as the first postmaster general of America, died at Amboy (N. J.,) in 1703. He was succeeded by his son, John Hamilton, who operated the system until 1707, when the British government itself took over the colonial postal service.

Thirty years later Benjamin Franklin was appointed postmaster at Philadelphia and ran the office very much like a fourth-class one of the present day. He owned a weekly newspaper, and the postoffice was operated in conjunction with that publication. In 1753 Franklin was named deputy postmaster general of the British Colonies. Im-

mediately his troubles began. Dispatching and delivering letters through the thickly wooded and sparsely populated areas in these pioneer times was a difficult task. Then the mails were transported by couriers, and six weeks were consumed in making the excursion from Philadelphia to Boston. During the winter months the couriers ventured out only twice in every 30 days. In most instances travelers made much faster time than the mail couriers along the same roads, so that the postal system in the middle of the 18th century was unreliable as well as precarious.

During the administration of Franklin mailing a letter in this country was an expensive luxury. In 1766 a Falmouth, Me., citizen paid $40 postage on three letters which he sent to Boston. But Franklin was determined to maintain a service demanded by the people of the Colonies.

But the colonial system was a losing business, the expenditures far exceeding the receipts, just as they are doing at the present time. Franklin, as deputy postmaster general, was allowed to shoulder the burdens of the annual deficit out of his private purse, the debts running as high as $4,500 by the year 1757. His salary was but $3,000 per annum, half of which he paid to his associate, William Hunter. But he was obdurate and kept his post riders conveying the mails and maintaining his post offices at various villages regardless of the losses incurred. Three years later he reported a surplus to the home government. In 1761 this surplus grew to 494 pounds, and, with a feeling of deep pride, Franklin sent the money in a sailing vessel to the British postmaster general in London.

After the Boston riots in September, 1774, it became inevitable that the Colonies would separate from the mother country. A Continental Congress was organized at Philadelphia for the purpose of establishing a separate government. One of the first questions that came up before the delegates was the matter of providing for the conveying and delivering of the mails. Benjamin Franklin, as chairman of a committee of investigation, made a report providing for the appointment of a postmaster general of the 13 American Colonies to conduct a postal system and his report was adopted. Franklin himself was named to the office. A line of posts was established by him from Massachusetts to Georgia, with many cross posts, and postmasters were selected for all the principal communities.

This was the foundation laid for the present Post Office Department of the United States. Franklin served as colonial postmaster general for little more than year, being succeeded November 7, 1776, by his son-in-law, Richard Bache.

Franklin when head of the colonial post office under the British crown franked his letters "Free. B. Franklin." When the Continental Congress, in 1775, made him postmaster general of the infant republic, he altered his frank to read: "B. Free Franklin."

REMEMBER THE MAINE

(Suffolk News-Herald)

Thirty-five years ago, February 15th, the U. S. Battleship "Maine" while lying in Havana harbor was blown up and about 260 U. S. seamen lost their lives. The matter was investigated, and diplomatic relations with Spain were broken off on April 21st, 1898. Spain declared war against the United States on April 22nd, and this was followed by a declaration of war by the United States on April 25th, 1898.

Everything was soon in a bustle, the regular army was recruited up to 57,329 and 223,235 men volunteered for service. There were no drafted men in that war. Admiral Dewey was in Manila Bay on May 1st, and on July 1st to 3rd the battle of San Juan and Elcaney were fought and July 3rd the battle of Santiago de Cuba was fought.

A peace protocol was signed by the United States and Spain on August 12th, and the treaty of peace between the two nations was signed in Paris on July 10th, by which the United States acquired the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico. On February 6, 1899, the peace treaty was ratified by the United States senate.

Suffolk sent two companies to the service, Companies F. and G., and Franklin one, Co. I. 4th Va. Regiment. There was a great deal of sickness among the men, especially typhoid fever and other camp diseases, but the mortality was not so great among the men from this section as it was among men from other sections where the altitude was higher. Perhaps they were acclimated to malaria and other diseases of the low lands. The Suffolk boys spent some time in Cuba and then were brought back to Savannah, Ga., where they were mustered out on April 27th, 1899, and immediately came to Suffolk where they were given a banquet by the people of the town.

They were then young men, now they are all past fifty, and many have answered the last roll call.

THE GOOD OLD HORSE

"Oh, Horse, you are a wondrous thing; no horn to honk no bells to ring; no license buying every year with plates to screw on front and rear. No spark plugs to miss, no gears to slip, you start yourself for every trip; no gas bills mounting every day to steal the joys of life away. Your inner tubes are all O. K., and thank the Lord they stay that way. Your spark plugs never miss and fuss, your motor never makes us cuss. Your frame is good for many a mile, your body never changes style. Your wants are few and easy met —you've got something on the auto yet."

—Mooresville Enterprise.

HOW MOUNT VERNON CAME TO BE RESTORED

By Mrs. Charles P. Wiles

Mount Vernon, the historic home of Washington, was falling into decay. The occasional tourist who found his way there before the middle of the nineteenth century was distressed to see the lack of care. The buildings, once beautifully white, were marred and blackened by the ravages of time and the weather. Here and there a shutter was minus a hinge and hung as though discouraged. Panes of glass were missing, grass had overrun the brick walk, all of which gave to the fine old mansion an appearance of desolution and neglect.

At the death of General George Washington, in December of 1799, the home at Mount Vernon, according to the terms of the will, remained the home of Mrs. Washiington. At her death it reverted to the Washington family. It passed into the hands of a nephew of General Washington and later became the property of a grand nephew. Neither of these men, however, possessed the ability of their uncle as manager of the estate.

In Washington's lifetime it was considered a profitable investment and brought in what was regarded in that day as "handsome returns." Now, under the grand-nephew's management and ownership, but little of the the land was kept under cultivation. The income was small, consequently the buildings were neglected. Because of lack of funds no attempt was made to maintain the property in the style of his famous ancestor.

The time came when the owner, John Augustine Washington, was compelled to offer Mount Vernon for sale. He made an attempt to persuade Congress to purchase it as a national memorial to the "Father of His Country," but without success. Again and again he called the attention of Congress to the distressing situation, only to be met with an indifference that was astonishing. Finally, the attempt to interest the national legislative body was abandoned..

But Mr. Washington did not give up hope of seeing the estate set aside as a shrine to the memory of Georage Washington. He endeavored to win the sympathy of his own state of Virginia. Here, too, he met with failure and disappointment.

But there were those who were not indifferent. Private corporations saw an opportunity to make a good investment. There were individuals, also, lacking in patriotic spirit who were only too eager to take advantage of the unfortunate state of the owner's finances. Repeatedly he was importuned to dispose of it that it might be converted into a public pleasure resort. One man, who was less wise than enterprising, frankly avowed his intention of establishing on the one-time well kept lawn an "orderly beer-garden.

The old manor-house had been

standing a full century, when, in 1853, a young woman of little influence and less money, made a visit to Mount Vernon. She journeyed there in pleasant anticipation, but upon reaching the place was horrified to see the wreck and ruin which existed.

"This is distressing," she said to herself, "why doesn't somebody do something about it? Mount Vernon must be saved, but I can do nothing about it. But can I?"

It was a serious problem for a young woman of her time. Three-quarters of a century ago, for a woman to appear before the public to present any cause, however commendable, was considered bold and unladylike.

Being a South Carolinian, the young woman, Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham by name, conceived the idea of banding the women of the south together for the purpose of bringing about the restoration of Mount Vernon.

Upon investigation it was discovered that the two-hundred acres, containing the manor-house, barn and other outbuildings, wharfage and garden, beside certain other farm lands, had been offered for sale for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars.

And now Miss Cunningham began the stupendous task in which not even Congress could be led to take an interest.. Under the non-de-plume of "The Southern Matron" she published letters, appealing to the women of the south to rally to a "holy cause." In the florid language of her day she phrased the call, "That we may become the vestals of that sacred shrine, there to keep alive the fires of patriotism."

For more than a year appeal after appeal was sent out, with the discouraging response of but a few hundreds of dollars. Then the press in the north began to take an interest. "The Southern Matron" was requested to make the enterprise a national one by permitting the women of all parts of the United State to have a part in the rescuing of the home of Washington.

Here was another problem. Help was needed, that much was certain, but loyalty to the south, her south, would not permit her to allow others to participate in the undertaking.

When it became evident that the enterprise was doomed to failure only then did she consent, but with this reservation, that when Mount Vernon was bought and paid for it should be presented to the State of Virginia.

And now money virtually flowed into the treasury. But when Miss Cunningham's purpose became known the project came to a standstill. After months of tedious waiting caused by misunderstanding, John McPherson Berrian, of Macon, Georgia, offered a suggestion that acted as a compromise. His proposition was this, "That an organization to be known as the 'Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union' be formed and duly incorporated. Each state shall be represented by a vice-regent; and this body, representative of all the women of the United States shall be empowered to purchase and administer the Washington estate."

The revolt being ended, the work moved forward in earnest. "The

Scuthern Matron" came out from under cover and in her own name as regent of the organization, appointed vice-regents of all the states that could be reached at that time.

Mount Vernon societies were organized in northern as well as southern cities and money came in from all sections of the country.

Massachusetts carried off the honors in the total amount contributed. Her distinguished son, Edward Everett, turned over to the association nearly seventy thousand dollars, the proceeds of lectures delivered and articles written in its behalf.

New York came in second and was closely followed by Pennsylvania and Ohio. Even foreign countries were listed among the donors.

At the end of about five years the entire amount was pledged. Mount Vernon came into the possession of the women of the United States, and Miss Cunningham's dream of the "vestals who will keep the fires of patriotism burning" became a reality.

The next move of the the association was to secure a charter from the state. Virginia agreed to exempt the property from taxation of the association, restored the estate, in so far as possible, to the condition in which it was found during the lifetime of Washington, and preserved it inalienably to his memory.

There was no time to waste. Repairs were urgently needed. The old mansion was in a deplorable state of decay, empty, weatherbeaten, a shelter for owls and bats. Not a building but was delapidated, not a foot of the grounds but needed attention and care. But the women, with Miss Cunningham to lead, were not discouraged. National interest having been aroused, the association chartered a small steamer to ply between Washington and Mount Vernon, and established a small admission fee to the grounds.

On this meager income a superintendent was employed, several of the old Washington family servants were retained and the most urgent of the repairs begun.

Then came the Civil War! During those frightful years of sorrow the old Washington homestead was seemingly forgotten save by members of the association.

The regent, Miss Cunningham, was obliged to remain in her South Carolina home, not being permitted to cross the lines. The secretary of the association, Miss Tracy, with a heroism scarcely appreciated at the time, went to the estate, lived there during the entire four years of the war, managed its affars and protected it by her presence.

The only source of revenue was cut off soon after the beginning of the war when the Federal government confiscated their small steamer. But for the care of Miss Tracy, a northern woman, who secured a permanent passport through the lines, the estate must have been abandoned.

Armed with this passport, Miss Tracy during all those trying years, drove alone into Alexandria or even to Washington, to secure the necessary supplies for the plantation. Nor was she without thrilling experiences on those trips. At times the roads were almost impassable and darkness gathered before she could reach her home. On more than one occasion she was held as a spy and

taken before the officer in command that her identity might be proven.

Mount Vernon was in fiercely contested territory. On one day the Union troops would surround it, to be followed on the succeeding day by the Confederate forces. But through it all the place Washington held in the affection of his countrymen was fully demonstrated, for the boys in blue and the boys in grey stacked arms at the gates and came in to stand, as brothers, side by side with uncovered heads, before his tomb.

The war ended at last and, after a time, affairs throughout the nation began to assume normal conditions. Then the work of restoration was resumed.

The first meeting of the Grand Council, as the regents were then called, was held in Washington in November of 1866. But in 1867 the practice of holding the annual assembly in Mount Vernon was inaugurated and has continued down the years.

But the work of restoration needed personal supervision; hence Miss Cunningham left her home in South Carolina and went to reside in the old manor-house in 1868. Since money was scarce and the pledges were not being redeemed, only the most crying needs for repairs were being met.

Then came opportune help from the government. At the earnest and repeated request of Miss Cunningham and her associates, Congress appropriated seven thousand dollars to repay for the confiscated boat. The entire sum was expended on repairs to the mansion and the putting into condition of the grounds, and the estate was put on a basis where it began to meet running expenses.

Previous to the year 1877 the house stood almost empty and bare. It was then decided to give each of the thirteen originaal states the opportunity to select a room and to refurnish it, as nearly as possible as it was in the days of Washington's occupancy.

Through its vice-regent, Mrs. Halstead, New Jersey was the first of the states to carry out the idea. The room known as the "River Room" was chosen, this bedroom being associated with memories of the Marquis de Lafayette.

It was in Mount Vernon that George Washington Lafayette found sanctuary in the days when his father, the Marquis, was an exile and a prisoner. And it was the "River Room" in which Lafayette and his son slept when they visited the place in October, 1824.

Mrs. Halstead, through her appeal to the citizens of her state to equip the room, succeeded in raising more than three thousand dollars. This was expended in making the room, in appearance, what it was in the days of the gallant marquis.

Great pains were taken by the association to make the restoration, in so far as possible, a complete one. A committe had in charge the searching of the letters and old records of Washington that the the restoration might accord with the informaion contained in them. Whenever it has been possible to secure it the original furniture has been returned to the rooms in which it once

stood. Mr. George W. Parke Custis Lee loaned to the association several articles, one of which was the bedstead on which Washington died.

The grand-daughter of Eliza Custis, Mrs. Goldsboro, vice-regent for Maryland, presented an armchair, Mrs. Washington's dressing case and mirror, and hair-covered trunk used by the general during the Revolution and marked with his name. These things have been placed in the room in which Washingon died, in which are several other interesting relics.

The mantel in the banqueting hall, one of the rooms restored by the State of New York, is original, as are all the articles upon it and the mirror and sconces above it.

Two large cabinets are filled with china, silver and bric-a-brac which once belonged to the Washingtons.

Through the daughter of the poet Longfellow, vice-regent for Massachusetts, several pieces of its original furniture have been returned to the library and some of Washington's books to their built-in shelves.

The memory of Mrs. Pickens, of South Carolina, for many years a member of the Council, will be kept green, for it was through her unceasing toil that the old family dining room has been made an almost exact reproduction of what it was a century and a half ago. The exquisite Chippendale sideboard and several other original pieces of furniture which are now there were reurned through her efforts.

A close study of Washington's journals and papers, with the resourcefulness of the gardner, Mr. Whalen, made it possible to restore the quaint box-bordered garden.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Hearst, vice-regent for California, a sea-wall and wharf pavilion were built at a cost of more than fifteen thousand dollars.

According to the constitution of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association each state is entitled to representation by a vice-regent in the council. When a vacancy occcurs the governor of the state is requested to send in the name of a prominent woman.

The council is an exclusive body. If the name suggested by the governor is acceptable to the group, the person receives favorable consideration and the regent makes the appointment. The position is for life, or as long as the appointee is a resident of the state from which she was appointed. It has become somewhat of a tradition that daughters succeed mothers. A number of the members of the present council enjoy this inheritance.

Each year, during the month of May, the Council meets for a ten-day session at Mount Vernon. The traveling expenses are met by the Association. During the sessions the representatives occupy the rooms which their states restored. The old library, for the time being, is converted into a dining room, a modern range is installed in the primitive kitchen and provision is made for the comfort of the delegates.

It is said that, upon occasions, even the great brick oven in which Martha Washington had her famous cakes and puddings baked, is brought into service by the old col;ored cook on the estate that she may show "de ladies dat de i'un

oben haint no shakes nohow 'side ob a brick one!"

Each annual event sees the Council entertain the governor of Virginia at a banquet that he may make a tour of the place and see that the Association is living up to the contract that is required by the charter.

Standing among the Virginia hills, sixteen miles south of the national capital, Mount Vernon commands a scene of unsurpassed loveliness. At its foot flows the silver Potomac, beyond lie the shores of Maryland, while to the west stretch the picturesque old farmlands of Fairfax County. A wide sloping lawn extends east of the mansion. Neatly enclosed by a stone wall and picket fence is the wooded deer park. A magnificent river view, showing the ivy-covered walls of the old weather-beaten colonial bulwark, Fort Washington, in the distance, is afforded through the trees in the park.

A trip to Washington, the capital city, would in no wise be complete without a visit to this beautiful old home preserved as a shrine of patriotism as well as a memorial to the "Father of His Country."

TRIBUTE TO FOSTER

Another tribute has been paid by the people of the south to Stephen C. Foster, composer of Southern folk songs, by the erection of a monument to his memory in the form of a large boulder bearing this inscription:

"Erected to the memory of Stephen Collins Foster at the source of the stream which he immortalized in song, Suwanee River."

Foster wrote about 125 songs, among which were "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Nelly Was a Lady," and others which have been sung the world over.

Although most of his best songs were of the south, Foster was born near Pittsburgh and lived in the north all his life, never going farther south than Kentucky, except for one trip to New Orleans. He was born in 1826 and died in 1864.

He wrote both words and music of his songs which perhaps accounts for the perfect blending of their poetry and melody. While he could not be called a great composer from a strictly musical standpoint, his peculiar talent was recognized by poets and musicians of note, and his songs have a human appeal which is irresistible.

America has produced no sweeter singer than Stephen Collins Foster.—Selected.

MARDI GRAS IS AMERICA'S MOST GORGEOUS FESTIVAL

By Ida Briggs Henderson

Mardi Gras, held in New Orleans each February, is recognized as the most gorgeous festival that takes places in the entire United States. It is not only remarkable for its lavish extravagance and beauty, but is also a season when people of all classes enter into the spirit of fun and frolic, cast dull care to the winds, and yield themselves willing subjects to the picturesque rule of Rex, the King of the Carnival.

Parades that cost a mint of money are staged for several consecutive days; magnificent balls where the social leaders and distinguished people from all parts of the country assemble, and the festivities culminate in a tremendous fete when maskers claim the streets and lend a touch of barbaric splendor found nowhere else in the country. For, this renowned festive farewell to flesh, which precedes the lean, long days of Lenten fasting, is a period when human beings throw aside their shells of restraint to enter whole-heartedly into hectic frolic and mad merry-making.

Men and women toss into the discard heap their age-old hampering conventions, staid matrons, solid men of business, gay young girls and boys, dusty roustabouts and scrub women doff their habliments of everyday life and don fantastic regalias of a worldl turned topsy-turvey and, for awhile, become clowns, Indians, Pierrots and Pierettes, knight and lady, and sometimes in their costumes make comic supplements of American newspapers come to life to add their bit to the joyous occasion.

While New Orleans is associated with several distinctive features, undoubtedly the yearly carnival of Mardi Gras takes the precedence. Described as "America's Most Interesting City," because of its historic and romantic legendary lore and wealth of antiquities, this place rivals famous cities of the old countries across the sea. It is in reality two cities where across an imaginary line the old and new clasp hands.

Busy modern New Orleans holds within its boundaries the Vieux Carree—the historic French quarter. Here are the time stained old buildings some of which were built during the Spanish regime; others when the tri-colors of France floated over the city. In the old quarter are quaint shops conducted by quaint people, many of whom speak French in preference to English. Here time seems to have lingered as though loath to disturb the fragrant memories and legends of the past.

Many years ago the young French colony of Louisiana attracted some of the foremost families of France, and they brought with them innumerable objects of art and intrinsic beauty. These nobles and their followers sought additional riches in the land of the Mexican gulf. Although they left their mother country for a newer land, their rever-

ence for old customs, fashions and amusements were patterned after those of France. The young men were sent back to be educated and to absorb the traditions and habits of their native land.

A century has gone by since a small band of exuberent Creoles, just back from their studies in Paris, donned fantastic costumes one Shrove Tuesday morning and startled the colonial guard with a street procession. There were probably not more than a couple dozen of them—sons and grandsons of the adventurous companions of Jean Baptiste Lemoyne de Bienville, who came to the Mississippi shore in 1718 to found the city of New Orleans. These youths were full of excitement over the changes and improvements of their home city; and among other things boasted that New Orleans was considered the world's wealthiest port, rivaling New York as a port, with thousands of one-way flat boats manned by grizzly "Kentucks" that lined the water front, nosing in close proximity to the old paddle wheelers that made the Mississippi river a channel of story and of song.

This band of masqueraders pursued their hilarious way through the narrow cobbled streets of the Viex Carre, to finally come to rest at the old Absinthe House (now hoary with age) where the first drinks of that name were served in America: Those renowned Absinthe Frappes were a beverage so potent that they were outlawed in many places long before general prohibition was declared.

The first record of the celebration of Mardi Gras is dated 1827—more than 100 years ago and just 19 years after the founding of the city. The pioneer celebration was far different from the elaborate art creations that characterize the event now. The procession of maskers which takes place in several sectons of the city at the same time, which are only one of many phases of the present carnival, probably closely resemble the original procession. The festivities themselves have been traced even beyond the Christian era to the Roman Lupercalian feasts. One of the most impressive aspects of the carnival is the quiet dignity of the great majority of the populace on Ash Wednesday, the day after the noisy frolicing of Fat Tuesday, Mardi Gras day. Throughout the entire winter the social season escends to a cresendo on Mardi Gras night and then stops with an astounding suddenness at midnight, when the tolling chimes of the century and a half old St. Louis cathedral, like the throbbing heart of the city, summon the faithful to prayer, who promptly discard the gaudy trappings of make-believe.

The next stage in the evolution of the festivities as recorded came 10 years later when, in 1837, the first semblance of a peripatetic tableau was given. This idea was supposed to have come from a carnival organization in Mobile, bearing the quaint name of the "Cowbellians," who started it in 1831. Very little is known of the first real Mardi Gras parade; but from an old issue of The Bee is an account that tells us the second celebration had as its dominant figure an immense rooster, six feet high, which rode in a separate vehicle, and by its

stentorian crow and flapping of giant wings elicited cheers from the massed crowds along the route.

A grand mask and fancy dress ball in the ancient St. Louis hotel ball room and another in the "salle d' Orleans," next door to the hotel, wound up the famous Mardi Gras of 1839. Between 1840 and 1845 a number of brilliant displays of talent in make-believe—the art that is distinctly of New Orleans, took place. Then for seven years an absence of information seems to indicate that the spirit of revelry languished.

Again in 1852 there was an unusually brilliant celebration; but it was five years later, however, that the oldest of the interesting family of Mardi Gras Krewes—the Mystic Krewe of Kromus—came into being. The subject of the first parade was Milton's Paradise Lost. The procession was followed by the presentation of a diabolic tableau in four scenes in the Variety or Gaiety theatre. The tableaux ended—and very much as they do today—the barriers were removed and the Krewe having donned evening dress mingled with the audience on the dance floor.

Rex Society was organized in 1872. This is a most popular carnival society, as they present the king and queen of the Mardi Gras and its parade is the big event of the carnival, with titles chosen to appeal to the populace. The Krewe of Komus, whose parade and ball bring the season to its grand climax that lasts for six consecutive nights, was founded in 1872. The Krewe of Porteus, whose parade is the magnificent feature of the Monday night preceding Mardi Gras day, dates from 1882. These compose the number of the major carnival organizations, though there are score of minor ones. The balls are sponsored by private organizations, and admittances is by invitation only.

When Mardi Gras was organized New Orleans was recognized as the wealthiest city in America and leading center of art. It was third in population and closely rivaled New York as a port. Its set-back came with the War Between the States and it is only recently that the city has again struck its stride, to become the metropolis of the south. It was the pre-Lenten festivities of those early days that made it a mecca for tourists who first crowded the city at the carnival season.

The "Twelth Night Revelers" formally open the Mardi Gras season 12 nights after Christmas, on January 6, with a magnificent symbolic tableau and ball. The interval between balls grows shorter as the carnival approaches and finally during the last week, are eliminated altogether.

The lives of the debutantes become quite hectic at this period, especially of those to whom has fallen the coveted honor of being chosen queen and maids for the gala occasion. The queen and her four or six maids together with the dukes of the host organizations form the center of beautiful tableaux. The identities of the fortunate few are not generally revealed until they appear at the final grand ball when the newspapers give out the names of Rex and his queen, who have ruled the mystic carnival realm that embraces the entire city during the eventful occasion. The

balls are exceptionally sumpitous affairs, all en masque and of the most select. The halls are decorated in accord with some general fantasy, harmony carried out in costumes of members.

On the Monday night before Mardi Gras the Krewe of Porteous gives its ball and pageant. Formerly this was almost as big a day as Tuesday, because an impressive river pageant and military parade marked the arrival of the merry monarch, Rex, king of the carnival from his seclusion "on Mt. Olympus over the Vale of Tempo in the classic realm of Greece."

The hazard of the river pageant, in which nearly every ship in the great harbor participated, and which drew thousands of spectators to the edge of the wharves lining the river front, led to discontinuance of this part of the festivity. From the landing at the foot of Canal Street, Rex was ushered through the streets of the business section, where the keys of the city were given him by the mayor.

Then Tuesday — the longed-for Mardi Gras day! Even before breakfast the city becomes one huge playground. Everyone is excited to the highest pitch, while young and old alike join equally in the hilarity and fun. In anticipation of the coming of the Rex parade scores of popular marching clubs emerge from every section of the city in an endless variety of spectacles. Even the negroes have their share. On the New Basin canal an oyster lugger approaches a shore lined with black faces, bearing the burlesque "King of the Zulus."

In a dozen surburban sections merchant associations award prizes to maskers passing before them in review. In fact it is hard to visualize the spectacle of a city of half a million people with virtually the entire population except the halt and the blind, playing in the streets. About half of them are masked and costumed, the rest watch and applaud the fun makers.

The day pageant of Rex—followed by that of the Druids—emerges from its den at 11 a. m. The brilliant glow of the torchlights at night parades is lacking, but to replace it the floats are showered with gold and silver tinsel that glistens in the sunlight. The artistically beautiful, symbolic floats, regally gorgeous costumes, the sparkle of brilliant jewels and bright young eyes, music, shouts and laughter all combine to form an unforgettable spectacle.

That evening when the lights begin to gleam over the Crescent City there comes Komus with its grand concluding pageant and ball. Rex also gives his ball the same night, and at 11 p. m., he and his royal court formally joint the court of Komus in a gorgeous finale. Then, at midnight begins the solemnity of Lent—descending softly like a vast muffler on the play—enthused city of the Creoles. Then, for 40 days and nights thoughts of heaven occupy the minds just vacated by scenes of splendor and merry-making.

Almost before the echo of one carnival fades away work is begun upon plans for the ensuing year. First the artists retained by the four major organizations are requested to submit ideas. These are discussed, decided upon and returned to the artists to prepare drawings in full

detail and color. The costumes of detail an dcolor. The costumes are worked out in separate detail and design. These are extremely handsome and elaborate, and more than 100 different individual costumes are planned. Costume plates go to the costumers to be executed, while the float sketches are sent to the builders.

In the dens of the various organizations scattered over the city, their location unknown except to the members, there are scores of highly skilled draftsmen, carpenters, paper mache workers and painters, all trained through generations to do no other work than the building of carnival floats for the Mardi Gras festivities. The costs of everything is defrayed by the members, through annual dues, though more money is spent by the individual members.

The maskers who ride the floats distribute inexpensive favors along the route, and far more elaborate gifts are given to the fair daughters of the Crescent City whom they select for places in the "call-out" boxes of the balls. A beautiful mantle is presented to each queen of the organizations and also one to Rex. Crown jewels consisting of a crown, a sceptre, and necklace and stomacher for the queen are also presented.

These are really expensive creations made by the finest jewelers of Paris, although the gems are but rhinestones. From the shoulders of queen and maids are suspended trains of cut velvet, many yards long, these embroidered in jewels and gold in intricate, symbolic designs—showing the fleur-de-lis of France; birds of Paradise; the lilies of Astalot and other brilliant flowers carried out in natural colors.

KING'S DAUGHTERS TO OPERATE DENTAL CLINIC

The committee appointed from the King's Daughters, Mrs. E. S. Towery, Mrs. J. P. Cook and Miss Addie White, has completed all plans for the "dental clinic" to be held at Jackson Training School this week. This committee secured the services of Dr. W. L. Ezzell, Jr., who has a portable chair and with his other equipment will arrange his office in one of the rooms at the school.

This circle of King's Daughters has been engaged in real welfare work, without reward or the hope of reward, for 23 years in Concord and surrounding community. They are, in fact, termed the pioneers of the welfare work of Cabarrus county and by long experience are the equal of any trained workers in doing relief work or helping the suffering.

The King's Daughters all over the state have always proven themselves fine friends of the Jackson Training School and during this economic adjustment it is timely that they render such a fine service by sponsoring a "dental clinic" for many boys who doubtless are physically handicapped by having diseased teeth.—Concord Daily Tribune.

THE RUMBLE-SEAT

By Evangeline Weir

This cunning baby, with the big ears and soft, round, beautiful brown eyes, was born at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. You can see his head only, for the rest of his body is in his mother's pocket, where he sleeps, eats, and is carried about. It is a very nice pocket, soft and fur-lined, and closes up tight when baby pulled his head inside. Sometimes mother kangaroo takes her front paws, pushes the little head in, closes up the opening, and you cannot see him at all. It is a clean pocket, for mother washes it carefully with her tongue while holding it open with her front paws. Baby is clean, too, for his soft fur is washed with her tongue whenever he needs a bath.

He has been taking a ride around the big yard, and mother stopped long enough to have their photograph taken. It was a queer ride, and mother looked very funny hopping about with baby in the rumble-seat. Sometimes they were in the air, and sometimes on the ground. With her short, dainty forelegs held up against her breast, and her thick tail spread out to balance her big, clumsy body, she used her heavy, long legs to leap into the air. They were just like springs, and carried jumped. Hop, hop, hop, around and around the yard they went, with baby looking out from the rumble-seat and enjoying his ride greatly.

He was placed in the pocket when he was a wee thing, smaller than your finger. At that time you could not tell what he was, for he had little shape and no power to move her a long distance every time she about. There he remained for weeks, growing larger and stronger, until his body was covered with soft fur and he was shaped just like mother kangaroo. One day he discovered a slit in the pocket, and soon found out that he could open it, and out popped his head. He was a little frightened, for everything was so strange, even his mother. He drew it in, but soon ventured to peep again. In a few days he grew bold enough to keep his head out a long while. He liked to watch his mother eat, and see the children who stopped before his cage. He wasn't at all afraid, for he knew that he could pull in his head and close the pocket so that no one could see or harm him.

One day, he ventured to step out; perhaps, mother told him that he was big enough to hop around the cage. He soon went back, however, but after that he climbed out of the pocket quite often, and went back to rest or sleep whenever he felt like it. Baby kangaroo was growing larger every day. Indeed, the pocket was getting too small for comfort, and he could not get his whole body inside. But he did love that pocket, and crowded himself into it with his hind legs hanging outside. Mother tried to push them in, but they would not go, so often he rode around in the rumble-seat with his head inside and his legs hanging over the side. This looked very funny, for often he would turn him-

self around, pull his legs in, and stick out his head instead.

Then a very sad thing happened, he found that he was too large to get into the pocket at all, and his sensible mother closed the door and would not open it again. She refused to allow him even to stick his head in it. He had had his last ride in the rumble-seat.

Styles change but the fundamentals never. The laws of nature and the virtues have been the same from time immemorial. They will never change, though the passage of time will bring new and better adaptations.—Selected.

TODAY IS OPPORTUNITY

(Selected)

Today is in the full blossom of life. The petals of yesterday have shrivelled into the past and tomorrow is an unopened bud, a bud that may be blackened by the frosts of fate. And the future, the future is but a seed, not yet planted—of unknown quantity.

But today—today is a gorgeous blossom of beauty and fragrance. It is yours—for today.

Today is a new page in the book of life. Upon it, and upon it only, can you write a record of your accomplishments. It awaits your pen, but once turned it is gone forever.

Yesterday is a page turned. You cannot add one line to it, nor erase one word from it. It is closed forever and can affect the new page only as it has affected your heart and your courage. Your mistakes and fears of yesterday need not be carried forward in the ledger of life. The past holds no mortgage on today.

Today is a loaded gun—yesterday but a spent bullet. Tomorrow is your target. On it will be recorded your aim of today.

Tomorrow is metal unshaped and untempered. Today alone can serve your needs, or shape your destiny.

Yesterday is gone, tomorrow unknown. But today—today is yours, an unmeasurable treasure house of golden opportunities, a sea of unfathomed possibilities, a forest of building prospects.

Today is practical, usable, certain. It is here, it is your gift from immeasurable time. It is the first clear note in your song of life. It is the color tube from which you will tint your future.

There are fourteen good working hours in today—and ten hours for thought and rest. No man has yet discovered the limit of accomplishment that may be crowded into them.

And they are yours today.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A mechanic from Salisbury was called in last week to make some repairs to the boiler at the dairy.

—o—

As we go about the campus we notice groups of youngsters engaged in the enjoyable pastime of playing marbles. Just another sign that Spring is "just around the corner."

—o—

We are glad to report that Mrs. W. F. Morris, a member of our staff, who has been undergoing treatment in the Charlotte Sanitorium for the past week, is much improved and expects to be back with us soon.

—o—

After being delayed for some time by extremely bad weather, Mr. Hudson and his boys have resumed trimming the trees in our orchards. This makes a very decided improvement in their appearance and is also quite beneficial.

—o—

In going over our farm the other day we were impressed with the appearance of the oat fields. This crop looks exceedingly well at this time—there is a good stand, it has a healthy color, and apparently was not injured by the cold weather.

—o—

The radio installed in the "little white house" for the amusement of the sick boys, which has been out of commission for some time, has been repaired and the convalscent patients are again enjoying fine programs.

—o—

During quite a lengthy rainy season the roads about our campus were pretty badly cut up Now that the sun and wind has dried up the mud, Mr. Ritchie and his group of boys have made considerable improvement by scraping these roads.

—o—

For the past few weeks the bad weather was responsible for quite a noticeable decrease in the number of visitors on the regular visiting days. On Wednesday of this week we again enjoyed bright sunshiny weather and a goodly number of boys were visited by friends and relatives.

—o—

The library is open for business and Mr. W. M. Crook, the librarian, is kept busy issuing and receiving books during the hours allotted for this purpose. If the boys continue the same interest as is now evidenced, we believe our librarian's time will be well utilized for some time, as he reports more than six hundred books loaned during the first week.

—o—

Dr. W. L. Ezzell, Jr., of Concord, came to the Training School last Tuesday morning for the purpose of carrying out the dental program which is being sponsored by the Stonewall Circle King's Daughters. He has set up his equipment in the barber shop which is located in the school building, and the boys are taken from the school rooms to receive treatment.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gilkey, and son, Earle, of Grandview, Wash.,

visited the schcol one afternoon last week. Mr. Gilkey is a teacher in the Grandview Public Schools, and is very much interested in working with boys. The visitors were shown through the various departments here, and expressed themselves as being favorably impressed by the manner in which the work is being carried on. They will return to their home after spending a short time with relatives near Lexington.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in cur auditorium last Sunday afternoon. After the opening hymn, Scripture reading and prayer, Rev. Baumgarner presented Rev. J. F. Davis, pastor of Calvary Lutheran Church, Concord, who made a very interesting talk to the boys. Speaking from the text as found in Ecclesiastes 9:10, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," Rev. Davis explained how necessary it is for us to put our very souls into cur work in order to attain success. The speaker stated that we are living in a time of wonderful opportunities, and if we allow the spirit of the Master to enter our hearts, and apply ourselves diligently, we can accomplish great things. He also said we should let the spirit of our endeavors become a part of us; live in us, and by so doing, much good is bound to come out and we can work wonders. Rev. Davis concluded by saying we are like a painter who sees a beautiful landscape. Not only does he see it with his eyes, but the vision must become a part cf his inner self, before the wooded hills, green valleys and running streams can be placed on the canvas and become the finished masterpiece. It is only by going about our tasks in the same manner that we rise to great heights. This occasion was Rev. Davis' first visit to the Training School, and he made a fine impression on both the officials and the boys, and we wish to assure him that he will always be a most welcome visitor.

A WOMAN IN THE CABINET

The News-Herald has been much interested in the possibility of a woman in the Roosevelt cabinet. No official announcement has been made but it appears to be rather generally conceded that Miss Frances Perkins, of New York, will be given the portfolio of Secretary of Labor. That it will be an honor worthily bestowed seems to go unquestioned by those who know of Miss Perkins and of her outstanding official record in New York State.

We have never advocated that women should be given offices simply for the sake of recognizing women in politics. However, if a woman can measure up in qualifications with men offered for any position she should certainly be given equal consideration.—Morganton News-Herald.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 4, 1933 No.9

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The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enamelling the vales of human beings as the flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.—Bancroft.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

I took a piece of plastic clay,
And idly fashioned it one day.
And, as my fingers pressed it, still
It moved and yielded to my will.
I came again when days were past;
The bit of clay was hard at last.
The form I gave it still bore,
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay,
And deftly formed it day by day,
And moulded, with my power and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.
I came again when years were gone,
It was a man I looked upon.
He still that early impress bore
But I could change it nevermore.

—*Selected.*

A GREATER JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

The proposed institution for delinquent boys of Mecklenburg county is an acknowledgement of the needs of a greater capacity, and better equipment for that cause in the state. If that be true why start a similar institution, but instead unite forces by making the Jackson Training School measure up the requirements or needs?

We have a plant that in booming days was valued at a million and a half, but not the equipment for vocational training. However, with more funds we could with our present plant enlarge sufficiently to care for many more delinquent boys. If possible

to start another unit elsewhere for similar training it is accepted that it is posible for the state to make provision for a greater capacity at the Jackson Training School.

The curtailment of funds has placed the school in an awkward position, little can be done, but we are thankful that public opinion has begun to crystalize to the effect that the saving of the delinquent youths of the state, a big percentage of the young people, is imperative. And when we say care for them, we mean not just to herd this army of waywardness, but to teach them correct living by precept and example.

The mission of the Jackson Training School has always been to give the unfortunate boy the privileges of a Christian home life, comparable to that of any boy with Christian parentage. This institution has continued to live up to that goal..

We trust yet that the distinguished body of representatives in Raleigh who are active in sustaining every form of service in the way of education, public or higher institutions of learning, will keep in mind the needs of the unfortunate boy who today has no one to challenge his cause.

We have 500 boys who need vocational training, we have the building but not the equipment. The building was given by one of the most generous spirits of the state, Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove, and the authorities of the Jackson Training School would welcome the information that the handsome new building could be used to the advantage of the boys who would become assets instead of liabilities to the state. The Swink-Benson Trades Building should be opened so that the boys could realize the benefits of the magnanimous gift.

We wish it were possible that every representative could see this empty building awaiting the interest of some one who has the influence and power to start the wheels of different activities in motion. Time alone will reveal facts. There is no economy if the dollar is conserved at the risk of losing one soul.

* * * * * * * * * *

MORE CHRISTIAN WORKERS NEEDED

A fine report was given in the press as to results of a go-to-

church-campaign at some places in South Carolina. We will not go into a detail report, but suffice it to say that there was a 90 percent attendance in church and Sunday School, giving proof of a worthwhile effort. No doubt the idea would prove profitable throughout the entire country if tried out. We need something more though than just church attendance. We need interest, more real old-timey religion, a revival of the antiquated mourners' bench, where classes including the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the humble and the proud penitently kneel, confessing their sins and then start out with a brotherly love for mankind. The percentage of individual interest as to conditions is small, the work is now carried on by charitable organizations and Federal aid. The entire program has become commercialized and has just about outstretched the power of the officials in charge. The churches figure but little in this charitable work. The entire program of charity is based upon the work Christ did while on earth. Jane Adams, of the Hull House, Chicago, has the finest conception of Christian welfare work. She does not hesitate to say the best results in welfare work are realized by volunteer workers, and not by the combined dole of the government or organized local workers for remuneration. This is not an argument to defeat paying a living salary, but to defeat empolying one other than a "welfare-minded" person. There are many who argue that the churches have stressed, in many instances, foreign missions to the eliminations of conditions at home. Therefore, if a go-to-church-campaign were instituted possibly there would be an awakening along the lines of greater social service work among the church membership. Remember, the world is dying of the lack of love.

* * * * * * * * * *

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

When the whole country becomes more rural minded as indicated by facts as to New York State there will be a greater hope of universal prosperity. The soil never fails one entirely, there is hope at least of the necessities of life in the event of unfavorable climatic conditions. All of the necessities are available on

the farm provided there is a spirit of thrift, looking to the future as the "busy ant" does, storing the garner for the unexpected—lean days. It is an absolute fact if the government and charitable organizations continue to feed, clothe and supply other demands we will pauperize to such an extent till there will be a country of "doless-people." Instead of giving the necessities try out the old time "forty acres and a mule" and see how many will work out their own salvation.

The fact that there is a definite back-to-the-soil movement in New York State is shown by statistics. Since 1930, 40,000 city families, many of them who never lived on a farm have packed their belongings in all kinds of moving vans and trekked their way back to the rural districts. It is far better there than standing in the bread line, or waiting at the door of some charitable organization for a dole. It is at least more self respecting. There is enough uncultivated land in the state to furnish food for those living on the Federal and local charity. If the land could be made available by some agency this hitch-hiking and begging would soon be a thing of the past. It is all right to look after the children but when it comes to providing for big husky, grown-ups, unless in cases of extreme illness, that is the "jumping off point"—to use a slang expression.

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REMOVE RAILROAD HANDICAPS

"The Railway Age has published a remarkable special edition. For the first time, in magazine form, all editorial content and most of the advertising is devoted to presenting the facts concerning an economic problem of the first importance.

"The facts and figures in this edition show vividly that a fair deal for the railroads is essential to the public welfare. But what is a fair deal? It is simple enough. Broadly, it entails the following action, says Railway Age:

"The legalization of a transport policy that will regulate every common carrier according to the same principles.

"The elimination of government subsidies for any carrier.

"Equitable taxation of every carrier.

"No special favors for any carrier.

"If we continue to allow commercial motor transport to ply the tax-built highways, unregulated or half-regulated; if we continue to put up millions of dollars for the operation of waterways; if we donate other millions to subsidize competitive air mail and steamship lines, the railroads are headed for ruin and nothing will stop it. When that happens, a real business cataclysm will have arrived. Every worker, every investor, every executive, every home-owner, every farmer, even every political job-holder will feel the result. The railroads are the greatest single industry we have—and their failure, forced by legalized handicaps, would mean disaster."

* * * * * * * * * *

SHROVE TUESDAY

Last Tuesday, the day before Ash Wednesday, has long been known as "Shrove Tuesday", because it was long the custom for the people go to church and be "shriven", that is absolved from their sins before Lent began. Lent being a period of special penitence and prayer, it was felt that people must be cleansed of their sins that they might have a better foundation upon which to build up their spiritual lives.

But curious to relate, human nature being what it is, in some countries it became the custom to get in all the fun possible before the serious season of Lent began. So in England there were special festivities preceding Lent, especially on Shrove Tuesday when football, cock-fighting and bull-baiting, (throwing pepper in the nose of a bull tethered to a stake, and then setting bull dogs upon him, to see if the dog could grab the bull by the nose before being tossed in the air by the bull—a very popular sport among kings) were enjoyed by all classes of people. In Shakespeare's time the word "shriven" became equivalent of the Latin "carnival", which signifies, "farewell to the flesh", in reference to the giving up of flesh-meat during Lent. The Mardi Gras of the French, with its merry-making, is always celebrated on Shrove

Tuesday. Of course it is due to the French element in New Orleans that the Mardi Gras has become of such national interest to this country.

The name Pan-Cake Tuesday is derived from the European custom of cooking a special kind of pan cakes to be eaten on that day. In this country the day is mainly of name, as most of the old time customs, except among some of our European-born, no longer have much hold upon the people.

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ANXIOUSLY AWAITING!

The general public is growing very restless, anxious to know just what state-wide bills will be passed by the Legislative body. The committees have been busy and it is expected that something will soon happen. To tell the plain truth the solons are "up-a-tree", so to speak, as to just where to place the tax so as to find the necessary revenue to balance the budget. The experience of your humble servant is when funds are short, and there is no other available means for financing, the first step is to cut over head expenses, and then begin to live within the budget. There is nothing else to do. It is impossible to finance if there are no available funds.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter;
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little
word,
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.

—o—

The country doesn't need so much a tax on checks as it does a check on tax.

—o—

It is said that there is plenty of money in the banks, but there is lack of confidence among the people and in the future. Without faith we cannot have credit, and without credit we cannot have business. So there you are. What are you going to do about it?

—o—

Out in Iowa they have eliminated the state bee inspector in the interest of retrenchment. So well and so good. The people have been stung enough already.

—o—

The crying need of this country right now is more sense—and more dollars among the masses.

—o—

People who borrow money and trust to Providence to settle the bill are piling up debts against the day of settlement, which is sure to come as the sun is to rise every morning, whether we see it or not. One of the lessons that must be learned from the present day depression is that we must be more content with what we have and live in simplicity, and at all times giving thanks that it is as well with us as it is. Have courage and confidence in ourselves, and not cultvate a disposition to rely on the government to feed and clothe us. That idea is cultivating a nation of paupers.

—o—

A newspaper the other day carried the following headlines: "Pours Kerosene on Fire: Dies in Flames." "Blows Out Gas in Country Hotel; Dies." And we brag about our schools and the intelligence of the sovereign citizens of these United States. No matter how many stories the newspapers print of fatalities and burnings due to blowing out gas, and explosions of kerosene used in persuading recalcitrant fires to get busy, the casualties keep right on. If some inventor would patent a kerosene oil can that when held near where a fire is being started ring a bell, and shout "Put me down or I'll explode," and then reach out a long lever that will come down with a bang on the head of the bird that is holding the kerosene can. Not that it would do much good, but it might help some.

—o—

This is a perfidious age, when crime, sham, chicanery and deception were never more rife. It is a time for people to keep their heads, their eyes open and their wits about them. The man who holds you up at the point of a gun makes no pretense at being an honest upright, honorable citizen. I have infinitely

more respect for such a criminal than I do for the man who, like a spider weaving his web to catch helpless victims, weaves a web of a tissue of lies and deceit, who claims to be honorable and worthy of confidence, with the cold-blooded deliberate motive behind his every word and move of abstracting your every dollar he can get his hands on, then, applying to his own use and benefit, giving you nothing in return. Such a man deserves no respect, no consideration, no leniency. It is sheer criminality. It is thievery and robbery, deliberate and with malice aforethought. They are racketeers, pure and simple; professional confidence men and swindlers. The country is full of them right now. Keep your eyes open. Don't let them catch you in their net.

—o—

Someone has said that "it is the way we do little things that shows how we do the great ones." There are people who sit back and wait for a big chance to do something big. In reading history I do not find that these people ever did anything great. The people who were great, and whose names are written large on the page of history, are men who did little things well, and when the crisis came, they were ready with "the goods," and hence their greatness. We should remember that while waiting for something great to do, that there are daily opportunities for little things and in doing good deeds.

—o—

Incongrous things are often seen in the newspaper prints. Here's one. Out in Seattle twelve people have put in a claim for a purse containing two hundred dollars found on the streets of that city. What puzzles me is that a purse containing two hundred dollars was found in these hard times and only a dozen people claim it! There's certainly more than twelve people in Seattle. But probably those were the only ones who heard it the first day. My! my! Just think of twelve people losing a purse with two hundred dollars, same amount, and all at the same time. Many funny things in this world.

—o—

A United State Senate Committee is taking the testimony of about two hundred bankers, investigators, farmers and economists in an effort to ascertain what's the matter with the country. Everybody seems to think something is wrong, and most of them claim to know the reason why—but the trouble is, none of them have a remedy that anybody else will accept. There's too many doctors for the sick country, and they can't agree.

It was little Flossie's first day at school. Her name had been registered, and the teacher asked: "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Flossie.

"Are you the oldest one of the family?"

"Father and mother's both older'n me."

WHY NOT COLONIZE THE UNEMPLOYED AND REHABILITATE THEM?

By C. W. Hunt

future, and replace that fear with an assurance that these will not only have enough food and clothing, but a home from which they know they will not be ejected, nor the piling up of rent debt that will haunt them even when they are again on their feet; where their children can be instructed and teaching done for the mass or send them to school as other children, which would be no burden, for all those not in walking distance have busses to ride and that part of the colony plan would take care of itself. The colony plan would assure care in time of sickness, and all would have exercise of body and mind, by having some certain duties assigned, while all worked to one common purpose: the housing and feeding and caring for all equally.

Colonies of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty each, caring for twenty or thirty families, can be constructed at a cost of not more than twenty-five dollars per person, and on lands owned by counties and towns or donated by those who would be glad to furnish it, and if needed, for only one year, and yet better care would have been given the needy. One practically minded man who knows what, when and how to plant and cultivate and who knows something of humanity, can easily oversee and place each one in his or her place, where they, with his help, will be able to plan and carry on their particular

It has been suggested that in as much as it is not known how long this relief money can be had, nor how long present unemployment will continue (And there are those who fully believe that a very large part of those crowded out by machines will have to be permanently replaced at other jobs) it behooves the authorities, from Governor on down the line to begin now the work that must be done in one way or another. At present these derelicts are getting only muscular exercise and barely enough food to keep them able to labor, and not producing enough to feed them, the more is the need of a change. Most of these being worked are willing to work had they the jobs to work at. Present arrangements cannot continue indefinitely; no system can, where there is waste of labor or money in excess of return, and where there is a waste of both, the end of all such is that much nearer. This country is in a different condition than ever before, it is true, but it has always been able to take care of those who never did or ever will work, either from sorriness or from physical defect, and it is possible will always be able to do so, but as intimated before, the great job before the officials now is to help those who are not able to help themselves. To help them not only in food and clothes, but help them in that peace of mind that prevents slow death from worry about the

part of the organization and enjoy the work. In a colony like this would be found those who can and will instruct children; those who are splendid cooks or excell in making cloth into clothes; those who have had experience in poultry and dairy and the growing of truck. In fact in all lines that help to make food and such to care for a large number of people in common.

This writer would consider it out of the question to house these folks in the city, but must be out in the open and with the first object being to grow as far as possible what they consumed as foood, and what was lacking in that buy at wholesale. If it were possible to live in the city and succeed at farming, most of the rural population would live there, but the cost of rents and lights and water would require more than these could possibly afford, hence these live where they work, and with an average good man to oversee, these colonies need not be so terribly expensive.

The business man or firm that does not make enough to lay by a surplus in good times will when such a time as this comes go to the wall; or the farmer who raises crops and lets them go to waste after all his hard work is foolish, but no more so than to take millions of dollars and feed for an indefinite period a great crowd of those without a way to earn their own living and allow them to work at something that was simple waste. Surely we need to create a surplus and save it; not in cash to be paid out lavishly, but a surplus in homes for the indigent so long as needed, for who knows how long we are going to be forced to guide families to self support or see them suffer?

The idea, as to arrangement of a colony such as above, would be to have each dwelling place, with living room, where family ties may be held together, but arrange one central eating place. A place for study, for religious exercise and for such other assemblies as may offer of one kind or another. In this arrangement no one would be expected to live there any longer than was necessary to provide a living for themselves and family, and when a family or a single person moved out some others would most likely come in, and there would be no abandoned farm.

The question of financing such a project will naturally arise here, and it is contended that this relief fund was loaned for the distinct purpose of feeding the hungry and clothing and housing sufferers. If the relief fund is hemmed in for such as above, then borrow money from other places, and cut down the present expenditures. It is certain all borrowed money will have to be repaid, from whatever source. There can be little doubt as to the economical way when present methods are compared with that of placing these people where what they do will go to feed them and help to create a surplus in houses and land and permanent supplies for the indigent fund.

The work outlined here is not a job for any one man, but is a job for all men who want to see the best done for all concerned; a work of helping fellow men who need help as never before, and in some way help him to feel that he is still

a man with all the refined feelings he had in better times, and that this help is to tide him over to better things again; but so long as we go on as at present, we are making matters worse in the end. It is told on good authority that a colored man from the country, who owed a man in a city sixty dollars came into that city one day last week, paid off the debt, and while he was doing that his wife went to the charity organization and secured her a supply of food. Such as this must be cut out.

The "Hotel Stenographer" who gets off some mighty sensible stuff each day in the morning paper was made to say that a man had invented a cigarette machine that could make be made by 1,000 men working with their hands, but in the making of such a machine 1,000 men were displaced and had no money to buy the cigarettes made. You need no diagram to get the meaning. It aplies here.

PASS IT ON

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on;
'Twas not given for thee alone,
Pass it on;
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

Did you hear a loving word?
Pass it on;
Like the singing of a bird?
Pass it on;
Lets its music live and grow,
Let it cheer another's woe,
You have reap'd what others sow—
Pass it on.

Be not selfish in thy greed,
Pass it on;
Look upon thy brother's need,
Pass it on;
Live for self, you live in vain,
Live for Christ, you live again,
Live for Him, with Him you reign—
Pass it on.

—Selected.

WHAT IS TECHNOCRACY?

(Reidsville Review)

Every unusual period in history produces some one or two new phases of thinking into the lives of the population. Sometimes it is an invention, sometimes a cure for what seems to ail the world,, other times it is an entirely new theory created to change the ideas of the world.

Our present period of depression has produced a really interesting if not welcome new theory which has had millions of words already written about it and has swept the nation like wildfire. This new child of thought is Technocracy.

What is Technocracy? Perhaps those who have studied it most and those who are responsible for the origin of the theory cannot tell you in understandable terms. Even the experts on the subject vary to such a great extent that it is hardly recognizable as one and the same thing in different hands.

It seems that it all started with a group of energetic engineers who wanted to make a sort of energy census of the country, to see how much energy was required to manufacture any one certain article or to manufacture more energy. This was all in the interest of certain scientific study for far removed purposes from that into which it developed

Within this group was an element that conceived the idea of finding an economic interpretation in the results of their study. They first determined that the shoe industry, for instance, in its modern methods of machine production, was at one time producing more shoes than could possibly be used if everyone had all the shoes he needed. They found that the present day automobile was about fifteen times as efficient as cars of older models. Upon this theory they came to the conclusion that if manufacturers continued to improve them, that soon a single car would last a lifetime.

The research and findings they called the science of technocracy. Since that time technocracy has taken some queer turns. Succeeding students of this new thought have brought a political phase into the matter. Assumption and phophecy began to take their place along with the facts of the situation, attracting nation-wide attention and discussion.

So-called technocracy experts are advocating many and widely different remedies for the situation that exists which in other terms is simply overproduction. Some say we should go back to the period when more man was used instead of so much machine power. Others say that we should have more machine production or mass production and have it more widely distributed and under systematized control. No two seem to be agreed on the same course.

At least we should be thankful that technocracy is only a theory so far and the many dreadful predictions that it has unearthed are only prophecies and assumptions. It is safe to say that we shall live on with or without technocracy so far as we now know

IF HELEN KELLER HAD THREE DAYS TO SEE

(Selected)

All who, having eyes, see not (and that includes most of us most of the time!) will be interested to know what Helen Keller, denied sight and hearing practically from birth, would look at if she had three glorious days of seeing. As she begins her imaginings, set down in an article in the The Atlantic Monthly, she suggests this question for those who read: "If with the oncoming darkness of the third night you knew that the sun would never rise for you again, how would you spend those three precious, intervening days? What would you most want to let your gaze rest upon?"

The first day, she says, she would spend in looking at the people whose kindness had made her life worth living. "I know my friends from the feel of their faces," she says, "but I cannot really picture their personalities by touch." Then she asks us who see, "Can you describe accurately the faces of five good friends?" She would look into the face of a baby, too, on that first day. She would look into the eyes of a loyal trusting dog. She would take a long walk into the woods to see the beauties of nature. And when night came she would revel in the glory of artificial light.

On the second day she would get up to see the dawn. (How many times have you and I seen this daily miracle?) She would devote the day to a glimpse of the world, past and present, spending much time in museums and art galleries. "I can admire the simple lines of a Greek vase," she says, "but its figured decorations are lost to me. . . .O, there is so much rich meaning and beauty in the art of the ages for you who have eyes to see!" She would spend the evening of the day at the theatre, and how hard it would be to choose the play!

The third day would find her again watching the sunrise. And she would spend the remainder of this day in the haunts of men and women going about the business of life—in boats and streets and skyscrapers and shops. She would visit the slums and factories and parks where children play. And she ends with this word. "I who am blind can give one hint to those who see—use your eyes as if tomorrow you would be stricken blind."

"Occasion is the blast of a bugle that summons men to battle. But the noblest calls are those which summon us to duties of peace, not of strife and war."—Selected.

MAKERS OF AMERICA

By Ellis E. Reeks

Early American history was not made by man alone. Had it been, the story would have been different, for to the four-footed creatures of the land, this nation owes much of its early prosperity.

When the first white settlers reached the shores of the New World, they found it inhabited by numerous tribes of dark-skinned natives who provided themselves with the necessities of life largely by hunting. Through them, the newcomers learned to satisfy their daily needs—as well as to obtain a considerable amount of revenue—from the lower animals about them; and for a century or two, trapping and fur-trading were the leading industries. Furs were put to every conceivable use here and shipped in great quantities abroad. In time, large fur-trading companies controlled practically all business, entered into political intrigues, brought about wars that settled international boundaries, and made fortunes that laid the foundation for later American industries.

To do justice to all the wild creatures, large and small, which contributed to the prosperity of the colonists and pioneers, would be a large undertaking; but there are some so outstanding as to deserve special mention.

Let us begin with the beaver, for his part began long before even the redman appeared on the scene.

Surprising as it may seem, certain parts of our land exist as they are today because of the work of this clever animal. There are now in many regions fertile fields and lovely valleys where once were only deep V-shaped gorges cut by rushing waters from melting glaciers. There, to form quiet, shallow pools for their homes, beavers built their dams, back of which settled sand and silt, making it necessary for the animals to raise their barriers from time to time, resulting in higher, wider ponds, until, after many centuries, rich meadows took the place of stony, sloping walls.

At the beginning of our history, beaver were numerous along all our forested streams from the Atlantic to the Pacific, their total number having been variously estimated all the way from 60,000,000 to 400,000,000. In the days of their abundance, 500 were often caught by a single trapper in a year, while as many as 125 have been known to have been taken in a week.

Young beaver meat was considered good eating, and of all the fur-bearng animals, the beaver was the most valued. The wearing of beaver skins early became the fashion on two continents, and for nearly as many centuries, beaver hats, made of the felted wool, were prized above all others.

The high value of beaver pelts influenced all the early explorations north of the Spanish holdings. Trappers seeking more beaver penetrated into the wilds, to be followed in turn by the trader and the home-

seeker. Military expeditions, such as that of Lewis and Clark, were sent out to open up the country for the fur-trader, and jealousies over the possession of beaver-inhabited land lead to many heated disputes and even to wars.

By the year 1850, there were few beaver left to be taken, and soon it began to look as though the animal was to become as scarce as the dinosaur. At last, however, public interest was aroused and in the very nick of time, laws were passed for its preservation. Today, in National forests and in wild-animal sanctuaries, beaver ponds and houses add greatly to the picturesqueness of many a scene, though the animals themselves usually keep well out of sight.

Among other important fur-bearing animals of the time were the mink, marten, fox, and raccoon; but none of these were so numerous or so valuable as the flat-tailed builders of dams and waterways.

Next to the beaver in importance in American history was the bison, or native buffalo, the largest of all animals found on this continent.

For untold centuries, many tribes of North American Indians depended largely on this animal for food, shelter, clothing and warmth. Its flesh, its skin, its bones, and even its sinews, all entered largely into the economy of the northern tribes; while the chips, or dried droppings, furnished fuel where wood was scarce.

At one time, buffalo ranged over all our central plains, extending east as far as New York, west into Oregon, and south to southern Texas. Their numbers were so great that the natives believed they issued from the ground in a continual stream; yet it is probable that they were never so numerous as the beaver. But while the latter lived in comparatively small groups in wooded areas, the former frequented the open prairies and traveled about in vast herds sometimes numbering hundreds of thousands. Though exceedingly powerful beasts, they were stupid and could be slain by the Indian with his arrows.

As the pioneers moved westward, the buffalo made it possible for them to live until such time as industries of various sorts could be established. It meant to them all it had previously meant to the redskin and in addition the hides sold readily for a fair price. Even the bleached bones scattered over the plains were made use of for the lime they contained.

In 1868, William Cody, later better known as Buffalo Bill, made a contract with the Kansas Pacific Railway Company to supply its construction camps with the meat of twenty buffalo a day. For this, which he described as "doing nothing —just fooling around a bit and using up a little ammunition," he was paid $500 a month. In the eighteen months during which his contract lasted he killed 4,280 of the animals. His skill led one of the cooks to compose the following jingle:

Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill,
Never missed and never will;
Always aims and shoots to kill,
And the comp'ny pays his buffa-
lo bill."

Henceforth, Cody was known about camp by the pseudonym which was

later to follow him around the world.

Gradually the buffalo were crowded back before the advance of civilization. With the extension of railroads across the great plains west of the Mississippi, so terrible was the slaughter that by 1875 only a few insignificant bands remained at large.

Father Beede, once a missionary among the Sioux of Montana and Wyoming, asserts that from 1864 until the great battle between Sitting Bull and Custer in 1875, these people herded the more northern buffalo in the country occupied by them and thus protected the animals from the whites. He says:

"The buffalo were the Indian's cattle and the Western Sioux regarded buffalo-stealing about as a Dakota cattle-rancher regarded cattle-stealing—as a crime deserving of death. Buffalo-stealing by white men in the Dakotas was many times more the cause of trouble with the Sioux than all the gold in the Black Hills. I know this from hearing old Indians freely talk among themselves."

After the Sioux were subdued, buffalo hunters entered their territory and ten years later the last of the great herds had disappeared.

In 1905, the American Bison Society was organized, with its principal object "the permanent preservation and increase of the American bison." Through its efforts the animal was saved to our land. Today, on a number of State and Government Reserves, bison are a feature of interest.

A third animal which had much to do with the making of American history is the gray squirrel. This has not the fur of the beaver nor the robe of the Buffalo, and its small size, compared with that of the latter, makes a single one insignificant as a source of food. Nevertheless, it played a very important part.

In the early days, there were mymyriads of gray squirrels wherever there were nut-bearing forests throughout the eastern portion of the United States. Historical records tell almost unbelievable tales of their abundance. In the year 1749, the State of Pennsylvania alone paid bounties on more than 600 000 gray squirrels. New York annals record early squirrel hunts in which 2,000 were killed in a day; and private hunters of olden times seldom found it necessary to visit mare than a single hickory tree to stock the family larder. Squirrel migrations have been recorded in which it was estimated that bands of hundreds of thousands of the animals traveled from one locality to another. One of these migrations was known to have formed an army 130 miles in width that required several days to pass a given point.

Squirrel meat was the easiest meat for many settlers to obtain, but it took a good shot to bring down a squirrel. The animal is small, constantly on the move, and is usually more or less hidden among the branches. Yet old-time squirrel hunters always aimed at the eye and took such pride in their marksmanship as to consider themselves disgraced if it were known that they had hit a squirrel anywhere but in the head.

When the Colonists went to war with Great Britain, their case would have been hopeless had it not been that every man was a sharpshooter, having gained his skill in the quest of his daily meat. The English soldiers had had no such training and their manner of fighting was by volley firing, trusting to luck to hit the enemy.

Of the struggle that followed some forty years later, the same was true to such an extent that Ernest Thompson Seton factiously calls the gray squirrel the "winner of the war of 1812." And as late as 1862, the State of Ohio was saved from a Confederate invasicn by a home guard of 50,000 men officially known as "Squirrel Hunters," who volunteered for this service.

Though not so plentiful as in former years, the gray squirrel still holds its own wherever it can find its favorite food. Its decrease is credited mcre to the cutting off of the hickory forests than to any wanton killing.

The beaver, the buffalo, the gray squirrel—these and many other denizens of the wild played no small part in the making of American history.

CORRECT POSTURE

Not only gracefulness, but also our health and the prevention of excessive fatigue, depend a great deal upon posture—the way we stand, sit and walk. That is why it is most important that the person who has much work to do, and yet wants to have energy left to enjoy life and give pleasure to others, should guard against habits of incorrect posture.

Consider first the standing position. The weight should be on the balls of the feet, the chest up, the chin slightly back but in line with the chest, the feet exactly parallel, the arms dropped easily at the sides. To see that your body is in perfect balance when you are standing, rise on your toes and ease down again. When you stand with your chest dropping, your stomach out and your spine curved, you appear at a disadvantage—and what is worse, this position causes your vital organs to be displaced.

In walking, the first thing is to start right with the correct standing position. The toes should point straight to the front or be turned in the fraction of an inch. To stand or walk with toes pointing out produces awkwardness and often leads to foot troubles, such as fallen arches.

The body should be erect when assuming a sitting posture. The spine was never meant to sit upon. Many ill effects result from slumping down in the seat and surely there is but little rest to be derived from such a posture.—Selected.

HOLD ON TO YOUR SELF-RESPECT

(Forbes Magazine)

"Am I slipping?" "Is my ability giving out?" "Has my resourcefulness dried up?" "Has my right hand lost its cunning?" "Is my willpower on the wane?" Such questions plague many men today. They won't down. In view of what has befallen, this is natural. But it is not logical. If you were the only person whose income had diminished, if yours were the only business that has become unprofitable, you would be justified in concluding, that something had gone wrong with you, with your brains, with your judgment, with your capacity. The truth is, however, that not one man in a thousand, that not one business in a thousand, has escaped the devastating effects of events since 1929.

Ponder these facts: The total income of the people of this country is estimated to have fallen from approximately $90,000,000,000 to less than $50,000,000,000. One-fourth of all who were gainfully employed are now completely idle, and a still larger number are working only part-time; almost every high salary has been drastically reduced; the income of every investor has been severely curtailed; most wages have been cut. That is what has happened to individuals. The majority of companies are today paying not a single dollar on their common stocks. Examine the quarterly of other earnings' statements published day-by-day and you discover that it is unusual rather than usual for any net profit whatsoever to be shown. In a great many cases the losses run into very large figures. Since the panic there have been about 80,000 commercial failures. In addition some 4,750 banks have closed. Our foreign trade has shrunk from $9,600,000,000 in 1929 to approximately $3,000,000,000 for this year.

Under all these circumstances why should we feel that we should have gone along as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened? How could we in reason have hoped to receive a special dispensation? If we still have a job—any kind of a job—we should realize that we are among the fortunate ones. If we have been able to keep our business going, even at a loss, we have reason for self-congratulation. Even those who have lost out completely, financially, workwise, businesslike, must not conclude that they have outlived their usefulness Whatever befalls, we must hold on to our self-respect. We must indulge overmuch in neither self-blame nor self-pity. We must not surrender abjectly to fear, but lay fast hold on faith. Our heads may be battered and bloody, but they must not become bowed. We must fight, not faint. Remember that no man is defeated until he himself admits defeat.

Don't admit defeat!

TWENTY BELOW ZERO

By Maud C. Jackson

The storm increased in violence as the train sped westward, and with each frenzied blast of wind and whirling snow, and with each turn of the car wheels, John King's wrath waxed hotter and hotter. The Iowa prairies might look very well glimpsed from a sporty roadster in the summertime, but from the train, in the dead of winter, during a raging blizzard—.

At the thought of the roadster John clenched his teeth until the white lines showed about his mouth, making it look as grim as his father's had when he delivered his ultimatum. What an ultimatum!

Dad had said, "In my young days the slogan was, 'Go West, young man, and grow up with the country.' I accepted the challenge and went West. I learned patience, industry, perseverance, honesty out there where it took more to succeed than a mere knowledge of how to 'get by.' I trust there's still enough of the old West left to teach you one or more of these virtues, since you seem so totally lacking in all of them. You may begin packing at once. You start for your Uncle Beattie's ranch in Montana in the morning. You'll stay there until you come to your senses if it takes you forty years."

John was re-enacting for the hundreth time that final scene with his father as the train sped into the trackless waste of storm-swept prairie where villages and farmsteads were but dark, uncertain blurs on the flying landscape.

The trouble began in the first place with the sport roadster. Rich Aunt Eloise, still young enough to remember with a sad sweet thrill her own youth, and not content to settle down to a life of single complacency, had presented the car to John, whom she idolized, over the objections of both his parents.

"He's a good boy," she reasoned, "and will do exactly as I tell him about the car. It will help him to establish himself among the right kind of people, and that will mean everything to him when he enters the university next year. It's such a harmless gift—"

"About as harmless for a boy as a gangster movie," Judge King observed dryly.

But after several family conferences in which the pleadings of Aunt Eloise and the promises of John overruled all objections, the car was allowed to remain in John's possession and soon became as much a part of the lad as the clothing he wore. He observed his father's regulations as to the usage of the car for several weeks. He drove carefully, was home on time at night and did not let it interfere with his work at North High school in the smallest particular until he began running around with Chester Hanley.

Chester, or Chet, as he was known among his associates, belonged to one of the "right" families. "But that's the only 'right' thing he ever did in his life, if all reports are true," Judge King reminded Aunt

Eloise.

Before long the judge made an unhappy discovery. He discovered that Chet and Willard Jones, in company with his own son, were "playing hookey" from school and were riding here and there all over the countryside. John was severely reprimanded, the car was put in "cold storage," as he bitterly expressed it, and he and his comrades returned to school, sadder but not nearly so wise as seniors nearing the last half of the first semester should have been.

And then the trouble began in earnest. Neglected work had to be made up or the boys would be ineligible for the basketball team, and John King was the star forward.

It is much easier to talk about making up back work than it is to actually do it, as John and his comrades found when they made the attempt. And when the day came for the final quiz in the first half of algebra, John was all at sea. He was floundering hopelessly like a vessel on a storm-tossed ocean, when Chet Hanley, sitting near, saw his friend's distress, and threw out a lifeline in the form of a linen handkerchief on which he had copied enough rules and formulas to provide anchors for a whole fleet of storm-ridden craft. But alas! Catfooted, lynx-eyed Miss Tompkins happened along that side of the room just as John spread the handkerchief out and began copying the desired formulas on a blank piece of paper. She seized the handkerchief, declared it contraband, and sent John retreating to the principal's office in disgrace, never to return until he had squared himself with the world, which, in that instance, consisted of the teachers and pupils of North High school.

Principal Wornall, having been previously advised, called for reinforcements. They arrived in the person of John's father, who was known throughout the entire city and state as one of the best and fairest judges who ever presided over a court. John tried to keep those two qualifications of his father's uppermost in his mind as he quakingly followed the grave, silent man from Principal Wornall's office, and then rode home beside him in the family car. They entered the library together and removed their wraps.

"Well?" said the judge, facing his son. John was silent.

"Cheating in exams, were you?" said the judge, and there was a slight tremor in his voice.

"Call it that if you like," said John obstinately.

"What do you call it?" asked his father.

"Nothing at all. Just using a store of knowledge some one else had the sense and foresight to lay by for an emergency." John resembled his father in many ways and his argumentative power was one of them. "Nine-tenths of the kids in school do it nowadays and get by with it. I got caught, that's all. There's nothing wrong in what I did if you can get by. Old Lady Tompkins has it in for me—"

"Stop!" said Judge King sternly. "I've known Miss Tompkins for years. She's a splendid woman with lofty ideals. She caught you cheating and reported you. That's exactly as it should be. And did

you happen to realize, my boy, that this idea of 'getting by' is exactly what's wrong with the world today? I'm sick of the sound of those words, and you would be, too, could you sit in my place a while and see the people who have been trying to 'get by' with something. Bankers, shysters, crooks and gangsters, all trying to 'get by,' but eventually getting caught up—"

"I think that is quite different," said John defiantly. "It will be a sad day for old North High when they lose me from their basketball team, and I was only making sure that would not happen by accepting a little help at the proper time. And I object to being classed with crooks and gangsters."

Judge King eyed his son for a long minute in indignant amazement. Then he delivered his ultimatum, and in a little more than twelve hours John found himself on a flying train bound for Uncle Beattie's ranch in Montana. He was ready to suffocate with wrath at the idea of any one, even one's own father daring to treat a high school senior in any such high-handed manner.

His mother had looked sad and grave and Aunt Eloise had cried over him at parting, whispering in his ear that he was a "poor, abused darling," and cautioning him to be sure and wear gloves "so his hands would not look like those of a laborer when he came back." ("If I ever come back," John had raged to himself.) He had packed a trunk and his bag and the next morning he was off.

It was a cold morning, but John, muffled in his coonskin overcoat and burning with indignation, did not notice the cold as he grimly shook his father's hand and sprang to the steps of the train. He found himself located just across the aisle from a snub-nosed boy, whose face was so liberally besprinkled with freckles that it reminded John of occasional flakes of snow on a football field. John's attention was attracted to the boy because attracting attention seemed to be the boy's main idea and purpose in living. He was a wiry lad, probably fourteen or fifteen years of age, though rather small for fifteen. John discouraged his advances and also remained oblivious to the other passengers on the train, occupying himself by gazing angrily from the window for a time. He dozed and read from a detective story magazine chiefly because he knew his father adhorred that type of stories for young minds. Aunt Eloise had smuggled the magazine into his traveling bag during the process of packing and he smiled grimly as he turned its pages at the thought that he had once more been able to get by with something.

The storm began as the train entered Iowa and increased in intensity as darkness fell.

"A regular western blizzard," John overheard the flagman say to the conductor as they paused a few moments in the aisle near the vestibule of the Pullman.

"They said back at Pruitt that the thermometer had dropped to twenty below zero," the conductor returned. "We're more than an hour late now. It's hard to make time against a storm like this. I hope we don't run onto a broken rail—"

They passed on down the aisle. John shivered, then glanced at the coonskin coat with a fleeting sense of satisfaction. Coonskin on a ranch! "It might as well be cowskin," he told himself as he opened the detective story magazine again.

"Next stop's Ethel! Next stop's Ethel!" the porter's voice came ringing through the car.

There was a disturbance across aisle. The red-headed boy was gathering his belongings together. The train was slowing down and the red-headed boy went shuffling down the aisle. The train came to a full stop.

So this is Ethel," thought John. "I wonder what kind of a burg it is."

He peered out, but saw nothing but murky, milky darkness.

"The town must be on the other side," he thought and crossed over to the seat vacated by the boy.

Not a glimmering light met his gaze. The darkness on this side of the train seemed more intense than on the other, with the storm beating against the windows which dimly reflected his own bitter, handsome features. The train was moving again now and John was puzzled.

"I'll swear that kid got off and there isn't even a depot there. I wonder—" He scratched his head in perplexity, then arose and sauntered down the aisle to the vestibule. A gust of wintry wind struck his face. The vestibule door was ajar. A growing suspicion filled him with a vague alarm. Without knowing why he did so, he hurried into the next coach to find the porter. He met the conductor instead.

"What town was that we just passed?" he demanded.

"We haven't passed a town for about ten miles. We stopped back there about a mile before crossing the A. & M. tracks. We're pulling into Ethel now."

"Holy mackerel! that red-headed kid got off back there," cried John.

"He couldn't have. The vestibule door is closed," returned the conductor shortly. "This is his station. I was on my way to see that he doesn't miss it."

"The vestibule door was open when I came by just now," averred John.

"Are you sure of that?" asked the conductor quickly.

"As sure as I am that I'm talking to you," said John King.

The porter approached them, singing out the name of the town. The conductor turned to him. "Did that red-headed kid for Ethel get off at the stop back there?" he demanded.

The porter rolled his eyes. "No sah. He gets off heah, sah."

"I tell you that kid got off. The vestibule door was open—"

'Is that door open, Sam?" asked the conductor.

"No, sah. I always keeps them closed, sah. You-all can see fo' yo'-selves." Sam led the way to the vestibule and pointed to the door. It was tightly closed.

"I tell you that kid got off," declared John.

"He couldn't have," said the conductor in a manner that indicated that he was impatient to put an end to the matter.

"Where is he now, then?" demanded John.

"Hunt him up, Sam. He gets off here ,you know."

"Yes, sah." Deferentially, Sam departed to make a hasty search.

"Twenty below zero," muttered John as he returned to his seat. The car was warm, and yet for some unexplained reason John slipped into the fur coat. He pulled a fur cap down over his ears. He walked again to the front of the car. He met the porter and conductor. The conductor was looking anxious now.

"Find him?" asked John.

"No," shortly from the conductor.

"He got off back there, I tell you. The vestibule door was open. He'll freeze to death in this storm. You'll have to go back for him." John King was like his father in many ways. It might have been the judge himself speaking.

"He couldn't have gotten off without being seen. We're behind time, Can't waste time looking for smart-aleck kids. I'll wire the second section to look out for him. That's all I can do," snapped the conductor.

John King's anger toward his father was ebbing away like a tide, but for some strange reason his uneasiness over the red-headed boy, lost in the raging blizzard, was rising like a school spirit at a football game during a touchdown.

The train had stopped for Ethel. The passengers had alighted and a new influx of travelers was coming aboard. Suddenly, unnoticed by the porter, John swung to the platform. The cold stung his face and hands, and the gale nearly swept him from his feet, as he quickly made his way down the long train. It was moving now. Pulling out and leaving him. No kid, no matter how life and strength in his body.

Down the track he strode, keeping a wary eye out for other trains, ornery and insignificant, would freeze to death so long as he had thankful for the muscles he had developed on the football field; thankful for the warm fur coat and cap and, yes, thankful for the dad who had provided them.

Floundering through rapidly forming drifts, panting, buffeting, shivering, he reached the A. & M. tracks. A hundred yards or so farther on and he ought to find the boy. He reached the spot at last and shouted until he was hoarse, then pushed the cap up and listened until it seemed his head must be all ears; but only the pelting snow and the howling wind answered him.

He was too late. The boy had doubtless fallen and might even now be frozen to death. He'd have to go back beaten. But he'd report this. The second section should be along shortly. He could swing aboard that and then send word ahead about his baggage. He walked back and forth to keep warm until he was almost too weak and exhausted to stand. Not a train appeared. Then came a terrible thought. The late trains were all snowbound somewhere. Weak and exhausted though he was, he would have to walk back to Ethel. He started stumbling down the track. His feet seemed numb and dead. Like wooden feet. Would he ever make it?

He stumbled and fell, rose again, and then, blessed vision! Not far away, down what appeared to be a drifted lane, he caught the faint glimmer of a light.

"Just follow the gleam," he muttered through stiff lips.

By some miracle he reached a house. He tried to shout, but his voice stuck hoarsely in his throat. He stumbled wearily onto a porch. Then all was darkness.

He opened his eyes in a pleasant, dimly lighted room, then stared in stupefaction. The red-headed boy of the train was grinning at him from across the room, while a woman with hair almost as red was rubbing his face and feet with snow.

"How'd you get here?" John mumbled thickly.

"I sneaked off the train. I live here," grinned the boy.

"Live here!" A light was dawning on John. "I thought you got off by mistake. I came to find you."

"We always get off here when we can bribe the porter to open the door. Sometimes we can't get by with it—"

"Get by with it!" This boy, the porter, even the conductor trying to make time, everybody trying to get by with something. John King risking his life—

"Is the telephone working?" John demanded suddenly, "May I use it?"

"It was an hour ago," said the red-headed boy's red-headed mother.

John stiffly wrote two messages. One directed the conductor of train No. 20 to return his luggage to Peoria. The other was to Judge King and read, rather ambiguously, "Snowbound in western Iowa. Through trying to get by. Will be home at first opportunity."

Four weeks later there were wild cheers in the gymnasium of old North High School when John King, fully recovered from frost-bite, appeared on the floor with the basketball team for a contest game.

"John, old kid, I'm glad you got by with those exams," said Chet Hanley.

" 'Got by' nothing. I studied like a soldier for those exams and passed them honorably. I've quit this getting-by business. I'll have you understand. I hate the words."

The referee's whistle sounded then and the game was on. And when John King threw the final goal, the goal that spelled victory for North High in that closely contested game, he fancied he could hear his father's cheers above all the rest.

Every time we entertain thoughts of love, sympathy forgiveness, and faith, we add to the well-being of the world, and create fortunate and successful conditions for ourselves.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HANS, THE SHEPHERD BOY

By Ella Lyman Cabot

Hans was a little shepherd boy who lived in Germany.

One day he was keeping his sheep near a great wood when a hunter rode up to him.

"How far is it to the nearest village, my boy?" asked the hunter.

"It is six miles, sir," said Hans, "but the road is only a sheep track. You might easily miss your way."

"My boy," said the hunter, "if you will show me the way, I will pay you well."

Hans shook his head. "I cannot leave the sheep, sir," he said. "They would stray into the wood and the wolves would kill them."

"But if one or two sheep are eaten by the wolves, I will pay you for them. I will give you more than you earn in a year."

"Sir, I cannot go," said Hans. "These sheep are my master's If they were lost I should be to blame."

"If you cannot show me the way, will you get me a guide? I will take care of your sheep while you are gone."

"No," said Hans. "I cannot do that. The sheep do not know your voice, and—" Then he stopped.

"Can't you trust me?" asked the hunter.

"No," said Hans, "you have tried to make me break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed. "You are right," said he. "I wish I could trust my servants as your master can trust you. Show me the path. I will try to get to the village alone."

Just then several men rode out of the wood. They shouted for joy.

"Oh, sir!" cried one, "we thought you were lost."

Then Hans learned to his great surprise that the hunter was a prince. He was afraid that the great man would be angry with him. But the prince smiled and spoke in praise of him.

A few days later a servant came from the prince and took Hans to the palace.

"Hans," said the prince, "I want you to leave your sheep to come and serve me. I know you are a boy whom I can trust."

Hans was very happy over his good fortune. If my master can find another boy to take my place, then I will come and serve you."

So Hans went back and tended the sheep until his master found another boy. After that he served the prince for many years.

He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.—Selected.

HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY

Room No. 1

—A—

Jack Cook, Orville Clark, James Cooper, Shirley Earnhardt, Cecil Farr, Robt. Hill, Fred Joseph, Robt. Journigan, J. R. Morrow, Richard Mishoe, Irving McBryde, Julian Perdue, Homer Smith, Lytt Talley, Howard Boaz, James Battle, Lester Caudle, Sam Gatewood, John Garrett, Fulton Hare, Thomas Hayden, Sid Logan, Hurley Miller, Charles Miller, James Meddlin, Troy Thompson, Willie Vogler, Lester Wall, Spencer Yow, and Grady Rackley.

—B—

John Autry, Jack Hoxit, Elwood Hamock, Ernest Munger, Junior Hoyle, Herman Nunnery, Buford Shipman, Clifford Stephens, Leroy Shields, Harvard Winn, Clinton Beaver, Rudolph Clements, Howard Falk, Clarence Helms, Mack Hyatt, Normon Hulon, Ray Hager, Marshall Hollifield, George House, Jim Kellam, R. B. McDonald, Clarence McPherson, Troy McPherson, Earl Neal, Dick Whitener, Jess Whitman, Arnold Wingler, and David White.

—o—

Room No. 2

—A—

Shannon Broome, Horace Brown, Glenn Connor, Lloyd Long. and Lee West.

—B—

Howard Baynes, Albert Crepp, Robert Crowson, Neil Huntley, Wm. Handford, Bill Jackson, Thurman Lockamy, Garland Mangum, Mell Russ, Don Smith, Miller Carter, Joe Chappell, Robt. Branch, Hershall Hollifield, Frank Hatch, John Merrett, and Lawrence Thompson.

—o—

Room No. 3

—A—

Calvin Boone, Allen Barrett, Fleming Collins, and Charles Smith.

—B—

Bill Barrett, Carl Everett, Warren Holleman, and Harding Meddlin.

—o—

Room No. 4

—B—

Loyce Long.

—o—

Room No. 5

—A—

Hubert Davis and Eddie Lockamy.

—B—

Austin Tallent, Dinzil Browning, Eugene Hogan, and Arthur Chatham.

—o—

Room No. 6

—A—

Weldon Campbell, Perry Futrell, Morris Staley, and Jack Palmer.

—B—

Carl Hampton and Colonel Pearce.

—o—

Room No. 7

—A—

Edwin Gladden, David Hodge, Irwin Meddlin, and Richard Sullivan.

—B—

Geo. Carlisle, Fred Vereen, Clyde Young, and Gilbert Murray.

"The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is the knowledge of your own ignorance."—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent Charles E. Boger addressed the members of the Charlotte Rotary Club at their regular meeting last Tuesday, his subject being "Delinquent Boys."

—o—

Lee West, one of the house boys at Cottage No. 2, was paroled last Wednesday, and will live with his parents at Spindale. Our best wishes for success go with him as he again takes his place in the outside world.

—o—

Mr. J. H. Boyd, of Greenville, one of the workers employed by the Pitt County Board of Charity and Public Welfare, visited the institution last Wednesday morning. On his return he was accompanied by John Phillips, of the Rowan-Iredell Cottage, who has been paroled.

—o—

Rev. Wilbur Parker, pastor of the Reformed Church, Charlotte, was a visitor here last Sunday. He made the trip in one of those little Austin automobiles and delighted a number of our smaller boys by giving them rides over the campus.

—o—

A group of fifty-five eighth grade pupils of the Mount Pleasant public schools, in charge of Miss Elizabeth Roseman and Mrs. H. L. Fisher, teachers of home economics and science, respectively, visited the Training School last Tuesday afternoon. As these young students were being conducted through the various departments they showed great interest in the work being carried on here. A number of them could be seen taking notes, and we are of the opinion that several interesting papers will be prepared, telling of their visit to the institution.

—o—

Charles Randolph, one of our old boys, called on friends and acquantances among the officers of the Training School last Monday afternoon. He was paroled in 1915, and has made a splendid record since leaving here. Upon being paroled he entered the Whitsett School, graduating in 1917. For the past ten years he has been employed as a buyer by the American Tobacco Company, with headquarters in Kinston. Charlie was amazed at the wonderful changes that have taken place at the school since he was first admitted, at which time there were only two cottages in operation. He was especially impressed with the development and improvements on our farm, where he was employed as a boy, and said that he would not take anything for the knowledge of farming acquired during his stay here. Charlie is now a man of splendid physique, has a pleasing personality, and judging by his appearance and from our brief conversation with him, we feel that he has

succeeded in making good.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by three students of Davidson College. After the opening hymn, Scripture recitation and prayer these young men took charge of the service. A feature of the afternoon's program was the rendition of two violin numbers by Gordon L. Green, Avery Patton accompanying at the piano. J. H. Ostwalt then addressed the boys, his subject being found in John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." His talk was both helpful and interesting. We were glad to have these young men with us on this occasion, and wish to tender our thanks for the interest they are taking in our boys.

THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE

It's the little things in life that make it sweeter;
  The little things so often we forget;
The little things we fail to do, and later
  Bring long, dark hours of sadness and regret.

The kindly word so oft we leave unspoken,
  Which should have cheered some lonely, aching heart;
A cheery smile, of love, good-will, the token—
  It might have brought the sunshine to the dark.

A little thing may seem the friendly hand-clasp;
  A heart to heart talk with some wavering soul;
But it may mean the birth of inspiration,
  The challenge to attain some lofty goal.

It's the little things in life, we should remember,
  That make this good old world of ours seem big.
And may we, when we come to life's December,
  Be blessed and gladdened by the little things we did.

—Alice Mattas.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 11, 1933 No. 10

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

DO NOT QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you heave a sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must—but do not quit.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

JOHN MASEFIELD, POET LAUREATE OF ENGLAND

Thirty-eight years ago a poor English lad from an Eglish ship, who had worked in a waterfront saloon, got a job in the big carpet mill in Yonkers, N. Y. It wasn't much of a job for wages, but it was more to his taste than washing whiskey glasses, and he did so well that he soon got a raise to eight dollars a week. Having his evenings off, and being of a reading turn, he began to haunt the local book shop. When he came browsing, a saleswoman noted his hunger for books, and gave him advice in selecting his modest purchases. She even loaned him books that were beyond his means. It was she who introduced him to Chaucer, "well of English undefiled." She is no longer living, but it would have given her special satisfaction when a distinguished British poet, John Masefield, visited Yonkers recently and gave a reading at the high school. He was introduced as Poet Laureate of England, a successor of Wordsworth and Tennyson, one who by common acclaim is the greatest of living poets writing in the English tongue.. For John Masefield, author of "The Everlasting Mercy," "Enslaved," "The Dauber," and many other great poems, was the boy from Smith's carpet mill whose gift for literature she had understood and guided, when he was unknown to fame. Wages were probably as low in Yonkers bookshop as at the carpet looms, but wages are not the whole compensation of any person who helps another to find his way up and on. Teachers and preachers know!—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

RESULTS OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS CLINIC

The Dental Clinic sponsored by the Stonewall Circle of King's Daughters has revealed conditions that have given the school officials considerable concern. The treatment, including either extractions, fillings or infected gums, is nearly 100 percent. The

King's Daughters had just a small amount of money they wanted to spend where the best results could be realized. They thought the corrections would measure up a small percentage, but conditions proved to the contrary. Without doubt they showed wisdom in turning to the boys of the Jackson Training School for there has never been presented to the public a more urgent cause, helping those who are absolutely at the mercy of the strong arm of the state, and especially so when the state is without funds for this specific work. The school has no funds to spend for dental clinic, that the King's Daughters knew, so they proceeded to "rush in where angels fear to tread." From all appearances they have taken over more than they can manage, but never yet has the spirit of a King's Daughter failed and this local circle of King's Daughters, Concord, intends to stand right behind the officials of the school till conditions are corrected entirely.

Up to date each boy averages either extractions, fillings, or diseased gums. We give out this information knowing that unpleasant news travels fast. This is no fault of the school authorities. The boys are sent to the institution with bad mouth conditions. Eleven new boys entered the school Friday. Instantly they were taken to the dentist in charge, and nine were found with infected gums and many had bad teeth. The ruling before a boy enters the Jackson Training School is that each county committing boys to the school send them in fine physical condition. But we suppose financial conditions have made this work impossible in respective counties. It is not expected that Superintendent Boger take care of all the dental and tonsil work of this institution because of economic conditions. We are thinking just what the conditions would be in our public school system throughout the state if dental clinics were not held periodically. It is distressing that our Jackson Training School boys have to be neglected, but what "can not be cured must be endured." Superintendent Boger expresses gratitude for the fine co-operation of the local circle of King's Daughters, and it is with the greatest pleasure that the King's Daughters are permitted to render such a fine humanitarian service. The Stonewall Circle has never failed to challenge any cause that is for the uplift of

the boys of the Jackson Training School, and they possess the same fine spirit shown on previous occasions.

* * * * * * * * * *

A HOLY DAY NOT A HOLIDAY

It is gratifying that the General Assembly of North Carolina handled one bill according to the Ten Commandments, insofar not legalizing Sunday baseball. It is true that we can break every commandment in the Decalogue while remaining in our own homes, but we are not openly defying the Lord's commands neither are we setting a precedent for others to follow. Everybody wields some influence it matters not who or where.

There are few who realize that it takes a strong character to keep the man made and God given laws, and it is a strong evidence of a weak character to yield to the lust of the flesh. To "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" is considered by the modernists as Puritanical, out of date, but nothing fits one better for the toils or labors of the week than a complete relaxation on the Sabbath day in the midst of influences that ennoble the soul sufficiently to challenge the week-day emergencies. If necessary to be mentally and physically strong to master conditions, it is equally as important to be spiritually strong, making the Sabbath a holy day rather than a holiday. With the masses Sunday is the climax of a week-end of indulgencies or pleasures. About the only way to realize a quiet Sunday is to go into seclusion far from the haunts of man. By not legalizing Sunday baseball reflects that we at least have men of influence who do not approve a wide open Sunday as a day of absolute dissipation, especially for those who have an insatiable taste for sports.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE OLD MAN LOOKED UPON WITH FAVOR

President Franklin D. Roosevelt did not follow the example of industry by shelving the old men, but to the contrary several of the men picked for his cabinet have passed sixty with others younger. It looks as if he is looking for guidance through this

stress and strife of warfare both upon the wisdom and experience of age and the enthusiasm and virility of youth. This attitude of President Franklin D. Roosevelt gives courage to the older men who are mentally, physically and otherwise seasoned for fine service, but on account of public opinion moulded in favor of the young men have had to take a back seat.

The ages of the cabinet members are as follows:

Hull, Secretary of State	61
Woodin, Secretary of Treasury	64
Dern, Secretary of War	60
Cummings, Attorney General	62
Farley, Postmaster General	44
Swanson, Secretary of Navy	70
Ickes, Secretary of Interior	58
Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture	44
Roper Secretary of Commerce	65
Miss Perkins, Secretary of Labor	49

* * * * * * * * * * *

A GIFT OF MARBLES AND JIG-SAW PUZZLES

On Thursday evening of last week, 7:30 o'clock in the school auditorium of the Jackson Training School, a most delightful and edifying entertainment was sponsored by some of Concord's best talent, an event in the history of the school that will always be remembered. An expression of appreciation came from all who were fortunaate enough to be present.

The vocal selections were rendered by Peggy Loeb, a young Concord artist who has won recognition as one of the successful contestants in the Atwater Kent audition. She possesses a voice of rare quality with an engaging personality. Oother features of the program worthy of favorable comment were the aesthetic dance numbers renderd by two young school girls, Lois Fuller and Catherine Smith and with the acrobatic stunts by Lois Fuller in the entirety rivalled any professional in these particular accomplishments.

Besides the Jackson Training School boys played a part in the evening of recreation and pleasure, presenting a flag drill, many songs and music on the harmonica, while several of the boys

danced the clog rather effectively considering they were untrained. There were other stunts, for instance the boy who imitated the monkey seemed to please the audience.

Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, to whom all credit is given for the delightful evening, gave an interesting talk on her European trip. The accompanist of the evening, Mrs. Leslie Correll, as a finished pianist, played her role as usual in a manner that already adds to her well-earned reputation as one of the most accomplished accompanists in the state.

At the conclusion of the program the boys of the institution were presented marbles and jig-saw puzzles by Junior Red Cross of Concord. It is sufficient to say since the boys have received the marbles they are seen from every angle of the campus engaged in the innocent sport of shooting marbles.

Remember Concordians, the latch-string of the Jackson Training School hangs on the outside—that means come again. We welcome you.

* * * * * * * * * *

"EDUCATIONAL HERESY"

Now comes along Dr. Julian Miller in his special editorial column in The Charlotte Observer with some more of what he terms "educational heresy." Dr. Miller says:

> Whatever may happen to the schools when the legislative bodies get through with them, it may reasonably be insisted upon that they turn back, to the extent at least of measuring their efficiency by what a student learns instead of by the number of units a student earns.
>
> This is, perhaps, the vilest sort of heresy, the crude view of the backwoods, a philosophy as obsolete as the stage-coach.
>
> Even so, the educational system that justifies itself by standards instead of attainments has proven defecive.
>
> You can't systematize a human spirit as you can a business, neither can you grade a child's mental capacities as you can a bale of cotton.
>
> Too many pupils in schools are emerging fully qualified in point of units attained, but without having learned anything, and the colleges are being filled up with failures, partly on this account.
>
> Children are not wholly to blame for their educationless education. Treasonable though this be, it happens to remain a conviction.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

If any little love of mine,
May make a life the sweeter;
If any little care of mine,
May make a friend's the fleeter;
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength,
To help my toiling brother.

—o—

The latest things in men's clothing. Women.

—o—

To "brighten the corners where you are" it is a good idea to talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

—o—

To succeed, make a game of your work. Play hard at your business, and you will enjoy it as you would a game. Simplicity, patience, persevereance and kindness go hand in hand with your talents and ability to conquer all difficulties.

—o—

They have discovered the deepest hole in the earth's surface It is in the Atlantic Ocean, and is 44,000 feet deep, which is equal to nearly eight and a half milles. I wish they would dredge that hole. That must be where all my stocks and bonds went in the past two years.

—o—

If those people who go to Florida and California, the Bermudas and the Bahamas, and other palm tree places would only stop "basking in the sun" it wouldn't be so hard for us who stay at home to bear our condition. Why in heck can't they sit in the sun, or stand in the sun, or run around in the sun? Gosh! I'm so sick of 'em basking.

—o—

I see it stated in the newspapers that the "League of Nations Scores Japan." That must have been an awful blow to the Japs. Wonder if the league said, "You're just an old meaney," or, "I think you're perfectly horrid, so there now." It must be terrible to be scored by the League of Notions. Must be something like being kicked by a butterfly, or gored by a humming bird.

—o—

From now on we are to have Woodin money. I wouldn't advise you to fall for this lame joke, but it is a fact that our greenbacks, which heretofore have been signed by Andy Mellon, will now bear the signature of William H. Woodin, the new secretary of the treasury. If this wooden money gag is sprung on you, just stamp on the foot of the guy who perpetrated it.

—o—

The papers tell us that out in Kansas, the legislature of that State is planning to put red lights on all of its citizens who walk the streets and the roads in that commonwealth. That's not a bad idea for other States. But wait a minute. What about the smarty who insists on walking out in the middle of a country road and proclaiming to agonized motorist. "Half of it's mine!" Those birds should not only

be compelled to carry a red lantern at night, but fire off three skyrockets and two Roman candles every few hundred yards.

—o—

President Roosevelt has placed a woman in his cabinet. While it was the proper thing to do, it is going to make it pretty tough for men to high hat the female sex. Telling 'em that woman's place is the home, goes to the discard. They've got us licked, fellers—got us licked. You may tell 'em that they never heard of a woman President in this country, and they'll come right back at you, "Not yet, but now that we've got into the cabinet, a woman President is the next thing." Pulling this man is the superior stuff has gone where the twinewood bineth. We've got to think up some other comeback, if there is a comeback. But Miss Frances Perkins will not be the first woman to serve as secretary of labor in a national cabinet. Miss Margaret Grace Bondfield having been Minister of Labor in the British cabinet from June, 1929 until the present government was formed in November of 1931. The women, God bless 'em, give them what they want. They'll save this nation yet.

—o—

It is no longer regarded as proper to give way to our emotions—at least in the presence of others. All our teaching now is that self-control is the important thing, and that in great grief or great joy, in love or in hate, we must restrain ourselves. Now comes Dr. Mayo and tells the physicians of America that stern control of the emotions is bad for the heart. He says: "The tendency to death from heart disease is not confined to surgeons, but is common among all men who live lives of stress, in which control of emotions is necessary." I have long thought that giving away to emotions is harmful to health. Maybe I have been wrong. Maybe nature is right. Maybe it is better when we are angry to let go and cuss it out. Grief and sorrow, anger and joy, love and hate, come to us all. They are in our nature. We have been told that hatred actually creates a poison in our bodies. But I have never heard that love similarly affected us. Perhaps moderation is the important thing in life—in ambition, in work, in enthusiasm, and all things. We all see tendencies to excess on all sides. We buy things we do not need. We rush into debt to get rich quick, not realizing that a man in debt is always in danger. We waste our health in neglect of protection. We waste our time in idleness, and depending on others. We are not provident for the future, here and hereafter. We do not cherish the fundamental things of life as we should. That is natural, and nature itself is wasteful, when we encourage wastefulness.

Money is a commodity that will purchase anything but health or happiness and is a universal passport to every where but Heaven.—Selected.

A REAL GENTLEMAN

(Selected)

It is a long time since I have read of a finer tribute to one who has passed on than the two page story in "The Congregationalist" on "President Coolidge as I knew him." This is written by the Rev. Jason Noble Pierce, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Washington, where ex-President Coolidge worshipped each Sunday.

A true gentleman is a great gift from God to his fellowmen, and Mr. Coolidge, above all else, was a nobleman always. And in nothing else did he display the real greatness of his soul better than in his relationships with his pastor. That he was chief executive of 120,000,000 people and occupied the highest position in the gift of his nation did not alter his regard for his preacher unfavorably; rather it seemed to intensify his thought for the man who ministered to his spiritual needs.

"He came promptly to church the first Sunday he was in Washington (as vice-president), and during the entire period of his vice-presidency, over two years, if he was in the city, he was in his own pew.

When the Unknown Soldier was buried in Arlington and tickets of admission were pricless and almost unobtainable, he sent his pastor and his wife two reserved seat admissions to the national exercise. When he gave the vice-president's dinner to President and Mrs. Harding, his pastor and his wife were among the select few of social and political leaders invited.

Dr. Penner, in his intriguing pages, sheds new light on "Silent Cal." What could be finer than this story:

"Meeting a former "President's Pastor" on the street one day, I was subjected to interrogation.

"Have the Coolidges ever invited you and your wife to dine at the White House?"

"Yes."

"With just the family or at some formal dinner?"

"Both."

"Ever had you on the Mayflower?"

"Yes."

"You don't say. Do they invite you to the musicales by famous artists in the East Room?"

"Yes."

"Well, Pierce, all I can say is that you're lucky and I'm glad for you. President R. (mentioning his former Presidential parishioner) often said to me that he was going to have us, but he only talked about it and never did anything." Yes, truly that was the difference. Presi- Coolidge acted without talking about it. He would not approve my talking about it, either, and I do so only to reveal him. I doubt that any former President was so considerate of his pastor. At the time our National Congregational Council met for over a week in Washington, he invited all of his former pastor to be his guests at the White House for the entire period, and stipulated that among several others he and Mrs. Coolidge so entertained there should be some home missionaries

and others of limited privileges.

"His humor involved myself on one occasion. He was to attend a football game between two teams representing the army and navy. At the start he was to throw out the football. Sitting with the navy the first half and with the army the second half, he was to be formally transferred during the intermission. Somebody died whose funeral he had to attend, and he appointed me to act in his place and receive his honors at the game. During the intermission the secretary of the navy and a string of admirals gravely escorted a preacher to the middle of the field and solemnly turned him over to the war department and a squad of generals. And somewhere at a funeral service I think the President, at least for a moment, had a gleam in his eye and a curve in his lip.

"A true gentlemen."

Of course you have heard of Mildred, better known as "Babe," Didrickson. She is the girl who won so many of the Olympic games last summer. Her name has become a household word in recent months. She has not written a book, or flown across the Atlantic, or amassed a fortune. Indeed, she says her family has many needs and not much money. She rose to fame rather suddenly, and did it through hard work, skill and fair play.

In an interview she gave a little while ago she said she never feels jealous of the girls who defeat her in a contest. She finds them splendid competitors and rejoices in their ability to play the game and stand up under the most strenous efforts. She is out to win, to be sure, but she entertains no ill-feeling against any one if she loses.

That is a fine spirit in which to play the game of life. We can not always be at the top, but we can always do our best, and that itself is victory. To wish others well, to admire them for what they are, to rejoice with them when they excel, reflects credit upon us. To say that we are not jealous of others, and that we are not distressed when the success we have desired for ourselves has been won by another, is to manifest a spirt that is rare enough indeed. It is the part of manliness for us to want others to be in the picture also.

—Selected.

RIGHT IS RIGHT

(Young Folks)

It calls for courage on the part of most of us to do always what we believe to be right. The best people are sometimes inclined to depart from the law of perfect uprightness when a pronounced advantage is in sight for doing so. Not every one would have the courage to say, "I would rather be right than president." The personal element enters all too frequently. We can not highly esteem our course when we are swerved from the narrow way by the consideration of earthly gain. The exercise of the right of franchise is an exalted privilege, but to mark the ballot in favor of the highest bidder turns noble citizens into base hirelings.

The name of Jane Addams will always be associated with the Hull House in Chicoga. But her activities have been extended to help women and children who are underprivileged and in trouble everywhere. At one time she was bringing her influence to bear on propsed legislation that was intended to reduce the working hours of women and increase the pay they should receive. She labored in behalf of laws that would insure better working conditions and therefore better health for these women.

One day two men called to see her in the hope of dissuading her from continuing these efforts, offering her for her work in the Hull House the handsome sum of fifty thousand dollars. She listened to their propositicn and then informed them that she could not think of yielding to their request. It was not that she could not make good use of the money, but because with her principle went ahead of everything else. It is a matter of gratification that there are so many people who can not be bought. To be right with little is to be preferred to being wrong with much.

CHURCH AFFILIATIONS OF NEW CABINET

Mr. Roosevelt didn't choose more than two persons of the same denominational faith for places in his cabinet.

The secretary of State, Mr. Hull, and the secretary of labor, Frances Perkins (Wilson), are of the same faith as their chief—Episcopalians. There is one Catholic, Postmaster General Farley. The Methodists have two, Secretary of the Navy Swanson and Secretary of Commerce Roper. Secretary of the Treasury Woodin and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace are listed as Presbyterians. Impression is that Mr. Wallace is of the Psalm singing variety of Presbyterians. The secretary of war, George H. Dern, is a Congregationalist, Harold L. Ickes, secretary of the interior, is listed simply as "Protestant."—Selected.

SWING TO THE RIGHT

(Selected)

The panic is passing. The hard times are practically worn out. The depression is fading away. Light is breaking through the clouds. Scraps of the silver lining are clearly in sight. Proof of radical improvement in business, in industry, comes in from every side. It is in the air; it is in the consciousness of men everywhere. The worst is over and prosperity is coming back.

Psychology is a wonderful thing, —a tremendous force. When everybody gets into the way of thinking that certain things are to happen, they will happen and that is all there is to it. Just now everybody is making up his mind that the business depression is over, that there is to be a radical change. When that state of mind becomes fixed, prosperity will be back.

Already business men are perking up; timid souls have quit shivering; wage earners are going back on the pay rolls; smoke stacks are beginning to belch; wheels are beginning to hum; money is coming out from under the rubbish; hope and courage and determination are reviving.

All that is needed now is for everybody to swing to the right. When the way is dark, the road uncertain, the careful, experienced driver will swing to the right. It is a good rule. It has prevented many a crash. And if it is a good rule in driving, it is a good rule in every other activity in life. If everybody will swing to the right and keep moving, the road will be kept open; there will be no jam, no crash. The natural current of business, industry, commerce, will find its natural channel. The panic will be over, normal prosperity will be an established fact.

Depression is very largely a state of mind. Cut it out and all will be well.

No other food has so many food elements at reasonable cost as has milk, writes Dr. Myrtle D. Bartholmew, dietitian of Mooseheart, in the February issue of the "Moose Magazine." It contains carbohydrates, fat and proteins, as well as mineral elements and vitamin. Its calcium furnishes material for growth of bones and teeth. Phosphorus is another mineral found in millk, a part of every living cell. Milk also contains iron in a form easily utilized, as well as valuable tissue building materials and energy foods in most usuable forms. A quart of milk a day will provide enough vitamin A for a growing child. Milk also has ample vitamin B, although when pasteurized, milk is usually deficent in vitamin C, and the diet should be supplemented by food containing this vitamin.—Selected.

WILLIAM COWPER, HYMN WRITER

By Clara Louise Dentler

William Cowper's hymns have comforted thousands, but he died in despair.

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Practically every hymn book, regardless of denomination, contains that hymn; its sweet lines have brought comfort and solace to countless thousands. When written, it expressed the inmost feeling of a heart burning with religious fervor; it expressed the satisfaction of a soul which had long thought itself lost, but now knew the joy of redemption. Yet a few years after it was written (1771) the author found himself plunged into a gulf of despair from which he never fully recovered.

One must search the field of biography in vain for a more tragic figure than that of England's beloved poet and hymn writer, William Cowper. He was born into a happy home—the rectory of Berkhamsted—on November 26, 1731. Until the age of six, when his mother died, probably no child ever had a happier home life and a more delightful environment. His mother understood the frail boy as no one else ever understood him. So great was his love for her,—as he said when an old man—that there had never been a day when his mind did not dwell upon her. At the age of fifty-nine, when he was presented with a beautiful portrait of her, he wrote one of the most exquisite tributes ever paid by a son to his mother.

At her death he was sent to a boys' school where his shy and diffident manner brought forth taunts from his school mates. Discipline was severe, and a melancholy disposition developed that led him only from misery to misery. It is quite easy to understand why at an early age he came to believe firmly that he had been predestined for a life of sadness.

One night, he tells us, he was returning to his school at Westminster when the darkness seemed to him the blackest he had ever witnessed. He must cross the yard of St. Margaret's Church. He heard a sound of someone digging, but he could discern no figure. Suddenly something round hit his foot. His tiny lantern revealed it to be a skull thrown up by the sexton who was digging a grave. The horror that this incident caused had a dire effect upon him. The awful fact of death was brought home to him as never before in his young life. It seemed to him that someone said to him, "This is your end." The spectacle haunted him all through the night, and even the light of day did not dispel his gloom. As long as he lived the thought remained with him: every night had led him just so much nearer his inevitable doom.

True, there were periods in his life when he was supremely happy, but they were fleeting, and each return to his melancholy brought him lower into the depths of despair. Doubtless other environment among less somber friends might have worked a change in his mental attitude to this life and the next, but speculation is useless; results remain.

At eighteen he studied for the bar, at which time he took up his lodgings in the Middle Temple, London, although his heart was never in the work. We often think as we walk about in this Temple area, that it is little wonder that his fits of melancholy visited him here with great frequency. A more gloomy place to live can hardly be imagined. The atmosphere all about the place is sepulchral. If one were given to moody thoughts, he would find good soil here in which they could flourish. He wrote much verse at this time, preferring the delights of literature to the more prosaic work of the law. A position in parliament was offered to him. but this offer was destined to bring no joy. It was a position that he had long wanted, had even found himself wishing over and over again that he had. Then the unexpected happened—the occupant died. In his troubled mind he imagined that his too eager desire for the place had made him actually guilty of the man's death. Then, too, he must undergo a nerve-racking oral examination before the appointment could be consummated.

The old shyness returned; as the day set for it approached, he was ever more conscious that failure to pass was going to be his lot for having so covetously desired the position. The feeliing took such possession of him that he made two unsuccessful attempts to commit suicide. This fact alone barred him from the appointment, and together with his remorse over the sin he had tried to commit, quite bereft him of his reason. His belief that such sin could never be pardoned by God only made his condition more miserable and a cure the harder.

His brother, John, was very wisely led to place him in the quiet home of a Dr. Cotton at St. Albans. Here was a man who made a specialty of mental cases. His home was happy. The doctor himself was a cheerful man who found unbounded happiness in his religion. Tactfully and indirectly he sought to lead Cowper to a feeling of religious safety. One day in the garden the latter picked up a Bible lying in a chair, and he opened to the twelfth chapter of John, reading the story of the raising of Lazarus. The light dawned upon him. Here was a man raised from the dead. Might he, too, not hope for life from such a loving Saviour. Then his fingers leafed over to Romans; as he opened to the third chapter, his eye was caught by the twenty-fifth verse. He read: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." "Immediately," he said as he related the story, "I received strength to believe it and the full beams of the Sun's righteousness shone upon me; I saw the sufficiency of the atonement He had

made, my pardon sealed in His blood, and all the fullness and completeness of His justification. In a moment I believed and received the gospel. . . . My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport, and I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed in love and wonder."

A few months more in the doctor's home brought about what appeared to be a complete restoration, making it possible for him to take up his residence in Huntingdon. Here he could be near his brother who was a Don at Cambridge University. In the home of the Rev. Mr. Unwin he found great happiness. Mrs. Unwin, the son, William, who was preparing to take orders in the Church of England, and the daughter, made life for him a joy. The family had recently come under the influence of the Evangelical movement, so that the thought of religion filled every waking moment. After breakfast, prayers. then a long sermon; dinner, and another sermon; tea, followed by a walk in which religion formed the topic of conversaton; supper; family prayers; exposition of Scripture; retirement. Each day differed not in the least from the one before it.

With the death of Mr. Unwin the family must needs give up the rectory and change their abode. By this time Cowper had come to be such a vital part of the family that any thought of a separation was cut of the question. The matter of finding a place where their souls could be properly fed was a serious one. Various places received consideration, but before any conclusion could be reached. their decision was suddenly made for them in a most unexpected way. There came to their home the Rev. John Newton, rector of the church of Olney in Buckinghamshire Formerly a slave trader, he had had a remarkable religicus experience and conversion. Predestination in him blended with the Evangelical religion, producing a singular combinaton. He had heard that the Unwins and Mr. Cowper were seeking a spiritual shepherd, and he was convinced that in him they would find every desire satisfied. They hesitated, being not so certain that he was the type they sought; but he persisted. Before his visit terminated he had arranged for the removal of the family to the melancholy village of Olney. They were destined to remain here twenty years.

He selected for their abode a dismal barracks-like house across the garden from the rectory. Although on the Main Street of the village, there was a deathly quietness about the place. We were told when in the town last summer in search of Cowper lore, that it is more lively now than of old. What could it have been of old! One hates to conjecture.

Mr. Newton took full charge of the life of his new friend. It was arranged that he was to spend eight hours of each day in the presence of the clergyman, who expounded the Scriptures to him, and ever sought to bring Mr. Cowper to an "experience of ectasy" such as he himself had undergone. He was not too sure but what those who never had such an experience were among the ones predestined not to be saved. Cowper was forced to re-

peat to individuals and to groups his great awakening after he had sunken to the depths of despair. This sad period of his life should have been forgotten by him in so far as possible, but Newton would never let him forget. He urged him ever to bear in mind his former lost condition that he might the more appreciaite his state of grace. "I repeated the story so often," he said, "that I came to hate the thought of it. The great happiness I had known began to depart from me." With its departure the black clouds of despondency returned. After all, he reasoned, he had been predestined to be eternally lost. Fate was against him. This feeling is reflected in his hymn.

"O for a closer walk with God
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

"Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word?

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

"Return, O holy dove; return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made me mourn
And drove Thee from my breast."

At this period Mr. Newton suggested the writing of a hymn book with himself and Cowper as joint authors. In this diversion he thought to occupy the mind of the poet. The result was the famous Olney Hymn Book. In these hymns of Cowper are shown the mental state of the moment. In one hymn will be uttered the words of unfailing trust—

"God shall rise, and shining o'er you
Change to day the gloom of night.
He the Lord shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

Then again the feeling of despair and doubt:

"Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more."

The Rev. Mr. Newton, in the joy of his Evangelical religion, could never quite sufficiently conquer his belief in predestination to be altogether free from it. There was always that "if" element asserting itself. "If I am among the elect"; "If I have been forgiven." His was not to see the cloud with the silver lining, but only a dark lining. This spirit he communicated to Mr. Cowper, and in the latter's troubled mind it took firm root. In his tranquil moments of faith he wrote marvelously sweet and tender lines. In one of these happy moments he sings:

"Hear what God hath spoken,

O my people faint and few;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

"There like streams that feed the garden
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow."

Three of his greatest hymns are found in our Book of Worship: "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood," "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," and "A Glory Gilds the Sacred Page." The Episcopal Hymnal includes none of his works, while the Methodist Hymnal has ten.

In our own hymn book the choicest gems from the pen of Newton have been selected. Four are included: "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken," "Lord Remove This Load of Sin," "Bowed Down Beneath a Load of Sin," "I Would Thy Love Proclaim With Every Feeting Breath." As we were in the homes of these two men in quiiet Olney, and as we read over their manuscripts, we could not help rejoiicing that the men who selected the hymns for our worship omitted such as

"Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?"

or

"How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet propects, sweet birds and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me."

We do not have use for an "if" theology. With the very sinful life that Newton had led before his conversion, there is some reason, perhaps, for his feeling not too sure that he would be found among the elect, but with the saintly spirit of Cowper, such thoughts should never have found place. In the right environment his life of gloom might have become one of triumphant joy. When, at the conclusion of the writing of the Olney Hymns, Cowper had a return of his insanity, Mr. Newton had him removed to the rectory where he, cared for by Mrs. Unwin and Mrs. Newton, remained for many months. This was not a good place for him to be. We cannot help marveling at the continued devotion of a parish minister to the needs of a parishioner, but in this particular case, less devotion would have benefited the patient. The severity of the slave ship owner, the desire to make people conform to his will, was never quite lost in the clergyman.

Although Cowper regained his reason, his faith never fully returned. At times there were faint gleams, but they soon vanished. He desired faith and longed for it, yet the thought that heavenly bliss was not for him, and that he was outside of the circle of the "chosen few" of God, took firm hold upon him. In his poetry he was fond of picturing himself as a sailor, tossed about in

a tempestuous sea, destined finally to perish in the deep. Or again he painted himself as the mariner ceaselessly trying to make the harbor, while ever being driven farther from the shore.

When he received the portrait of his mother, eighteen years after completing the Hymn Book, he composed his exquisite lines commemorating the event. Yet in these the melancholy strain is heard.

"But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tost,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day, some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh! the thought that thou art safe—and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me!"

After the death of Mrs. Unwin he was cared for by a devoted friend in a nearby village. The little while that he survived her was a period of deep gloom. When he was on his death bed, his physician asked him how he felt. His reply was: "I feel unutterable despair."

A brighter picture is given us by his friend for our comfort. Going into the room just after the soul of the poet had departed, he said that there was on the face of Cowper a most heavenly expression: a smile of joy. Who knows but in that passage from this life to the next, in those unconscious moments, his soul had caught the vision of the home he had always longed for, but despaired of reaching? His was one of the purest, finest lives ever lived by a mortal man. He loved all mankind, and every creature that breathed. He saw in everything the work of a gracious God, and under different circumstances the joy of sure salvation might have been his comfort throughout his life. It was the Calvinistic theology, made to be such a dominant factor in his life, that robbed him of the happiness that should have been his.

As friends beheld his face lighted in death, they felt that he was experiencing the bliss he foretold in the closing verse of his choice hymn, "There Is a Fountain":

"Then in a nobler sweeter song,
"I sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

When giving anything to another always do it willingly. A wise old German once said, "I like to give villingly; ven I gives villingly it enjoys me so much. I gives again."

—Selected.

EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE

By Lois Snelling

Like most other inventions the bicycle traveled through some strange and wondrous stages before it reached its present-day status of safety, efficiency and speed. It has borne innumerable names, suffered from several centuries of ridicule, been perfected through the efforts of men of many nations.

The first known attempt to ride on wheels dates back to the fifteenth century. Very crude indeed was this original bicycle, resembling but slightly the machine of today. It was not until the year 1690 that a vehicle evolved which really did take the form of the modern "safety" bicycle. This invention was the work of a Frenchman by the name of de Sivrac, and was known as a celerifere. It consisted of a wooden beam to which two iron-tired wheels were rigidly affixed. The rider sat astride a saddle placed in the center of the beam and propelled the machine by means of his long strides on the ground. Having no handle-bar, he must also steer with his feet. So closely did the frame of the machine resemble a pack animal that in England de Sivrac's bicycle became known as a "dandy horse." The "dandy horse" was laughed at unmercifully; nevertheless, it was in popular use as a pastime for quite some time.

During the French Revolution an improved machine was introduced. This was called a velsifere, and its rider was a velcipede. The velcifere was in wide use in Paris when the first bicycle with steering apparatus made its appearance.

It was a German, Baron von Drais, who invented the steering device. His machine, which came into use in 1817 and was known as a draisine, was equipped with a handle-bar and a pivot for turning the front wheel. The following year England did her bit towards revolutionizing the bicycle when an English coachmaker, Dennis Johnson, succeeded in making the draisine considerably lighter, as well as providing it with an elbow and body rest.

In 1840 a Scotchman by the name of McWillan invented a rear-wheel driving-gear of rods, which in 1846 was improved upon by a fellow-countryman, Gavin Dalzell. This was the first two-wheeled vehicle on which the rider was raised off the ground and provided with a true driving and steering mechanism.

No further advance was made with the machne until 1866, when two inventors, Lallement in the United States and Michaux in France, applied cranks to the front wheel for the purpose of propelling. From that time on the bicycle steadily developed. The front wheel (which on Dalzell's model was considerably smaller than the rear was gradually made larger and the rear wheel became smaller, until eventualy they were made of equal size. With the coming of the wire-spoked wheels and rubber tires the popularity of the bicyclle steadily increased, and by 1899 America was producing as many as 1,000,000 machines a year.

THE BIRD WHOSE CHIRP WAS LAW

By Laura Fenner

One September morning I found her among the cosmos blossoms, a helpless, frightened little creature that fluttred to elude me. But the broken, draging wing was only a hindrance to the short hops, and soon I had her in my hand.

Little did I dream that the tiny goldfinsh cupped in my hand was to rule the next nine months of my life, but it proved to be all too true.

It was early morning and I was slated to spend the day away from home. So I placed the injured little bird in a large wooden box with netting across the front, put in a dish of water, a generous handful of cosmos seeds and departed.

It was dark when I returned, and my dinner was waiting, but first I must look after the injured guest. To all appearances she had touched neither food nor water all day, and I knew forcible feeding was in line.

With the aid of an old-fashioned potato masher I pulverized a small portion of nut meats. Next came the prodigious task of opening that tiny beak, held shut with a vise-like grip. After feeding many infant robins whose mouths resembled sand dredges and opened as freely, this was a problem. It finally took two of us to accomplish the feat, for we had to be very carefud not to hurt the broken wing.

But once she had a taste of the delightful food there was no more need to force it upon her. She fell to with a right good will, accompanying each dainty bite with a turn of her little head to look into my face in a questioning, frightened manner.

Knowing the broken wing would heal more rapidly and beter if she were given surroundings as natural as possible, I turned over to her without reservations a small screened-in porch. When I got through furnishing the place to the taste and liking of a goldfinch, no one wanted to, or in fact could use that porch.

Green boughs, broken from various trees, littered the space. High gallon crocks were filled with stalks of seedy cosmos, lettuce stalks, sunflower pads and weed stalks gleaned from roadside and pasture field.

A granite pie pan for water served as the necessary bath tub, a cigar box of sand for grit, little dishes here and there containing crushed nuts, canary seed, crushed sunflower seeds, and the jungle was complete in so far as I knew. At least the bird thrived, and I'll wager it never knew before that such a land of plenty existed on earth.

The goldfinch soon accustomed herself to her surroundings, and not many days elapsed before she was singing her "dear, dear, dearie" song. So constantly did she sing it that finally I gave her the unelegant name of Dearie.

I had harbored the mistaken idea that by the time cold weather came the wing would be healed and my little charge would be flitting away over the frozen fields with her companions, but in this I was disappointed.

The wing was slow to mend, and winter was creeping on fast. At night now, she must be placed in a sheltered box, where, on a cherry branch for a perch, she wrapped herself into a ball of feathers without feet or head so far as outward appearances revealed.

But I knew the time was at hand when my little bird must be taken from the open porch. A search was instituted for the largest cage available for borrowing. Luckily, a friend who had at one time raised canaries came forth generously and offered me a regular palace of a cage with numerous fittings and conveniences.

After the freedom of the porch, the cage did not suit so well at first, and there was much complaining and pulling at bars for several days. On warm, sunny days, all through the winter, she would be taken to her jungle for an hour or two of play among the branches.

In the living room stood a young grapefruit tree in a tub. A daily treat throughout the winter was a frolic in this tree.

A newspaper was spread under the tree and on it placed the "bath tub" and dishes of food, then Dearie was given her freedom.

Hour after hour she entertained herself by mounting to the top of the tub, then by fast sidewise hops she gained the top of the tree from whence she flew to the paper below. Times without number she would repeat this performance, enjoying it as much as a youngster might, coasting down hill, twittering her flight song as she descended.

Then would come the bath, taken in such thorough and busness-like manner that everythng within a radius of four feet would also get a shower; after that, the preening that lasted half an hour, from a selected branch of the grapefruit.

Seldom did Dearie leave the square of newspaper when she was out. When her flights from the grapefruit tree carried her beyond this boundary line, she wasted no time getting back to her own reservation.

Occasionally she would skip across the room to the wicker basket where a pleasant hour would be spent rustling among the papers, or, standing on the outside she would pull off bits of wicker until a little heap would testify as to the energy expanded in this pastime.

Tiring of this, she would return to the always interesting tree, where often I would find her at dusk, curled into a little feather ball on the topmost branch.

Her cage was kept on my large writing table before a window, outside of which was a bird feeding-shelf. Dearie was alawys interested in the visits of the smaller birds, but when a large, pompous blue jay bounced down on the shelf her shrieks were pitiful indeed. Neither did she like the looks of the red-bellied woodpeckers, or more formidable still, the flicker that wintered with us that year.

I finally had to change that shelf to another window. Even so, an occasional jay peering in from the sill outside would send her into a panic.

The warmth of the living room

brought spring early to Dearie. In January her feathers began taking on such a degree of yellow that I thought for a time she was going to prove to be a gentleman instead of a lady.

A pasteboard box from which the glazed paper could be pulled was a never-ending source of pleasure. She would stand by the hour picking off bits of paper, some times pulling on obstinate pieces until her braced little feet slipped from under her.

"Dearie!" I would call each morning when I first entered the room. "Dearie," she would answer immediately, looking eagerly for the fat thistle seeds she loved so well and which I foolishly bought by the pound for her.

Dearie was extremely fond of lettuce seed. When she had consumed all I was able to obtain in mid-winter, I wrote to a seed house, telling briefly the story of the goldfinch and asking them if they would quote me a price on lettuce seed. Almost by return mail came a three-pound package of lettuce seed, accompanied by a letter stating they were pleased to send me the seed.

I was horrified. Lettuce seed is expensive, and I figured roughly that there must be about twenty-five dollars' worth. For several days I waited in an almost breathless state, exepecting the bill, but none came. I wrote to them then and they hastily assured me there was no charge. They hoped the little bird would enjoy the seeds. She did. She gorged on them from morning until night, and they agreed with her mightily.

Now waiting on this small visitor was something of a job in itself, but there was another responsibilty greater than this.

Our home boasts of three pet cats who have the range of the house, or did, until Dearie entered into the scheme of things. Well behaved as these cats are, nevertheless they were interested in the contents of that large cage. They never tried to get the bird, but they they would have gazed longingly at it by the hour had they been permitted to do so. This was not allowed.

The sight of a cat annoyed Dearie, not a little, so the order went out, "No cats allowed in the living room." This was, to say the least, inconvenient as it was necessary to keep the doors of the room closed all the time.

More drastic precautions were taken when the bird was taking her afternoon outing in the grapefruit tree. Certain members of the household having great proclivities toward absent-mindedness were forever leaving the door ajar. To overcome this, a large sign would be hung from the door knob reading, The Bird is Out!

Once, during the winter, it became necessary for me to be absent from home four days. Did I leave Dearie to the well meant but uncertain mercies of my family? Indeed not!

Two dear neighbors who live just across the orchard were appealed to, and they said they would love to have Dearie visit them for as long as I could spare her. They had no house cats.

Not many birds accumulate personal belongings in so short a time as that goldfinch had, I found out,

when I was making her ready for her visit. First there was her cage with all its necessary fittings. Then into a paper shopping bag were packed the bath tub, extra seed dishes, for the good neighbors assured me she should have the run of the little conservatory, a package each of thistle seed, lettuce seed, crushed sunflower seeds and canary seed. Last into the bag went the cloth cover for the cage at night.

Dearie was delighted with the change of scenery, and was no doubt a little disappointed when I returned and took her back to her one lone tree. My neighbors told me they never entertained so interesting a guest before, and I truly believe they were sorry to see her go.

Spring came and Dearie was restored to health, but it was not until May arrived that I released her. She had been pampered too long to trust her to the wiles of uncertain weather until I was sure all would be well with her.

Spring made her anxious to seek her kind; to flit over the greening meadows with her companions in undulating flight; perhaps to meet a little mate, who, in July would help her build a tiny cup of a nest and father the babies that would follow.

One bright morning I carried her out in an open field and waited. Dearie became restless to try her wings in the wide, wide world again.

Suddenly they came, twittering, so it seemed, "here we are, here we are." Dearie fluttered in my hands. I opened them and joyously she bounded away to the companionship for which she had been longing for many, but I hope not too unpleasant months.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

By C. W. Foss, Ph. D.

Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of the Thirty Years' War, was born in the Castle of Stockholm on December 9, 1594. He was the son of Charles IX and the grandson of Gustavus Vasa. His maternal grandmother was the daughter of Philip of Hesse, the intimate friend of Martin Luther. He was a true child of the Reformation, and combined in his person the Swedish and German nationalities. At his baptism he received his names from his two grandfathers, his first from Gustavus Vasa, his second from Adolph of Holstein Gottorp. He had as it were two mother tongues, for he learned both Swedish and German from his earliest years. His mother, being German, always conversed with him in that tongue.

He was a precocious child, and under able teachers early acquired the learning of the day. Besides his two mother tongues, he spoke fluently French, Spanish, Italian and Dutch, and understood English, Polish and Russian. The Latin and Greek classics he read at sight.

At the time of Gustavus' birth his father was not yet king of Sweden. He was only regent, as Duke Charles, in the absence of King Sigismund,

who was also King of Poland, and was, like Gustavus, a grandson of Gustavus Vasa. Sigismund was not a man of strong character, and so easily became a tool in the hands of his Jesuit advisers, who hoped through him to win Sweden back to the Catholic fold . After various attempts by intrigue and force to accomplish this end, Sigismund was at last deposed by the Estates of Sweden, and some years later Duke Charles became King Charles IX.

The reign of King Charles was short. He died on October 30, 1611, and was succeeded by his son, Gustavus Adolphus, who was then scarce seventeen years of age. But though so young he was well qualified for the duties that awaited him. From early years his father had trained him for the position and later made him his associate in the government.

His position, however, was difficult and dangerous. At the time of his accession, Sweden was involved in no less than three wars—with Denmark, Russia and Poland, respectively. The first two of these wars he soon ended with honorable treaties. The third war was more serious; it threatened his very throne. Sigismund would not recognize his right to the throne. He still had hope with the help of his friends to regain his lost kingdom, and in his efforts to secure it he was encouraged and abetted by the Jesuits and the House of Austria.

The Polish war should be considered a part of the Thirty Years' War. The principles at stake and the parties involved were the same in both cases. It should be remembered that Poland was still one of the great states in Europe, and its capital, Warsaw, one of the three centers of Catholic interests and influence. The other two were Madrid and Vienna. It was a saying of Gustavus that these wars all hang together.

The Thirty Years' War had its beginning in Bohemia in May, 1618, when a body of Protestants, smarting under intolerable wrongs, entered the castle in Prague, and according to an old Bohemian custom, seized and hurled two of the royal councilors and their secretary through a window from a height of nearly a hundred feet. Remarkably enough they scrambled out of the ditch unhurt. This act of violence kindled the great war which was to devastate Germany for a whole generation. This period of the war lasted two years, during which the population of the kingdom was reduced from four million to eight hundred thousand. Peace was restored, but it was the peace of the graveyard.

The scene of the second period shifted to the Palatinate in Southwest Germany. The unfortunate Frederick V was driven out, and his electorate seized by the Emperor and given to his cousin, Maximilian of Bavaria. This high-handed act led the Protestant princes to concert for their safety. Thus under the lead of Christian IV of Denmark the third period of the war began 1625.

There were, during this period of the war, two Catholic armies in the field: the army of the League under Tilly, and the Imperial army under Wallenstein. Christian was soon defeated and forced to seek refuge upon his islands. Peace was concluded at Lubeck, in 1629, whereby Christian was given back his kingdom, but was forced to agree to take no furth-

er part in the war.

In the meantime Wallenstein had conceived the boid plan of establishing a great northern fleet under Austria, to control the northern seas—the Baltic and the North Sea—their shores and their commerce. He assumed the title of "Admiral of the Baltic Sea and the Ocean," and laid seige to Stralsund, which he declared he would have "though it hung by chains from heaven." Gustavus Adolphus, who was still engaged in the Polish War, encouraged the city to hold out, formed an alliance with it, and sent to the beseiged such aid as he could spare. Christian of Denmark likewise sent aid. It was felt that the very existence of the Scandinavian kingdom was threatened. Stralsund was saved.

The Emperor now decided what he considered a death-blow to Protestantism. In the spring of 1629 he published the Edict of Restitution, by which all property of the Catho-
since 1552
lic Church that had been secularized since 1552 should be restored to the Church. At the same time Wallenstein declared that the states in Germany were not wanted and should be consolidated into one great empire under Austria.

This declaration led the states of Germany to unite in a petition for the recall of Wallenstein. Much against his will the Emperor yielded largely through the influence of Cardinal Richelieu of France. The Catholic forces were now united under the command of Tilly and his able assistant, Pappenheim. In the same year Gustavus Adolphus succeeded in effecting a six years' truce with his cousin, Sigismund.

Gustavus was now free to take a more direct part in the Thirty Years' War. In his address to the Estates of Sweden he gave his reasons for taking this step. They were two: the defense of his kingdom, whose every existence was threatened, and aid to the helpless and persecuted fellow Protestants in Germany. He added that God was his witness that he had no selfish motive for taking this step. It was a solemn moment in Stockholm when Gustavus said farewell to his Estates, his Council, and his people. He was himself deeply moved, all eyes were suffused with tears, especially when he expressed a feeling, a foreboding, that he might never come back.

On the 25th of June, 1630, he landed with a small army at the mouth of the Oder in Pomerania. The court in Vienna indulged in pleasantries about the "New little enemy" and the "Snow King."

The first concern of Gustavus was to secure a base of operation and supplies. There must be access to the sea for supplies and an open way of retreat in case of defeat. In the meantime Tilly was engaged in enforcing the Edict of Restitution in North Germany. Here Magdeburg on the Elbe was strategicallly the strongest Protestant fortress. It resisted the Edict and openly declared for Gustavus Adolphus. Pappenheim laid seige to it and was later joined by Tilly. Gustavus unable to go himself sent an able and experienced officer, Falkenberg, to conduct the defense, promised to send relief, and never to abandon the city. This Gustavus fully expected to do. He could not think it posisble that his own brother-in-law, the Elector of

Brandenburg, and the Protestant Duke, John George of Saxony would refuse him a safe passage through their territories to relieve a beseiged Protestant city. But this they did, mainly, perhaps, through fear and suspicion of the "foreigner." In the meantime the city, after a long and heroic defense, was forced to surrender. It was given up to plunder and the unbridled passions of the rude soldiers. Tilly wrote exultingly to the Emperor that "such a victory had not been achieved since the fall of Troy and of Jerusalem."

The fall of Madgeburg was the most noted event since the opening of the war. There was great rejoicing in every Catholic center, but a cry of despair went up from every Protestant home. Gustavus was severely criticized for not coming to the relief of the city. Was he too a failure? Was he only another Christian IV? He felt constrained to publish a statement in his own defense, pointing out where the fault really lay.

In August, Tilly advanced into Saxony. Two hundred burning villages, it was said, marked his line of march toward Leipsic. In his distress the Duke, John George, turned to Gustavus for aid, promising him all his troops, and to conclude no truce without his consent. Gustavus came. The two forces met at Breitenfield, a short distance north of Leipsic, on the 7th of September, 1631. Gustavus' superiority over Tilly was not so much in numbers as in tactics. He made use of a new system, his own invention, the chief principle of which was the substitution of lightness and mobility for weight and rigidity. This innovation was to revolutionize the art of war for the future.

It was a glorious day for Gustavus Adolphus and Protestantism. Tilly was overwhelmingly defeated. His forces were scattered to the winds. He was a veteran general, he had fought thirty-six great battles and never lost one. He is said to have shed tears over his humiliation and chagrin. This battle was the turning point in the war, the first great victory won by the Protestants. Gustavus Adolphus at once became the hero of all the Protestant world.

Speaking of Gustavus Adolphus at this point, Schiller in his history of the Thirty Years 'War says: "With the sword in the one hand and mercy in the other he traversed Germany as conqueror, law-giver, and judge in as short a time almost as the tourist of pleasure."

Gustavus marched into Southwest Germany, where the Protestants had endured the severest persecutions. Everywhere he liberated Lutherans and Calvanists alike, and did not oppress or coerce the Catholic population. He finally took up his winter quarters in Mainz. Here he held a splendid winter court. Here he received visits from his queen, his chancellor Oxenstiern, German princes, deputations from German cities, and deputies from England and France.

In the meantime Tilly had collected an army and Wallenstein had been called back into service. With the advent of spring, Gustavus resumed his campaign. His plan seems to have been to advance through South Germany to Vienna. Tilly, with a force of 30,000 men, stationed himself on the east bank of the River Lech, a southern tributary of the Danube. Here Gustavus performed what seemed the

impossible—the crossing of the swollen torrent with his army under the guns of the enemy. A great battle was fought, Tilly was defeated and mortally wounded. He died two weeks lated at Ingolstadt.

Gustavus Adolphus passed on to Augusburg and to Munich, the capital city of Bavaria, met Wallenstein at Nuremberg, where no decisive action took place. From there both armies eventually turned northward and met on the memorable plains of Lutzen.

It was on the 6th of November, 1632. The morning was dark and chilly, and a thick mist spread over the plains of Lutzen. The King's forces were marshaled in the same way as at Breitenfield. Devotions were held at the head of each regiment, prayers were read and hymns were sung. Mounted on his white charger and without armor the king rode into battle. The ground was cut with ditches, containing more or less water. This, together with the mist, made the struggle most difficult. Much has been written about the king's death, but the fact is we know very little about the circumstances of his last moments. It seems that rushing to the aid of his center at the head of his men, he exposed himself to the enemy's fire. His charger was wounded in the neck, another pistol shot broke the King's arm. "Cousin," he said to Francis Albert of Saxe-Lauenburg, who rode up behind, "help me out of the battle for I am sore hurt." As they turned a ball hit the king in the back and he fell from the saddle. Lauenburg rode off, and a faithful page, Leubelfing, alone remained with his master. Some of the enemy rode up and demanded who the fallen man was. "I am the King of Sweden," Gustavus replied, "and seal the religion and liberty of the German nation with my blood." He was then quickly dispatched and plundered, and the faithful page mortally wounded. The riderless white charger, streaming with blood, tore wildly along the Swedish line. The Swedes upon learning what had happened, fought to avenge their king with a fury that nothing could withstand. The day was won. Liberty and Protestantism were saved.

Among the slain on the battlefield the body of the king was found, plundered and covered with nine wounds. It was embalmed, taken to Wittenberg, and later sent to Sweden, where it was put to rest in Riddarholm Church in Stockholm.

After the death of Gustavus the Thirty Years' War lasted for a period of sixteen years, but we take little interest in it after this. It degenerated into a mere scramble for territorial possessions. Its soul, its spirit and idealism passed out with its hero at Lutzen.

Gustavus Adolphus belongs to no special age or nation, but to the world. He is not the hero of Sweden alone, or of Germany, or of Protestantism, but of all mankind, as liberty belongs to all.

"We pull the most when we pull together."

INSTITUTION NOTES

New connections have been added to the water system at the school building so as to give greater pressure to the entire system.

—o—

The boys on the farm force have just finished planting Irish potatoes. In addition to seed potatoes of our own raising, thirty sacks were purchased for this purpose.

—o—

We are glad to report that we have forty acres of alfalfa, including eighteen acres seeded last Fall, which has withstood the unusually cold Winter weather, and looking fine at this time.

—o—

Zeb Trexler and Everett Wheeler, two of our paroled boys called on friends at the school last Wednesday. Zeb reports that he is still working in the railroad shops at Spencer, and Everett is employed at Marion.

—o—

Since the Junior Red Cross, of Concord, so generously donated marbles for the use of the Training School youngsters, we notice in all parts of the campus groups of boys down on their knees, enjoying shooting marbles. Another sign that Spring is not so far away is seeing a number of boys flying kites. While the March gales have been too high for indulgence in much of this sport during the past few days, some of the boys have been quite successful in getting kites up to considerable height. We particularly noticed a box kite riding high the other day.

—o—

While the rest of us had to be content with listening to the inaugural ceremonies over the radio, Mr. W. E. Poole, a member of our teaching staff was fortunate in being present at the inauguration of President Roosevelt last Saturday.

—o—

Franklin D. Roosevelt, our newly-elected President, seems to be quite a favorite at the Training School, judging from the requests received at the printing office to mount pictures of the "Man of the Hour." These will be hung in school rooms and cottages.

—o—

Rev. Wilbur Parker, pastor of the Reformed Church, Charlotte, visited the Training School last Tuesday afternoon. As on previous occasions, he again delighted a number of youngsters with rides about the campus in his little Austin. Rev. Parker visited each school room, speaking in several, and selected twelve boys to assist him in putting on some games at the athletic field

at the closing of school for the day. He spent the entire afternoon and evening here, and after taking supper with the boys of the King's Daughters Cottage, visited a number of the other cottage homes. He seemed to be delighted with our boys and the work at the institution, and the boys were certainly delighted with him, unanimously voting him a "regular feller." We are glad to learn that Rev. Parker expects to continue this association with our boys as often as his duties will permit.

—o—

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He spoke on the subject, "The Race of Life," the text being taken from Hebrews 12:1, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." In the course of his remarks the speaker likened this great race of life to a foot race, saying that like all races, the running cannot be done unless the contestants are stripped of every impediment. No one would be expected to win a race when wearing an overcoat and heavy shoes, but when stripped of these, there is nothing to retard his progress in the race. Rev. Hardin further stated that in order to win a race a man must start right and finish right, conserving his strength for the sprint down the home-stretch. Then we must play square at all times, taking no unfair advantages of our opponents. Judges are always watching for unfair tactics and will disqualify those indulging in use of them. The speaker then added that all of these rules must be adhered to in the game of life. There must be no hindrances, such as bad habits, swearing, temper or disposition to play crooked. One cannot win in this game on a foul—it must be fought out in the spirit of fairness. Rev. Hardin concluded by telling the boys that in order to win the race we must never be classed as quitters, but have the will to continue even though we encounter difficulties and the pathway may not seem bright or enticing.

A fraternity has been organized at Wake Forest that will not be criticized. It is the "En End" fraternity and is made up of all the boys who room in that part of the old historic building. It speaks well for the morale and friendliness of the campus when all of the boys who are neighbors like to associate with each other. There are no dues, fees, nor Greek letters connected with these neighborhood boys. They have just discovered that they love each other, enjoy being with each other and have taken this method of letting these facts be known.—Charity & Children.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 18, 1933 No. 10

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U. N. C. Library

THE FACE IN THE BIBLE

In the city of Washington there is a unique and remarkable copy of the Constitution of the United States. If one examines it closely, it appears simply a chaos of irregular lines and peculiar lettering. But when the visitor steps back and views it in proper perspective, he is suddenly surprised to see the face of George Washington looking out upon him. The lines are so spaced and the letters so shaded as to make a good likeness of the father of our country.

As Washington's face shines through all our early history, as crystallized and reflected in the Constitution, so, yes, incalcuably more so, does the glorious face of Christ look out upon us from the pages of our Bible.—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

NOW IS THE TIME

In one of the Quiet Talk books, S. D. Gordon tells the following story:

"A prominent clergyman in New England tells this experience of his. In the course of his pastoral work he was called to conduct the funeral service of a young woman who had died quite unexpectedly. As he entered the house he met the minister in charge of the mission church, where the family attended, and asked him, 'Was Mary a Christian?' To his surprise a pained look came into the young man's face as he replied, 'Three weeks ago I had a strong impulse to speak to her, but I did not; and I do not know.'

"A moment later he met the girl's Sunday school teacher and asked her the same question. Quickly the tears came, as she said, 'Two weeks ago, doctor, a voice seemed to say to me, 'Speak to Mary,' and I knew what it meant, and I intended to, but I did not, and I do not know.'

"Deeply moved by these unexpected answers, a few minutes later he met the girl's mother, and thinking doubtless to give her an opportunity to speak a word that would bring comfort to her own heart, he said quietly, 'Mary was a Christian girl?' The tears came quick and hot to the mother's eyes as she sobbed out, 'One week ago a voice came to me saying, "Speak to Mary,' and I thought of it, but I did not do it at the time, and you know how unexpectedly she went away, and I do not know.' "—Selected.

THE MISSION OF A BOOK

Doubtless the Charlotte King's Daughters are very appreciative of the estimate "General Mecklenburg" places upon their service —establishing a library—for the Jackson Training School boys.

The librarian, Mr. W. M. Crooks, reports that 1,700 books have been given out up to date, and at present 450 books are in circulation. This is proof that the library is functioning in a manner that is satisfactory.

"The books have had a wonderful influence upon the incorrigi-

ble boys," so states a cottage officer. "Instead of sitting idly around during leisure time, this class of boys has shown and aptitude for reading."

This we know will prove a stimulus to the King's Daughters to continue their good work.

Following is "General Mecklenburg's" estimate:

"The citizenship of the entire state should appreciate the work your" organization has been doing in the last two or three months in collecting suitable books for the Stonewall Jackson Training School near Concord. When it is remembered that the school, a state institution, had no library for the use of the 500 boys of 'teen age living there and that your organization has delivered 885 volumes, one gains an idea of the service rendered. It is no wonder that the boys are enthusiastic in their expressions of appreciation. It is a service not only to the boys but to the school management and the whole state. I congratulate you.

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A MAN—ANTON CERMAK

This country can ill afford to spare a man of the calibre of Mayor Cermak of Chicago. He neither patronized nor worked for position but for the cause of righteousness. His entire life, though foreign born, is filled with incidents showing that this country holds possibilities for those regardless of class or creed willing to grasp them.

He came to this country, a small child, a Bohemian immigrant, born in poverty in a village near ancient Prague. When a boy of 11 his work was driving a mule in the coal mines of Illinois, afterwards worked his way up in the city of Chicago from small jobs till he became one of the chief figures in America's second largest city.

This man died a martyr. When the assassin's bullet struck him that was intended for another, he said instantly he was glad that the bullet struck him and not the President. Doubtless he realized when endeavoring to clean out the gang rule of Chicago, that some day he would prove a target for some gangster. His one aim and ambition as Mayor of Chicago was to bring an end to gang rule in that city, to work order out of chaos, placing the

destiny of the city upon a sounder basis in every way conceivable. Now, just as his courageous ruling had begun to show results he was struck down, but at least he proved himself to be every inch a man, pulling himself up to a position of power where he was privileged to mingle and cummune with the highest powers of America. Throughout the dramatic events during his illness millions of people halted long enough to learn of the marked changes in his condition, and when the news of his death was announced it was an occasion for universal sorrow.

Anton Cermak came to this country a child, poor, besides trammelled down because of foreign allignments, but died as one of the most highly respected and esteemed citizens of the United States. His life inspires one to take courage most especially at this era of history—if we use our talents for the good of the country, and without the spirit of greed or jealousy there is not a doubt that success to a certain extent will be achieved.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE MARKOMETER

The state of Michigan was the first to call a state wide bank holiday, and now the announcement is made that some one of her teachers has brought about a new machine for marking test and examination papers, and the accuracy of the machine is vouched for. Doubtless the machine is a time-saver, but there are teachers who have no use for a machine of this style.

If this invention had occurred during the palmy days of school life there might have been a hope, but as things stand today with the teachers during the economic period, the sale of the "markometer" told of in this article from Young Folks the demand will not be great:

> This name has been unofficially given to an intricately designed machine for marking test and examination papers in a certain high school in Michigan. The accuracy of the machine is vouched for by its inventor, a teacher in that school. It has no favorites and is free from prejudices. The student selects one of a number of proposed answers to a question and makes a hole in the paper opposite the answer selected. The papers are fed into the machine and the holes tell "it" what to mark up for the pupil's grade. So this robot-like device has been put to work to save the time and patience of teachers and to assure the

pupils of unbiased rating. No doubt this Mr. Markometer has already become quite popular in that school, and, if the newspapers have reported "his" work correctly (though the whole matter seems more like a reporter's dream than an actuality), will be bidding for admission into other schools as a chief labor-saving device for teachers.

But, such a mechanical treatment of things as personal tests and examinations is rather too novel to expect universal approval. Somehow we want to believe that grades are a person-to-person matter. It seems certain that even if such bloodless graders and classifiers are tolerated, or welcomed, in the schools, there remain some phases of life and living that cannot be reduced to such impersonal handling. The matter of morals, for example, can hardly be left to a piece of mechanism, although there are lie-detectors in use, but these have not been marketed for popular use. The religious development of the individual, unless religion be given only a materialistic content, will not submit to some "contraption of dials and lights" for its final authoritative evaluation. Spiritual things must be spiritually descerned, and as yet there is no report of a mechanical substitute for the teachng and guidance of the Holy Spirit.

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WE THANK DR. D. G. CALDWELL

Through the interest and solicitation of Dr. D. G. Caldwell, Cabarrus County Health Department, the Jackson Training School has received a large quantity of Kolynos and Pepsodent tooth paste. The institution appreciates this interest upon the part of Dr. Caldwell who at all times is alert to the needs of the school boys. He has not only given his interest but his valuable time in a most encouraging manner, aiding the King's Daughtes in bringing about the dental clinic for the Jackson Training School. We take this means of publicly acknowledging the gift and thanking Dr. Caldwell for his splendid co-operation with the institution as well as the King's Daughters in their fine work in conserving the health of the boy. The boys also appreciate more than they can express the interest shown in them.

* * * * * * * * * * *

CREDIT IN BUSINESS

Credit is the lever that lifts the business world, opens opportunity, starts men towards prosperity. In the recent depression

spasm confidence in men seemed to have been like the Arabs, that silently folded their tents and stole away. It may be said that a man's confidence in himself, and his fellows, was shaken to its very foundation. But it is returning. Huge sums have been planned for home building and for starting the machinery of business again. And business right now is coming up the grade. Of course this all involves borrowing, which is going in debt.

There is a wise borrowing that increases a man's substance more rapidly than by the comparatively slow process of confining purchases to cash already earned and in hand. So long as business is good wise borrowing always accelerates the stream of profits.

When things go wrong, as under widespread unemployment conditions, losses instead of profits follow. Interest begins its ravages on a man's resources, forced sales that mean sacrifice of profits follow, and there is the divvle to pay. Sometimes borrowing is overdone. Then a man sees his accumulations running into the possession of others. If he does a large credit business he finds himself unable to collect from his customers.

Through it all remains the general fact that debt is dangerous. It is better for a man to get $2,000 for his year's work, than to try to make $4,000 by heavy loans and make nothing.

Life is full of hazards, and it is well to make them small rather than large.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

Get the habit of saying Howdy,
As you pass along life's way,
It may make someone feel better
Throughout the livelong day.
It does not take much exertion
And it's really worth the while;
When your lips part to say Howdy
Add a cheery Roosevelt smile.
A Roosevelt smile is of a kind,
Though some may laugh or scoff,
It's put on by confidence—
Not likely to wear off.

—o—

It now looks as if the Senate of the United States has become in reality a United States Senate. Glory hallelujah!

—o—

There is one place where there is a good word for a fellow when he is down and out. On the tombstone.

—o—

There is one idea countless thousands of people in these United States have got to get in their heads good and hard. That is that it is their business to support the government, not the business of the government to support them.

—o—

These are the days for people to cast out fear. Treat it as you would a viper in your pathway. Despair has made things worse because people have not done all they could to make things and times better and have left the greater part of the load to a minority. Until we all get rid of fears, progress towards dawn of a better day can not be made.

—o—

A Los Angeles, California, man recently rushed to a hospital declaring he had swallowed his false teeth, and demanding an immediate operation. Before the doctors got ready to carve him, his wife phoned saying she had found the teeth in his other pants. He, no doubt, put them there to bite his wife when she went through his pockets, and forgot the incident.

—o—

It is a good idea to promise yourself to be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

—o—

A new day! A new President! A new deal all around! Three rousing cheers and we'll all stand by and do all we can to help. No criticism of the new President has yet been made. Not a word. A new President is at the head of this government, a deeply religious man who has been a vestryman in one church for thirty-seven years. As Christian citizens of all denominations, let's offer a prayer each day that God will direct him in all his ways. We have fallen away from the real values in life; let's never go back to the wild days of heedless prosperity, but ask God's guidance to a stronger and more peaceful way of living. I am sure if we follow this plan we will have the strongest government and the most useful Presi-

dent the world has ever had.

—o—

It is worth trying. Just remember, a prayer each day for guidance in the right direction.

—o—

John F. Wiley, president of the Fidelity bank, Durham, has ideas all his own, and he expresses them in a straight-forward manner. In conversation the other day he said to me, "I would like to see a daily paper, something like 'The Daily Good News,' that published on its front page all the good things said and done, and if it has to publish bad news, put that on the inside or the back page." That would be good news, but I hardly think Mr. Wiley will ever see such a publication in his day. The tendency is to magnify the bad and the evil to make the paper sell.

—o—

It is always unfortunate for anyone to go to jail. I see it stated that a young Scots officer is locked up in the great gloomy tower of London charged with selling military secrets. To be a prisoner in the tower of London is quite a relief in these days of standardized, depression ridden, bank stealing, boot-legging and machine ways. We have become so prosaic that such an incident stirs the imagination. We have read so much about suspected people being taken for a ride or kidnapped and held for ransom, and being being fed up on such stuff that the Scots officer's predicament stirs the blood and one hunts around to find Stevenson's "St. Ives," or Scott's Waverly novels, or Dumas' "The Man in the Iron Mask" or "Count of Monte Christo," or Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zanda." A prisoner in the Tower brings back the days of glorious romance when they put men in jail for something besides rum running, chicken stealing, drunkenness, and letting the big stealers run at large.

—o—

There are several things a boy on a farm learns, and he never forgets. Once you learn to swim, ride a bicycle, break a colt and milk a cow, you will never forget it. When quite a chap my family had a cow with the rest of the home furniture, and it was my lot to do the milking. I don't think I did it very successfully, for I never was able to strip her so well that my father couldn't get another pint after I had finished. The boy who has never squirted milk into his mouth direct from the faucet of a cow's dug has missed a wonderful sennsation. There is no liquid, no matter if it be bubbling champagne from the vineyards of Italy, or rare spiced liquors from old Algiers, which can compare in taste to that of warm milk coming fresh from its bovine depository. The milk seemed to flow more freely at me than it did when aimed at the pail. Then there was the fun of trying to train cats to drink from a stream. I nearly drowned three kittens before I could teach them to open their mouths and lap the milk out of the air as it came shooting at them. Every one finally mastered it, and I had to find a new cat for a pupil. My dog was no at all. He caught on and could drink as aptly from the air as he could out of a pan. Life on the farm has its verities. It is the one occupation close to nature.

"BOYS ON THE LOOSE" PROBLEM

(Reidsville Review)

More than 200,000 boys are now on the roads, wandering from state to state, due to inability to get work, lack of funds for further education, too much pride to live off "home folks" in these trying times and many other causes.

What are we going to do about it? Suggestions are offered by A. Wayne McMillen in an article in the Rotarian magazine.

"Civic groups, service clubs and groups interested in boys must be relied upon to prevent an increase in the ranks of the wandering thousands," insists Mr. McMillen. "Boys should be urged to stay in schools as long as schools have courses to occupy them. They should be told in advance that the depression is general throughout the country and that there will be no job for them no matter where they go..

"They should be informed that they will seldom be allowed to stay in a town long enough to even look for a job, but will be destined to move endlessly and aimlessly on, picking up a precarious living along the way. They should hear these facts, not only from their teachers, but from business leaders, for whom they have an instinctive boyish respect.

"Local groups," he suggests, "can also exert their influence to see that existing community resources are used to the limit in an effort to provide boys with means of employing their time. School, park and recreation boards are under stress these days to cut their budgets. Any such cut which reduces the opportunities for keeping the idle boys profitably engaged will be dearly paid for in the end. Trade courses should be made available wherever possible, for the boys believe that skill in a definite trade will enable them to compete more successfully."

Few things are lovelier than the actual fire on the hearth, yet lovelier still are the cheer, the friendliness, the welcome, the sympathy and spiritual warmth it symbolizes.

The hearth is the heart of the house. Here inmates and guests draw near to share together all that which makes home lovely. Here the personal grievances, the egotistic opinion, the self-centered plans, are laid aside for wider sympathies. Here all those invisible bonds, which bind together the hearts of men and women, unite all those who gather together under this roof in one company and one kindliness. Self is no longer important. The family group rules supreme. Each lives not for self, but for others. Each thinks of ways to aid others. This is the place of meeting, of warm greetting, of warm greeting, ofTAOINi ncgfiyldllE ,:TAOINTH ing, of sympathy and friendliness, of companionship and sharing, of spiritual uplift.—Selected.

THE BANK HOLIDAY

(News and Observer)

North Carolina, as a whole, will approve the action of Governor Ehringhaus, upon the advice of the State Banking Commissioner, in declaring a three-day banking holiday in the State.

Even if the course had not been wise, as it was, it was inevitable. Forty-seven States had already taken action in declaring banking holidays before the Governnor issued his proclamation. It would not only have been futile, it would have been folly for North Carolina to have undertaken to follow alone a course different from that adopted by the whole nation.

Now that the holiday has been declared there is no reason for any public fear. Life will go as it has gone on.. Every man in America is as well off as his neighbor. The whole nation is in the same boat. There is not the least doubt that the nation will adjust itself to the situation quickly. There is not the least doubt that North Carolina and North Carolinians will adjust themselves to the situation.

It is not the closing of the banks but the economic conditions and the panic of fear and loss of public confidence that are serious. The present crisis, brought on by hysteria, will pass relatively soon. The greater task of rebuilding the economic health of the nation will not come so quickly, but with a new administration in power in Washington and with the 48 States united in determination not only to meet this crisis but the longer and harder pull back to economic well-being, no American can have any less than faith in the ultimate victory over the depression.

Today the wise and patriotic citizen will keep his head steady and be ready to follow the plan for our common safety which will be determined by the leaders of the nation.

MARCH

Blow, silly winds! Show what a mean
And blustering fellow you can be!
Shout loudly at each crouching bush
And shake each trembling, frightened tree!

Come, whistle down my chimney stack!
Awake my rafters with your din—
Tear at the vines that shield my walls!
I only sit and laugh within.

Blow silly wind! Rattle in rage
My window sash! You do not know
From where I sit that I can see
The crocus peeping through the snow.

GOVERNOR DEMANDS BALANCED BUDGET

(Charlotte Observer)

Governor Ehringhaus has exhibited the mark of strong leadership. There is no fumbling or fiddling with facts, neither is there equivocation and shilly-shallying. He talks in decisive terms. He offers definite counsel. He advocates sound philosophies of government—strict economy, rigid enforcement of budgetary demands, and the maintenance, insofar as these will allow, of public spending consistent with public interest.

Briefly, the Governor's proposals are:

1—Preserve the credit of the state by balancing the budget, even at the cost of a sales tax, and make sure provisions to keep it in balance or prevent an imbalance, by making all appropriations subject to budget cuts.

2—Preserve the school opportunity in economy by the provision of a lump sum, with a board to administer it, as herein before pointed out.

3—Preserve the homes of our citizens from the foreclosures which present ad volorem taxes threaten and reduce the tax load which now weighs heavily upon them by abolishing special levies for support of extended terms.

4—Preserve the highways and our great investment therein from the waste and losses which inadequate maintenance fund would certainly entail.

5—Preserve our institutions and departments from the destruction which too heavy curtailment threatens, to the end that they may continue to serve our citizenship and prepare the youth of our land for better service to the state.

On this rock shall we build our state and the forces of ignorance, inequality, depression and despair shall not prevail against it.

RULES FOR ENJOYING A GROUCH

Fall out of bed and be sure it's from the wrong side. Do not bother to say good morning to anyone. If it is mentioned to you reply that it's not your fault. Don't have anything to do with folks who smile. They are laughing at you, but never mind, you'll get even some day. Eat heartily of food that disagrees with you. It may give you insomnia. Then you'll be in good trim for tomorrow's grouch.—Selected.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

(Charlotte Observer)

Everywhere the Irish have settled will today stand out above the rest for the sons of Erin. The emerald green that reflects the bright tint of the lakes and grass of Ireland will adorn the lapels of every true son, and the tunes that set roguish eyes to dancing in Killarney and Killkenney, will be hummed again. For the Irish have been great colonizers and travelers. In the United States, in the jungles of Africa, in the southern seas, on bleak, windswept deserts, in the frozen north, in city slums and in the chairs of the mighty, the Irish abide with their everlasting good nature, the impetuosity, and their famed wit.

They have made an indelible impression upon the growth of our own country. Many of us claim Scotch-Irish blood, and we proudly look back upon our ancestors who went from Scotland to Ireland, there intermingled with the Irish and then immigrated to this country, in search of freedom and adventure. They found it, too. For to no other race do we owe as much of the pioneer spirit, the intrepid bravery, and the daring, adventurous trend that led those early pioneers into a bleak new land to establish there a wonderfully beautiful country.

Irish songs have kept us singing deep in our hearts when the cares of the world are impressed on our brow. The beautifully poignant strain, the tenderly romantic touch, and the underlying good humor of the Irish permeate their music and their literature. Who can hear "Mother Macree" and not think more touchingly of a mother's love. Who can listen to the plaintiveness of "Londonderry Air" and not feel in it the sipirt of Ireland? Whose spirit of adventure and chivalry has not been heightened by the prose and poetry from the Irish masters?

Ireland has kept uppermost throughout the centuries the gleam of freedom and in every true Irishman's heart this love is strong as life itself. Nothing born of man has been able to crush it—not the power of the pope and English kings could subdue the instinct for freedom. Under the guidance of the new Irish Free State a people that has always stood for the best and contributed of its best to the world, is coming into its own.

Ah, great it is to believe the dream
As we stand in youth by the starry stream;
But a greater thing is to fight life through,
And say at the end, "The dream is true."

—Edwin Markham.

WEARIN' O' THE GREEN CAUSED BITTER HISTORICAL CONTROVERSY

(Asheville Citizen)

One of the most popular of the patron saint days in the year's calendar occurs today, March 17th, when descendants of Irish ancestors will tuck shamrocks in their lapels to honor their beloved Saint Patrick.

Yet they little realize that by wearing the shamrock they will be taking sides in one of the most bitter of the minor historical arguments that have raged about the name and life of Ireland's militant patron saint.

While the majority of the wearers o' the green will sport shamrocks as an emblem of the emerald isle, there are others who recall the question of whether or not Saint Patrick adopted the three-leaf clover as an effective illustration of triune diety, the one God who comprised the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Some historians declare that it is entirely logical that the first bishop of Ireland should have employed this plant of the unity which he was trying to picture to the race he won over to Christianity.

In the New York Gazette of 1787 is found this story of the origin of the shamrock:

"When converting one of the princes of Ireland and his family to the Christian faith, the doctrine of trinity seemed so incomprehensible to the Irish chief that he was going to give up all further thought of becoming a convert, when our patron saint, plucking a shamrock, demonstrated to him from the three leaves proceeding from one stem that the three persons in the Godhead proceeded from one grand fountain of principle, upon which he immediately ordered himself and his family baptized."

While many belieive that because green is the color of the shamrock, it is used lavishly in decorations on Saint Patricks Day, there are others who hold that the colorful decorations come from the "Emerald Isle."

The following poem bears out the latter theory:

When Erin first rose from the swelling flood,
God bless'd the green island, and saw it was good.
The Em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone—
In the ring of the world that most precious stone.

Thus the emerald green has become the color of one of the best known nations in the world.

St. Patrick was born about 389 A. D. He was the son of a small land-owner who lived at Bannanuenta, near Scotland. He was brought up as a shepherd, tending the herds of a chieftain named Milshu, who lived in the green hills of Antrim county.

When he was 16 years of age while tending the sheep one day, a band of Irish bandits who had been making a raid on King Niall, cap-

tured him and his drove of sheep and transplanted them to Connaught, where they held him captive for six years.

At the end of that time, he escaped to the coast of Gaul on a ship used in exporting fierce Irish wolf hounds. He eventually found his way to the monastery of Lerkins. He spent several years here and studied the principles of Christianity, which he had neglected in his youth, though he had been brought up in the Christian faith As he himself expressed it, "I felt no evil, nor was there any laziness in me, because, as I now see, the Spirit was burning within me."

While in Britain, he had a dream which inspired him to go to those "who never had any knowledge of God, and worshipped only idols and abominations." In this dream, he saw a man named Victorious, bearing away many epistles in his hands. On one of these, St. Patrick read the words, "The Voice of the Irish" and imagined he heard his people say: "We pray thee, holy youth, come and walk among us as before."

As a result of this inspirational dream, St. Patrick went to Auxerre, where he spent about 14 years preparing himself to be a missionary. After this period of training, he was made a deacon and finally ordained a bishop and went back to Ireland to teach his people.

Just to show how crazy we Americans are when we do go crazy over some crazy thing that nobody but a crazy person would go crazy over, it is said that the jig-saw puzzle factories are running day and night and new ones are being built all the while. It is estimated that about two and a half million jig-saw puzzles are sold every week in the United States and more than one hundred thousand are sent weekly to Canada. At that rate it will not take long to supply every crazy sane person in the United States and Canada with a jig-saw puzzle, but like other things when one is successfully worked, we crazy sane people want another one and another, and goodness knows where the maufacture and sale of these crazy things will stop. But the jig-saw puzzle is typical of the ideas and endeavors of a lot our people, These puzzles are made up of a great many pieces of card board or thin boards cut into all shapes and sizes. When placed together, they make a picture or something else worth no more. The idea is to tear them up and then place the pieces back together. Many people, however, are busy trying to place our economic system back together in a manner that will make it fit, and that's about all the puzzle most of us really need.

—Marshville Home.

HEALTH RULES FOR TEACHERS

(The Health Bulletin)

Superintendent Guy B. Phillips of the Greensboro City Schools recently published in the local papers of that city a list of suggestions to teachers designed to protect the health of the students. These suggestions are for the most part practical and some of them are extremely important. We reproduce the suggestions here in the hope that teachers all over the State will take fresh note of the importance of these things:

"Keep down suggestions of fear and reports of widespread contagion. Wild statements by school officials, teachers and pupils must be prevented,' the school superintendent stated.

"Keep the building well heated and ventilated—but not too hot.

"Keep the building clear and free from dust.

"See that children who come to school with wet feet and wet clothes are properly cared for.

"See that children are allowed to enter the building during extremely cold or wet weather when they arrive.

"Do not allow much, if any, outdoor play while the ground is wet.

"Provide physical exercise in the room with fresh air available.

"Attend to the sanitation in the cafeteria and watch the children in the selection of their food.

"Watch for those children who appear to be sick. See that any one who is sick is not kept in the room with well children.

"Stress simple health habits for protection of the group.

"Teachers should lead the way by keeping well and strong. They should keep a close check on conditions and report serious cases to the nurse.

"Good attendance is desirable but not at the expense of health. This situation calls for real teacher leadership and judgment."

To the above we should add the most important rule of all and that is the teacher should see that the toilet facilities of the school are adequate and kept clean at all times. The foregoing should be rule Number 1 in all schools and any principal and janitor who fails to observe it perfectly should be fired by telegraph.

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness, that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."—Exchange.

A BRIEF PAPER ON BAPTIST HISTORY

(Contributed)

The following article was written in 1923:

The history of Christianity is the story of the origin, progress and development of the Christian religion, and of its influence upon the world. Nineteen centuries have passed since Jesus Christ began his public ministry for the establishmennt of the religion which bears his name. During this long period Christianity has been more and more dominating the lives of men, illuminating their minds, strengthening them in their struggles, irradiating their hopes, making earth more tolerable and heaven more inviting and certain.

But as Christianity has expanded there has been developed a multiplicity of religious sects. All of these denominations have had singular growth and have been surcharged with life-giving power. Like the stream in Ezekiel's vision, or like the stone cut without hands in the vision of Daniel they have flowed on and brought blessings ever-increasing in might until today they are mightier than all kingdoms. All denominations have interesting and wonderful histories and the true student would do well to inform himself of the accomplishments of these bodies.

But I have been asked to tell something of the history and achievements of the Baptists. In my study I find them rather unique in that the history of their denomination does not center around any one great man. They do not claim Apostolic succession but they do claim there has never been a time when there were not Christian bodies holding essentially the same belief that now differentiates them from othe bodies of Christians. The prominent historians of all churches concede that the early churches were simple, democratic in their government, independent of all other churches and with no organic connection with the State, and composed only of baptized believers.

Bancroft, the eminent historian says of them: "The paths of Baptists have ever been the paths of freedom," and this was so long before their sect bore their present name. Whether following John, or Peter or the martyrs of the Middle ages, or known as heretics or Mennonites or Anabaptists or Baptists there has been an unbroken line since Christ died of those who have stood faithfully for the principles of the new birth, of soul liberty and of the ordinances as first committed to the saints for which the Baptist stand today. It is not the name by which they are known that gives them their place in history, nor is it their baptism (by the scriptural mode) as is followed by them, which gives them this place, but it is the principles of a regenerated church membership and of individual freedom to which they have been unflinchingly loyal under many names from Calvary to this good hour. When Stephen was stoned without the gates, when Peter declared it his duty to obey God rather than man, when Paul hurled defiance at the Chief Priest at Jerusalem and pronounced him a whited wall they

asserted that inalienable right that Jesus Christ accords men to worship God without interference of men, and for which Baptists have always and heroicly contended.

At the close of the third century we find that though Christianity has spread under the patronage of Constantine, it has changed and the Catholic church is established, and is the leading church. Others were called heretics and persecuted. During the middle ages the church (Catholic) was gradually leavening the world and being corrupted by the world.

At the close of the Reformation we find a body of Christians who renounced all connection with the Catholics and undertook the re-establishment of primitive Christianity. These adopted the principles of the Baptists. Persecutions of the most ruthless kind were visted upon them and thousands perished by cruel torture at the hands of German and Swiss Catholics among whom were Zwingly and John Huss.

Conspicuous among the immortal heroes who aided Oliver Cromwell in the overthrow of Charles I and thus gained a partial religious and civil liberty are the names of John Milton, John Bunyan, Maj. Gen'l. Harrison, Col Lilburne and others, all Baptists. Under improved conditions resultant from Cromwell's success Baptists grew greatly in numbers. These English Baptists were anticipated by the Swiss Baptists a century earlier in the proclamation of absolute religious liberty. Before the Swiss Baptists, for a thousand years heralds of liberty had been, like angel's visits, few and far between.

The British Baptists have the honor of organizing the first Protestant Missionary Society in the world, exclusively for the propagation of the Gospel to the heathen. It became the model for all future societies. The first Missionary was William Carey, who became the most notable missionary in the history of Christianity. During these latter days such great men as Robert Robinson, Robert Hall, C. H. Spurgeon, Alexander McClarren and the world-figure, David Lloyd-George, grace the Baptist churches of England.

IN AMERICA

Baptists history in America began with the founding of Rhode Island by Roger Williams who was himself a warm personal friend of John Milton. Here sprung the stream destined to bless all mankind with the institution of civil and religious liberty. Of the importance of this movement Judge Story says: "In the code of laws of Rhode Island for the first time since Christianity ascended the throne of the Caesars the declaration was put forth that conscience should be free, and that men should not be punished for worshipping God in the way they are persuaded He requires." That was the seed corn that brought forth, in due time, the American freedom. Brown University, one of the very oldest and best educational institutions in the land was founded by Roger Williams.

What is now the First Baptist Church of Providence, R. I., was organized by Roger Williams and was the first Baptist church in America. From that beginning they have grown to number more than 7,236,-

000 in the U. S. In the sixteen Southern States composing the Southern Baptist Convention they number more than 2,844,000 white and more than 2,000,000 colored members. According to their custom all of these have made a voluntary confession of their personal faith in Jesus Christ for themselves and have been baptized after their mode of administering the ordinance. We find that the Methodists are the only body of Christians in America that outnumbers them and that because they count babies baptized.

AMERICAN MISSIONS

The prosecution of Missions in foreign lands began in America with Adoniram Judson and Luther Rice both of whom went out under another church but were converted to the Baptist position by a diligent study of the Bible on their way over. The Baptists now conduct successful missions in almost every land. Southern Baptists alone gave last year nearly $1,500,000 to their Foreign Mission work. At their recent Convention in Atlanta they set themselves to the task of raising $75,000,000 in the next five years for missions and education.

EDUCATION

Baptists have been pioneers in Christian Education. Brown University has always been a Baptist institution. Harvard College was largely founded by Baptists, its first two Presidents being Baptists. Rochester and Colgate Theological seminaries are Baptist. Chicago University is Baptist and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. In North Carolina they have Wake Forest College for men and Meredith College, Raleigh, Chowan College, Murfreesboro, for women with fourteen secondary high schools. Last Winter they raised $1,000,000 to endow these schools.

The fundamental positions of the Baptists are recognized by the world's scholarship as scriptural and they are now sharing largely in the Christian work of missions and social service reforms throughout the world. They have many men in the present era with cultured brains, stout hearts and fiery tongues touched by the live coal from the altar who are among the men necessary to lead the world in its new birth and holy adventure of Democracy. They have held and still hold a high place of sacrificial leadership, pointing the path to a new and better day, to the birth of spiritual freedom and universal brotherhood in Jesus Christ.

"I could have made a better world,"
A cynic to a saint once cried;
"And that is why God put thee here;
Go forth and do it," he replied.

—Selected.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE PRESIDENT

By Earle W. Gage

Our National Capital recently celebrated its day of days, the inauguration of the thirty-second President of the United States. Both tradition and precedent made this a spectacle, in which all the world is interested. Ever since 1789, when George Washington took the oath of office, the recitation of the thirty-five-word oath by the new leader has been the signal for a unique celebration unlike that of any other modern government.

The unrivaled progress of the Republic will be witnessed on every hand, by comparing the present inauguration with that of 144 years ago, when the First President assumed the office of Chief Executive of the struggling ship of state. In February of that historic year, 1789, Washington made a triumphant journey from Mount Vernon to New York City, where Congress was then sitting. He was attired in a suit of dark brown cloth made in the Colonies. His stockings were of white silk, his shoe buckles of silver. His hair was carefully powdered. At his side hung a steel-hilted dress sword.

A letter records that there was "Great excitement in New York on the arrival of General Washington. An elegant barge decorated with an awning of satin, twelve oarsmen dressed in white frocks and blue ribbons, went to East Town to bring him up. A stage was erected at the Coffee House wharf, covered with a carpet for him to step on, where a company of light horse, one of artillery, and most of the inhabitants were waiting to receive him. They paraded in great form, while the music of the drums and the ringing of the bells were enough to stun one with the noise."

Then New York was smaller than the average city of today, with a population of less than 50,000 souls; these, together with the visitors from neighboring communities, comprised an assemblage much less than attended the latest inauguration. It was weeks and months before citizens residing in the remoter districts of the new Republic were aware that the First President had assumed a place of trust, whereas, today news-distributing agencies announce the minutest detail to all the world a few minutes after the conclusion of the events, while radio broadcast systems instantly carry the words of the new President directly into the homes of millions of Americans, beside a score or more foreign lands. Truly, in every direction, the United States has progressed, and no ruler, ancient or modern, is watched by so many eyes as our President as he assumes the high office of Chief Executive.

Ever has the inauguration been signal for a gala celebration. And that of George Washington was no exception; in fact, the pace was set by those Colonists, and each succeeding inauguration finds more people participating in the event. In 1789, an old letter recites, "The evening

after his Excellency's arrival, there was a general illumination . . . except among the Friends and those styled anti-Federalists. The latter's windows suffered some thou may'st imagine. As soon as the General was sworn in, a grand exhibition of fireworks was displayed."

Four years later, when the Nation's Capital had been removed to Philadelphia, Washington rode to the scene of the inauguration in a coach drawn by six superb white horses, the coach bearing beautiful designs of the four seasons of the year. A passage through the crowd was cleared by two men with long white wands. Washington's attire included a suit of black velvet, diamond knee buckles and a hat with the American cockade.

From beginning to end, the inauguration of a President is a most colorful event, despite the fact that it all revolves about the recitation of the thirty-five-word oath. The custom of taking an oath is of very ancient origin, and is not, as oftimes thought to be the case, a custom peculiar alone to Christianity, having been used long before the birth of Christ by nations whose leaders were pagans. In a legal sense, the oath is defined as "a solemn appeal to God to witness the truth of a statement or the sincerity of a promise, coupled with an imprecation of Divine judgment in the event of falsehood or breach of obligation. Oaths to the effect that something shall be done or a certain line of conduct followed out may be termed the oath of allegiance, demanded of aliens, while the oath of office is required of those holding public offices, which is known as a promissory oath." Thus, for a President of the United States or any public official, to take the oath of office, and violate it, is considered treasonable, punishable by the severest of action by the courts, however, the type of men who usually are elected to this high office are of such character that the oath has become a mere form, a majority of the citizens taking it for granted that the President will abide by his oath, even though he did not recite it after a member of the Supreme Court.

March 4 every four years was set aside as the red-letter day on which the newly-elected President should assume the role of Chief Executive. It is said that Benjamin Franklin selected this date because in the next two hundred years it would fall less often on Sunday than any other day in the year. President Washington took the oath the first time on April 30, and Taylor and Hayes were inaugurated on Monday, March 5. The same was true of President Monroe's second inauguration, though his first occurred on the regular date.

On July 2, 1788, the President of the Confederation Congress, then in session in New York City, notified that body that New Hampshire had ratified the Federal Constitution on June 21, preceding, and as it was the ninth State to do so, that instrument was now by its own terms to become the supreme law of the land. After prolonged debate, Congress, on September 13, 1788, adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the first Wednesday of January next (1789) be the day for appointing electors in the

several States which before the said day shall have ratified the said Constitution; that the first Wednesday in February next be the day for the electors to assemble in their respective States and vote for President, and that the first Wednesday in March next be the time and the present seat of Congress the place, for commencing proceedings under the said Constitution."

Thus, it will be seen that the people did not, during the first twenty years of our history, vote for Presidential Electors, who, in turn, as now, cast the ballot to decide who should serve as President. In most of the States the electors were appointed by the State Legislatures, while in two States, Delaware and South Carolina, this method continued down to the Civil War. Boastful as we are of our independence and freedom, every President who has occupied the White House has owed his high office to an indirect method of election, whereby representatives of the various Congressional districts cast ballots which elected him, these representatives, in turn, being elected by the voters of the districts.

Today it is the custom for a newly-elected President to take the oath of office and then make an address in which he sets forth the ideas and ideals of his administration. Many of the older executives, including John Adams, made their speeches first, while William Henry Harrison gave part of his address, took the oath, and then completed his remarks, his being one of the longest inaugural addresses on record.

Sixteen of our Presidents had seen military service, which was revealed at the ceremonies by a pageant of splendor which added greatly to the colorfulness of the parade from the White House to the Capitol. Even though the President be a man who has worn laurels in peaceful occupations and service, no other national event calls for such a colorful outpouring of West Point Cadets, midshipmen from Annapolis, and veterans of past wars.

Willliam Henry Harrison was famous as the hero of Tippecanoe. He was preceded in his parade by a battalion of his officers and soldiers bearing a battle flag captured at the battle of the Thames. Although he was sixty-eight years of age, he rode a white charger down the avenue and was received by the great crowd with tremendous enthusiasm.

When Abraham Lincoln took the oath of office in 1861, it was announced that "the regalia for the marshal-in-chief of the parade will be an orange-colored scarf with white rosettes and a blue saddle cloth with gilt trimmings." In the parade marched suvivors of the War of 1812. The very atmosphere was charged with impending conflict, and along Pennsylvania Avenue, sharpshooters were stationed on the roofs, prepared for an outbreak. However, the day passed off without trouble.

Today there reposes in the historic collection in the Library of Congress the Bible which Lincoln used to take the oath at his first inauguration, one of the cherished items of the Lincoln collection, the gift of Mrs. Robert Todd Lincoln. It is a small volume, less than six inches high, about four inches wide and a little more than inch and one-

half thick, printed at Oxford in 1853.

Some of the inaugural mesasges have been brief and some have wearied the milling multitude. Of the messages extending over a century and a quarter, only a very few have contributed to the real literature of America. There remains as supreme masterpieces the two messages of Abraham Lincoln. The final paragraphs of each one of his inaugural addresses will be remembered long after the language of most of the others has been forgotten, even to the name of the President who delivered them.

In his first inaugural address Lincoln declared:

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Even more majestic was the second message, a part of which reads as follows:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finsh the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The next morning, a Washington newspaper declared that "the words deserve to be printed in gold." Prophetic thought! For today, not in gold, but in enduring marble, in the walls of the Lincoln Memorial on the Potomac, in the hearts of his fellow countrymen, the words are preserved. Lincoln's was the one inaugural address destined for the ages.

WE WILL NEED THE PEACHES THIS YEAR

Mr. C. W. Hunt told us recently that there was an old Dutch saying, "If peaches bloom in the light of the moon they will not be killed by frosts." If that saying be true we shall have some peaches this year for there are blooms opening now and will be opening during the next few days while the moon is shining.

This saying was told to Mr. Hunt by the late Joe Young, who was known to many people in this section, and who was born in Cabarrus county and grew up in a community with many Dutch. As a rule the Dutch were close observers of these signs and sayings which were the result of long and close observations.

It is hoped that there will be no exceptions to this rule this year and that all the peaches will bloom during the light of the moon.—Mecklenburg Times.

BOYHOOD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH

By Pearl H. Campbell

What splendid figures have come out of Devonshire, that picturesque country in the south of England! Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, the three Gilbert brothers, Humphrey, John, and Adrian, are only a few of the many heroes who were Devon men. Coming down to later times, we have Robert Falcon Scott, sailor and explorer, who lost his life on a polar expedition.

There is something in its gentle beauty of vales and woodlands, its lofty cliffs and bays that makes it peculiarly the home of heroes. Undoubtedly, the greatest of them all was Sir Walter Raleigh. He is not always the perfect hero, it is true. He did things at the last when he was in desperate fear of his life which seem questionable, judged by present-day standards. But he was blameless in his home life, devoted to wife and children, and the charge of treason, for which he lost his life, has never been proved.

Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes Barton, near the village of Budleigh, in 1552. Although nearly four hundred years have passed the manor house still remains in much the same condition as when it echoed to the laughter of the four young Raleighs and their half-brothers, Humphrey, John, and Adrian Gilbert. A low, rambling old farmhouse it is, with heavily mullioned windows, a thatched roof, and deep eaves. There is a massive door studded with iron nails. The hills rise above it at the back, stacks close in around it. There is a garden full of old-fashioned flowers, descendants, no doubt, of those which Catherine Gilbert planted there when she came as a bride. There are cattle lowing in the "linneys," and a silver gleam of a river, the Otter, within sight of the house.

Walter's father, for whom he was named, was a quiet country gentleman who, in previous years, had had rather an eventful life. In the great Rising of the West he came perilously near to losing it. He was riding with some sailors from Hayes to Exeter when he came upon an old woman telling her beads. He stopped to ask her why she defied authority by using a rosary when it was forbidden. She rushed into the church of Clyst St. Mary and began a harangue against the gentleman who would burn the houses of poor folk over their heads. Raleigh rode on toward Exeter, but was pursued by a body of insurgents and only saved from being murdered by taking sanctuary in a chapel by the roadside.

Free at last, he fell into the hands of the rebels, and was shut up in the tower of a church at St. Sidwell's, a suburb of Exeter in the hands of the rebels, until Lord Grey of Wilton won the great battle of Clyst Heath and set him free. But when Walter was born he was living the life of a quiet country squire.

Walter's mother was the lovely Catherine Champernown Gilbert, widow of Sir Othe Gilbert, and from

her he received his early education. He was baptized in the church of All Saints where his father was church warden. The family pew is still marked with the Raleigh coat of arms, though it was partly erased by the order of James 1, who seems to have stood in fear of Raleigh even after the latter's death.

The boy whom the elder Raleigh watched to see that he did not sleep or play in church, as little boys are wont to do when sermons are tiresome, was a handsome child with bright, brown eyes and rosy cheeks and dark hair that fell into natural waves above his high forehead. A fine, manly little chap, with a smile and a nod for everyone, the farmers and their dames as well as the high-born folk.

His father taught him to ride as soon as he could mount a horse, and he was soon the leader among the boys of his age. Every gentleman in those days had his stables and his pack of hounds. Falconry was a favorite sport when knights and ladies rode out to hunt. There were deer in the cool thickets and breezy hills of Devon and wild boars in the depths of the forests.

What fun to rise at dawn on a crisp autumn day when the tang of frost was in the air, to snatch a morsel of breakfast and then to leap into the saddle and gallop away with the other lads of the neighborhood! Soon the dogs would sight a stag with branching horns; then the chase would begin in earnest, with dogs yelping and horns ringing out right merrily. When it was all over, there would be a new trophy to add to those in the great hall and roast venison for supper that night.

The senior Raleigh saw to it that his sons had plenty of wholesome sport, for when young Walter was eight years old he leased the fishing tithes of the manor of Sidmouth, and many a golden hour did the lads spend with hook and line as they followed the gray trout streams that threaded the forests of the region about Hayes Barton. Sometimes Walter went alone, then he would dream of the adventures he would have and the brave deeds he would do when he rode away to take his part in the great world that beckoned so alluringly.

It was a stirring age in which Raleigh lived. He was only six years old when Queen Bess came to the throne, but already the world was ringing with the exploits of the mightiest Englishmen who have ever moved across the stage of history. At the inns and along the waterfront of Budleigh-Salterton, the nearest port, which perches

> "Like a sea-bird's nest
> Among the Devon cliffs,"

he would talk with strange bearded men who had sailed with Jaques Cartier, of St. Malo, and brought back marvelous tales of their adventures in Canada. Such stories would hold spellbound an imaginative boy with the love of the sea in his veins, and make him long to follow in their footsteps, or, better yet, to lead an expedition of his own.

Bluff old John Hawkins had made his voyage to the Guinea coast, where he robbed the Portuguese slavers, and then smuggled the ne-

groes he had captured into the Spanish colonies in the new world. Sir Francis Drake, some seven years Raleigh's senior, had won fame in Devonshire because of the voyages he had made to the West Indies and his sea fights with Spanish cruisers.

Drake and Hawkins both lived near Hayes Barton, and it is quite likely that Ralegih was a frequent guest in their homes. Yet dearer than the manor houses of his father's friends was grim old Compton Castle, his second home. It stood thirty thirty miles away in the midst of deep forests broken here and there by apple archards. The woods were full of deer and other game and offered fine hunting grounds, but Walter loved the castle because his half-brothers, Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, lived there. Although they were still young men, they had been about a great deal and had seen some military service.

Both brothers were skillful navigators and fond of dangerous expeditions. Humphrey, whose great desire was to discover the northwest passage, was full of the lore of the sea. On winter evenings, when the huge logs blazed merrily on the hearth, these two would relate their adventures to their young stepbrother who hung breathless on every word and could hardly wait until he, too, should tread the deck of a ship carrying colonists to America, or, more thrilling still, preying upon the ships of Spain.

Yet first he had to finish his education, and so well did he apply himself to his studies at home and at grammar school that at sixteen he was ready to enter Oxford University. His own particular college was Oriel, and the quaint little room where he sat one autumn day with his father is still pointed out to visitors. It looked out upon the ivy-grown quadrangel with its jutting windows and broad pavement. And Walter, leaing eagerly out of the window, saw passing to and fro below him in school caps and gowns, the students who were soon to be his friends and companions.

The gay, good-natured boy who was so much liked at home was very popular with both students and professors. Oxford was often visited by great nobles and men of distinctio. Walter made the acquaintance of many of them, and as he listened to their talk of England and her welfare, he made up his mind that he, too, when his chance came, would do great things for her.

Life at Oxford was serious business in those days. Students were obliged to rise not later than four in the morning, for, as Thomas Lever tells us: "From 5 to 6 A. M., there was common prayer, with an exhortation of God's Word in a common chapel, and from 6 to 10 either private study or common lectures. At 10 o'clock generally came dinner, most being content with a penny piece of beef amongst four. After this slender dinner, the youths were either teaching or learning until 5 P. M., when they had a supper not much better than their dinner. Immediately after, they went either to reasoning in problems or unto some other study until 9 or 10 of the clock, and then being without fire were fain to walk up and down half an hour to get a heat on their feet before going to bed."

Apparently the sober dons believed that all work and no play would keep Jack out of mischief and make a smart lad of him. That there was another side of student life is shown by this anecdote of Lord Bacon's. "When Raleigh was a scholar at Oxford there was a cowardly fellow, who happend to be a very good archer, but having been grossly abused by another, he bemoaned himself to Raleigh, and asked his advice what he should do to repair the wrong that had been offered to him. 'Why,' promptly answered Raleighg, challenge him to a match of shoting!' "

Before Raleigh had been at Oriel more than a year, suddenly there came a temptation to lay aside the scholar's gown and don sword and buckler. iHs cousin, Henry Champernown, was organizing a company of volunteers to aid the Huguenots in France who were fighting under Coliny, and offered him a commission. Elizabeth did not want to break openly with her "good cousin of France" by giving aid to the Hugeunots, but she feared that if they were wiped out, a formidable union between France and Spain might result. So privately she sanctioned enterprises such as this. Raleigh, who was an ardent Protestant, hterw himself heartily into the cause. He turned from his books and the quiet ways of peaceful Oxford to write his name upon a page of French history. Not yet eighteen is he when he rides away with a company of Devon lads all of the same temper as himself. And with his departure for France this chronicle of his boyhood must end. For when he came home, after six years, he had witnessed the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew and looked upon sights and scenes that made a seasoned warrior of him. He was ready for the next stage of his career.

The Rotarian Magazine says: "It was on a mountain railroad. The long freight train chugged and puffed along for miles and with a final snort made the divide. The engineer sighed with relief. "Thought we couldn't make it," he said. "That was what I thought, too," responded the inexperienced brakeman, "but I had the brakes all set to keep us from sliding back."

"Too many concerns are like the brakeman. They are playing safe at the very moment when they should be delivering the maximum of power directly to the wheels. Today's empty shelves are prophetic of a demand for more goods tomorrow and, according to a recent survey, there's forty billion dollars of latent buying power in the United States alone to pay for them. Here, squeaks in the machinery of finance are being lubricated with new credit; and the quadrennial slowing of the business pulse contingent upon election has passed.

"The stage is set for 1933 to develop what every depression in history has created: New and aggressive leadership."

TALKING AND WORKING

(The Watchman-Examiner)

We once heard a story of a notoriously lazy man who publicly prayed as follows: "Use me, O Lord, use me in an advisory capacity." The story is good enough to be true, whether it is or not. The church is full of people who are anxious to be of service to God and the world if it does not involve work and sacrifice. Never a movement is inaugurated but that there is not at once a host of people willing to advise what should be done and how to do it. There is a certain satisfaction in talking about the job that others are doing. It not only saves blisters on the hands and aches in the back, but it also is a salve for the prickings of a conscience. A boy trained his dog to work in harness. One morning he had harnessed him to the lawn mower. A passer-by noticed that every little while the dog wold stop and bark vociferously. "What's the matter with your dog? What's he barking at?" "Nothing," was the reply, "he has just found out that he can't draw the mower and bark at the same time, and he'd rather bark." That dog was perfectly willing to make the welkin ring with his loudly-voiced opinions of matters and things in general, but he was not so willing to settle down to the hard work of dragging that heavy lawn mower up and down the lawn. Hence the barking. It is a proclivity that is not strictly confined to members of the canine race.

"HOW SOME PEOPLE ATE"

(Answered by words ending in ate)

No. 1 never ate alone—Associate.
No. 2 never ate with his superiors—Subordinate.
No. 3 ate very daintily—Delicate.
No. 4 ate in the most lusty way—Invigorate.
No. 5 ate like somebody else—Imitate.
No. 6 ate so that he constantly grew worse—Deteriorate.
No. 7 ate in the high places—Elevate.
No. 8 ate in a way that compelled attention—Fascinate.
No. 9 ate with other representatives—Delegate.
No. 10 ate with the politicians—Candidate.
No. 11 never ate today what he could leave until tomorrow —Procrastinate.
No. 12 ate so his food was well chewed—Masticate.
No. 13 ate more than was necessary—Exaggerate.
No. 14 was the last one to eat—Terminate.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent Charles E. Boger spent last Monday and Tuesday in Raleigh.

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There is a decided improvement in the appearance of our boys, due to the fact that each one has received a neat-looking hair-cut. Their hair had been allowed to attain unusual length this time because of hindrances which prevented carrying on this work at the regular time.

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Mr. George M. Clark, probation officer for the city of Durham, visted the institution last Wednesday, bringing a new boy with him. A boy from Winston-Salem was admitted the same day. These boys were placed in the Receiving Cottage, where they will remain for two weeks before taking their places in other cottage homes.

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Having made good records during their stay at the Training School, the following boys were paroled last week: Femus Butler, Linwood Butler, Robert Futrell, Sterling Crews and John Kelly. Some of these boys will attend school while the others have been fortunate enough to secure employment. As they again take their places in the outside world our best wishes for success go with them.

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In our travels about the campus the other day we noticed a group of boys under the supervision of Messrs Walker and Hudson, working on the tulip beds along the highway. For several years past these beds have been spots of rare beauty, and juding from the appearance of the young plants now peeping through, we believe they will look better than ever this Spring.

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With the coming of the warm Spring days the local baseball "fans" are turning their thoughts to the great American pastime, and almost daily we see groups of both boys and officers tossing the old "hosshide" around, in an effort to get the "kinks" out of muscles that have been idle during the Winter months. Practice will soon began in earnest and by the time the umpire calls, "play ball!" for the opening contest we hope to have a good team on the field.

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Last Sunday afternoon's service in the auditorium was conducted by Captain D. R. Mikles, who has charge of the Salvation Army post in Concord, and he presented a most delightful program. Besides his wife, Capt. Mikles was accompanied by the following Salvation Army officers and members: Adjutant and Mrs. G. G. MacGillivray, Miss Edna Brazele, Roy Gilkes and Raymond Nash, of Charlotte; Captain and Mrs. William Powell, Wesley Powell and Miss Ruth Ward, of Hickory, Captain and Mrs. Armstrong, of Statesville. An outstanding feature of the program was the rendition of several numbers by a twelve-piece band composed of the above named Salvation Army workers. Accompanined by this band the Training School boys

sang several of the good old hymns. The opening prayer was made by Mrs. Armstrong, after which Adjutant MacGillivray, who is financial secretary of the North and South Carolina Divsion, S. A., made a brief talk to the boys. Then followed a vocal duet by Captain and Mrs. Powell and Bible reading by Mrs. Mikles. A brass quartet then rendered a beautiful selection. Next on the program was an interesting brief address by Wesley Powell, a high school student, who talked to the boys on what it means to a boy to be a Christian. A beautiful vocal duet was then rendered by Captain and Mrs. Armstrong. The concluding address was made by Mrs. MacGillivray, at the close of which she told the boys several helpful and interesting stories in a most engaging manner. After the closing hymn the benediction was pronounced by Adjutant MacGillivray. Both the boys and officials of the institution are loud in their praises of this fine service, and wish to thank all of these Christian workers for the interest they are taking in the Training School boys, at the same time assuring them that they will always be welcome visitors in our midst.

CITY OF FIVE FLAGS

The distinction of having been under five different flags belongs to Mobile Ala. In fact, it has changed flags seven times, as a brief account of its strange record will show.

Founded by d'Iberville in 1702, Mobile was in French possession until 1763 when it passed to England by the treaty of Paris. It was taken by Spain in 1780, captured by the United States in 1813, taken by the English in the same year, and restored to the United States by the treaty of Ghent in 1815. It flew the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy during the Civil War, after which it again came under the Stars and Stripes.

The Battle of Mobile Bay, on August 5, 1864, in which Admiral Farragut defeated the Confederates, was one of the principal naval engagements of the war, costing the Federals 335 men while the Confederates loss was 10 killed, 16 wounded and 280 taken prisoners.

Mobile was in serious financial difficulties during reconstruction days and lost its charter in 1876, when a commission was established to liquidate its debt of two and a half million dollars. A new charter was obtained in 1886. In recent years the city has made much progress and in 1930 had a population of 68,202.

Pensacola, Fla., has also been under five flags, its history in that respect closely paralleling that of Mobile.—Selected.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., No. 11

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WHAT COUNTS

It isn't the bad that you did down here,
When your time of life is through;
That will hurt you so much in the other sphere
As the good that you didn't do.

Oh, the times you slipped and the times you fell
Won't show when your race is run;
But it's going to hurt when you're forced to tell
The good you could have done.

—Edgar A. Guest.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHAT IS YOUR INTEREST?

A naturalist, walking with his friend through the busy streets of a great city, stopped suddenly, and asked, "Do you hear a cricket?"

"Of course not," laughed his friend. "You could never hear a cricket with all this roar of traffic."

"But I hear a cricket," persisted the naturalist, and, turning over a stone, he uncovered the insect.

"Did you actually hear that cricket chirping above the noise of the street?" asked his friend in astonishment.

"Certainly," said the naturalist. "I spend my time in listening to nature, whether I am in the forest, the field or the town. Everyone hears that for which he is listening."

Taking a coin from his pocket, he dropped it on the pavement, and each passer-by put his hand in his pocket to see if he was the one who had dropped it. They were evidently listening for coins.

What are you listening for? Your ears are tuned to listen for something, even as the receiving set is tuned to receive the program from a distant station. God's ears are tuned to hear our prayers. Are ours tuned to hear His command?—J. E. Williamson.

OUR NEW PRESIDENT

A resume of the life of our President Franklin D. Roosevelt was read with interest and great profit. The story is a repetition of incidents that have a tendency to develop men of the finer elements.

His forebears, substantially Dutch, accumulated a comfortable fortune by frugal, simple and conservative living, but true to the form of those of that nationality the worthwhile things came first, prompted by the highest ideals.

He had most capable parentage, the only child with the freedom of large acreage, taught by a private tutor, surrounded by books, music and other home influences that are conducive to the development of a nature with due consideration for his fellowman. By the time he was old enough for college his preparation in every way was too thorough to be shaken by the social ills that confront every college student.

He loved out door life, he was interested in the birds, the forest, flowers and his favorite pastime was sailing, swimming and fishing. His collection of birds when eleven years of age is still intact and is considered one of the finest, besides he is considered an international authority on naval history and his library of naval history ranks very high.

All of these sweet and innocent influences contributed strongly to his outstanding asset—an engaging personality. His personality is radiated over the air, he speaks with an earnestness and directness, giving assurance in his message that encircled the nation of his interest in all kinds and conditions of mankind. Never in the history of the country has any previous message from any source under conditions of every nature had such a benign and wholesome influence upon the public.

With all of these advantages in his favor, 60 percent inheritance and 40 percent environment, there is every assurance that the people have shown wisdom in choosing their leader.

He has proven that he is a man of great understanding and dynamic power. The gloom of despair that enveloped the universe has been dispelled and instead there is expressed in the faces of all a hope.

* * * * * * * * * *

BLOTTING THE HEAVENS

A writer suggests the "riches of the sky" to his readers, and tells them that a pair of good opera glasses will disclose as many marvels as did Galileo's first "optic glass, that revolutionized the science of astronomy." Particularly rich is the Milky Way for such observers, the "pearly pathway" of the heaven.s And there's the moon, the delight of the lovers. One may see its mountains, and the satellites of Jupiter with glasses used at the opera.

small towns, in these days of progress and electricity, are greatly deprived of the sight of the heavens declaring the glory of God,

Dwellers in large cities with their tall buildings, and well-lighted nor does the firmament show His handiwork to them. They are hemmed in by skyscrapers. The glare of the electric lights shuts out inspiring scenes at night when the firmament glitters with the glory of the stars. The beauty of our nearest neighbor fades. The phase of the moon from a slender crescent in the early evening to the gorgeous full moon are lost to the sight of many.

Is it any wonder that we dwellers under electric lights go into rhapsody when we get into the great open spaces in the country, where there are no glare of automobile lights, and dins of horns. and quietly see what farmers see every night.

For every great improvement there seems to come a corresponding loss, and universal electric lighting has robbed us of the celestial glories we beheld in the unlighted villages of long ago. and when the song, "A Starry Night for a Ramble" meant so much to village swains.

* * * * * * * * * *

ACTIVITIES OF A KINDRED SCHOOL

Any information from schools engaged in the same work as that of the Jackson Training School is always of interest. Just once in awhile a little magazine. "The Boys' Banner," the mouthpiece of the Industrial School for wayward boys in Birmingham, Ala., finds its way to this office. We read it from cover to cover. From such sources many fine points can be absorbed, especially so if there exists a common interest.

A full report of annual meeting of the Board of Directors was given. The story was refreshing reflecting an optimistic spirit. There was not a suggestion of a halt because of the economic conditions.

Think of it, Mrs. R. D. Johnson, founder of the school and chairman of the Board for thirty-three years presided despite her advanced age. The report was given by the superintendent, but prepared by the heads of the different departments. The activities as given are as follows: Many repairs to buildings be-

cause of cheapness of material and paints; ten large electric fans installed in the dining room so as to make the boys more comfortable next summer; the dining room floors were refinished with hard wood; the school rooms, including eleven grades under the supervision of a principal and his eight lady teachers told of promotion and honor roll; the band director gave the progress and value of music in the school; the auto-shop in the trades building gave a graphic account of the way the boys tore down an old auto (donated) for the purpose of being reconditioned; the work of the print-shop gave in detail the job work and the printing of the magazine; the shoe-shop half-soled 385 pairs of shoes, put on 170 pairs of rubber heels and 202 patches; the laundry washed 20,227 garments, shrunk 500 yards of denim, and pressed on steam press 395 articles; the boiler room troop did repair work on flues, boilers and stokers as precaution against fires; the mending room turned off 2,165 garments besides the work of a similar kind in the different cottages; the reading room had a new supply of magazines—the Scientific American, Colliers, Boys' Life, Liberty, Popular Mechanics, Pictorial Review, Holland's Magazine, Literary Digest and others; the barber shop cut hair of 820 boys, and 360 shaves—this is the report of one month. The finale of the report is very unique you will agree: "Hello every body, this is station W. O. R. K., Industrial Training School, Birmingham, Ala.

We want to tell you we are really working. Work in this school is one of the essentials. Our aim is adaptability so as to meet demands of the ever-changing conditions, hoping to find a place of genuine usefulness. No sleeping or moping here. Remember there was never but one man who became famous by sleeping and he was the immortal Rip Van Winkle. Our motto is "speak little —do much."

This resume is carried so as to permit others to see the inside activities of the Industrial School for wayward boys, Birmingham, Ala. If not able to see in person, we can have a perspective reading.

The personnel of the Jackson Training School reflects the same fine, buoyant spirit realizing that the time to show strong leadership and courage is when the school is facing a handicap. There is little credit to any one when sailing is smooth, but to

work order out of chaos just at this time is proof of dynamic power and strong leadership. It is "the power of will that counts," because:

If you think you are beaten you are,
  If you think you dare not, you don't!
If you like to win, but you think you can't,
  It's almost certain you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost!
  For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
  It's all in the state of mind.
Life's battle don't always go
  To the strongest or fastest man;
But soon or late, the man who wins
  Is the man who thinks he can.

* * * * * * * * * *

The choosing of the Hon. Josephus Daniels, editor and politician, also former secretary of the navy in the Wilson cabinet, as Ambassador to Great Britain; and Judge Robert Bingham, another distinguished Tar Heel as Ambassador to Mexico is of particular interest and pride to the people of the Old North State. Realizing that our future largely depends upon our alignment with other English speaking people and Latin-America the general public feels that our new President chose men of ripened judgment and wide experience for these important stations.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

Stop yer kicking 'bout the times,
Get a hustle on you,
Skirmish round and grab the dimes
If the dollars shun you;
Croakin' never bought a dress,
Growlin' isn't in it,
Fix yer peepers on success,
Then go in and win it;
Times is gettin' good again,
Try to help them all you kin.

—o—

Promise yourself to forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

—o—

If the State Legislature fails to follow the advice of Governor Ehringhaus, it will become an erring house.

—o—

A woman appeared at one of the Durham banks with a five dollar gold certificate, and said to the teller: "Give me some cash for this. I don't want no gold or silver, either. I hears that theys going to counterfeit my name."

—o—

A prominent actress, announcing that she will seek a divorce from her husband, remarked: "I have nothing but admiration and respect for him." Wives that talk that, and there are many such these days, remind me of the man who went to a dentist to get a tooh pulled. "But that tooth is all right," said the molar yanker; "It's the tooth next to it that is making the trouble. The tooth you said is bad is just aching out of sympathy." "Darn that kind of sympathy," said the man; "yank it out."

—o—

The representative from Ashe, Hon. Tam Bowie, certainly put a Bowie-knife into the supply bill when he sliced off ten millions. When our public institutions begin to lag and dwindle, and our best school teachers drop out to obtain better salaries in other occupations, they'll spell his first name with a very large capital D.

—o—

What the country needs now is some good old-fashioned horse pulling, and not kicking like steers. Confidence is the polar-star to lead us across the plains to the manger of our physical salvation. Confidence in our President; confidence in our government; confidence in our neighbors; and confidence in ourselves. A faint heart is fit for nothing but a funeral in these stirring days.

—o—

The State of North Carolina puts her loving arms about Colonel and Mrs. Wade H. Harris, the former editor of the Charlottte Observer, draws them in a loving embrace and with them "drops the sympathizing tear," in the tragic death of their son. It is a dispensation we mortals cannot stop. When we lose our loved ones, heaven gains them. If we mourn, they rejoice. If we hang our harps on the willows, they tune theirs in the eternal orchestra

above, rejoicing that we shall soon be with them. Their grief was all the more poignant because they were both too ill to attend the funeral service. May the Holy Spirit comfort them in their deep sorrow, and their mourning be the enamel around the diamond.

—o—

It is said that members of the "lame duck" Senate consumed 5,000 aspirin tablets at the expense of the taxpayers during the last year they were aspirin' to be elected. But just think how many aspirin tablets the taxpayers had to consume because of that Senate, and the management of affairs by the Republican party.

—o—

In passing sentence of death upon the assassin Zangara, Judge Thompson, of Miami, advocated federal action to resrict the possession of firearms, adding that "in the hands of good people a pistol is harmless." True enough; but if pistols were taken away from all the bad people good people wouldn't need them.

—o—

It is pretty certain that President Roosevelt is not going to dismiss congress until it has acted upon everything which he considers too urgent to wait until the regular session next December. In other words, there will be no special session other than the one now in progress. The President probably is well advised to push his advantage to the limit. It is doubtful if ever again he will have at his command a congress at once so docile and so energetic. In time, the political log rollers will recover their morale—many of the freshmen legislators who have been swept along in the general enthusiasm for the new deal will get their bearings and discover their own importance. The first few months a President spends in office sometimes are called his honeymoon period. Usually they are a leisurely time of getting organized and sizing up the job. President Roosevelt was denied that luxury; he had to plunge immediately into a whirl of activity. My! my! what a mover he is. He gets action, and a plenty of it. More strength to his good right arm! It is probable that some time in the future he will look back on this time as a honeymoon.

—o—

A newspaper article makes the statement that in the future there will be no stenographers because machines will be invented which will transcribe spoken words into printed words. Science has and will continue to do wonderful things, but when people with story book imaginations begin to predict such things as that I begin to wonder. There are countless numbers of words in the English language which are pronounced exactly the same but which can be spelled differently and have different meanings. For example, heir and air, read and red, pair and pare, bell and belle, and so on. How in the name of common sense are they going to invent a machine with human reasoning powers and be able to distinguish between words pronounced exactly the same with different meanings. I don't believe any such thing.

THE PHIFER GRAVEYARD

This article was written some years ago by Cabarrus County's distinguished son, the late J. P. Allison. The Uplift gives publicity to it because of the interest in local history by the patriotic and civic organizations.

Mr. Editor:

In your issue of the 9th, inst. is a communication from Mr. George C. Goodman in regard to the Long-Phifer graveyard. This place was laid off by Martin Phifer, Sr., before the Revolutionary War for the use of his family and the neighborhood.

The first Phifer laid to rest there was Col. John Phifer, his oldest son and a signer of the Mecklenburg Declaration. He died in the early part of the war in 1777 from exposure in marching over the mountains. His marble slab lies on the grave and is badly defaced, supposed to have been done by the British soldiers with powder, as they passed through here in 1781. His daughter, Mary, married John Simeaner, the first register of deeds of Cabarrus county. I suppose this man was Swiss, as he settled among the Phifers, who came from Switzerland. He was educated and wrote a fine hand and held his office from the laying off of the county until his death in 1806. His wife died the same year. They were buried feet to feet with the idea that in the ressurrection they would rise face to face. They left one child named Mary, who was a small child at their death, and he persuaded my grandfather, John Phifer, who had recently married, to take and raise the child. She later married Mr. Erwin and lived at Pleasant Gardens, near Marion, McDowell county N. C. Mrs. Simeaner lived where Capt. Henry Propst now lives and owned a large tract of land, now divided into several farms.

Her brother, Paul Phifer, inherited the land surrounding the graveyard and lying on both sides of the Salisbury and Charlotte road, commencing near Mr. R. V. Caldwell's home and running up near Cook's crossing. He left two sons, John N. and Sandy. He first got the mill tract, which covered the historic part known as Red Hill, where Washington spent the night and the Black Boys destroyed the British powder. He built what has long been known as the Long house. He moved to Alabama in 1836. He sold his land to Mr. David Long and Mr. Wilson Blackwelder.

The latter built the house that Mr. W. C. Litaker lives in on the mill tract. Mr. Long got the home place, both places leading to the graveyard, but it was not included in either tract. The lines there are the same today as then. Mr. C. J. Goodman owns the North and West sides, and I own the south and east sides, of the Long tract. About one acre is left for a burying ground.

I always knew it as the "Phifer graveyard," which I think, is correct as the Phifers gave it. Mr. Long's land never covered that part, unless he added a small portion to the graveyard. The wall was removed on that side to take in the addition and the Longs are buried in that part.

Martin Phifer, Jr., was living

just across the road from the graveyard, where General Washington spent the night when he passed through here in 1791. Major Phifer had belonged to the General's army and served in New Jersey and Delaware campaigns.

Martin Phifer, Sr., died that year and was buried at the gate. The major then moved to his father's place on the Cold Water Creek, the original home place.

The Phifer lands extended from Rowan county to Coddle Creek, about ten miles. He had three mills, one in Cold Water Creek, now known as Hileman's; one on Buffalo, which was torn down by James Draton; the other, Morris mill, on Coddle Creek.

Little did the Phifers or Mr. David Long think that the great stage road from the North to South, would ever be discontinued. There was not a great road in the state more traveled than this one. The roads forked near the Long house, one going to Camden, Cheraw, Columbia, and Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga., and the south-west states. These roads are grown up and much of them in cultivation now and are hard to find. You can only get to the graveyard through the woods or cultivated lands.

Mr. Robert Phifer and myself have had the grounds cleaned off several times, and my mother had it cleaned a few times when I was a boy, but lately no one has done anyything and it shows neglect. This is written hurriedly from memory, but I think it correct,

Respectfully,
John Phifer Allison.

AVERAGE FAMILY HAS 3.4 MEMBERS

"The Average Family," according to a paper read before the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has 3.4 members, and lives in a house worth $4,778. However, one in every eight families lives in an apartment. One tenth of all families take in lodgers. Six tenths have no children under ten years of age living at home. In one out of every seven families the home-maker has some other job besides household duties. One third of all families have more than one member bringing in an income. Contrast the average family size in 1933 with that to which Benjamin Franklin referred when he said that according to his best calculations "the average American family consists of twelve persons." What influence the economic breakdown of late years has had does not appear in the figures but that the distress has lasted long enough to give an evil tendency to marriage, family life and other social customs, which will not improve social conditions even when the new day comes, is quite evident.—N. L. C. Bulletin.

OUR HIGHEST COURT

(Reidsville Review)

It is interesting to note that while 31 citizens of the United States have been elevated to the presidency, only 11 have been appointed chief justice since the foundation of our government—Jay, Rutledge Ellsworth, Marshall, Taney, Chase, Waite, Fulker, White, Taft and Hughes.

One of these, John Rutledge, was never confirmed by the senate, as evidences of approaching insanity developed about the time of his appointment by President Washington in 1795, and Ellsworth was named in his stead a few months later.

John Marshall served longer than any other chief justice, 34 years, and died in office at the age of 80. Taney served 28 years until his death at the age of 87. Jay, the first chief justice, was the youngest at the time of his appointment, being only 44. Marshall was appointed at the age of 46.

Among former associate justices of the Supreme court, Joseph Story, appointed at the age of 32, was the youngest, while William Johnson was 33 at the time of his appointment. Associate Justice Brandeis, still in active service at the age of 76, is the oldest member of the present court.

The high ability and undisputed integrity of our highest court have always been a source of pride to every American citizen. The court as at present constituted firmly maintains the best traditions of the distinguished jurists who served in the earlier days of the republic.

HARD TIMES

Hard times! But hold that line
  Of courage, faith and love.
It's the only way for mortals
  Who trust their God above.

Hard times! We need the testing,
  Though hard it is to bear.
We need these darker hours
  To bring us back to prayer.

Hard times! We were too proud a folk.
  We changed our trust to gold,
From faith in that great loving heart,
  Our Father, God of old.

Hard times! Ourselves we made our God.
  Now all but fools can see,
Without a God to lead us,
  Lost is humaniity.

—Norman C. Schilchter.

A NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS

By John R. Scotford

Romantic souls have always envied our feline friends their privilege of prowling about in the dark. Many of us would agree with the cat that the nght is often more interesting than the day. A charitable cloak of obscurity conceals the dirt, while the imagination finds much upon which to feed in the abundance of shadows. Lights and moving forms further stimulate our fancy. Exploring a strange city under cover of darkness is rare sport.

But not even the prosaic light of the sun can rob New Orleans of its fascination. Here is a city which revels in strange contrasts and weird contradictions.

The casual traveler is likely to discover that his directions are all wrong. The sun rises over the river and sets over the city in a fashion which is most disconcerting to one who was brought up on the notion that maps tell the truth. North also proves to be exactly where south ought to be. But the compass has not gone mad; the Mississippi River merely indulges in a most curious loop just before it reaches the city. Apparently the founders of New Orleans were looking for the place where they could get the most waterfront for their money, and so settled down beside the Father of Waters at its point of greatest curvature.

Another weird circumstance is that the river looks down on the town. In most parts of the world it is necessary to go down to reach a river, but at New Orleans one must climb over a twenty-foot levee to get at the water, which normally stands ten feet above the level of the pavements.

Time is almost as tangled as space in this strange city. The past has a way of intruding upon the present. Canal Street is one of the most brilliantly illuminated thorfares in the country, and yet one can turn a corner and find himself in a dark alley adorned with old-fashioned lamp posts with flickering gas lights. Despite the Mint and the Customs House, one wonders if he really is in the United States of America. Several foreign cities are more American than New Orleans.

But this is really the story of an evening's ramble in this strangest of cities. It was two days after Thanksgiving, and should have been cold—but I was exceedingly glad to check my overcoat along with my other luggage at the railroad station. I have sampled New Orleans in February, June, July, and November—and it has always been hot.

One of the joys of wandering about New Orleans is the names of the streets. The French were too imaginative and the thoroughfares too diverse in their directions to permit such a prosaic custom as numbered streets. I started out along South Rampart, which suggested a siege, but before I was through I encountered such lovely names as Dauphine, Royal, Bienville.

For the first few blocks I found

myself in a neighborhood which was quite nondescript, but utterly un-American. Many of the stores had wooden awnings extending to the curb. The sidewalks were thronged with people, some of whom were making Saturday night purchases, but more of whom were simply "taking the air." Most of the faces were dark, while on many store windows appeared the words "Aqui se habla espanol." (Here we speak Spanish.) Although the Spaniard officially departed from the city in 1803, there has been a very considerable immigration from Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies in recent years.

From Rampart I turned into Canal Street, the main avenue of New Orleans. As the name suggests, it was once a waterway, but has been filled for many years. Down the concrete-paved center run four street-car tracks, with ample roadways on either side. It looks as though it were built for impressive parades and great demonstrations. With its new lights it has a breadth and beauty which Broadway lacks. New Orleans has a matchless setting for its Mardi Gras.

Canal Street led me to the inky river. A much illuminated steamer was trying to draw a crowd for an excursion by playing something, which was supposed to be a tune, on a steam caliope. The noise did not entice; instead, I took passage on a funny little ferryboat which carries one across the river to Algiers for five cents. Instead of nosing into a slip like an orthodox ferry, it tied up to the shore sideways. The craft was almost square. Most of the passengers occupied park-benches on the upper deck, while a great variety of talent offered its service in the shoe-shining profession.

Algiers was worth the jaunt. We landed on the high bank of the levee. The town specialized in brightly-colored stucco structures in a generally Moorish type of architecture. Possibly it was trying to live up to its name. By way of beauty, the chief attractions were the skyline and lights of New Orleans.

When the ferry had brought me back to the city I turned to the right and plunged into the "Vieux Carre," or French quarter. For a block or two the narrow streets were lined with dark and silent warehouses, but later there were evidences of life behind the grim walls which extended to the sidewalk. The Latin is stingy of windows but quite prone to move out on the pavement.

Soon I was in the center of the old city—a square which the French called "Place d'Armes," the Spanish "Plaza des Armas," but upon which we have bestowed the commanplace name, "Jackson Square," in honor of Andrew Jackson, who defeated the British at the battle of New Orleans in 1815. Some time in the distant past an equestrian statue of this hero was erected in the center of the park. Originally, there was no inscription on the base, probably on the theory that Andrew Jackson needed no introduction. However, when General Ben Butler took over the government of the city from the Confederate forces in 1862, he caused to be carved on the pedestal Andrew Jackson's own words: "The

Union must and shall be preserved!" and they are still there.

The square where the city was first established is now adorned with many palm trees, and an abundance of circular walks lined with benches and enclosed by an iron fence. Somehow the moonlight never has such charm as when it filters through palm branches. I paused to rest, to enjoy the scene, and to observe my neighbors. The latter were abundant. Group after group were busily talking, only English seemed the least popular of languages. Here and there a Spanish word would reach my ears, but I suspect many were speaking in French and Italian.

The climax of the evening was still before me. To the west of the s.quare stand three buildings in a truly Spanish arrangement. In the center is the cathedral, on one hand the Cabildo, formerly the seat of government, and on the other the Presbytery, the headquarters of the bishop. The Cabildo is one of the most historic spots on which one can put his finger in the United States, for it was here that the Louisiana Purchase was formally transferred from Spain to France and France to the United States—the latter transaction on the order of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Although the Cabildo and its companion piece beyond the cathedral were closed, there was yet life on that side of the square. Something was going on around the corner, and many of the cars were parking in Jackson Square. As the automobiles unloaded, one caught glimpses of women with black hair and heavy eyelashes who were certainly not of the Anglo-Saxon type. The French Quarter is something more than a geographical term and a place to show tourists. In spite of the years, the French blood and French language have both survived.

As it was Saturday night, the doors of the squat old cathedral stood open, and I entered. Tradition has it that the Cathedral of St. Louis was built in 1796 by a conscience-smitten Spanish nobleman in expiation for his sins. The interior was illuminated dimly. A number of people were about—some praying, and others watiing to take their turn at the wickets of the confessional boxes. The altar was being made ready for the services of the morrow.

Sitting down, I gave rein to my fancy. What a strange procession had crossed this ancient stone floor —Spanish "gobernadores," French adventurers, multitudes of negro slaves, Confederate soldiers and sympathizers, and so on down to the Northern visitor out to "see" New Orleans. Here it was that Andrew Jackson attended a service of thanksgiving after the defeat of the British. And yet it is not a mere "sight," but a place where men and women still worship and pray.

I went out, and made my way back to the railroad station through the beauty of a night that reminded one of the tropics. I had been abroad without leaving the shores of the United States. I had delved into the past without bidding good-bye to the present. Such is the charm of New Orleans.

ECONOMICS OF FRIENDLINESS

(Selected)

Benjamin Franklin, whose canniness seems never to have been exhausted, once hit upon a unique plan for multiplying the good his money might do. While in France he sent ten louis d'or, about $45, to a friend, writing him as follows:

"I do not pretend to give such a sum; I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country with a good character, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him; enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands, before it meets with a knave that will stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a great deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning and make the most of little."

It's a scheme that works with more than money. A friendly tip to a boy, confused by the maze of affairs into which he has been thrust; a cheering visit to the bedside of an acquaintance who has slowed up; a word of encouragement to the friend who is blue—all of these, too may be increased as were Franklin's louis d'or. To be sure, the obligation to multiply them by passing them on is not to be so explicitly stated; the remarkable thing about it all is that it need not even be mentioned. Friendliness, thanks to some wise provision of human nature, almost invariably begets friendliness.

A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know. It is the conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic.—William Mathews.

THE SIMPLE THINGS ARE LOVELIEST

We need a fresh appreciation of the simple things of earth, of the fields and woods and gardens, of the wayside flower, of the song of the bird in its leafy bower. A mother's lullaby, the laughter of little children are earth's sweetest music. In our best hours we know that the simple things are loveliest, and it is a good rule to trust what we see, feel or think in our best hours.

Margaret E. Bruner tells us about these things in the following beautiful lines:

The simple things of earth are loveliest;
  A fire on the hearth, the lamplight's glow;
The hour when the heart finds peace and rest,
  A mother's lullaby crooned soft and low;

The wayside blossom, tiny woodland stream
  That sings a happy, lilting roundelay;
Soft, billowy clouds that drift as in a dream,
  The hush of dawn, the sun's last flaming ray;

The friendly trees that give of fruit and shade,
  The tendrils of the grape, like clinging hands;
O, there are scenes more gorgeously arrayed,
  But these the heart has known and understands.

Mankind has reached the pinnacle of power,
  Has conquered land and sky and ocean's crest,
And yet, when comes the heart's deep, prayerful hour,
  He knows the simple things are loveliest.

—Selected.

THE CREED OF A COUNTRY GIRL

By Jessie Fields

I am glad that I live in the country. I love its beauty and its spirit. I rejoice in the things I can do as a country girl for my home and my neighborhood. I believe that I can share in the beauty around me: in the fragrance of the orchards in spring, in the weight of ripe wheat at harvest, in the morning songs of birds, and the glow of the sunset on the far horizon.

I want to express this beauty in my own life as naturally and happily as the wild rose blooms by the roadside.

I believe I can have a part in the courageous spirit of the country. This spirit has entered into the brook in our pasture. The stones placed in its way call forth srength and add to this strength a song. It dwells in the tender plants as they burst the seed cases that imprison them and push through the earth to light. It sounds in the nestling note of the meadow lark. With this courageous spirit I, too, can face the hard things of life with gladness. I believe there is much I can do in my country home. Through studying the best way to do everyday work I can find joy in common tasks done well. Through loving comradeship I can help bring into my home the happiness and peace that are always so near in God's out-of-door world. Through such a home I can make real to all who pass that way their highest ideal of country life.

I believe that my love and loyalty for my country home should reach out in service to that larger home we call our neighborhood. I would join with the people who live there in true friendliness. I would whole-heartedly give my best to further all that is being done for a better community. I would have all that I say and do and think help to unite country people near and far in that great Kingdom of Love for neighbors which the Master came to establish — the Master who knows and cared for country ways and country folk.

I believe in the country.

Nothing lifts the spirit more than a song, especially the inward song of a worker who can sound it alike at the beginning of his task, in the heat of the midday, and in the weariness and cool of the evening.—Selected.

A PAUSE IN THE PRAYER

(Exchange)

The following little story is not elaborately plotted, nor does it comply with many of the rules of story writing, yet it contains a moral and a lesson which will not be found in many another more elaborate story. It is credited by an exchange to the Railway Carmen's Journal. This story of a small boy shows that the lad was bright and he crowded a lot of good hard sense, mere boy that he was, into the following:

"If I should die 'fore I wake," said Donny, kneeling at grandmother's knee. "I pray"—prompted the gentle voice, "Go on, Donny."

"Wait a minute," interposed the small boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying down stairs. In a brief space he was back again and dropped down in his place, took up his petition where he had left it. But when the little white-gowned form was safely tucked in bed, the grandmother questioned with loving rebuke concerning the interruption.

"But I did think what I was sayin', grandmother; that's why I had to stop. You see, I'd upset Ted's menagerie, and stood all his wooden soldiers on their heads just to see how he'd tear around in the mornin.' But 'if I should die 'fore I wake,' why—I didn't want him to find 'em that way. There's lots of things that seem funny if you was goin' to keep on livin', but you don't want 'em that way if you should die 'fore you wake."

"That was right, dear; it was right," commended the voice, with its tender quaver. "A good many of our prayers wouldn't be hurt by stopping in the middle of them to undo a wrong."

The first railroad in this country—a crude affair, six miles long and used in hauling stone and coal—was built in 1827, one hundred and five years ago. Three years later the first road for carrying passengers was built. It was fourteen miles long. The wise conservatives declared that if the train could be started it could not be stopped. An eminent jurist of New York insisted that if they did get an engine to run 15 miles an hour over the earth none would risk his life at such a terrific speed. But a hundred years have wrought changes so familiar that no mention need be made of them in this connection. The question that arises with some of us is, will aviation see such undreamed of progress in the first hundred years of its history? It has done very well in these first years, even more than the railroads did in the first three decades of their operations. We may at no distant day leave London at noon and arrive in New York at noon of the same day—Selected.

LITTLE THINGS

(Selected)

It's the little things we do and say
That mean so much as we go our way.
A kindly deed can lift a load
From weary shoulders on the road,
Or a gentle word, like summer rain,
May soothe some heart and banish pain.
What joy or sadness often springs
From just the simple, little things.

We can always give a smile, a happy thought, a cheerful word to those we meet, and this practice makes a joyous mental atmosphere and brightens the darkest day. There is nothing more contagious than kindness; if you go about with a well developed case, your neighbor will be sure to catch it. We increase our own happiness by being faithful in the little situations to which ordinarily we attach no importance. Never fear that any cheer you manufacture will be confined to your particular corner; it is bound to get out, radiating in all directions. These are the things we should all do during the present upset, at all times in fact; we should seek to do and see good in every individual and circumstance.

ARE YOU A GENTLEMAN?

A wise man once defined a gentleman as one who—

Never inflicts pain.

Doesn't bring up topics that might cause irritation to another.

Makes everyone at ease and at home in his presence.

Makes light of favors while he does them.

Never gossips or slanders.

Never takes unfair advantage of another.

Is never mean in disputes, but always fair and generous.

Never gives out sharp sayings for arguments.

Bears no malice.

Is kind to another intellect inferior to his own.

Always just.

Respects weakness in human nature, and makes the proper allowance for it.

Measured by this rule of manly conduct, are you a gentleman?—Selected.

TOY DOG

By John Scott Douglas

A team of huskies flashed across the undulating snow fields, drawing a light sleigh behind them. Riding the rear runners of the sleigh was a tall, heavily built youth in mukluks and fur clothing. His breath was white against the cold, brittle air; his full, brown cheeks were flushed from cold and exertion.

At a sharp word of command, the huskies came to a halt before a small, single-roomed log cabin which backed up to a hangar which protected the single airplane the little airport boasted. The airport was set back a mile from what had been the famous gold-rush town of Skagway, Alaska. Skagway's glory lay in the past; now its chief claim to renown was the fact that it guarded the entrance to the White Horse Pass into the Klondike.

A sharp, insistent barking in the cabin caused the rough-hewn youth to grumble. "What has Dan there? A toy dog? No real dog pipes that way!"

The cabin door opened, and a lithe, thin chap stood framed in the doorway. Even the most casual observer would have recognized the blood relationship of the two. But it was evident a span of perhaps six years separated them; Dan Brooks was lighter, thinner, smiling-eyed, and with a likeable, boyish grin.

"Great to see you, Bob," he said warmly. "I didn't expect to see you again until spring unless I could get in by plane."

The larger youth grunted. "Get in by plane? That would be suicide! Alaska's not the country for a plane; never will be. Flying with a visibility of twenty feet, as you have to at times in the winter, makes it as useless as that toy dog between your legs."

Dan Brooks glaned down at the small, black and white cocker spaniel that stood between his logger's boots. The little dog was barking fiercely, his long ears flapping up and down as he jumped forward and back.

"Chappie!" Dan said with mock severity. "Be quiet!"

The little coker spaniel stopped barking immediately, turning intelligent brown eyes up inquiringly at his master, as though to say: "Are you sure it's all right?" Then he saw the big huskies, with their bottomless, yellow, wolf-like eyes, and he commenced barking again, turbulently. Dan leaned down to give the diminutive coker spaniel an affectionate pat, and then sent him scurrying into the cabin.

Bob Brooks fed the huskies frozen salmon, which they gulped down hungrily, looking up at him with their yellow eyes for more. He loosened them from the harness, and they shook themselves. Then he carried his heavy knapsack of food into the cabin, and went outside again to kick frozen snow from his mukluks and to shake the snow from his fur clothing.

When he came into the cabin again, he removed his fur outer clothing, and watched Dan as he stood over a pan of sizzling bacon

which filled the cabin with its delicious aroma. Chappie came up to sniff at Bob suspiciously, and Bob pushed him away a bit roughly.

"Where'd you get such a fool dog?" he demanded disparagingly.

Dan grinned. "A tourist must have left him. I found him after the last tourist boat of the season departed. I thought the owner would notify the lost and found department of the steamship company here—but I've never been able to find the owner. A remarkable smart dog, Chappie. Smarter than a dozen teams of huskies."

"Perhaps," said Bob dryly, toasting his cold hands near the air-tight heater. "But give me a real dog every time. Toy dogs are as useless up here in the north as toy machines."

Dan knew his brother was again referring to the airplane. A faint smile quirked his lips. "You can't get it out of your head, Bob, that men like myself are going to pioneer the north from the sky."

Bob's eyes were somber. "No; I can't, Dan. And I don't believe it for a minute. You're younger than I am, lad; you haven't lived up here in the north as long as I have. Fogs—low visibility—blizzards——" He shuddered involuntarily. "It gives me the creeps just to think of you taking the chances you do. Now, with a good team of huskies, you can go almost anywhere, any time, in almost any weather—"

"Bob, I can go anywhere your huskies can go in the north—and I can go faster. The airplane will open up regions that heretofore have been inaccesible because of distance and difficulty of getting in implements and provisions. It takes you six days to get into your mining claim; I went there last summer in an hour and a half."

Bob got up, and started to pace the floor of the cabin, his eyes thoughtful. "In good weather, yes—I'll grant it!" he said, after a minute's silence. "But in weather such as we have most of the year—no; it's suicide, I tell you. That's why I came down here to bring you back to my stake. We'll work it fifty-fifty; you'll make a lot more out of it than out of this fool airplane 'drome of yours. And you won't be taking a chance of breaking your neck. An airplane motor conks, and you haven't a chance of landing a whole man in this country. But the husky team is the old standby; nothing stops my dogs."

Dan dished out the bacon in silence. Then he shook his head.

"It's decent as anything of you, Bob. But I believe in the airplane—it's the salvation of Alaska. Prospectors depend on me to get their supplies in. They count on me when they need medical attention—"

Bob slashed at his piece of bacon savagely. "Oh, well, if you want to be stubborn about it—"

There was a hurt look in Dan's likeable blue eyes. "Bob, I wish you wouldn't look at it that way. I'm not asking you to give up your huskies. Yet I haven't the slightest faith in them!"

Bob went on eating, saying nothing. The air seemed to bristle. Dan was conscious of an electrical tension in the room; of a growing tightness in his throat. The bacon was like sawdust in his mouth; he found it hard to swallow.

Bob arose stiffly when he'd finished eating; there was a strained tightness about his mouth. "Well, you won't change your mind?"

Dan's blue eyes brimmed. "No," he said quietly.

Bob started to don his fur clothing again. "Then I guess I came in vain," he said irritably. "I guess I'll mush along to Skagway, get some provisions at the store, and hit the trail. I have a few hours before darkness sets in."

Wistful brown eyes were turned up at Dan. The little dog seemed to sense something was wrong with his master.

"One thing," said Dan. "I want you to take Chappie with you. If you ever need help, just tell him to come to me, and he'll understand."

"And you'll come by plane?" demanded Bob, a hint of irony in his voice.

"Yes," said Dan.

Bob gruntel. "No thanks. I only keep real dogs!"

Dan's face was working. "I insist, Bob.

Bob looked disparagingly at the little cocker spaniel, and was on the point of refusing. Then he nodded. "All right," he said. "But I don't see how that toy dog could get through when my huskies couldn't."

Dan said nothing. Bob drew on his mukluks, stamping them down onto his feet. Then he opened the door, and harnessed the dogs. This done, he picked up the little dog gingerly, and wrapped him into the fur robes on the sleigh.

Chappie made no protest, but he was trembling with apprehension. His eyes sought Dan, pleading. Wistful eyes, somehow.

"Good-bye, Chappie," said Dan.

The little dog whimpered slightly in his throat, his pleading eyes still on Dan. Where was he going with these big dogs? Dogs which could kill him with one snap of their jaws. He belonged with Dan. He was Dan's protector!

Bob waved, and the sleigh bobbed along over the hard-crusted snow.

All the way back over the mountains Bob Brooks grumbled about the toy dog his brother had given him. He tried to get the little dog to run along beside the swiftly gliding sleigh. But Chappie would soon be panting at the effort to keep up with the sinewy husky pack.

That first night Chappie endeavored to fight one of the huskies, and he would have been killed had not Bob come to his rescue.

"You fool dog," he grumbled. "You're not only useless—you're a nuisance besides."

Chappie crouched on the fur robes licking his wounds and whimpering slightly in his throat. With an understanding which was almost human, he knew he had incurred his new master's displeasure. He lay there, quivering. A low snarl would rise to his throat when the huskies looked at him with their yellow, bottomless eyes.

A little dog in an unfriendly world. Dogs that would kill him the first chance they got. A master who disliked him! Snow and cold which whipped about him in savage fury when he paddled along behind the sleigh. The little coker spaniel lay flattened against the robes, watching Bob Brooks with wide brown eyes which tried to understand. He tried to snuggle up close to Bob

when the latter climbed into his sleeping bag, but Bob pushed him roughly away.

"Why didn't Dan give me a donkey-engine to lug around? It would have been just as useless!"

So at last they reached Bob's cabin. Bob did little work in the winter, save for occasional blasts. His main job was to protect his claim that it might be his to work the following spring.

He found that Chappie could not be allowed to run. One of the huskies seemed always waiting for him, waiting to make life miserable for the little cocker. So he had to be kept indoors, like a lady's dog, Bob would say daily. And of what use was a lady's dog in a land where every living thing must be of service?

One day when Bob went down to the creek to break off the ice that he might get drinking water, he slipped and fell down the bank. The white-hooded spruces, the blue ice of the creek, the sullen black of the sky swirled dizzly about him. Arrows of pain shot up his leg. He look at his snow-shoe. It was twisted at a queer angle. So was his leg. Then he realized what had happened.

He lay still in the snow, while the throbbing danced up and down his side. He tried to stand up. His left leg was limp, dangling. The bone was broken. Cold, fine beads of perspiration broke out on Bob's broad forehead.

His dazed brain raced. Six days from Skagway when he was walking part of the way. Perhaps ten if he rode. Exposure—cold—infection spreading all that time—Perhaps the dogs couldn't carry him that far; he didn't have a big string. If he could stay in the cabin, nurse it along—.

But what if he couldn't set the bone?

He'd have to get to the cabin anyway! He crawled to his pail, found his pick-axe, and broke a hole in the ice. He got his water. Perhaps his last! Then, with infinite pain, he dragged himself to the cabin, lifting his pail a foot ahead of him at a time. He'd have to subsist on snow water—and that wasn't so good. Going to the creek again was out of the question. The pain was unendurable.

The huskies gazed at him with glassy yellow eyes. No understanding in those eyes. He shuddered. He raised himself to the knob and opened the cabin door. Chappie came running toward him and licked his hand. His brown eyes were solicitous, understanding. The little dog's sympathy touched Bob. He patted the sleek black head. Chappie quivered under his touch; a sort of controlled ecstasy.

"Close the door," said Bob.

Chappie bounded toward the door, and leaned up against it with his front legs. The latch caught. One of the tricks Dan had taught to him.

Bob crawled to the bunk which was built into the wall of the log cabin. He caught his foot against the leg, and then drew away. The pain was intense. But if he could only snap the leg into place and then strap it to a board. He tried for three hours, while his face grew whiter and whiter and perspiration dripped from his forehead. Finally he lay panting on the floor.

his head on his hands, sobbing with impotence and frustration. He could not snap the bone into place by himself!

This mood passed quickly. He had to get a grip on himself; do something quickly. He dragged himself to the fireplace, and hurled a gnarled log onto the blaze. The little dog watched him with troubled eyes. Going with that leg to the nearest doctor was impossible or next to impossible. He decided to send one of his huskies for help. The huskies could always get through. They weren't toy dogs!

He got a frozen fish, and called to the huskies. He painstakingly wrote a note, tying it to the neck of the largest husky.

"Now go to Skagway," he ordered it.

The husky stared at him stupidly. Uncomprehendingly. Yellow wolf eyes. No understanding! He pointed to the southwest, and ordered it time and again to "Mush!" Finally he threw a stone at it. The dog ran toward the southwest. Bob felt relieved. Now it was only a matter of waiting. The husky would get through. Nothing less than a wolf-pack would stop it.

At feeding time, a shock of horror passed down Bob's spine when he saw the husky he had sent with the other dogs, the note still around its neck. He tried to send other huskies. They only stared at him stupidly. And Chappie continued barking insistently, trying to call attention to himself.

"Toy dog!" Bob grunted. "How could you get through?" It suddenly flashed into his mind that the little cocker spaniel was the only dog who understood what he wanted. It couldn't get through—but it understood! He said softly, "Dan!" Chappie barked excitedly, and ran to the door, scratching frantically. "He does understand, the little rascal!" Bob said exultantly. "It's my only chance, anyway."

He tied a note to the little dog's neck with a stout cord, and then said, "Go to Dan!" Then he opened the door. Chappie looked up at him questioningly for a moment, as asking permission to leave. "Dan!" Bob repeated.

The litte black and white cocker spaniel flashed across the undulating white blanket, and a husky set out in pursuit. Bob roared at the husky, and it came slinking back.

Bod stood braced in the doorway, while the bobbing black speck flew across the snow. A dismaying emptiness settled within him. All his hopes were pinned to that little black and white dog. His life! The black dot vanished from sight over the brink of the world. Bob stared out at the empty, dismal scene. Sullen gray clouds hardly a hundred feet above the earth; pine and spruce studded slopes, frozen mountains.

An eagle might swoop down, a wolp pack might give pursuit—and the little toy dog would be no more. All his hopes hung by that slender thread.

The next day broke with a leaden sky, heavy, overcast clouds. By afternoon there was a flurry of snow. The wind freshened, whispered through the pine trees near the cabin. By night it was shrilling, flakes were swirling past the windows, and the outside night was

alive with swirling movement of shifting snows and wind-swept swaying trees.

And somewhere, Bob hoped, a little black and white toy dog would be bobbing along on the snow. Or had he already fallen prey to some hunting animal? Or had he holed up for protection? How could one pin all their hopes to such a bunch of fluff? A little cocker spaniel. Not a dog suited to the snow country, anyway. Only his little feathered feet and lightness and his color stood in his favor. He could hide from enemies. Against a tree-trunk, he would be invisible.

The days dragged on with hideous slowness. Bob's hope began to burn lower and lower. A blizzard howled outside. No help could come even if the little dog did get through. It would be hopeless to make that long trip by dog-sled in a blizzard, and, he guessed, even more impossible in an airplane.

He spent long hours trying to snap his broken leg into place. Once he succeeded, only to snap it out again when he cooked his meal. Fever consumed him; his leg was swelling and hot and painfully feverish. Just a question of days.

"It served me right!" he said bitterly as he stared out at the swirling, whirling flakes. "I shouldn't have put all my faith in a toy dog. Now it's too late to start out myself. I couldn't make it—even with real dogs!"

He grew delirious, weaker and weaker. One day he heard a pounding and buzzing. His temples had been pounding and there had been a ringing in his ears. He guessed it would get worse, day by day. The buzzing became a drone, more pertinacious. He rubbed his aching head. But the drone grew louder, more distinct. A cold shiver raced down his spine, and his heart beat irregularly.

He dragged himself to the door and opened it. A frozen breath of wind chilled his hot body. A big, man-made bird gathered form through the mist. It was being buffeted by head winds; it vibrated like a chip of wood in an angry sea. It came to a bumpy landing on the flat space before the cabin, and rolled forward with snarling spasms.

Two men and a little black and white cocker spaniel leaped out. The little dog was thin, emaciated, but he bounced across the snow toward the cabin, barking. He jumped up at Bob, licking his damp cheeks. Bob hugged the little dog that had gotten thin in his service.

"Little toy dog!" he said, and there was a catch in his throat.

Dan and the doctor lifted the big youth to his bunk tenderly. The doctor set the leg with the assistance of Dan's pulling in the broken member.

"We can check this infection," the doctor said. "But another day—and it would have been doubtful."

Bob smiled up at his brother. "The plane did it," he said feelingly. "You were right, and I was wrong. I admit that, Dan."

Dan grinned. "No; you were right. If it wasn't for the dog, the plane couldn't have saved you. Alaska still needs its dogs."

The doctor looked up from a splint he was making. "You're both

wrong," he said with pretended severity. Tolerance is what you both ought to learn. Tolerance for each other's views, eh?"

The two brother's eyes locked. Then they both laughed.

Keep a record of all the kindnesses that you receive and you will find it helpful reading on a day of discouragement.
—Selected.

THE USE OF THE GRINDSTONE

(Young Folks)

You have seen a man pushing a grindstone along the street. It was rolled on two wheels and supported by a bit of wooden frame. The tinkling of a bell told people living nearby that if they had dull knives and other cutting tools now was the time to get them sharpened. Laying the knife against the grindstone which he causes to revolve by means of a pedal that he works with his foot he puts a sharp edge on the tool and gives it a cutting quality.

Henry Ward Beecher once took occasion to say that books are grindstones and whetstones which sharpen the mind. The Bible makes it very clear that trials and temptations are similar means for the sharpening and improving of the soul. For the time being we may not be able to see the uses of adversity, but if we live long enough their uses will undoubtedly become apparent. One of the sacred writers makes bold to say that we are to count it all joy when we fall into manifold temptation or trials, knowing that the testing of our faith works steadfastness. Then something good may come out of what we supposqe has been sent to trap or crush us. The world is not half so unfriendly as we imagine, or if it is there is another force about us working for our good. When we suppose we are the victims of adverse circumstances it is because we are blind to the helpful agencies that mean to be our friends. Trials and hardships may be as cold and rough as the grindstone, but in hands that are directed by good motives they are the means of increasing the usefulness and the beauty of the soul.

When the photographer desires to develop a picture he takes the sensitive plate into a dark room. The sunlight would do it no good. When God wants to develop us and make us more like Himself, likely as not He surrounds us with dark clouds and then begins to work upon us. When He sets out to build a man He may find no instrument better than a cross.

VERSATILE MR. REVERE

(Reidsville Review)

Paul Revere is known to fame chiefly because of his historic ride from Boston to arouse the "minute men" on the night of April 18, 1775, before the engagement with the British at Lexington and Concord. But, aside from this notable exploit, he was an uncommonly active and versatile citizen.

He had taken part in the Boston Tea Party, and became a lieutenant-colonel during the Revolution, after serving as a lieutenant of artillery in the Crown Point expedition of 1756, during the French and Indian War.

In civil life he displayed a variety of talents which a recent biographer thinks entitles him to be known as America's first "jack of all trades." He was a goldsmith, a copper roller, a dentist, an engraver, a powder manufacturer, a maker of picture frames, a hardware merchant, and deplorable as it may seem, a seller of hard liquor.

Documents recently made public by his great-grandson include bills of lading showing that Paul Revere sold a consignment of rum at 60 cents a gallon, also gin at a proportionately low figure. This same great-grandson now heads a copper business founded by his distinguished ancestor, which still bears the name of Revere, of Boston.

But Revere's chief pride seems to have been in his dental skill, and he once sent a circular to prospective clients, which would be considered highly unethical today, in which among other things he said, referring to human teeth: "He fixes them in such a manner that they are not only an ornament, but of real use in speaking and eating."

Longfellow immortalized Paul Revere's ride, but he didn't tell the whole story.

"IT ALLUS HAS"

The rain it poured
The sea it roared,
The sky was draped in black.
The old ship rolled,
She pitched and bowled
And lost her charted track.

Oh dear, oh dear!
Sir, will it clear?"
Loud wailed a dame on deck.
As they heaved the lead
The skipper said,
"It allus has, by heck!"

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. E. E. Peele and Mrs. Livisay, of Charlotte, called at the school last Wednesday, bringing a number of books to be placed in the library.

—o—

Instead of the usual pork dinner, a veal dinner will be served to our large family of nearly six hundred tomorrow. This is a home-grown product and is of excellent quality.

—o—

For several days past it has been too wet for the outside forces to work in the fields, and the barn boys have been using the teams and wagons in hauling coal from the railroad siding to the several buildings on the campus.

—o—

In the absence of Mrs. Haywood, who was visiting friends in Mount Gilead, Mrs. Paris Kidd, of Concord, played the piano for our Sunday School last Sunday morning, and Mrs. Eugene Caldwell, also of Concord, acted in that capacity for the afternoon service.

—o—

In going about the campus at night we notice that the Training School employees are co-operating splendidly in an effort to cut down the lighting expenses. All lights that are not really necessary are extinguished prompty at eight o'clock.

Howard Baynes and Walter Bollinger were paroled this week, the former going with his parents who live on a farm in Guilford county, and the latter to live with his mother in Belmont, where he will be employed in a cotton mill. These lads have made good records at the school and we are glad that they now have another opportunity to make good in their respective communities.

—o—

The boys in the printing class have been working on a catalog for our King's Daughters Library. More than nine hundred excellent books are listed in the catalog now being published, and we are informed that since our forms were closed, a sufficient number of books have been added to bring the total to more than one thousand.

—o—

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of the Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon and addressed the boys on "Playing the Game." In playing a game, said Rev. Kellermeyer, we must play fair at all times, never taking an unfair advantage of an opponent. He then stated that we should never be known as "grandstand" players—those who play only for their own glory or the plaudits of the crowd—but do all in our power for the success of the team of which we might be members. The speaker then told

us that just as these rules were necessary in an athletic contest, they also applied to the great game of life. In our dealings with our fellow men all unfair tactics should be avoided. He concluded by saying that instead of thinking of ourselves we should ever strive to help others become followers of Christ. By so doing we will, at the last, be able to say with Paul, "We have fought a good fight, we have kept the faith," and be assured of hearing those welcome words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Rev. Kellermyer's talk was both helpful and interesting and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and we wish to take this opportunity to assure him that we shall be glad to have him visit us whenever he finds it convenient to do so.

—o—

Our good friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., informs us that he has another real treat in store for us next Sunday afternoon. At this time a program will be rendered by an A'Capella choir of one hundred voices, under the direction of Mr. L. R. Sides, director of music in the Charlotte city schools. This promises to be an outstanding event and we are glad that our boys will have the privilege of hearing this splendid musical organization.

TRAGEDY AS TEACHER

It seems that it often takes an appalling tragedy to impress mankind with the necessity for ordinary safety precautions, and even tragedy fails to teach its lesson in most cases.

The first systematic efforts to make theatres fireproof followed the Iroquois fire in Chicago in 1903, when 574 persons lost their lives, although 600 had died in a theatre fire in Trenton, N. J., as far back as 1872, and 283 had met a similar fate in Brooklyn in 1876.

A new policy of constructing munitions depots in unsettled areas followed the explosion of the Lake Denmark arsenal in 1926. The sinking of the Vestris has brought about the adoption of a new code of safety at sea, framed by representatives of 18 nations. The explosion of x-ray films in the Cleveland Clinic, causing the loss of more than 200 lives, resulted in a survey of conditions in hospitals throughout the country in an effort to prevent similar disasters in future.

Thus great tragedies sometimes serve to teach their costly lessons; too late, however, to do their victims any good.

—Selected.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 1, 1933 No. 12

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

WORTH WHILE

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is one who will smile,
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth,
Is the smile that shines through tears.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

FORCED TO THINK

Today America is occupying a precarious position. After years of gaily riding the crest of prosperity, enjoying every luxury and high living, she is undergoing affliction. If this period of depression has wrought havoc, hardship and actual necessity, it has also turned people's thought to God. Face to face with their own human frailty and pitiable weakness people are learning a bitter lesson. They are being made to feel the imperative need of relying wholly and completely—upon the Great Creator of their being.

This is indeed a time for reflection. A time of adversity, it is true, but the fires of adversity have never failed to purify. Where arguments and exhortatons by ministers of God would go unheeded or meet with derision, it has required a terrific blow to make people think and think seriously in terms of their dependence upon a Higher Power.

It is time to get back to the solid, rugged faith of our fathers and to retrieve from the discard those sterling, tried and true principles of honor, honesty, fair dealing, sincerity, truth and respect for the Holy Word of God.—Selected.

THE WHY AND HOW OF MUSIC IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Contributed by Miss Mary Hyman, Rural Supervisor, Cabarrus County.)

Education means learning to live fully and successfully. No man ever completes his education. Learning goes on throughout life.

The Public Schools cannot give a person a complete education, but they can and do give him the tools of learning; they can and do seek to give him many experiences, open the doors to many interests and guide him in using his tools of learning in investigating and arriving at those for which he is best fitted and in which

he wishes to continue his future study and activities.

Music is an educational field that cannot be neglected. It is one of the world's greatest interests. It is a chief means of expressing feeling. It is a universal language. A Chinaman, a Russian, a man from the jungles of Africa may not understand one word of our language, but they will respond to our music, and we will to theirs. Music is a refining influence. Few people who really love and appreciate good music are bad, ignorant, rough people. It gives pleasure, makes people happy. It is one of the stabilizers of life, a balance to the mad rush and worry of the world's serious activities.

Music is a power in building and expressing world feeling, and the schools must help the child understand this power in order that he may not let it dominate him unwisely. Music has put courage into many a weakening line of battle. It even made thousands of people buy liberty bonds in the World War period. It has aided many people in bearing their sorrows, holding their reason and working out their problems. It has lured many people into questionable places, kindled passions and led people to forms of conduct that were ruinous. Such a great power cannot be ignored. It must be reckoned with in the training of children.

Many people have failed to see music in this light, and this feeling has been transmitted to the budget makers. North Carolina has never done much to develop this important field of child training and now almost no money is available for it in the schools of the state.

The teachers are doing all they can to meet the situation, and they are accomplishing more than they ever thought they could. They are teaching the children to know and appreciate good music, to feel the power of music in a good setting or environment, to know the songs that the world knows and so to be musically intellectual, to have a feeling for rhythm and harmony, to know some simple musical techniques, to investigate the means of musical self expression, to have many fine musical experiences and make many contacts with the fine people in this field. They are giving the children much worthwhile pleasure and are putting them in a position to give pleasure to others and so contribute to the

wholesome civic life of their communities.

With all its values to the life of a person or a people so evident music could never be classed as a fad or a frill. The outlook for the progress of music in the schools is really quite hopeful. Even the poorest trained teachers are now seeing it as a basic subject and not as a recreational agency only as they used to consider it. They are earnestly working to prepare themselves in this field. If the rank and file of teachers have seen the light, there is little need to worry about the budget makers. They will soon catch the vision.

* * * * * * * * * * *

HONESTY

Robert Burns says:

"The honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is king of men for a' that."

And in addition to these lines he adds this one:

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

The man who is truly honest, not in finances alone, but in all social activities regardless of position in life is honored. Honesty is a quality that all right thinking people covet. Never be honest because "it is the best policy," but honest because of the love in your heart to see a square deal. The maxim "to be hon- because it's the best policy" implies expecting returns. Honesty strengthens character and develops the highest standards of living. To be intellectually dishonest, shows up a designing mind, besides it is wanting credit when not entitled to it, an indication of a weak mentality.

Dishonesty, in any form, is a great offense and creates more hard feeling than any other one thing. It not only degrades, but is a curse and blight to progress wherever found. If unfair in the minutest detail it will leave its mark and will show forth as the reflecting rays of the purest stones.

Dishonesty is something one discerns by an indescribable feeling, it can not be seen but felt. The character of a person is transmitted by a feeling, some call it a hunch, but it is nothing short of that science of mind that reads character. A dishonest

person fools himself more frequently than the other fellow, therefore, it is better to be true to self, if so there will not be a victim of an offence.

The immortal Shakespeare writes:

"This above all to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

* * * * * * * * * *

SOME HONEST BOYS

We have faith in the boy. Give him a chance and a square deal and you may rest assured the boy, in ninety cases out of a hundred, will measure up to expectations. This clipping from the Reidsville Review expresses a fine estimate of the boy:

Not because honesty among boys is uncommon, but because too much stress is placed on the recording of dishonesty in the news of the day, a little story from Humboldt, Sask., is worth repeating.

Six boys were playing in a straw stack near that town when one of them found a purse containing $2.20. This caused them to search for more treasure, with the result that a toal of $94.20 in cash and a check for $41.49 were found in the straw.

Did they divide the spoil and proceed to use it for themselves? They did not. They promptly turned it over to the Humboldt chief of police, who recalled that three men had reported being robbed at this straw stack some time before, and took steps to locate them.

Incidentally, the six boys have established a reputation for honesty which is of much greater value to them than the money they might have easily appropriated to their own use.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE A'CAPELLA CHOIR—CHARLOTTE

On last Sunday afternoon the Jackson Training School boys had the pleasure of hearing the A'Capella choir, made up of eighty-five vested choristers selected from Central High School and directed by Mr. L. R. Sides, supervisor of music in Charlotte city schools.

The entire program of splendid selections reflected great credit upon Mr. Sides, giving every proof that he possessed the ability of developing a musical appreciation in a crowd of young men

and women who otherwise would never have had the privilege of studying music.

The entire school is indebted to Mr. A. C. Sheldon, secretary of the boy's department, Young Mens' Christian Association for this inspirational program expressed in song. In the course of the remarks made by Professor Sides during the rendition of the program of fine selections, he said the "person with a sense of appreciation of music is a little finer than one without it." This remark took lodgement with many who were fortunate enough to be present on this occasion. This statement can be verified if one looks about, reviewing for the sake of contrast the homes with a gift of the art, and those destitute of musical attainments. The difference in temperament and taste of the two homes is widly different. The first, with musical talent, carries an atmosphere of sympathetic refinement, the other is dominated by a spirit that is rather calculating and in short is metallic. There is no study more refining or soothing to the over-taxed nervous person and uplifting than that of music.

The Jackson Training School takes this means of expressing an appreciation of the concert and the interest shown in the boys by the Charlotte friends. We wish the A'Capella choir to know their visit to the school was greatly appreciated, and a return trip is anticipated.

* * * * * * * * * * *

NEARLY ONE THOUSAND VOLUMES

The King's Daughters Library not only continues to grow in interest but in volume. Last week 78 new books were added, making a total of 965 volumes that the 500 boys of the institution have access to. All of the books have been censored, so as to eliminate any book that would have a hab influence. It would astonish the majority of people to see how the boys look forword to having a new book. Each boy is allowed to keep a book two weeks, and not longer. They are required to take care of the books, returning them in fine condition, by this means teaching the value of a book and instilling the habit of neatness.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

Pluck wins! It always wins! though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go.
Still pluck will win; its average is sure;
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

—o—

The man who says he never makes a mistake would hardly know a mistake when he sees it.

—o—

So many things can now be bought for a mere song. And just think I cannot carry a tune.

—o—

Say, friend, did you know that an ounce of confidence in yourself is worth more than a ton of dependence on other people.

—o—

Do not lose faith in humanity. There are over one hundred and twenty million people in the United States who have never played you a single nasty trick. That of itself ought to give you courage.

—o—

Now comes a professor at Columbia university and says mankind will be completely baldheaded by the time it gets to 2500 unless it quits getting its hair cut. He says hair-cutting weakens the scalp and causes the hair to fall out. That does not mater A lot of us will be bald long before 2500 if the newspapers don't stop printing cross-word puzzles, and the stores stocking up on jig-saw puzzles. Crazy quilts have nothing on the modes of the present day.

—o—

April showers bring May flowers, so why worry about the weather. Every season has its purpose to make our lives brighter. Let's say it is not the weather, but us. If you carry a smile all of us will carry one. If you frown, you are alone, and it"s you, not the weather.

—o—

When the end of depression comes we will be in rather a sad plight. It will leave us with no other topic of conversation than the beer question and the weather.

—o—

It is all right, as the old saying goes, to give the devil his due. But the trouble is that too many people are so anxious to give him a bonus. It is a self-evident fact that the more you give the devil the more he wants—and takes.

—o—

When we sit down and meditate calmly it is interesting to note the many things that could have happened in our past life and business but never did, and those we are told might happen now and never will, we have much to be thankful for, and that it is as well with us as it is. We are not grateful enough for what we do have and crave more without a scintilla of gratitude. I believe we have before us opportunities such as we have never dreamed of and we should be ready to obtain our share when the time arrives,

which in my opinion, is not far away. Optimism is now sprouting where before pessimism grew.

—o—

Secretary of the Treasury Wm. H. Woodin is a writer of songs. Now they say that James P. Warburg, who is to be the under secretary of the treasury, has written several popular songs. It looks like it is to be a musical treasury. Well, there is nothing like having notes come from the treasury.

—o—

The people, during the campaign, said they wanted action. They are getting it in good-sized gobs. Some people in Durham are curtailing their sleeping hours. They say President Roosevelt is going so fast they sit up late and arise early, so afraid they will miss something.

—o—

A Brooklyn, N. Y., man kissed his wife the other day for the first time in seven years, and then disappeared. A friend at my elbow suggests that she was still eating onions. The crazy galoot. Why didn't he eat onions, too, to offset, onset, or unset her breath? Two onion breaths would so smother, they couldn't tell one from 'tother.

—o—

The good Lord has certainly had His protecting arm around this country; but even He may become tired of holding up a people lacking in a spirit of humility and thankfulness and so egotistical that in prosperous times they believed themselves to be supermen who when things started going badly shut both their eyes and ears because they haven't the courage to face the truth, the willingness to admit their mistakes, or the hardihood to hew a new road back to the safe one from which they strayed. Then went as far as they could along the easy road. Now, with much travail, they must analyze their problems, recognize their mistakes, stop trying to dawdle through human experience, and do what a wise creator intended we should do—strengthen our character and improve our souls by throwing energy into a militant and eternal campaign against evil, sloth, idleness, easy, purposeless existence, and physical and mental laziness. We are placed on earth for some reason. What could it be except to develop a soul worthy of a future existence. We have every reason to be hopeful. At last, we are facing our problems instead of running from them. We are in the subcellar, so the only way we can go is up. All we need is to do something. Go to some place. Don't be afraid. Don't get panicy. Put your money, your brains, your muscles at work. Plant a garden. Produce as much of your requirements as possible. Pull your money out of the hiding. You don't need to whistle any longer just to keep up your courage. The sun is coming up again. Nature is coming in with a great spring-time work. Join the chorus of birds and start singing, because the night is over. If it ever comes back, it will be because of our lack of use of the brains with which for some reason God endowed us.

Caution—a fish is caught by the mouth.—Selected.

ITALIAN GIRL SETS EXAMPLE OF PATRIOTISM

(Smithfield Herald)

It was an Italian, Zangara, who would have taken the life of President Roosevelt, because he disliked presidents and kings, and it was an Italian, an unidentified girl, who sets a striking example of patriotic loyalty to President Roosevelt, in surrendering her bit of "hoarded" gold—a five dollar gold piece and a gold chain—in order to show how she feels toward a president who is trying to bring back, if not prosperity, at least normalcy.

The two pieces of gold were addressed to President Roosevelt, and accompanying them was a letter in which she stated:

"This little offering of mine is just like a drop in the bucket, but every big sum is made of little ones, just as the immensity of space is formed by atoms. Maybe other women will follow my example and, those who can, more generously. History teaches us that women saved their country from the invading enemy by sacrificing their jewels to pay the price of its freedom.

"Please do accept my small share to your great task and may God inspire and guide you to a speedy recovery of a sick world."

The gold piece has been turned over to the Treasury, but if the White House can find the name of the sender, the gold chain will be returned to her.

THE POLYGRAPH

The polygraph is a new scientific invention for detecting liars. It is an invention that is ten or twelve years old, new improvements are being added from time to time. Some day it may be as useful in detecting liars as finger prints are in identifying a person.

The Literary Digest gives this interesting information on the subject:

"When the liar lies, he does a lot of other things, too and if we can catch him doing them, why, then we can catch him lying. The liar's blood-pressure grows jumpy when he lies, for one thing; so does his pulse, his breathing changes; even his glands secrete more or less of their products into the bloodstreams and cause symptoms that can be detected.

His chances of getting by are growing slimmer and slimmer."—Selected.

PERSONALITY

By Virginia McC. Bare

I passed three people on the street the other day, and knew, in passing them, that there were three personalities. They exhaled something, quite intangible, that the other passer-by did not. We met at a street crossing, so I had time to look at each of them for a searching moment before our ways diverged again. And as I went on, I began asking my thinking process—they like to get hold of this sort of problem—why I had got the definite "whiff" of personality from those three casual pedestrians.

They looked, in a general way, quite like the other people in that little group at the corner, and yet they stood out. I can't remember one detail about the clothes of any of them, nor about the coloring of their features, except that I think one of them had brown eyes. Yet I felt that I'd like to know those people, like to stop and chat with them, right there; they were real individuals.

Now what makes us individual—different from the rest? Not wearing clothes of the prevailing mode, that would have the opposite tendency, wouldn't it? Not picking up the current slang, that sinks us to the level as "just one of the crowd." Not being like the rest, but being different! Is that hard to accomplish? Well, I think it is, rather, but let us see.

We're made different to start with, aren't we? No two of us with hair and eyes and features just alike. No two of us, correspondingly, with minds just alike. We're started in life on individual paths. And it has taken ages, literally, to work out a medium-like, modern language that enables us to get together mentally at all. So we've a good start to be individual, haven't we? That's as far as some of us get—we sink into mediocrity afterwards, when left to ourselves.

I would have you pull yourself out of the crowd! Not estrange yourself, goodness no. You'll be much more popular with your friends if you make yourself a little different. Study your clothes to make them suit your own particular style; coin your own words, originate your figures of speech! These will be good practices in personalityy, but don't spend too much time on the outer things. Look in. See if your thoughts are stereotyped, if your opinions conform inevitably to the opinions of others. And if that is the case, don't let them. Be a "thinking animal" all to yourself. Give yourself some problems to work out, once in a while, and make the old brain think them through to a definite, positive conclusion.

One young girl I know declared that she was going to be different from the six hundred other girls in her school, if she had to walk on her hands to do it! A praiseworthy motive, of course. But you can work it out better than that. See if you can't.

THE ORIGIN OF DIAMONDS

(Selected)

It is known that diamonds were worn five thousand years ago in India, but, of course, they were in the rough. They were also used as cutters and gems as long as three thousand years ago. Then India was the only source known but in 1700 they were discovered in Brazil. It was the largest producer until 1869 when diamonds were found in South Africa, where four-fifths of the present supply is produced.

Diamonds were originally known to come from high plateaus, mountain sides, in the beds of mountain streams and in the plains where they had been carried by the mountain torrent, but Africa the true hiding place of these precious stones was discovered first—at high levels in the mountain, in enormous fissures, open chasms, chimneys or pipes extending a great depth into the earth. Kimberlite or "volcano tuf", a slow river of peculiar blue clay, was forced upwards. This substance filled the entire void. It is in this Kimberlite where the diamond, crystallized from pure carbon in intense heat and under titanic pressure is formed.

Diamond is the hardest known thing. No other thing can scratch or mar the sharp corners of the finished product, but its mates, while it can be crushed to a powder. An intense heat of four thousand degrees Farenheit has to be used to burn diamond; heat of a burning building has no effect on it.

In the British crown there is a stone, the Koh-e-noor, which weighed eight hundred carats originally but recutting following recutting have reduced it to a hundred and three and three-fourth carats.

Some of the biggest mines are found in Africa. The supply from these mines commands the highest price.

THE GREATEST ASSET

What do we need most? Implicit trust in God. Then our obedience will not falter to continue the task entrusted to us. Then will our love not shrink from personal sacrifices required to carry on in the face of faith-testing difficulties. Then shall our heart respond promptly to the call of David, that man of heroic faith, who with the closing words of the Twenty-seventh Psalm would encourage not only himself, but also others: "Wait on the Lord! Be of good courage and he shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord!"—Selected.

GOD CARES FOR US

By Lillian Lien

Marian's mother was so sick that she must be sent to the hospital at once.

How lonesome Marian was after mother had gone! Everything seemed lonely and sad. The very flowers that before had seemed to Marian to be the loveliest things in all the world, now seemed drooping and fading.

One day word came that Mrs. Hagen was much worse and must be operated on at once.

That evening Mr. Hagen left for the hospital, which was about fifty miles from where the Hagens lived.

Now Marian felt lonesome indeed, for father and mother were both gone. And the house seemed emptier still.

But worse than all the lonesomeness was the fear that her mother might be taken away from her.

"I don't believe God cares for us "For if He really knew how much Bobby and I need dear mother He wouldn't let her die."

"Maybe He won't, dear," answered her nurse. "Not if you pray to Him and believe on Him. But remember, dear Marian, that whatever God does He does for our own good."

That night Marian remembered what her nurse had told her. And the prayer she offered up to God that night came indeed from the very depths of her heart.

But next day a telegram arrived saying that Mrs. Hagen was worse.

But Marian never ceased praying.

"Although it doesn't do any good, it seems to make me feel better anyway," she told her nurse.

Not long after a telegram came from Marian's father.

Poor Marian's fingers trembled so she could hardly open the yellow envelope.

But at the first glance a sigh of relief escaped her, and despite all she could do the tears would come.

When the nurse found her, she was afraid the worst had happened. But when she opened the crumpled bit of paper, this is what she read:

"Mother is much better. I will come home tonight. Father."

From the shaking heap on the doorstep came a muffled little voice: "I believe God cares after all," it said.

"Speak a shade more kindly
Than the year before;
Pray a litle oftener;
Love a little more;
Cling a little closer
To the Father's love;
Life below shall liker grow
To the life above." —Selected.

THOUGHT BOOKS

(Selected)

Charles Kingsley said —that the books that help most are those which make you think most. Was he right, and if so, is his dictum observed? It does not appear to be doubted that when he announced his judgment it was based on facts then available. But that was seventy-five years ago. People tell us that ours is a jazz age, that it is the light and trifling books which are being read, that we do not want to think, and that we studiously avoid books that challenge the mental faculties.

Now the surprising as well as the interesting fact is that reports from public libraries show that there is not a preponderance of what is commonly designated light literature taken out, and that substantial and even profound volumes are constantly in demand. Perhaps we get the impression that books to make us think must be clothed in language that requires frequent reference to a cyclopedia. Thoughtful books, and many of them, are written in simple language, but they are not for that reason superficial.

What led to Kingsley's observation was unquestionably the fact that too many readers of his day were inclined to choose books whose chief characteristic was that they were entertaining. Conditions have not greatly changed in these seventy-five years. There would not be so many cheap and trashy books publsihed, as well as books that ridicule accepted moral standards, if they did not find readers. And while we should be encouraged by the consistent call for good books, we cannot help deploring the hold the other kind has on the popular mind. The wisdom to choose the better books, books that make one think, and books that call for the best that is in us, is second to none.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS EASY—

To apologize,
To begin over,
To take advice,
To be unselfish,
To admit error,
To face a sneer,
To be charitable,
To avoid mistakes,
To endure success,
To be considerate,
To keep on trying,
To be broad-minded,
To forgive and forget,
To profit by mistakes,
To think and then act,
To keep out of the rut,
To make the best out of little,
To shoulder deserved blame,
To maintain a high standard,
To recognize the silver lining,
—But it always pays.

—Selected.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS' LETTERS TO HIS SON

By Evelyn Thorp

John Quincy Adams, the most learned among our early statesmen, "was ignorant on no subject and talked like a book on all subjects," so says a contemporary of his. Among the subjects to which he gave serious consideration, the study of the Bible ranked near the top. It was his belief that "no book in the world deserves to be so unceasingly studied and so profoundly meditated upon as the Bible." Suiting the action to the word, he became an indefatigable student of the Book, completely reading the full text of the Scriptures each year for a long period of years, a truly great task.

Eager to have his children share his appreciation of its value, he claimed that "the earlier my children begin to read it, the more confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens of their country and respectable members of society." Accordingly, while living in St. Petersburg, during his term as ambassador to Russia, he wrote to his son, George Washington Adams, who was a student in America, a series of thoughtful letters designed to inculcate a love and reverence for this Holy Book and to stimulate a delight in its perusal and study. These letters, nine in number, because of their extraordinary literacy excellence and intelligent exposition of Bible truth, and to give them permanence, were later published in book form.

"In what light soever we regard it," wrote Mr. Adams, "whether with reference to revelation, to literature, to history, or to morality—it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."

"My idea of the Bible as a divine revelation is founded upon its practical use to mankind and not upon metaphysical subtleties. A God, the Creator and Governor of the universe, is revealed in all His majesty and power; the terms upon which He gave existence and happiness to the common parent of mankind are exposed to us in the clearest light. Disobedience to the will of God was the offence for which he was precipitated from paradise; obedience to the will of God is the merit by which paradise is to be regained. Here, then, is the foundation of all morality—the source of all our obligation, as accountable creatures."

The second point is the historical character. "History, so far as it relates to the actions and adventures of men, may be divided into five different classes. First, the history of the world, otherwise called universal history; second, that of particular nations; third, that of particular institutions; fourth, that of single families, and fifth, that of individual men. The last two of these classes are generally distinguished by the name of memoirs and biography. All these classes of history are to be found in the Bible, and it may be

worth your while to discriminate them one from another. . . . . There is no other history extant which can give so interesting and correct a view of the use and progress of human associations, as this account of Abraham and his descendants, through all the vicissitudes to which individual families and nations are liable. There is no other history where the origin of a whole nation is traced up to a single man. and where a connected train of events and a regular series of persons from generation to genera- is preserved. As the history of a family, it is intimately connected with our religious principles and opinions, for it is the family from which (in his human character) Jesus Christ descended."

His next letter, on the Bible as a system of morale, was a difficult one to undertake; the difficulties impressed him more and more as he meditated on the subject until "more than a year has elapsed, leaving me still burdened with the load of my promise. Referring to the ten commandments as a divine revelation, he says, "Remember, that the law was given one thousand four hundred and ninety years before Chirst was born, at the time the Assyrian and Egyptian monarchies existed; but of their government and laws we know scarcely anything save what is collected from the Bible." Other laws of that far-away day have perished, but the laws of Sinai "remain to this day rules of faith and practice to every enlightened nation of the world and perishable only with it. The reason is obvious; it is their intrinsic excellence which has preserved them from the destruction which befalls all the works of mortal men. The precepts of the decalogue alone disclose more sublime truths, more maxims essentially suited to the happiness of man than all the writings of profane antiquity put together can furnish. The more you meditate on the laws of Moses, the more striking and brighter does their wisdom appear. Vain, indeed, would be the search among the writings of profane antiquity to find so broad, so complete and so solid a basis for morality as this decalogue lays down. The moral character of the Old Testament, then, is that piety to God is the foundation of all virtue, and that virtue is inseparable from it; but that piety without the practice of virtue is itself a crime and the aggravation of all iniquity." Christ's teachings supplemented the old laws by bringing "immortality to light." "The Jewish sanctions were exclusively temporal; those of Christ exclusively spiritual." Christ added to the law, "Upon the condition of repentance, the kingdom of heaven, the blessing of eternal life. . . .The language of Chirst to His disciples is explicit: 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your father in heaven is perfect.' Nor was the absolute perfection merely preached by Christ as a doctrine; it was practiced by Himself throughout His life. The sum of Christian morality, then, consists in piety to God and benevolence to man; piety, manifested. . . .by repentance, by obedience, by submission, by humility, by the worship of the heart and by benevolence."

On the Bible as literature: "The first remark that presents itself is, that the five books of Moses are the most ancient monuments of written language now extant in the world; the book of Job is nearly of the same date. The Psalms are a collection of songs; the Song of Solomon is a pastoral poem; the Proverbs are a collection of moral sentences and maxims apparently addressed by Solomon to his son; the prophetical books are partly historical and partly poetical—they contain the narrative of visions and revelation of the deity to the prophet who recorded them. In the New Testament the four gospels and the Acts of the Apostles are- historical—they contain memories of the life of Christ, and some of His disciples. For pathos of narrative; for the selections of incidents that go directly to the heart; for the picturesque of character and manner; the selection of circumstances that mark the individuality of persons; for copiousness, grandeur and sublimity of imagery; for unanswerable congency and closeness of reasoning and for irresistible force of persuasion, no book in the world deserves to be so unceasingly studied, and so profoundly meditated upon as the Bible. To read the Bible is of itself a laudable occupation and can scarcely fail of being useful employment of time; but habit of reflecting upon what you have read is equally essential as that of reading itself, to give it all the efficacy of which it is susceptible. I therefore recommend to you to set apart a small portion of every day to read one or more chapters of the Bible, and always read it with reference to some particular train of observation or reflection. I have suggested to you four general ones, considering the Scriptures as divine revelations; as historical records; as a system of morals and as literary compositions."

COMPLAININ'

Some folks jest complainin' all the live-long day;
Kickin' 'cause it's rainin'—never ascertainin'
  Blessin's by the way.

Some folks jest a-whinin'—(Their unhappy lot—)
Sympathy declinin' cause the sun's a-shinin'
  Makin' it too hot.

Some folks simply tryin' day in an' day out;
Troubles magnifyin', simperin' an' sighin'—
  Country's dead, no doubt.

Never see the blessin'—rain—an' frost an' sun—
Never known confessin',—Never even guessin'
  All the Lord has done.

Give me smilin' faces—folks that bring good cheer
Into all the places, and old gloom effaces
  With a smile sincere. —Ella Van Court.

ONE OF SEVEN, NAMED FOX

(Selected)

Among the F's in the Cyclopedia Brittanica one comes to a series of seven biographies, each headed by the surname Fox. Of these articles the first and longest is devoted to that of Charles James Fox, whose brilliancy of mind, eloquence of speech, recklessness of habits and penchant for opposition resulted in a "great political career that is unique among the careers of British statesmen of the first rank." He was in opposition to the Lord North ministry and therefore an ally of Burke and a friend of the American colonists during the Revolutionary period. He lived from 1749 to 1806.

Second by the space rating in Brittanica is a certain Richard Fox born 300 years earlier than Charles James and assigned to grateful remembrance as an ecclsiastical dignitary. He also had a degree of uniqueness. He was successively bishop of the dioceses of Exeter, Bath and Wells without ever seeing them. This happened because King Henry VII wanted a secretary and a diplomat without paying the salary from his own purse. They let the church do things in those days also.

Now sandwiched in between these two in the Brittanica's annals of the seven distinguished British Foxes is the son of a Liecestershire weaver whom in 1624 his pious parents christened George. It is further noted that owing to his serious mindedness in boyhood it was hoped and even expected that he would become a minister of the Church of England. Instead, he trained himself to be a shoemaker and grazier. This humble calling he forsook in early manhood and traveled hither and yon in England, seeking by queries and conversations with preachers to obtain rest for his troubled soul. The results of his search satisfied him, but thoroughly aroused the clergy against him. He became the first member of the Society of Friends, its fountain of mysticism and founder of its organization as a Christian group. But the inner rest obtained for his soul was for many years antagonized by the outer persecutions that deprived his body of ease, and his person of freedom. He began the public expression of his peculiar views in 1647; it took only two years for them to land him in jail. His prison record, since it was in no respect due to actual crimes, is in itself a distinction. Few criminals were more variedly confined:

Nottingham, 1649; Derby, 1650; Carlisle, 1653; Lanceston, 1656; Lancaster,, 1664; Worcester, 1673. He died at the age of sixty-seven: his name-bearer, the bishop lasted eighty years. Charles James Fox, with parliament, the peerage and enormous popularity to sustain him burned up his vitality in fifty-seven years of adventurous living. Neither Richard nor Charles had George's first-hand experiences with penal cruelties and penal inmates. No wonder the Society of Friends has been active and persistent as well as successful in "prison reform." It is an

inherited experience of their founder.

This ardent antagonist of things as he found them in the England of three centuries ago was not content to plead for better housing, better treatment and more human justice to those under sentence as law breakers. He opposed slavery, war, church formalism, social gradations that made the aristocracy artificially noble and the common people artificially degraded. He had the odd conviction that high and low alike trod the same earth on feet that showed only external distinctions among patricians and commoners. Alike in physical features and in vices, they had similarities of souls that showed when the grace of God found lodgment there. Fox made his ideas of human equality evident in the use of the pronouns, thee and thou, by keeping his hat on his head in the presence of great and small, and in a code of convictions that is still enshrined in the doctrines and practices of the Society of Friends.

The views of those called Quakers arose as their protest against the inroads by a Christian State and Church upon the rights of individuals assumed to be Christians. One can truthfully write thus about the England, Scotland and Ireland of the period of 1624, the year of his birth, to 1691, when he died. Those were the days of Charles I, champion of the divine right of kings; of Oliver Cromwell, contender for parliaments versus thrones; and of Charles II, the successor of the two of them. An established Episcopacy in England was arrayed against a John Knox-constructed Presbyterianism in Scotland, and both sides believed fervently in powder and prayer. It was the age of commercial expansion by European nations by means of colonization societies, whose shareholders no longer depended for dividends on robbing aborigines of their gold, but called their investment plantations. The tilling of the soil depended on slave labor and rum was the ally of the whip and the chain as a persuader to industry. There is not a single major practice of Quakerism which lacked occasion as the protest against evil practices by the powerful of Fox's day. No wonder this bewildered meditative, Bible-pondering shoemaker left his bench and started forth to find what it was that was troubling the children of God.

While Great Britain was engaged in the struggles between Cavalier and Roundhead, Episcopacy and Presbytery, with side thrusts at Papacy, central Europe was winding up the Thirty Years' War, which climaxed at Lutzen, where Gustavus Adolphus was killed. Whatever views one may hold as to the justification of war, he can draw only one deduction concerning its effect on the Church. The Church is always the victim when its members are drawn into international and civil strife. There is something radically dangerous in the yoking together of Church and State. This was as true in the seventeenth century as in the twentieth. Lutheranism is no more immune to the degenerative effects of wars than are Aglicans and "Papists." Of the Lutheran Church in Germany after 1648 we read:

"It was ruled from without by the civil governments of the various

states, and from within by theologians as autocratic as the papacy. Both civil and theological rule tend more to vigilance over doctrine than to care for Christian character. The result was that whilst orthodoxy was never more outwardly alive, it was never more inwardly lifeless. The clergy had not entirely forgotten their functions, it is true, but they were obsessed with the belief that if there was sound doctrine, as a consequence all else would be right. Luther had placed the seat of faith in the heart but emphasis had now shifted to the intellect."

The counteracting of this overstress of and over-confidence in "proclaiming pure doctrine" was "Pietism." Its leaders were Spener and Francke. Its university was Halle. Its demand was for experience. Its effect ultimately was the trend toward a more normal balance between doctrine and practice.

We personally find it difficult to visualize a person of George Fox's zealous temperament wandering around the England of 1640 to 1650 in search of spiritual contentment. He would not find it by asking for wisdom at London of the statesman nor at Oxford from the professors, nor at Canterbury from the Archbishop. Any of these would tell him to go back to his bench, resume cobbling and let those in positions of recognized authority and order tell him what was good for his soul. No doubt he did get that counsel, not once but repeatedly; certainly as often as he got in jail. But there were too many kinds of authority and those occupying the Scribes' and Moses's seats did not act as if their wisdom had any connection with their conduct. Then Fox appealed for personal assurance to the last and in his case at least, the supreme court of human convictions, his own inner voice. The result as he described it was, "I beheld the light." Apropos of his individual experience, a Principle of Quakerism is quoted.

"That there is in the heart or mind of man a principle that acts as a check to evil and an impulse toward good, a reprover for wrong-doing and a comforter for well-doing, is a common conviction drawn from experience. Here the Society of Friends hold positive and well-defined ground; for, though they recognize the faculty of conscience as the 'seat of moral government' in the individual, they place the regulating principle of it in a superhuman power, which informs and illuminates the faculty. Thus they make a distinction between the enlightened conscience and an unlightened one, according to this Superior and Divine power which has greater or less sway in the mind . . . .George Fox tells us in his simple language that he was sent to turn people from darkness to the light, that they might receive Jesus Christ; that he was to direct people to the Spirit, 'by which' they might be led into all truth, and up to Christ and God."

We know that Fox knew his Bible: from the evangelist St. John, he was aware of that light which lighteth every man coming into the world. He knew by introspection or by mysticism or by whatever name one calls the action in the soul's inner room when the Holy Spirit makes the word

living and dynamic, that here was authority. "It shall not return unto me void"—that word which our Lord makes the means of grace.

We live in what is sometimes called "The Quaker City"; it is thus named because William Penn founded it partly as an opportunity for his fellow believers, but more because it gave him an opportunity to offer a refuge to war-cursed, slavery-threatened, poverty-stricken folk in Europe and elsewhere. But neither Philadelphia nor Pennsylvania were ever externally Quaker. The Societies of Friends did, however, establish themselves in the metropolis and in the commonwealth and they remain a factor in public and religious life in this two hundred fiftieth anniversary of Penn's arrival on American soil. Their "meeting-houses" occur here and there as one travels, their cemeteries with graves marked alike with ten-inch headstones are seen, and occasionally at the time of annual or quarterly meeting, one sees dignified men and matrons in Quaker garb. Perhaps the occupant of the White House at Washington, D. C., should also be accredited as evidence in the survival of the group Fox founded and loosely organized.

There is, however, better evidence than either buildings or institutions that Quakers continue to propagate their beliefs, and to hold public confidence. We visited in search of data the book rooms maintained in the meeting house grounds lying between Third and Fourth Streets, Philadelphia. (Benjamin and Deborah Franklin's graves brings tourists to a gap in the fence that surrounds it.) Here William B. Harvey, secretary, handed us a bunch of pamphlets and referred to conferences in which the society is engaged, in antagonism to war, to intemperance, to poverty, to ecclesiasticism such as was offered by the Anglicans at Lausanne, Switzerland, in 1927. He mentioned war relief in Europe and work in coal mines in an American commonwealth. The society is no longer numerous: It is a victim of divisions and it does not seem to grow, but it lives.

Because it insists upon the guidance of the Holy Spirit for the convictions of men and peace of conscience. It gleans the principles of holy living from the Bible, and it insists that the light of Christ does penetrate into the souls of men, and that men can depend on what that light reveals. We could point out an over-emphasis on a few texts of Scripture, indicate the error of omitting baptism and the Lord's Supper, and show the insufficiency of their loose organization. But instead, we suggest that what we call effect and they call cause, namely, communion with our Lord, is a very real thing. Neither orthodoxism on the one side nor indifferentism on the other is a normal state of the Christian Church. Also, there are times when our Lord goes to individuals for leadership in winning the citizens of His kingdom away from their errors. He used George Fox, shoemaker and son of a weaver, for that purpose. Earlier, He took the son of a miner out of an Augustinian monastery and a Saxon university and stood him against Charles V and Leo X. At such times the individual and God are a majority.

One meditates a bit on the rise of "sects' 'in the Church. Some of them are the product of false, unreliable and thoroughly harmful zealots. But some bear witness to the humanizing and the hardening of the channels of divine grace, the mechanization of the ministry of redemption. Men specially called often then appear.

BATTLING WITH THE WHITE PLAGUE TO SAVE LIVES

(Young Folks)

Oliver Wendell Holmes was the first to use the term "white plague" to designate tuberculosis. The term, coined in 1861, in his novel "Elsie Verner," has persisted, for it expresses a truth. Tuberculosis is a plague. It is still the chief cause of death of persons between the ages of fifteen and forty-five in the United States. Last year, we are told, over 86,000 lives were sacrificed to this monster. Those who speak with authority on the subject claim that millions are subject to the plague in a mild form but do not know it.

The disease is not limited. Its victims are taken from among the rich as well as the poor; from those whose tables are filled with plenty and whose homes offer every comfort, and those who are undernourished and have few of life's comforts. Tuberculosis doesn't "just happen," a current advertisement reads. It is contracted by contact.

Years ago it was very much like a death sentence to have a doctor say "tuberculosis." Now the story is quite different. Today, with our modern medical resources, it can be discovered in its early and less dangerous stages. The X-ray plays an important part in this diagnosis. Immediate and proper treatment has sent hundreds and thousands on their way to arrested disease or complete recovery.

Among helps to health, the one which has long been and still is recognized as important to successful recovery is "climate." Perhaps no better climate can be found in the world for the treatment of the tuberculosis than in the southwest section of the United States.

"When your lungs grow weak and
your heart beats slow,
It's then you should visit New
Mexico.
It matters not what time of
year,
You'll find a tonic awaiting here,
It's in the air, the earth and
sky—
In snow-capped mountains looming high;
It's found in pine and cedar
trees,
And borne on every passing
breeze."

Evidence of this may be taken from the fact that Roman Catholics, Pres-

byterian, and Methadist denominations have sanatoria in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Also, the United States Veteran's Hospital for T. B. is just being completed, while the U. S. Indian Hospital for T. B. is to be built here. Small wonder that the Rocky Mountain Synod Lutherans chose Albuquerque for the location of the National Lutheran Sanatorium through the purchase of one of the prominent and recognized private institutions. The National Lutheran Sanatorium is solely under Lutheran control, but open to all sufferers from tuberculosis.

Someone has described the Christian hospital as "Christianity's most effective demonstration." There is no one thing that stands objectively and concretely for the work of Christ more than the Christian hospital. Twenty-five of Christ's miracles were of healing. The sole purpopse for the founding and fostering of the National Lutheran Sanatorium is to lend a hand in the name of Christ to His children who are struggling in the heavy sea of disease. Christ commanded us to "heal the sick."

Those afflicted with tuberculosis in any of its varied forms—tuberculosis of the lungs, bones or other tissues—will find it desirable to choose a place which has recognized physicians and specialists and climate, together with an institution equipped to meet the needs of the patient, and last but not by any means least, a place where a church is interested in the spiritual nurture as well as the physical cure. St. Paul's Church of Albuquerque assures this last to all who come seeking a strong, healthy body and soul.

JOYCE HAMILTON'S CHOICE

By Florence Newberry Gribble

"If any man will do my will."

"Mother," said Joyce slowly, "are you sure that God is love?"

"Why, yes, my child," said Mrs. Hamilton, "certainly God is love. Not only does the Bible say so, but I have many times experienced it. Every day brings fresh proof of his loving kindness."

Joyce Hamilton and her mother were on furlough from Maliba Mission Station, in Oubangui-Chari. Joyce was a precious child, having been born and reared in an isolated situation.

Mr. Hamilton was still at Maliba. The time had come for Joyce to be educated. She was now just six years old. The Hamiltons believed very firmly in the private home and the public school. Like Timothy in "Mrs. Wiggs," as he sought a home for little Gay, they had one essential condition—Joyce must have, while being educated, a home with a little "h." She must not, in other words, be placed in a home—that is, an institution—not even a home for missionaries' children—estimable as they are.

So Mrs. Hamilton and Joyce had

sadly bade farewell to the dear husband and father at Maliba, who would not desert his station, and who had determined to await the arrival of reinforcements. Mrs. Hamilton had long been in failing health. Recurrent and persistent fevers had often brought her so near death's door that it had been thought ise for her to precede her husband to the homeland. The double purpose of her restoration to health from troubles which were purely tropical, and that of educating Joyce were thus being accomplished.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hamilton, in the cozy little nook of a home which God had provided for her in Shadygrove, was awaiting the return of her beloved husband. She prayed daily, almost hourly, that God might provide just the right home for Joyce, while continuing her schooling. For her father's furlough must come soon. They would continue in the little home God had so graciously given them until their redeparture for Africa. Meanwhile, God would surely answer her prayer for Joyce!

The separation of the little family was not easy for any of the three. Joyce had been tenderly attached to her father. Mrs. Hamilton's repeated and prolonged illnesses had thrown Joyce much in her father's society and care. In the long, shady sheds where he directed the workmen, she was his frequent companion. In the early morning evangelistic service which was regularly held at Maliba, she sat on her little red chair (so light that she herself could carry it) by her father's side on the platform, remaining there motionless, as he preached his wonderful sermons in Kaba, every word of which she understood.

For Joyce, like all children of missionaries, spoke the native language like one of the tribe. Her parents had often listened to her prattle in order to improve their own accent and idiom.

Then had come the hard, hard parting which had broken Joyce's heart. She had freely given way to her grief as her brave father kissed her good-bye. Her mother's heart had been so filled with anguish that she could scarcely articulate as she had rested in that last embrace in the strong loving arms which had so long protected her. She had known it would be so, and in the gray dawn of the early morning had prepared a farewell message.

It was this missive, replete with love, slipped into the husband's hand at the moment of parting, which brought comfort and cheer to his lonely heart during the long days which followed before the first letters began to arrive.

An ocean now separated them, but they were experiencing that "many waters cannot quench love."

Mrs. Hamilton's faith was unshaken, and the separation was made easier to bear by the assurance given her in prayer that her husband would be restored to her.

Mr. Hamilton, alone in his busy round of duties at Maliba, was wonderfully sustained and helped. As he thought of the dear wife, he thought of the health which absence from the tropics was so sure to restore. As he thought of his little daughter, he rejoiced that her schooling would not be delayed, and

that she had gone home in time to follow the school course normally with other children of her own age.

Joyce, in spite of the natural exuberance of childhood, was often sad. Her schoolmates had both fathers and mothers, and she—could it be that God loved her and had permitted her father to be separated from her?

The question that she had asked her mother often echoed and reechoed in her heart, "Is God love?"

"Mother, dear," she would sometimes say, while in one of these pensive moods, "I can see nothing but a life of sorrow ahead of me."

"Why, my little daughter?" asked her mother, half-alarmed and half-amused that such sober words should escape from such young lips.

"Well, you know I love you and daddy so much, yet even when dear daddy does come home, it will only be to stay a year or so and then you and he will be going back to Maliba together—Oh, mother—don't leave me alone!"

"I will not leave you alone, my precious child," promised the mother soothingly. "God will provide for us. Some day, when we have permanent buildings at Maliba and at all our stations in Oubangui-Chari, the various missionaries will be able to send their children to a central school on the field. I am confident that this will be in time for you, little Joyce."

"Mother, will that central school be at Maliba?" asked Joyce with wide-open eyes.

"Perhaps," replied the mother, smiling as she divined the child's thought. "But even if not, think of the lovely home-comings at Thanksgiving and Christmas and the long months of vacation!"

Joyce was not a little comforted, and as interest in her school increased, began to brood less over the future and to live in the present joy of her mother's companionship, and that of the friends whom she was fast making in homes nearby and in the schoolroom.

Joyce was seven when one day she returned from school to find her mother's face alight with a new happiness. Letters had previously come telling of the arrival of the Edwardses on the field and the way in which they were grasping the language and laying hold of the work. And now mother held a telegram in her hand!

"Daddy has sailed from Doula," she cried joyously. "Two months, if all is well, and he will be with us!"

Joyce's fearful little heart caught at the words with both joy and trembling. She remembered the storm they had encountered while coming home the year before. She had thought the boat would surely sink. "Mother!" she cried. "Oh, mother, let us pray that daddy may not be lost at sea!"

Mrs. Hamilton was a wise mother. She knew the natural fearfulness of her little daughter's heart. Without waiting, she took Joyce's hand. They entered the little bedroom, just large enough for one more bed, knelt down, and committed to God the one so dear to them.

When they arose to their feet, Mrs. Hamilton said to Joyce: "Dearest, daddy will come home again! I have the assurance that the Lord Jesus who stilled the winds and the waves has still the same power and

will care for him."

"Mother, what is assurance?" Joyce questioned wonderingly.

"I meant dear, that God makes me sure in my heart that he will care for daddy. Perhaps you will understand better if I say Jesus gives me faith to believe that daddy will come home again. He helps me to believe, dear child. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mother," replied Joyce with a child's sweet simplicity. "I am glad he answers prayer."

Mr. Hamilton sailed as most missionaries from Oubangui-Chari do—via Europe. On previous furloughs he had spent some time in France. This time he boarded a German boat leaving Douala, expecting to tranship at Southampton for New York. On board the German liner he learned of a line sailing from Boulogne to New Orleans. Shadygrove was in Louisiana, and it was a most natural decision to disembark at Boulogne instead of Southampton, and to proceed direct to New Orleans.

On reaching Boulogne he found the line to be a comparatively unimportant one. The boats were small, but seaworthy, and in spite of the comparative lack of comforts he decided to embark. Like many men missionaries, he sought comfort only when wife or child were with him. He made surprisingly good connection, and after only one day in Boulogne was again upon the ocean. Time had been offorded him to send one more telegram to his loved ones, giving the date of his expected arrival in New Orleans. Perhaps they would even be there to meet him—these dear ones—Then just a short railway journey to Shadygrove and they would be at home together!

Time passed quickly on shipboard. Reports to his society and articles for publication had necessarily been deferred for the voyage. Much had been accomplished on the German boat, but his time was fully occupied. One afternoon, while hard at work upon a lengthy article which he hoped to finish that day, the alarm was sounded. It was not the day nor the hour for lifeboat drill.

Hastily gathering his papers, he procured and adjusted his life-belt and hurried with the others toward the boat to which he had been assigned. The boats of the Aztec were crowded, and at the last moment one of them was found to be unseaworthy. It had to be abandoned.

Mr. Hamilton perceived that among those assigned to the unfortunate lifeboat was a frail Spanish lady with a tiny babe in her arms—he at once offered his place to her. She could speak French, although he knew no Spanish. She accepted gratefully and pondered long the few words he gave her as the lifeboat was lowered. "Christ est mort pour nos peches" (Christ died for our sins).

He went back to his accustomed place on deck. The ship was sinking slowly but surely. There might be time for him to write a note to his loved ones ere the last lifeboat was lowered. His papers were conveniently near. Hastily securing them, he wrote:

My Precious Wife and Darling Joyce:

Farewell! God will care for you. With my dying breath I commit you to Him. We were passing too near hidden rocks. Our boat is irreparably injured. All cannot be saved. My Saviour is very near. He will comfort you. Sorrow not! Remember that 'them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.' With love unutterable,

Your own husband and father,
C. J. Hamilton.

Hastily enclosing it in an envelope, he addressed the letter to Mrs. C. J. Hamilton, Shadygrove, La.

He then ran to the edge of the boat deck. The last lifeboat had been lowered. Among the debris on shipboard were a number of empty bottles. He rolled the thin envelope crushed it into a wide-mouthed bottle and cast it, tightly corked, into the sea.

A few other passengers could find no place in the lifeboats, and the captain, true to his traditional teaching, was determined to go down with his ship. To those who would receive it. Mr. Hamilton spoke earnestly of the Lord Jesus.

The ship sank slowly below the surface of the water. What became of his fellow passengers he did not know. He caught a detached plank and clung to it as it was lashed by the waves.

All was joy in the little home at Shadygrove. "When daddy comes home," was the refrain of Joyce's daily song. They were planning to meet the Aztec, when its date of arrival should be confirmed. Imagine their dismay to learn that the Aztec had been lost at sea!

Days of suspense followed. Finally the list of the missing was published, with C. J. Hamilton's name among them. And then one day a letter arrived in the familiar and beloved handwriting. It was strangely crushed and stained, and the postmark was undecipherable, nor did they recognize the stamp. But —alas—what sorrow it brought to loving hearts as they perused this letter. Yet the mother's faith was unshaken. "All things are possible with God," she said to Joyce determinedly.

Six weeks passed. One day a stranger arrived at the little Shadygrove railway station. He inquired for Mrs. Hamilton's home.

"Oh, yes," replied the agent carelessly, "the widow of the Aztec disaster. She lives in the last cottage at the end of the street."

The stranger did not reply, but walked slowly and somewhat painfully in the direction indicated. He found the door of the cottage ajar. Joyce was not to be seen. He tapped softly at the bedroom door. "May I come in?" he asked.

"Come in," replied the gentle voice.

He entered, and found his wife on her knees in prayer. He knelt softly beside her. She placed her hands in his. Their first words were not to each other, but to God—words of praise and thanksgiving.

The clock struck four. Joyce came bounding in. "Mother, oh, mother —"

"Darling, come in! God has sent daddy home!"

What joy—what embracing!

"Mother and I knew Jesus would bring you," declared Joyce stoutly.

Then Mrs. Hamilton and Joyce ex-

erted themselves to procure their dear one's comfort. A refreshing bath, a hot supper, and all were ready for the human side of the story of his miraculous deliverance.

The history of the disaster we already know. After Mr. Hamilton had recounted thus far the story, he continued: "Lashed by the waves, clinging to the plank, I yet prayed. To me, too, came a strange sweet sense of assurance. Then suddenly I realized that the waves had washed me upon the shore of an island. Finally I was enabled to crawl to a higher place. At the first break of dawn I perceived that the island was seemingly barren. Except for a slight hip injury, which still troubles me, I was unhurt. I walked about the island in the light of the dawn. I discovered myself to be upon a fertile and uninhabited island. The only barren portion was the point on which I had been washed.

"I went to the governor of the island and made myself known. I had my first experience of being treated as a refugee. Much red tape was involved in the negotiations for returning me to America. But the night of exposure in the ocean and on the shore had been too much for me, and for weeks I lay in the island's only hospital.

"Upon my recovery the negotiations were completed, and I was forwarded here with little more than the colthes I wear. The money which I carried in my belt fortunately was either gold or sterling, although very little was received in lieu of my passage."

All Shadygrove soon knew of Mr. Hamilton's return and of the wonderful way in which God had vindicated the faith of the "widow of the Aztec disaster."

But life is not all tragedy. Now followed a year of rest together, broken only by Mr. Hamilton's frequent deputation journeys. He resolutely refused to dwell upon the details of the shipwreck in his public addresses, being deterined to know nothing among the churches to whom he ministered but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

After one of the Sunday addresses, a sweet-faced woman accosted him. "Could you not come another Sunday and bring your wife and little daughter with you? I would be happy to have you in our home.

Mr. Hamilton felt constrained to accept. Mrs. Hamilton and Joyce accompanied him with joy. They found a sweet fellowship with Mr. and Mrs. Carlson, whose longing to be missionaries had been disappointed because of Mr. Carlson's poor health. Many were the visits between Jackson and Shadygrove. Mrs. Carlson's heart was knit especially to little Joyce, no children having ever come to bless their home.

The end of the year found Joyce with the Carlsons—not unhappy. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, bound for Africa, gave thanks to God for each other, for the privilege of service in Africa, and for Joyce's happy home.

For five years Joyce remained with the Carlsons, and then father and mother came for her. Again on furlough they were pleased with her growth and development. She rejoiced that during the five years other missionaries had gone forth with children, and the joy of this furlough was not dimmed by the thought of parting.

"I have a wonderful secret to tell you, Joyce," said Mrs. Hamilton. "My health is so much better now that we have our brick houses with wide, shady verandas. Mr. Edwards is putting up a suitable schoolhouse, and we are going to have the Central School at Maliba, with mother for teacher, and Joyce to help with the little ones!"

Joyce was speechless with joy. That mother had been a teacher in Lousiana, and even in her stronger days in the native schools in Africa, she well knew. And she was to help mother one hour a day with the little ones, and to spend five hours in her own studies.

Again the years have passed. Miss Joyce Hamilton is now in charge of the Central School for missionaries' children at Maliba, Oubangui-Chari. Father and mother are devoting much time to Bible translation. Joyce would love to help them, but she has learned that double degree of consecration which enables her to serve in Africa children of her own race.

"Mother," she often says softly, "I am so glad I can save my dear pupils from being separated from their parents for years at a time, as I have been. And I am glad, too, that I can release you from the routine of school work to join your splendid gifts with those of daddy in the translation of the Bible."

" 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine," said Mrs. Hamilton, quoting the words of Jesus. "God blesses you, Joyce, because of your choice to serve Him in this humble way. Now you know that which so often puzzled you in your childhood—God is love."

INSTITUTION NOTES

The report comes to this office that our berry patches are looking fine at this time, especially the strawberries. The latter plants are in full bloom and we are expecting a bumper crops of strawberries this season.

—o—

During the past week the boys on the outside forces have greatly improved the appearance of our campus. This work consisted of trimming lawns, scraping roads and getting the flower beds in readiness for the planting of early Summer flowers.

—o—

Mrs. D. P. Hutchinson, of Charlotte, called at the institution last Tuesday, leaving a number of magazines for the boys. Such interest in their welfare is deeply appreciated by both the boys and the officials of the school, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Hutchinson for her kindness in providing this splendid reading material.

—o—

Mr. G. H. Paulsen, superintendent of the laundry department, University of North Carolina, recently sent a nice assortment of baseball equipment for the use of the Training School boys. This shipment consisted of twelve baseballs, twelve bats, a number of gloves, and a catcher's mask, chest protector and shin-guards. We were delighted to

receive these articles, and wish to tender herewith our thanks to Mr. Paulsen for his kindness which will enable quite a number of our boys to enjoy the great national game of baseball during the summer months.

—o—

David York, of Lumberton, who was paroled from the Training School about ten years ago, paid us a brief visit last Saturday. He has been working at the carpenter's trade for some time and is now employed at Kannapolis helping to install fixtures in the new post office there. While at the school, David was employed on the barn force and the tractor force, and for some time prior to being paroled was the chauffeur for the school car. He did his work well and could always be found on the side of right and duty. David is now twenty-five years old, six feet two inches tall, and is quite an outstanding boy. We were all glad to see him and to learn that he has done well since leaving the Training School.

—o—

On Tuesday morning, Howard Keller, of Granite Falls, who spent about two years with us prior to September, 1926, dropped in for a look-in on the scenes to which he had become attached while at the school. Howard is a fine-looking young man; he dresses nicely; has a fine, pleasing personality, and upon meeting him one can easily see that he is a splendid specimen of clean, clever young manhood. He is now with the medical department of the U. S. Navy, stationed at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., having been in this branch of the service for five and one-half years. Howard tells us that he is not thinking of giving up his work, but is going to re-enlist next June. He is now twenty-three years old, is single, and is on an open road to further success in this line of service. When he left the Training School he had completed the 7th grade, and after joining the Navy continued to improve his education by attending one of the schools conducted by that department. It was a pleasure to meet this young man again and to learn of the success he has thus far attained. Such cases as these are highly gratifying to those who have had a part in training the boys entrusted to the care of the institution.

—o—

A little more than a week ago the Jackson Training School lost a familiar figure, when "Old King Tut," the 14-year-old Holstein bull, was taken via auto truck to the White Packing Company, Salisbury. Shortly after reaching his destination, this 2,300-pound animal had gone the way of all good bulls, and was made up into that delicacy which Webster calls frankfurters, but is more commonly known, especially among the youngsters, as "weinies" or "hot-dogs." Last Saturday the packing house truck delivered a sufficient quantity of these "dogs" for our Sunday dinner. We have no way of knowing whether or not "Old King Tut" visited his old home in this form, but we do not hesitate to say that this dinner was thoroughly enjoyed by both boys and officers, and are also glad to learn that we may expect several more such dinners.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 8, 1933 No. 13

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

EDUCATION

It is not so much in buying pictures as in being pictures, that you can encourage a noble school. The best patronage of art is not that which seeks for the pleasure of sentiment in a vague ideality, nor for beauty of form in a marble image, but that which educates your children into living heroes, and binds down the flights and fondnesses of the heart into practical duty and faithful devotion.—Ruskin.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE BUILDER

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill;
Pillars and groins and arches
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said, as they saw its beauty,
"It shall never know decay.
Great is thy skill, O builder:
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts,
None knew of her wondrous plan;
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul.

—*Author Unknown.*

GLASSES GIVEN TWENTY-FOUR CHILDREN

Through the co-operation of Dr. Greenlee Caldwell, Health Department, Mr. Farrell White, Welfare Department, and Dr. R. B.

Rankin, a local specialist of eye, ear, nose and throat, giving his services gratuitously, twenty-four Cabarrus county children were provided with glasses, otherwise these same children would not have had attention.

This service can not be evaluated, a service to the helpless child, thereby giving promise of health and a useful citizenship in the future that otherwise would have become a liability to the community.

We have always maintained that we have become extremist in regard to educating the masses, but there is no provision by state or private institutions to care for suffering, indigent cases. They are left in their agony to the mercy of some charitable institution, or kindness of some individual to eke out a miserable existence. There are thousands who receive no medical aid, but every man's child is forced to schools supported by taxation.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE TEACHING FORCE

(By A. T. Allen)

The public school is no longer a place to which children go merely to recite. Its program is now formulated to appeal to the child's latent and potential powers, to provide a situation of satisfying experience from which desirable adaptations and modifications may come.

The attitude of the teacher is no longer coercive. It is one of stimulation and direction. It encourages the child to use his own abilities. It desires him to react for himself and in his own way, and not according to a predetermined formula. It wishes him to grow from without. It desires to provide conditions that are promotive of physical well-being, intellectual development, and normal growth.

This conception of a school modifies our notions as to the kind of teacher that should be employed. If instruction is to consist of questions and answers from a book, the training of the teacher is not so significant. If, on the other hand, the preparation of the teacher is to keep the child in a situation that calls for definite and free reactions on his part, then her preparation for this work

becomes of primary importance. Unless the teacher knows the laws of physical growth, mental and moral development, unless she recognizes the relations of the curriculum to the life of the child and to the world about him, unless she understands the activities that are conducive to child development, unless she comprehends the aims and objectives of public education, her work in a modern school will be ineffective. For these reasons greater stress than ever before must be placed upon the teacher's personal character, upon her scholastic accomplishments, and upon her sympathetic attitude toward childhood. Many elements enter into the operation of a good school, but the most vital element in this structure is a teacher of unquestioned power and ability.

* * * * * * * * * *

GOVERNOR'S WIFE TO WEAR COTTON

The State's First Lady is behind the movement for further popularization of cotton, North Carolina's second money crop and one of its chief manufactured products. Mrs. J. C. B. Ehringhaus is serving as honorary chairman of the committee in charge of the State-wide Cotton Ball to be held in Raleigh Friday evening, May 19, as a grand finale to North Carolina's first State-wide Cotton Festival.

In addition to the ball, the Festival will include a gala street parade and a fashion show, and ties in with National Cotton Week Observance. All-cotton ensembles will be worn by the ladies to the ball.

* * * * * * * * * *

DENTAL SERVICE FOR J. T. S. BOYS

Interested parents and friends of institutions like ours, may be thankful and renew their courage in the light of what is done here for the boys who must for a time remain the wards of the state.

While it is impossible for the servants of the state to meet the needs of the boy due to economic conditions, nevertheless it can be announced with a feeling of pride, that every boy here is receiving the best dental care, sponsored by a band of women, the

local circle of King's Daughters, a service that will further the boys on to better citizenship and make them healthy and happy members of society.

The dentist in charge, Dr. W. L. Ezzell, Jr., has been checking over the 500 boys of the school, each case representing some work, either extractions, fillings or treatment for diseased gums, all of which indicates the extent of neglect in the care of teeth prior to the boys' committment to the institution.

The prompt attention and thorough work done through the interest of the King's Daughters tells its own story—the interest of outsiders for the neglected boy, as well as the solicitude of those in authority for the welfare of the boys under their supervision. It is a most wonderful work, one that meets with the approval of the interested public who just naturally loves a mother's boy.

* * * * * * * * * * *

TRUE EDUCATION

That there is a preventive force emanating from the schools, that helps to lessen the tendency to criminality, is the estimate of not a few. For instance one superintendent of a reformatory states that out of 30,000 boys he had to deal with a small percentage had no training either in day schools or Sunday schools. Similar statistics come from other sources showing illiteracy to be one of the contributing factors to crime. Therefore it behooves us in charge of correctional institutions to have the school advantages measure up to the requirements in every sense of the word. The best results should be realized by having the best environment with teachers of the finest elements. The teacher makes an indelible impression upon every child, therefore, every detail of manner, habit, dress or speech, that contributes to the personality of the teacher should be of serious consideration. This argument is conclusive that the subject matter alone should not be stressed, but the molding of character, by precept and example, in the school room should be the ultimate aim of the teacher. Ruskin's estimate is:

> The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious,

but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

* * * * * * * * * *

A LITTLE STREET WHERE OLD FRIENDS MEET

That little street is right in your own home town. If you make it a friendly street outsiders will want to come and share it with you. They will sense the glow of friendly contact and wish to linger long within its warmth. And a friendly street is so easy to obtain. Just a kindly attitude towards your neighbor and others with whom you divide the care of the day. Just a little human understanding of what constitutes gentleness and courtesy. That's all you need to make a street where old friends want to meet.

The community that prospers is always a friendly community. Today the world is seeking out such places. There is so much of travail and harshness in the everyday affairs of life that friendly havens beckon from afar. If you want your home town to be prosperous, to be known as a friendly spot, then you be friendly, too. It is a good message to carry with you during the year—and it pays big dividends in happiness and prosperity.—South Kent County News, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

MAN IS NOT FREE

"No man is free.
Each man who lives on earth must be
A salve to either Right or Wrong,
Weakness or Strength, Despair or Song.
Whoever thinks Truth's shackles grim,
Error its fetters welds on him;
And, as the hastening years befall,
He finds them hardest after all."

—o—

"He Sure Do Move."

As the old darkey said: "Dat Mr. Roosemvelt shure do move. Yes, sah! Him goin' faster dan a preacher who's been axed to a chicken dinnah."

—o—

What They Are Afraid Of.

Herr Hitler, who is now engaged in persecuting the Hebrews, talking through that little comical mustache of his says if the Jews will only be patient in a short time they will not complain. That's the very thing they are afraid of. There won't be many left in his country to complain.

—o—

Babe Finally Signed.

Babe Ruth has finally signed up and now we can worry about something else. He didn't get the $60,000 he demanded, only $52,000. He ought to be able to keep out of the poorhouse on that until winter, anyhow. Some people will raise a protest against paying the Babe so much more than other toilers in the baseball vineyard, but you remember Napoleon said: "In war men are nothing; a man is everything." Which same goes for baseball.

—o—

An Inventor Dead.

Cesare Bertanza, described as the inventor of the picture postcard, is reported dead in the town he made famous, Riva on the Lago di Garda. I hope they gave him a fine funeral; he deserved it. I have never had the slightest dislike for the inventor of the picture postcard; it was the bird who invented the line, "Having a grand time; wish you were here," that I've always hoped to track down some day with bloodhounds.

—o—

Frauds Practiced in Name of Relief.

All is not gold that glitters, neither is all that is called relief is relief in its accepted term. There are frequent calls for millions of relief bonds, yet I have seen well-dressed people using charity orders to buy luxuries which I have not been able to afford for over a year. Not only that but they would put their purchases in good automobiles and drive away like millionaires. Are we to continue to be taxed for such relief, which is a mockery on charity? It is a fact that charity gifts have been sold for liquor. It is related that some who have weekly incomes, more than some of us little fellows receive, are applying for charity, and we, who get less cash a week than they must help to pay for their dole. This is an injustice to those who are trying to do right. It is time to protect the industrious peo-

ple of this land and not let their substance be squandered among the undeserving.

—o—

As to Farmer's Relief.

Much is being said about the farmers these days. Of course they need relief, along with the rest of us from the burdens of taxation, and other things which are loading us down. The farmers, like many other callings, are the victims of the times. Millions have been spent in their name, by a Republican administration, and naught has come of it save huge salaries to boards, and investigating committees, which did not amount to a row of pins, so far as farmers are concerned, in affording them practical, substantial relief. There are but four things that can possibly alleviate the farmer's distress—enconomy, intelligent and persistent work, lower taxes, and time for liquidation of debts. The intelligent farmer, with his taxes reduced, and given time to meet his interest and mortgage notes, will economize and work diligently and in due course of time will be on his feet again. The politicians, many of whom are swivel-chair farmers, who have the one idea of pouring more millions into the millstream of big salaries, for little work done, are money-spending mad, and should awake to the right idea of relief that will relieve. All the governmentment subsidies in the world will not make a good farmer out of a poor one, nor a thrifty, industrious fellow out of a lazy spendthrift. Reduce expenditures of public funds, federal, state, county, and municipality, and all taxes will automatically come down.

Tariff Reciprocity

Heretofore Republican presidents have wanted more tariff power so they could raise the rates for the benefit of favored industries at the expense of the public. President Roosevelt will use the power congress has given him to lower tariff rates in return for similar reductions abroad to restore foreign trade and insure fair treatment for American consumers. The tyranny of Eastern manufacturers will be ended. They have no mortgage on the present administration as they have had on the past three. Tariff reciprocity seems to be the only practical way out of the cul-de-sac into which we and other nations have maneuvered ourselves. With retaliatory tariff walls in every direction, an abrupt horizontal lowering of our own would be disastrous—the most ardent advocate of free trade must admit that. But we can make trades which will permit us to exchange our products for those of other nations on a mutually advantageous basis. Eventually the whole world may realize that economic isolation is a sure route to economic decay. Heretofore we have been proud of the fact that our tariff treated all nations alike. But we have demanded "most favored nation" treatment for ourselves, giving nothing in return. In consequence, we have offended our best customers and provoked them to retaliation disastrous to our foreign trade. Mr. Roosevelt proposed a return to the principles of fair exchange. His method entails a substantial transfer of power from the legislative to the executive, but the end fully justifies the means.

MY TRIBUTE TO THE TEACHER

By J. W. Crabtree

There will be no moratorium on education. A moratorium on education would mean a moratorium on civilization. This is one of the reasons why teachers will continue the schools pay or no pay. The nation, as it becomes aware of the services and sacrifices of teachers and of the great significance of their courage and farsightedness, will show the appreciation that it has shown to its soldiers who sacrificed their lives for their country.

In the crisis of the seventies, I was amazed, as a boy, at the sacrifices made by the pioneer teacher of that day. Since then, I have observed that whether in time of famine or in time of plenty, the teacher has lived not for self, but for the children and the community. I have noticed that the selfish man or woman seldom remains long in the profession.

When the terrible days of the World War came upon us, who led in food conservation? Who led in the sale of liberty bonds? Who led in collecting food, clothing, and funds for the Red Cross? Who kept the schools going, whether funds were available or not? And what of the teachers of today? They are serving in a worse crisis than ever before. Their responsibility is greater. Environment is more destructive in its effect on children. The teacher-load is almost doubled. In spite of all this, the teacher is again leading in welfare activities. There may be a delay in pay—a month or six months—or the pay may be cut off for the year, yet the work of the school goes on!

Who is it that removes gloom from the lives of children who come from homes filled with sorrow and suffering because of the depression? Who is it that inspires children with courage and ambition? Who teaches them to look forward to better days? Who is it that is saving civilization in these dark hours?

All honor, therefore, to the teacher of 1933! Your courage and your devotion stand out as the safeguard of our democracy and as the hope of the nation!

SOMEBODY CARES

Somebody's sure that you're bound to win,
  Honor in all that you do.
Somebody's loyal through thick and thin—
  Somebody cares for you.

—W. A. Frisbie.

EMPLOY CRIPPLES URGES ROOSEVELT

(Selected)

A plea for the employment of physically handicapped young men and young women is madr by Franklin D. Roosevelt in an interview which appears in the March Rotarian Magazine.

"In periods of unemployment cripples must not remain unemployed," says Mr. Roosevelt. "If they do, other members of the community will in all probability have to take care of them. It is not only a humane thing, but a practical economic thing, to employ a reasonable number of cripples in our factories, offices, and other places of business. We shall then help to make of them more normal citizens."

It is inconsistent, he points out, for employers to accept the application of the man who passes only an average mental examination and yet not to give employment to the person who fails in a more rigid physical examination, when the latter might fill the job just as well, and in some cases better.

"The rehabilitation of crippled children," believes Mr. Roosevelt, "is only a part of the existing problem. After twisted limbs have been straightened or braces fitted, or substitute arms and legs provided, and the boy or girl seems to be better able to fit into a social and business environment—even then employment, in normal times, is often difficult to obtain. How much more acute becomes the problem in periods of widespread unemployment.

"With all the progress which has been made," he says in reference to the work being carried on for crippled children in some states, "we must nevertheless chart a definite course. There must be complete system between the state and local governments. As a general proposition, the federal and state government should outline a plan and fix standards. We must, however, retain the humanity of the work, the personal contact. Local government must do its part, private organizations must do their share.

"But the individual citizen in the last analysis is the only one who can make sure that after physical rehabilitation and proper education there may come to the rehabilitated young man or woman, permanent employment. It is a foolish state and a foolish citizenry which would spend millions of dollars to rehabilitate its crippled children only to refuse them their proper place in the business and industrial life for which they have become fitted."

There is a difference between pride and conceit. Pride is a talent, conceit is a weakness. Conceit makes you think you are better than the other fellow; pride is knowledge of your ability, and ambition to have more ability.—Selected.

HOME OF OUR PRESIDENTS

By J. A. Stewart

Long ago—it was in 1796—there might have been seen driving along the country road leading into the District of Columbia a stately gentleman of distinguished appearance and noble countenance. He was seated in a state carriage with colored driver and uniformed attendants.

It was our first President, George Washington. He had come to see for himself the progress which was being made in building the White House, the beautiful site of which he had himself picked out several years before.

The whole district was very "countrified" then. As the President's carriage stopped briefly on Capitol Hill, where one wing of the present Capitol was then slowly rising, and he looked along what is now Pennsylvania Avenue, he saw a deep morass covered with alder bushes. Scattered here and there were little huts without glass windows, in striking contrast to the big stone buildings that were being erected.

When he passed the "President's House," as it was generally called then, a salute of sixteen guns was fired by the artillery company stationed at that point.

Washington did not live to see the city named for him become the capital of the nation, as he had so carefully and so wisely planned, for he passed away in December, 1799. Neither did he see completed the executive mansion, to whose planning he had given so much thought.

The cornerstone of the President's house had been laid October 13, 1792, and the building was constructed according to the designs and under the direction of Captain James Hobon, architect, who had won in the competition. Captain Hobon was an Irishman from Dublin; and he modeled the structure after the fine palace of the Duke of Leinster. If this fact had been generally known (as would be the case nowadays) perhaps his plans would not have won popular approval, for anything like a "palace" would then have been very much disliked by the people of the new republic.

President Washington was very far-seeing. He planned for big things for both the capital city and the nation. He knew that a big house would be needed by the President of the future great United States, whose growth he foresaw.

The site selected was twenty acres in extent, commanding a fine view of the Potomac. It was in the country, and there was little or no sign of the future city of nearly half a million people which was to spring up in a century and a quarter. Only occasional houses could be seen along the roads. This was not caused by scarcity of material, but by the fact that there were so few people and because it was difficult to get workers then.

Money to pay for the White House was provided by the sale of lands donated by Maryland and Virginia for the purpose. The laying of the cornerstone in 1792 was appropriately observed. The rock used in the foundation was quarried by Captain

Samuel Smallwood (afterwards mayor of Washington), on the banks of Rock Creek, the picturesque stream which is the present delight of all Washington.

Virginia freestone was used in building the White House. The application of white lead to this porous stone to keep the buildng dry has also kept it white.

The White House, before the changes of 1902, was '70 feet wide and eighty-six feet deep. About ten rooms were nearly completed in November, 1800, when President and Mrs. John Adams took possession. Among these were six bedrooms, and the oval room, furnished in crimson, upstairs, and the parlor and reception room downstairs. The East Room (or audience room) is eighty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty-two feet high. The house was altogether too big for the President's use at that time, and one member of congress said of it, "The President's house was built to be looked at by visitors and strangers, and will render its occupants an object of ridicule with some, and of pity with others."

The taking of Washington by the British in 1814 made necessary the restoration of the White House (which they had set on fire), the work being under the direction of the original architect, Hobon. The offices west of the White House were enlarged in 1819, when Monroe was President, and the south portico was built in 1823, at a cost of $19,000. Andrew Jackson was President in 1829, when the north portico was put on, according to the original designs.

It was in 1826 (when John Quincy Adams was President) that the White House interior was completed by the decoration and furnishing of the famous East Room, which has ever since been the scene of important events in the social history of the Capital. As it looked then, it was a room fit for a palace. Above each of the four black-and-gold Italian mantels were French plate-glass mirrors framed in splendid style. Similar mirrors were on the end walls. The room had furniture made in Paris, decorated with American eagles, and a wonderful carpet woven especially for it to match the decorations in the ceiling above. It was lighted by three prism glass chandeliers of twenty-seven burners each. All this was done away with years ago, and present-day visitors at the White House find the East Room quite simply furnished.

The most extensive of recent changes in the White House were made under the late President Theodore Roosevelt, over $450,000 being spent. New, modern offices were built at the west end of the White House, while new arrangements were made (by a large wing at the east end) for the reception of visitors. Extensive alterations have been made since.

The White House is none too large today. To many visitors it looks, in fact, too small and plain to serve as the residence and office of the head of a wealthy, influential, and populous nation.

But it is now, as through the years, a classic mansion, sturdy and solid as the principles on which our Government rests, and as dear to every American.

WHEN THE FATHER IN HEAVEN SPEAKS

(Selected)

A father and his little son had gone hunting. While the son was too small to tote a gun, he could on occasion kick up a rabbit or retrieve a bird which the father had shot. When evening was about to fall, the son was tired, but the father was not yet ready to quit shooting. For this reason the son was told to stay at a particular spot, where the father woold come for him. Bot that is exactly what the little lad did not do. Thinking he would go to meet his father he was presently lost in the woods.

Then he was scared; for he was unable to find his way home in the dark timber. However, the father, who knew how to hunt the game also knew how to hunt his lost boy. He called and called, and presently his voice reached the ears of his son. There was an answering call. Again the father shouted; the son answered, and in this way, though the one did not see the other, yet by each one hearing and heeding the voice of the other, the two brought up on opposite banks of the same stream. By walking along a parallel course, and talking to each other through the darkness, they arrived at a bridge. Then they were together, and together they walked home. We are traveling through the world into an unknown future. To bring up at our heavenly Father's heart and home is the destiny which He has in view for us. To guide us there He calls us by His holy Spirit through His Word.

Now how do we know that in the Bible we hear the voice of God? For one thing, because it speaks of love, such as never came into the heart of man. He who did not withhold His only begotten Son, how should He not freely with Him give us all things? Only God can so love, that, in order to pardon the sinner, He Himself bears the sinner's guilt and punishment. For another thing, the voice that speaks to us from the Word brings with it a power that man does not possess. It is the power to rise from sin and to grow into holiness. Surely, a voice that draws us away from what debases us and lifts us to heights of holiness and power, is itself not from below but from above. It is the Father's voice.

One day the poor sinner meets the Father as His child. It is the day when Christ is clasped as Saviour. Having found peace in Christ, we are in the light. And walking in the light, we have no longer any doubt that the voice which spoke to us of infinite love and drew us from sin and wrong with infinite power was that of the Father in heaven.

Rome endured as long as there were Romans. America will endure as long as we remain American in spirit and in thought.—David Starr Jordan.

OUR FIRST SPEAKER

(Selected)

An article in the National Republic gives some interesting information concerning the first speaker of the national house of representatives, an able man whose name few of this generation ever heard.

He was Frederick Augustus Conrad Muhlenberg, born in Pennsylvania in 1750, the son of a German pioneer, a Lutheran preacher. The son followed in his father's footsteps and also became a Lutheran preacher at the early age of 20, six years before the Declaration of Independence.

Young Muhlenberg was a staunch supporter of the Revolution, and because of his patriotic expressions was chased from place to place by the British. Nothing daunted, he continued to preach liberty as well as the gospel, and was elected to the Continental Congress.

After liberty had been won and the new constitution had been adopted, Muhlenberg was sent to the First Congress and was elected its first speaker, and was subsequently speaker of the Third Congress. Before going to the National Congress he had served two terms as speaker of the Pennsylvania legislature.

His brilliant career as preacher and legislator came to an untimely end in 1801, when he died at the age of 51.

CHOICES

Not what we have, but what we use;
  Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless,
  The sum of human happiness.

The thing nearby, not that afar;
  Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are the things that make or break,
  That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
  Not what we dream, but good we do—
These are the things that shine like gems,
  Like stars in fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;
  Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
  Both now and after time shall cease.

—Selected.

TABLE ETIQUETTE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

(Home Department Magazine)

Picture yourself a guest at dinner, in a home of wealth and refinement. Suppose, when you are seated at the table, you find that no forks have been provided. Possibly there is a knife at each place, but perhaps not even that. Bowls and platters of food occupy the center of the table, but there are no plates. What would you do under the circumstances?

It is difficult to realize that the various conveniences of the table, which we accept as a matter of course, have not always existed, and that people for many ages were forced to adapt themselves to conditions, which to us would seem veritable hardships. Forks were not in common use by all classes even in the seventeenth century in England, and in colonial days in our own country, it was an elegant household that had a plate, or "trencher" as it was called, for each diner.

For thousands of years in prehistoric times, there were no table utensils, for society had not reached the state of using the table for meals. Food was taken whenever and wherever it could be obtained. Fingers were nature's provision for handling food.

The knife, which was probably the first utensil, was the result of slow development from remote ages. It was first devised for the purpose of killing and dividing game. In the Old Stone Age, it was chipped out of flint or stone. Sometimes, it was formed from shells, bones of animals, or tough pieces of wood, and at the beginning of history, men were using knives of copper, and a little later of bronze. The table knife appeared in a class by itself in the fourteenth century. Before that time, each guest at a dinner party provided his own knife, or used his fingers.

Spoons came down to us from antiquity. The word spoon is derived from the Greek term meaning shell, which suggests that shells of mollusks and oysters were first used. Later, spoons were made of bone and wood. They were probably first used for stirring the food as it cooked, and for dishing it up, and table spoons were undoubtedly suggested by the ladle. Broths and semi-liquids were universally eaten, and there was need for some means of handling it. Among the early Greeks, pieces of bread at first served fairly well, but a metal utensil of some sort became a necessity. Spoons of gold, silver, bronze and ivory were later in use by the Greeks and Romans.

The early Christians decoratel their spoons with symbols of their religion, among them, the cross, a crown of thorns, or a figure of a lamb. Later there appeared the apostle spoons. They came in sets of twelve, each with the figure of one of the twelve apostles on the handle. It was customary to present these at christenings; a child of wealthy parents might receive all

twelve, others one or two. In the later middle ages, spoons of silver washed over with gold, or spoons of pure gold with pearls set in the handles, came into use. The poorer classes used spoons of pewter, brass, and tinned iron, known as "latten spoons," and even of wood and bone. Spoons as a rule were not provided by the host, but each guest or member of the family carried his own.

Forks are a comparatively modern invention. Before they came into use, the knife sliced the food and the fingers carried it to the mouth. The fork was probably suggested by the Chinese chopstick. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, Italy adopted the fork and set the fashion of using it at the table, but people were slow to take up the fashion. Queen Elizabeth of England received many beautiful forks as gifts, but they were treated as ornaments and curios, and it is doubtful if she ever used them. In Breton's Court and Country, in 1618, we read: "For in this country, when we have washed our hands after no foul work, nor handling any unwholesome thing, we need no little forks to make hay with our mouths, to throw our meat into them." One divine stated that it was an insult to Providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers.

Franklin tells us that forks were not introduced into the high society of France until 1600, and that they were not regularly used by all classes until the eighteenth century. Even at that time, a gentleman traveling, carried a case containing his own knife and fork, as public eating places had only a limited supply.

Tableware varied. The wealthy had platters, cups, bowls, and saltcellars of gold and silver. Pottery was not developed to any extent in England until 1720. The saltcellar was a very important pice of table equipment, and was seen on nearly every table. It was usually of silver, very large, and elaborately decorated. To be seated above or below the saltcellar, proclaimed the social standing of the guest. Possessors of a silver spoon sat high above the salt, lower down were those with latten spoons, and lower still, those with spoons of wood. The poorer classes used dishes of wood and cups of bone.

Table linen was manufactured and used in England after the Norman conquest. Scott's Ivanhoe contains mention of a scarlet cloth laid on the table. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the fashion of using individual napkins became established. Before their use, hands were wiped on the sides of the tablecloth. Later came the silver ewer, or pitcher, and the laver, or basin. These were brought by a servant with a towel on his arm, and hands were washed both before and after the meal. Food was served in messes, or trenchers, which were common service for at least two, and often for four or more, and courtesy demanded that the hands dipped into the common dish should be clean.

In the seventh century in England, the only furniture was a crude trestle table and benches. The floor was of stamped earth and stone slabs. The equipment for eating consisted of a sharp hunting knife and a cow's horn for drinking. Ta-

ble manners were unknown.

In the tenth and eleventh centuries, two meals a day sufficed, and they were known as undermeal and even-mete. Later, in more luxurious times, there was supper and even rear supper. Supper was the heavy meal. The roast was carried round the table on a spit as it was taken from the fire, and each guest cut off a slice with his knife, and dipped coarse baked cakes in the gravy. The wealthy Norman dined abundantly with a great variety of game, fish, and fowl, and with wines imported from France. Music and decorations accompanied the meal.

By the thirteenth century, under Norman influence, the utensils used for cooking had passed the primitive stage, and the walls of the kitchen were hung with them. The hall was the common room where the family spent the day and ate their meals. In the midle of the room, on a flat stone slab, was a large open fire of peat and wood. Chimneys had not yet come into use, and the hall was filled with smoke and soot, making personal cleanliness very difficult, if not impossible. Two meals a day were still the rule. Dinner, the first meal, was served about nine o'clock. The trestle table had a linen cloth spread over it, and was set with trenchers, drinking cups, and bowls. Supper was served about six in the evening, and men servants brought in an elaborate succession of dishes. Servants who were not engaged in cooking or serving the meal, sat at the far end of the hall and were given something from each dish, as it was removed from the head of the table; what then remained was given to the poor tenants, who were waiting each evening outside the door.

Henry VIII started the movement for more luxurious living, and rapid progress was made in table manners and equipment. Dainty habits of eating were established, though fingers were still used except in courses demanding a spoon. The guests were richly dressed, silver and pewter shone on the table, service was punctilious, the servants well-trained.

"Fifty Courtesies for the Table," by Fra Bonvesino da Riva, which appeared about 1296, gives an insight into early Italian courtesy. Making allowance for the difference in customs, manners, and equipment, it is quite evident that the essentials of courtesy in the thirteenth century did not differ greatly from those of the present time.

Etiquette in all ages is based on consideration of others. Good table manners are not a matter of personal correctness alone, each one for his own credit, but ability to eat and drink without attracting attention, and without being rude or repulsive to others at the table. The details of etiquette vary with the customs of the time, but the essence of courtesy is unchanging. Quotations from some of the "Fifty Courtesies" will serve to illustrate.

Courtesy 1: "When thou are at the table, think first of the poor and needy, for when thou feedest the poor, thou feedest the Lord, who will feed thee after thy death in eternal bliss."

Courtesy 2: "If thou offerest water for the hands, offer it neatly, see thou be not rude."

Courtesy 3: "Be not too quick to run without a word to sit down at the board. If anyone invites thee to a wedding, before thou art seated, take not for thyself a place from which thou wouldst be turned out." This brings to mind a rule laid down by a much earlier Teacher in a parable:—"When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room; lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him."

The value of good cheer, and proper appearance at the table, seems to have been recognized at this early date, for in Courtesy 5 we read: "Sit properly at the board, courteous, well dressed, cheerful and obliging and fresh. Thou must not sit anxious, nor dismal, nor lolling, nor with thy legs crossed, nor awry, nor leaning forward."

Courtesy 8: "Fill not thy mouth too much, nor eat in too great a hurry. He who eats in a hurry and eats with his mouth stuffed, if he were addressed, he scarcely answers you."

Courtesy 26: "Count it a great kindness, when thy good friend eats at thy table. If thou carvest meat or fish, or other good viands, thou must choose of the best part for him."

Courtesy 27: "Thou must not overpress thy friend in thy house to eat or to drink. Thou must receive thy friend well and make him welcome, and heartily give him plenty to eat and enjoy himself with."

The importance of cheerful spirits at the dinner table is again emphasized in Courtesy 29: "Tell no bad news in order that those who are with thee may not eat out of spirits. As long as the others are eating, give no painful news, but keep silence, or else speak in cheerful tones." And again: "If any ill health seizes the, keep down thy distress as much as thy canst. If thou feelest ill at the board, show not the pain, that thou cause no discomfort to those who are eating along with thee."

"Shouldest thou see in the viands any disagreeable thing, tell it not to the others; if it be a fly or other matter."

"If thy friend is with thee, as long as he eats at the board, always keep up with him. If thou perchance were to leave off, and he were not yet satisfied, maybe he also would then leave off through bashfulness."

"Dining with others by some invitation put not back thy knife into the sheath before the time. Deposit not thy knife ere thy companion, perhaps something else is coming to the table which thou dost not reckon for."

Barbarino in "Rules for Tables," written about the same time, expresses courtesy which could scarcely be excelled, when he says: "With inferiors keep silence and take the place which they give thee, and reflect that by resisting here, thou by thy default wouldst be making them rude."

The following rule might well have been written to meet the need of the present age of careful dieting: "Guests must not be pressed, for this is their own affair, and choice is free, and one forces the preference of him who was abstaining perhaps purposely."

LET US PLAY

(Selected)

"I tell you what is the trouble; we are ashamed to admit that we are having a good time, really enjoying ourselves, having fun," said a happy-hearted woman, a student of human nature. Is it true? Does the Puritan conscience dominate us? Are fun and sin synonymous? Is it so that in this age life is so serious that it seems so crowded with duties that pleasures appear a waste of time? How can we lighten the weight of seriousness, and yet keep the earnestness that is the very soul of this age? By gaining a sense of proportion; by feeling, or rather believing, that a laugh is as much the inheritance of mankind as a sense of duty. If people would only be made to cultivate wit and a love of fun as earnestly as they cultivate other gifts, believing that the world needs them! Pleasure is not the correlative of sin; it is the freedom of emotion, the surety that the whole of one's naure is alert, active. Not to respond to pleasure in some form, to live without feeling it a necessity of life, is to be dead in part, like one who is dumb. Other activities may be alive and more active because not interfered with or turned from their channel by other interests, but the man is thus far shut out from the whole of life.

Cultivate pleasure as a field of activity that ministers to the development of the whole man. The capacity for pleasure is given to a man for his whole life, not merely for childhood days; it is as great a factor in the development of character as education, and as indicative of the man.

We know people best when we know their pleasures. As the child reveals himself in his play, so does the man. If he never plays, he is ill.

WHAT DOES THE AVERAGE MAN READ?

What does the average man read?

Attempting to answer this question the American Newspaper Publishers' Association canvassed the reading habits of a representative group.

The results indicated that men average forty-five minutes a day reading newspapers, twenty-five minutes a day on magazines and one-half of the men average less than one book a month.

In other words men spend twice as much time on magazines as on books and five times as much on newspapers. This ought to be interesting to those who advertise.

From the standpoint of culture the radio may be deplored, but in the present day of better newspapers the columns contain much that is neither trivial or ephemeral.—Selected.

JOY OF SERVICE

By Clara Bernhardt

The miniature junction of Pineridge huddled like a whipped puppy among the snow-clad hills and drifts. Linda Brooks watched the train twisting its black shoe-lace way into the distance, till it became one with the wintry landscape, then waved a gauntleted hand in its direction.

"Good-bye, civilization!" she called.

The station seemed deserted. Its lack of life was oppressive to the city girl, used as she was to a bustling, metropolitan depot. She picked up her luggage, and peered through the one window the rough building boasted. She caught a rather frightening glimpse of a white-whiskered old man, sitting in a chair, and talking dramatically, if she could judge by the waving of his arms, and the decisive nodding of his head. Linda could not see the person or persons to whom he was talking, and as he did not stop to wait for replies, she concluded he was conversing with himself.

It was dusk, and rather than ask that queer old madman the way, she would find it herself. After all, there was only one road, and it doubtless led to the village. Queer that Richard had not come to meet her. She had not seen her brother since he finished his interneship last summer, and came to this outlandish place to practice. The hills rose silently on either side of the road, like immovable, guardian sphinxes. Trudging along the rutted road, she wondered how Richard ever stood the loneliness of the place. Of course, he never had been as gregarious as she was. Even as a boy, her brother had preferred going off by himself with a book, to playing with the neighborhood youngsters. Her club bag was becoming increasingly heavy, so Linda set its shiny newness down in the road, hoping it was not much farther to Pineridge. It was getting dark rapidly, and she had no desire to explore the lonely, north country road at night. Half-forgotten stories she had read as a child, of bears and coyotes, leaped to her mind, and Linda instinctively retrieved her club bag and started at a smart clip down the hill.

She had not gone far when the musical sound of approaching sleigh bells was heard, accompanied by the sharp staccato of horse's hoofs. Linda stepped gingerly to the side of the road, having a city girl's awe of horses. She smiled a trifle wryly as she descended almost to her knees in a drift. Really, Richard might have sent someone to meet her, even if his professional duties had interfered with coming himself!

"Whoa, there, Napoleon!" a man's voice commanded, as he sighted the traveler. "Is that Linda?"

"Oh, Dick, it is me!" ungrammatically. "And I'm stuck in a snowdrift with my club bag!"

The young doctor jumped from the cutter to enfold Linda in a vice-like embrace.

"Hope you didn't mind too much not being met," her brother apologized after she was installed in the cutter. "I was finishing up an emergency appendix operation at train time."

"I thought only wealthy people

had 'em," she returned, snuggling down into the bearskin rug.

"Still a bit of a snob, aren't you?" the affectionate tone of his voice taking away the sting of the words. But Linda chose to let the observation pass. She would need to use all her tact to succeed in the mission she had set herself in coming. Richard must not be aggravated unnecessarily. She tightened her hold on the purse which contained the letter for him from Dr. Armitage.

"This is Pineridge, Linda."

"One of those places that you must look at quick, or you'll be out of it before seeing it, eh?"

Her brother laughed, the deep, low laugh his patients had learned to listen for. He stopped the horse before a building labeled "The Pineridge House," and a boy of twelve or fourteen greeted them eagerly.

"I'll take Napoleon over to the stable for you, doctor, please," eyeing Linda speculatively.

"Thanks, Jim. My sister and I are going in here for supper."

"One of your satellites, Dick?" Linda asked, as the boy led away the willing Napoleon. She had seen the admiration shining in the child's weather-red face. She saw another instance of it a moment later, when the rotund hotelkeeper welcomed them. Linda was surprised at the amount of graciousness he was able to achieve. Somehow, she had not associated that quality with a stout, north country hotelman.

"How's Mrs. Bailey, doctor?" he questioned, following them into the dining room.

The worried frown Linda was to grow so familiar with in the fortnight she spent at Pineridge, appeared.

"She might be better, Marlow, she might be a whole lot worse," he added quizzically. "They didn't call me till almost too late," Dr. Brooks explained to his sister, "and if anything happened to that woman, I don't know what the family would ever do. There are six children. Jim—the boy who took my horse—is the eldest." He looked very grave.

Linda bit her lip in annoyance. Dick was only twenty-five, she thought angrily, and he looked nearer thirty-five. Why oh why, did he have to stick in this stupid mining town, and get gray worrying over these people who were probably too poor to pay him half the time for attending them? There was a wrinkle between his brows that had not been there when he left home, and the carefree sparkle of old, in his keen blue eyes, had been replaced by a seriousness, more pronounced because of his youth. She was about to put something of this in words, but Dick looked so tired and disturbed, sitting across from her at the table, that instead she swallowed and said gently:

"But you have done everything you can for her, Dick. Don't worry about it! It's so foolish!"

Linda looked very young and earnest and inexperienced, Dick thought fondly, as he looked at her, and it was inconsiderate of him to bring his professional worries to their first evening together, when she had come so many hundred miles to visit him. He wondered vaguely what the kid had up her sleeve, for he remembered that practically since babyhood, Linda had a purpose behind nearly everything she did.

"Tell me about your trip," he suggested. "Mother and dad didn't object to their youngest daughter going off into the wilds to visit their misguided son." Although he spoke jestingly, Linda could see that his parent's lack of sympathy with his work at Pineridge bothered Dick.

Linda felt a trifle guilty as she smilingly shook her head. Oh, no, they had not objected, when she was gong as sort of a personal ambassador, to add her pleas to Dr. Armitage's offer.

Dr. Brooks laughed when his sister told him about the old man at the station, and her hesitancy to speak to him. "He's quite harmless, my dear, I assure you. The old chap hasn't anyone to talk to, and after a good many years of that, people sometimes start talking to themselves."

They were interrupted just then, and Dick had to leave on a call two miles out in the country. He promised to be back in an hour or two, and left her in charge of the amiable hotelkeeper. Linda's brown eyes inspected Mr. Marlow rather formidably, as a representative of the people who were keeping her brother from a brilliant career in the city.

"Great fellow, that brother of yours," Mr. Marlow remarked, by way of opening the conversation.

"He took several scholarships at college."

"Yes, he's smart enough here," he tapped his head, "but I wasn't meaning that so much as the way he has with people. Why, he can go into a house where a patient about thinks he's dying, and after Dr. Brooks is there five minutes, it's all you can do to keep the sick in bed! He puts new life into 'em, that's what he does, and it's not so much by his pills and powders, as by himself. I ain't much on words, but you see what I mean?"

"Dick has personality, all right," Linda agreed.

"Personality. That's the word. That's what education does for you. Gives you words to choose from." He spoke reflectively. "Doc Brooks is a prince, he is."

Linda looked at the simple hotelkeeper, and impatiently wished Dick would hurry back. Of course it was nice of Mr. Marlow to speak highly of him, but what good did it do? His opinion really meant nothing, whereas when a man high in the profession like Dr. Armitage noticed Dick, it meant plenty. And it would be just like Dick, she reflected, to turn up his handsome nose at the letter she brought him, and stay buried at Pineridge!

"He's wasting his time here," she said suddenly, gazing across the room at an absurdly colored calendar.

The hotelkeeper stiffened visibly. "Wasting his time here? How do you mean, Miss?"

"He could be doing big things at a city hospital, with the ability he has, instead of vegetating in the backwoods."

Mr. Marlow shook his bald head. "I don't know what vegetating means, but it don't sound like anything very nice. All I can say is, he'd have to work pretty hard to do more good anywhere than he's done right here in Pineridge. And that's the truth." He got slowly to his feet and walked away.

Linda shrugged her shoulders. She

supposed he was offeneded. Well, she didn't care. With exaggerated indifference she ascended the worn stairs, and found her way to the room her brother had engaged for her. Sitting rebelliously in the barren hotel bedroom, Linda had a prophetic sense of the futility of her mission.

Of necessity, Linda was let pretty much alone most of the day. Sometimes she drove with Dick in his cutter, to make calls in the country, but it was cold waiting outside, and her few ventures accompanying him indoors had not been markedly successful. The lack of comforts in the rough cabins, and the obvious poverty of the inmates depressed her, appealing to her sympathy in spite of herself. She sat in thoughtful, defensive silence, making no effort to talk to the awe-struck and half frightened children who regarded her from a safe distance, as though she were a visitor from another planet. Her smartly cut clothes were so different from anything they had ever seen, and her slim prettiness attracted them. But there was something antagonistic in their bearing toward her.

Linda was not popular with the villagers, and she knew it, rightly guessing that the hotelkeeper had repeated her words to him the night she came. Instinctively, they disliked the presence of one from a world remote from their own—from the world which had been Dr. Brooks' before he came to them. Had they analyzed their feelings, they would have found it was fear that lay back of their attitude to the doctor's young sister; fear that she would take him away with her. They were courteous, with the frank hospitality of the north, but it was because of Dick that they did it, Linda knew. Anyhing that belonged to the doctor must be treated with respect. Consequently, Linda could not have complained of their conduct had she wanted to. But she admitted to herself, with a wry little smile, that it was a bit hard on her pride to be endured merely for Dick's sake, after being used to popularity in her own right at the Kingston High School!

"I'll be gong home in a few more days," Linda said one afternoon, as the two of them turned toward Pineridge after a two-mile hike on snowshoes.

"So you will, child. I hate to see you depart, too. It's been like a visit from the fairies, having you here." He had always been specially fond of the brown-eyed sister, seven years his junior. "You know, a chap gets pretty lonesome for his own people. It's eight months since I came up here."

"I know you must get lonely," Linda returned eagerly. Then, more slowly and with meaning, "And there's no reason why you should, Dick. That letter I brought you from Dr. Armitage—"

"I was wondering when you were going to mention it, Linda," gravely. She had given it to him a week before and neither of them had referred since to the eminent physician's offer of a partnership. "I can't accept it," abruptly. "I've written him."

Linda uttered a disappointed cry of protest. "Dick, how could you! You know better than I how big a man he is medically, and you'd be

practically made! It's an awful honor to have him notice a young doctor like you, Dick," almost tearfully. "Mother and dad were hoping you'd be reasonable about this, but I know you better than they do, and I was afraid you'd do this. Oh, Dick, how can you waste your talents and your life in this place?"

"Do you call it wasted, to bring relief from pain and suffering to people who have never before known a doctor's care? Because they happen to live six hundred miles farther north than we, are they to be denied medical skill?"

Linda felt beaten. "When you put it that way. . . . But why can't somebody else give it to them? Why should it be you?"

"Why should it not be I? You know what my philosophy of living is. To make the world a little better for having been here . . . to help others. . . . ."

"But you could be helping them as a doctor in Kingston just as well," eagerly.

Dick laughed without mirth. "There'll always be plently of men to tend to city folk, little girl. But I'm the first doctor who ever came to Pineridge and stayed longer than two or three months. No, my dear, my place is here," with finality. "I won't say I wasn't tempted by Armitage's offer though. For more reasons than one, I'd like to be down in Kingston. I'd be nearer you folks, and for another thing, it would be specialist work in my particular field, while here I'm a general practitoner."

"But still you stay." Linda spoke her thoughts aloud.

"But I stay," her brother repeated. "And my little sister can't quite see why, can she?"

Linda shook her head. There were tears of disappointment in her eyes. She had been hoping so hard that she could have her adored big brother back home again. Mother missed him keenly, too, and though dad did not say much, she was sure he got lonely for sight and sound of his only son.

"No, I can't Dick. But I'm reconciled to it. In my heart it is what I really expected, and if it is what you want to do, why, I'm glad you are doing it," gamely.

"Well spoken!" squeezing her hand. "But I wish I could make you understand. Perhaps if you understood, you might make mother and dad see it my way," wistfully.

Half an hour later, when they got back to the doctor's office, they found an excited young boy waiting impatiently.

"What's the trouble, my lad?" the doctor asked kindly, placing a comforting hand on the boy's shoulders.

"My little sister's hurt awful bad," he gulped. "Can you come right away?" His eyes pleaded, as though he feared refusal.

"Of course, Peter, of course," hurriedly taking up his satchel. "I'll get Napoleon immediately."

"I'm coming along," Linda said on a sudden impulse. She grasped Peter's trembling little hand and they followed the doctor across to the livery stable.

When they were settled in the cutter, Peter, who was not more than eight or nine, kept a firm grasp on Linda's hand, and she felt her heart warm with real sympathy, as she squeezed his fingers comfortingly.

"What happened to Betty, Peter?" Doctor Brooks asked, as they skimmed along the country road.

"She fell, and her leg's broke. She was crying awful loud when I left." His lip quivered, and suddenly he broke into sobs. "It's all my fault, too, that Betty's hurt."

"Surely not, Peter. How could that be?" They were in sight of the Fraser cabin now.

"I was showing her how to ski, and when she wouldn't go down the hill, I called her a fraidy cat till she went down. And then she was so scared she didn't steer herself, and she banged into a tree. And now she's dying." He covered his poor face with his hands and sobbed bitterly.

"But that was just an accident, Peter dear," Linda consoled. "And the doctor won't let her die. He'll fix her up, won't you, Dick?"

"You bet we will, Peter. Just you cheer up. You tie Napoleon for me, and Linda you had better come along, in case there's anything you can do."

The pitiful sobbing of a child greeted their entry, followed a moment later by the relieved tones of a woman's voice.

"I'm so glad you're here, doctor. I can't stand much more of this." The woman did, indeed, look near col'apse. Her husband was a miner, and she had been alone in the house several hours before, when Peter came tearing in to say that Betty was lying half-way down the skiing hill, moaning terribly. Mrs. Fraser had brought the injured child the quarter mile home, with no assistance save Peter's, who had been immediately dispatched for the doctor. The child's cries were heartrending, and Linda wondered compasionately how the mother had been able to bear their sound.

"A compound fracture," Doctor Brooks said briefly, after a quick, but thorough, examination. "I'll set it immediately." Linda noticed that the half-delirious child had quieted down considerably since Dick was beside the bed.

He glanced at the mother, then turned to his sister. "I'll have you give the anesthetic, Linda. Mrs. Fraser is too exhausted." He placed the child on the table, and gave instructions to Linda. She was nervous about administering the ether, for she knew if she did not do it properly, the results might be serious. But her hand was steady as she followed her brother's directions.

It was all over sooner than Linda had expected. Dick looked white and tired as he packed away his instruments, and took a final glimpse at the now sleeping patient.

"I don't know whatever we'd do without you, Doctor Brooks," the grateful mother said as he prepared to leave. "Pineridge is a safer place to live in since you came. I lost one baby," she bit her lips, "a few years ago because there was no medical aid near enough. By the time we had her packed on a train to go to Levering, it was too late. Oh, doctor," she added impulsively, "you'll never know how many wives and mothers bless you in their prayers every night for coming here. In the past more than one life has been lost, that might have been saved."

Linda was thoughtfully silent most of the way back to Pineridge, wondering how she could ever have been so blind and selfish as to not recog-

nize the need here for Dick. At last she turned to him, and said very softly:

"I understand now, Dick, why you must stay at Pineridge. And I'll make mother and dad see, too!" she promised.

"I was sure you'd understand, as soon as you were brought face to face with reality, little sister. And never forget this. There is no joy in life so satisfying and enduring, as the joy you derive from being of service."

Napoleon neighed approval as they drove into Pineridge.

Education gives power; hence it is a blessing or a curse, according to how we use it.—Ruskin.

HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH

Room No. 1

—A—

Richard Mishoe, Howard Boaz, John Garrett, Thomas Hayden, Marshall Hollifield, Sidney Logan, Sam Little, Clarence McPherson, Earl Neal, Troy Thompson, Arnold Wingler, and Dick Whitener.

—B—

John Autry, Orville Clark, Adrian Journigan, Ernest Munger, Julian Perdue, Joel Barkley, Ted DeViney, Sam Gatewood, Ray Hager, George House, Hurley Miller, R. B. McDonald, Troy McPherson, Brady Rackley, Lester Wall, Spencer Yow, and Eugene Gray.

—o—

Room No. 2

—A—

John H. Cain, Edward Hall, Lloyd Long, Rufus Lucus, Woodrow Spruill, Albert Crepps, Charles Dagenhart, Bill Jackson, Mell Russ, and Charles Wagoner.

—B—

Horace Brown, Robert Branch, Jack Harrie, John Merritt, William Rose, James Enloe, Neil Huretty, Robert Hill, Daniel Smith, and Richard Wilder.

—o—

Room No. 3

—B—

Hershell Crews, Robert Ennis, Eugene Hogan, Hubert Grant, Charles Smith, Arthur Chatham, Hubert Davis, Andrew Farrell, Elbert Prcie, Austin Talent, Robert Worthington, and Robert Morris.

—o—

Room No. 4

—B—

Henry Irby, Albert Roe, Edwin Cooper, Hubert Gray, and Leroy Janey.

Room No. 5

—A—

Bill Barrett, Carlton Campbell, Warren Holleman, Warren Medlin, Allen Barrett, Fleming Collins, Dexter Shoemaker, and Charles Smith.

—B—

Carl Everett, Walter Newsome, and Harding Klutz.

—o—

Room No. 6

—A—

Walter Campbell, James Johnson, Dobbin Murray, Morris Staley, and Charles Womble.

—B—

Ernest Anderson, Carl Hampton, Vernon Lamb, and Herman Lamm.

—o—

Room No. 7

—A—

Wm. Green, Sam Everett, Irwin Medlin, and Richard Sullivan.

—B—

M. Gurganus, Clyde Young. and George Carlyle.

It is better to know much of a few things than a little of many things.—Edward Brooks.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Some very fine veal occupied a prominent place on the bill of fare for last Sunday's dinner at the school. This was a home-grown product and of excellent quality.

—o—

Mr. E. M. Smith, of the Welfare Department, Raleigh, visited the Training School last Monday. In addition to bringing some new boys, his visit was for the purpose of delivering a radio to the school, the gift of a Raleigh lady. We wish to thank these good friends for their kindness in providing this means of entertainment. With one exception, each of the sixteen cottages is equipped with a radio, and we are wondering how soon we may be able to announce that the boys in all cottages will enjoy the priviledge of listening to the popular radio programs.

—o—

Having made good records while here, six boys were permitted to leave the institution last week. These lads have been placed on farms and are located as follows: Richard Burleson, Albemarle; William and Joel Barkley, Durham; Harrison Call, near Wilkesboro; Thomas Osteen and Rufus Lucas, Jonesville. We trust these boys will continue to make good records amid their new surroundings.

New quarterlies were issued to the boys and the Sunday School classes were reorganized last Sunday morning. It has been the custom here for some time to re-arrange the classes as the boys are promoted in their school grades, and we find that this plan works very nicely.

—o—

Several new books were added to our library last week, the gift of Mrs. Charles A. Cannon, Concord. At the same time, Miss Elizabeth Black, supervisor of Concord City Schools, donated several of the popular jig-saw puzzles. These acts of kindness on the part of our friends are greatly appreciated by both the boys and officials of the institution.

—o—

Some of our baseball players staged a short practice game at the ball grounds last Saturday afternoon. While the weather was quite cold and windy, the boys seemed to thoroughly enjoy the game. We are eagerly looking forward to the coming of warm weather, when we shall be able to enjoy real baseball games.

—o—

This is not written to arouse the interest of Cabarrus county fishermen, but for the purpose of stating a fact as regards to the lake on the Training School campus. One of the members of our official family, "Bob" Sappenfield, caught a four-pound bass here one afternoon last week. (We think this was the only bass in the lake, and hope others will think the same.) The fish in this lake are reserved for furnishing amusement for our boys on the Fourth of July, it having been the custom for several years past to seine the lake at that time. About three hundred pounds of fish were caught in this manner last year in this field day amusement. It is a great day for the youngsters.

—o—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in our auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Selecting his text from II Samuel, 23:22, Rev. Arrowood spoke on "Making a King." Referring to this particular period in the life of David, the speaker said that it was not looks,, nor stature, nor age that made young David eligible for this high office—but it was the possession of kingly qualities. Rev. Arrowood told how David's brothers were usherd in when the new king of Israel was to be selected. While they were soldierly in appearance and fine specimens of physical manhood, none of them were chosen, but instead another son, a humble shepherd, was called in and annointed king. Among the qualifications that brought about his success, the speaker stated, was his ability to make and hold friends. Rev. Arrowood concluded by saying that acting in the capacity of a shepherd, David learned about duty, loyalty and a number of other things which played an important part in the development of a wonderful character, and later proved to be just the

requirements necessary for his selection as the king of Israel.

—o—

Mrs. Sallie P. Williamson, of Chicago, who has made such a beauty spot of the old Presbyterian Cemetery, Concord, now known as the Memorial Gardens, recently wrote that she had made it possible for the school to have a credit with Harkey Brothers Nurseries, Charlotte, for fifty dollars' worth of shrubbery for planting on the campus, as a beginning of a campus beautiful for the boys at the Jackson Training School. After looking over the campus, Mr. Harkey made a planting along the National Highway of pink and watermelon-red crepe myrtle, Japanese cherry, flowering peach and pink dogwood. In a letter to Superintendent Boger Mrs. Williamson expressed a desire that the boys might become more interested in gardening, saying, "You are nearer to the heart of God in a garden than any other place in the world." We have always felt the need of more aesthetic touches to our campus and hail with delight such helpful and constructive interest as shown by Mrs. Williamson.

—o—

On Tuesday night of last week a group of Junior Red Cross members of the Corbin Street and Central Schools, Concord, presented a delightful program at the Training School. Following a few brief remarks by Miss Era Linker, chairman Junior Red Cross, Concord, pupils from the fifth grade of Central school, under the direction of Miss Pamela Reade, entertained with folk songs and dances. Arrayed in attractive costumes these youngsters presented a striking appearance as they executed the difficult dance steps with ease and in perfect rhythm. Follow- a short intermission during which the Training School boys sang a number of songs, little Miss Margaret King announced that the pupils of the second grade of Corbin Street school would present a play, "Little Black Sambo," giving the cast of characters. These children, directed by Miss Eula Wilson, staged this little two-act comedy in a most pleasing manner. While all of the participants played their parts exceedingly well, little Bobby Delph, acting as "Sambo," carried off the honors of the evening. This little fellow, without the slightest sign of "stage-fright," won the instant admiration and applause of everyone as he so easily and gracefully got out of the many predicaments in which he found himself. The climax was reached when "Sambo" appeased the hungry tigers by offering them parts of his wearing apparel when it seemed certain that they were about to devour a portion of "dark meat," and the manner in which he extricated himself from this precarious position, caused the entire house to break into a thundering round of applause. We feel deeply indebted to the Junior Red Cross, teachers and pupils of the Concord Public Schools, and other interested friends for their kindness in thus providing an evening of fun, and hope it may be our privilege to enjoy many more such happy occasions.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 15, 1933 No. 14

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

AN EASTER WISH

May the glad dawn
Of Easter morn
Bring joy to thee.
May the calm eve
Of Easter leave
A peace divine with thee.
May Easter night
On thine heart write,
O Christ, I live for thee.

—Author Unknown.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

IS EASTER YOURS?

Is the Easter yours, O friend, today?
Have you rolled the stone from your heart away
And bid the Christ in glory arise,
All shining fair before your eyes—

All shining fair and strong and fine,
Yet gentle, lowly, and very kind,
A perfect pattern to guide your life,
A Savior from sin, a Brother in strife?

It matters little, O friend, to you,
That Easter story so brave and true,
How Christ arose from the darkened tomb
And conquered with light its dreary gloom,

Except you follow his way of the cross
And conquer with him life's pain and loss,
Till he shall arise, all shining and fair,
To live in your life and answer your prayer.

You cannot see all that happened then
When Christ was here in the world of men.
Today is the Eastertide for you,
And yours is the right to prove him true.

—*Nashville Advocate.*

A GIFT OF SHRUBBERY

We give in full a letter showing the fine spirit of Mrs. Sallie Phifer Williamson, Chicago, who transformed the old Presbyterian grave yard, Concord, into one of the most beautiful spots in the

state, now known as Memorial Gardens. Mrs. Williamson expresses in her letter that she is not alone interested in reclaiming wasted and neglected spots, but would enjoy having a hand in the reclamation of the wayward boys of her native state. This, she expresses by showing the desire to make the school environmnts better, and directly inspiring a taste for the beauties of nature.

This contribution of shrubs came from Mrs. Williamson unsolicited, making the gracious and generous gift all the more appreciated. The helpful suggestions in her letter as to organizing Garden Clubs among the boys will be adopted with the hope of creating greater interest and enthusiasm in the culture of flowers.

No spot in the state has a setting of natural scenery more beautiful than that of the Jackson Training School—making a lovely background for beds of flowering plants and shrubs.

This school from the day it opened to receive boys has been the recipient of many delightful considerations for which we are grateful. We ask why? The answer is brief. The love and interest in a boy remains eternal in the heart of every body. This letter we give because it carries a message to the boys, besides reflects the fine heart of a woman who conceives beautiful and inspiring thoughts. The idea incorporated in Mrs. Williamson's letter meets with the approval of boys and school officials:

Chicago, Ill.,
4432 Greenview Ave.
April 1st, 1933.

Mr. Charles E. Boger,
Concord, N. C.

Dear Mr. Boger:

I was glad to have your letter of March 27th and to learn that steps will be taken to have the boys make a beautiful campus, that they will be proud of, and that will show what is being done for the boys.

I would suggest that you tell the boys of your plan, and propose to them if they desire to take it up, that they establish a Garden Club, have their own officers, and study how to make a successful Garden Club, and from time to time have their president and secretary send articles to the state papers, telling what they are doing, and asking for shrubs, plants and seeds.

I feel sure the public will respond, and that interest will be shown, and good results will follow. If a Garden Club is formed I will be glad to subscribe for magazines that will be of interest and give instructions concerning such work.

Then I know Mr. Harkey will be glad to send unused catalogues for them to study, and to boys who will care for the work there will be untold pleasure and enthusiasm given. You know someone has said, "You are nearer the heart of God in a garden, than any other place in the world," and I surely have found that to be true.

I know you have a boy in the school who can sing the piece of music that has meant so much to me, and gives me so much pleasure, "Thank God for a Garden," and tell the boy who will care to learn it, that I hope he will sing it for me when I am in Concord the next tme. I suppose you publish a school paper, and I will be glad if you will send it to me for a year, beginning with the January number if possible, and let me have the bill.

I hope to hear from you soon regardng this letter, your opinions and your ideas.

With my very best wishes I am,

Yours sincerely,
Sallie P. Williamson.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES MEET

The quarterly meeting of Board of Trustees of Jackson Training School was held in the private office in Cannon Memorial Building last Thursday afternoon, April 6th.

The members present were the Hon. L. T. Hartsell, Sr., chairman, Messrs D. B. Coltrane, Herman Cone, J. E. Latham, Paul Whitlock, Mesdames Cameron Morrison, W. N. Reynolds, R. O. Everett, and Miss Easdale Shaw.

The first business discussed was the restricted spending, according to recommendation of Budget Bureau, for the third quarter of activities of the institution. The Board members accepted the action of the Executive Committee—that the curtailment of funds necessitated another cut in the salaries of the employees.

The superintendent gave a full report of growth of the King's Daughters Library, established by the Charlotte King's Daughters. The setting-up of the library was accomplished under the supervision of Miss Elizabeth Black, city supervisor of Concord schools, according to the regulations of a standardized library. For this interest upon the part of Miss Black and Charlotte King's Daughters, Mrs. E. E. Peele, president, the Board members expressed appreciation.

Anothr activity of interest to the members present was the dental clinic, sponsored by the Stonewall Circle of King's Daughters, Concord. This clinic is conducted by Dr. W. L. Ezzell, Jr., Concord, and the report proved the work was timely and one that has been of untold benefit to the boys who come to the school with bad teeth and infected gums.

The doctor in charge appeared before the Board of Trustees, telling of the work accomplished with recommendations so as to make possible that each boy have a healthy mouth.

It is sufficient to say that the infected gums included a large percent of the boys, and the corrections, either an extraction or filling, averaged up two treatments to a boy. The conditions were far more complicated than anticipated, which is proof that a complete checking up should be done before the boys enter the institution.

The dentist feels that all of the boys are responding to the treatment very nicely, and are showing marked improvement physically. The value of the service of the Concord circle of King's Daughters in making possible the dental clinic for the wayward boys was accepted in a most appreciative manner. In view of conditions and recommendations made the trustees appealed to the State Board of Health in handling the situation.

The generous gift of shrubbery, coming from Mrs. Sallie P. Williamson, Chicago, was a most pleasant surprise, and accepted with favorabe comments. After hearing a full report of all business pertaining to the school the meeting adjourned.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The governor of South Carolina in an address before the General Assembly expressed a willingness to have all schools and higher institutions of learning take a vacation from May 1st, 1933 until the first day of January 1934. The Governor sees the necessity of a balanced budget and such a thing is impossible, Governor Blackwood states, if the extravagant program of spending money is continued. No one wants the schools closed, but the question to decide is which means the most to us now—the homes or the schools? It is not a qustion of what we want, but the best thing

to do for the country. The problem is maddening, it is true, but it is imperative that the homes, the very corner stone of every nation, should be preserved. The home kept intact is not alone for the benefit of the child of school age, but for every man's child without discriminating as to age limit.

* * * * * * * * * *

AERONAUTICAL TRAGEDY

The destruction of the navy dirigible, Akron, off the coast of New Jersey is indeed a national disaster not so much for the loss of property, but the thought of human lives being sudenly snuffed out strikes like cold steel into the hearts of a mourning nation.

Again we are reminded that "man proposes, but God disposes"—this the greatest aeronautical tragedy recorded is a convincing fact that the finiest technicians can not design and build anything that can withstand the overwhelming power of the Titan hand of the storm god.

The destruction of the finest dirigible ever built, the last word in air craft, supposed to be able to ride the fiercest storm of land or sea was no more in the grip of the angry elements than the tiniest barque that plies the waters. The question arises, is it possible for man to build an air ship that will defy the twisters of the air, the tornado or any disturbance in the elements above that remain an unsolved mystery. The fate of the Akron and Shennandoah refute all claims of the technicians to be able to build so that every assurance of safety is given to human life. At least there remains a lurking fear in the minds of many.

It seems that it often takes appalling tragedies to impress mankind with the necessity for ordinary safety precautions. For instance the first systematic effort to make theatres fireproof followed thhe Iroquois fire in Chicago in 1903; the sinking of the Vestris brought about the adoption of a new code of safety at sea and the explosion of the x-ray films in the Cleveland clinic brought about investigations to prevent similar disasters.

Thus great tragedies sometimes serve to teach their costly lessons, too late, however, to do their victims any good.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

JOY IN LIVING

"Easter again! And the whole world listening
To a joyous message of love and peace—
The Spirit of Spring so fine and glistening,
Deep in the heart as hopes increase;
Easter again—what a time for rejoicing,
With every creature that lives and moves,
Happily, eagerly, splendidly voicing
The joy in living that Easter proves!"

—o—

I Can't Understand.

I never could understand, and do not yet, why it is that in the forepart of the night you can twist, turn-over, roll about, and do what you may to woo sleep, and it seems that you cannot find a soothing, comfortable position, and slumber just will not close your eyelids down to pleasant dreams. Then, in the early dawn's hour, just before arising time, any old way you turn, or any position you occupy, is so enchantingly sweet, the most comfortable and satisfying moments of the entire night, with only a few minutes to enjoy them. Just why this is so, I cannot tell, but it is so, as you no doubt have many a time found out. When a small school-boy, from my youth up, I have reveled in these happy sleeping moments. But my father had a very persuasive way of arousing me from these sleeping fests, but it never enlightened me on why the situation is as described.

—o—

Life's Common Things.

The things of everyday life are all so sweet. The meadows and the lawns wet with dew, sparking like diamonds. The dance of the jonquils, and the tulips and the modest howdy-do of the blue-eyed violets. The soft green of the trees meet the deep blue of the firmament. The majesty of the sun, flooding the world with brightness and joy. The softening influence of the moon, which travels anew every month, on its fullness, first and last quarters, and begs not dole of any government. The silence and grandeur of the starry sky, like nail holes in the floor of heaven. The common things of life are all so dear. The scents and scenes and sounds that never tire. The homely work, the loving words, the lilt of baby laugh, the joy of companionship, and the glint of light in the home. The waiting footsteps coming near, the opening door, the handclasp, the kiss, the welcome home. Is Heaven not, after all, the Now and Here? The common things of life are all so dear.

—o—

Exactness.

I like a young man who practices exactness in his financial affairs, in his business, his home and his own personal expenditures. That means, of course, "keeping books" correctly. What does it cost you to live? What

did it cost you in 1930? What per cent did your business earn on the capital you have invested in it, last year? How many young men in small businesses of their own can answer these questions? or tell you what per cent of their salary, if on a salary, they saved last year and invested? Yet each ought to know the answers to all of them. He has no guidemarks for the present year if ignorant of his own financial record in 1930. He is not an exact man, in the record of his own affairs. Yet as an employee he must be exact in all his transactions for his employer. The exact man, who pays close attention to small details knows where he is at. More than that, he knows when to prune growing expenses; and this exactness finds expression in his larger affairs, and he is ready in ten minutes to know if he can grasp an opportunity with sure hands. Moreover, he is likely to be on the lookout for opportunities, knowing just what he has in hand to take care of them with. The exact man is a ready man.

—o—

Easter—A Resurrection.

The living are spared to see another Easter. Again, amid the seasons of sun and showers—nature's smiles and tears—seed, so long in darkness sleeping, have burst the bonds of wintry snows, invisible bonds imprisoned in the bosom of the earth are born again and live again in the radiant Easter-tide of Nature's resurrection. Since time began, Nature moves along its own way. All live things pass a season, return to mother Nature, and are born again. That which we call Death is but one of the life-giving systems. Nothing that was is destroyed. We may have borne the burden of sorrow, felt the sore sting of a disappointment; wept above the still form and sighed for the touch of the vanished hand, the sound of the voice that is still, but we may robe ourselves in the sunny gladness of a hope that defies the grave and goes forth to meet the shadowy future, fearless and unafraid. It is in the Springtime when life seems most worth living. All Nature is reviving—is being born again. The singing of the birds, the blooming of the flowers, the awakening of trees—on every hand there are signs of life spring into new life with the advent of Easter and its promise of a greater and broader life. Everywhere the significance of the season, the assurance of life to come, is understood that delight and inspire. Old thoughts and there is rejoicing. Nature proclaims the reasonableness of the Christian's belief in the flowering of a new life—and a life eternal—everlasting, for nothing passes away. Easter is the anniversary of the supreme victory of Time, with its message of hope for every soul. It illuminates the pathway into the future, enabling men to look across the grave, and know that they are going. Today we know that this is only the beginning. Without the hope and the courage this Easter day inspires, life would not be worth the living. May the Easter hosannas and hallelujahs and joy bells hush all our discords and charm every evil temper into gracious obedience to the risen Lord. Deepen our happiness into joy and transform our ease into heavenly peace. Blessed Saviour, let Thy holy love burn

away all our unworthiness. May we find some of Thy wells of salvation in the quiet fields of lowly service. Impart unto us the spirit of self-forgetfulness and may we find a holy delight in other people's triumphs. Grant that the sacred light of each recurring Easter may shine in all hearts.

GOD'S ANGELS

God hath sent His angels to the earth again,
  Bringing joyful tidings to the sons of men;
They who first, at Christmas, thronged the Heavenly way,
  Now beside the tomb-door, sit on Easter Day.
Angels,sing His triumph, as you sang His birth,
  "Christ, the Lord is risen. Peace, good will on earth."
God has still his angels, helping, at his word.
  All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
  Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into life.
Angels, sing His triumph, as you sang His birth,
  "Christ, the Lord, is risen. Peace, good will on earth."

—Phillips Brooks.

EASTER LILIES

(Selected)

Bontia and Marie were on their way to Sunday school. It was Easter morning and they had started fully a half-hour before their parents, for each carried a pure white lily they had grown themselves, to set in the church that day as part of the special decoration.

They had almost reached the church when something very strange happened; a ragged little urchin came up to them, and said in a sad voice: "Give me that flower."

The girls were startled, for they had not seen the boy until he was right before them.

"It is for the church," said Bontia, "but I'll give it to you after church if you come after it."

"I wants it now," said the boy with a strange look on his sad face.

"Why do you want it now?" asked Marie.

"My mother—she sick; she want flower. I hear her say she want white flower."

"Where do you live?" asked the girls at once.

"There!" said he, pointing to a window above a stable which backed to the alley. "I see you from the window when you turn the corner, so I come."

"May we go with you to see your

mother?" asked Marie, as she buried her face in the waxy fragrance of her lily.

"You go see her? You take the lily?" and the lad turned and ran home.

Bontia carried her lily into the church, then she and Marie and Sara, an older girl, went back to the alley; down along the narow path until they came to the place where the stable was. They found a narrow stairs that led to the upper floor from the outside. When they reached the door they tapped gently and the boy opened it wide.

There, on a poor cot near the window, lay the boy's mother, very pale and weak. She smiled when she saw the girls and tried to reach out her hand. Marie came up to the cot and held the potted lily before her. "This is for you," she said in a sweet voice. "I am sorry you are too sick to go to church today, for there are so many pretty lilies there and you would enjoy them so much."

"We no go to the church," said the boy; "we no nice clothes."

But Marie did not hear. She was watching the mother as she tried to kiss the sweet petals of the lily and take in all its fragrance.

Bontia and Sara heard, though, and said: "Maybe when your mother gets well you can come. We'll ask our mothers to come and see her and make her glad and happy."

And the girls' mothers did go, and found many things to do for the sick mother and the hungry lad. By and by, when she was well enough, they found work for her. She was soon able to move into a little cottage near Bontia's and Marie's home, and they had better clothes and were able to attend the services at the church.

The lad and his mother always called Bontia and Marie their Easter lilies that God had sent them on that Easter day.

THE LIVING JESUS

He who came to save us,
  Jesus Christ who died,
Now is crowned with gladness
  At His Father's side.

"His bright home preparing,
  Little ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
  Ever loveth, too."

—Elizabeth Donovan.

CUSTOMS OF THE EASTER TIME

By Leah A. Kazmark

Across the Atlantic Ocean, in those Slavic countries of Central Europe, many of the world's most ancient and most delightful customs of the Easter-tide are still cherished. Season of joy and gladness, not even the happy time of Christmas brings any more traditions to each home or is any more welcome.

That the thatched-roofed dwellings may be ready to welcome neighbors and friends on this great day, everyone in the household is busy for weeks. First the gay tile stove is scoured until it gleams like a jewel, and since it is the treasured possession of the family, it is indeed a real gem to them. Walls and benches are scrubbed, the many flower pots adorning the tiny shuttered windows have fresh coats of bright paint, and last, the floors are sanded in pretty designs.

If it can be afforded, the cottage is painted so that both within and without the home shines to welcome the Easter. The low thatched roofs, sheltering the small houses of many bright colors, resemble those over which some fairy princess reigns in the "Land of Books." But very real are these homes of the crowded villages of central Europe, filled with happy, busy families, in many ways quite like those of America.

With the house in its gala dress, mothers turn to the next important thing, preparing the Easter food. Of course much black bread must be baked on the hearth, for all guests who call must partake of the ancient Slavic custom of eating bread and salt with the host. Then there must be a plentiful supply of tasty "perniceks" in the great black jar. These heart-shaped cakes are gay with colored frosting and baked especially for gifts at Easter. Recipes, handed down from one generation to the next, are used, for neighbor vies with neighbor in making the most intricate patterns to bake in the old wooden cookie molds.

Since colonial days Americans have attended church on Easter morn dressed in new spring apparel in honor of the event. This, too, is an ancient European custom and likely it crossed the dread "Sea-of Darkness" in those ships of many sails which brought settlers to our coasts. In central Europe Easter is gay with newly-embroidered caps and aprons. Patient, skilled fingers have been busily making them by candlelight for many weeks, so that they may be worn on this great occasion. Lucky girls may have new ribbons to adorn cap and apron, but if not, they will be happy with the many delightful customs the day brings.

At daylight one is awakened by the sound of old hymns and the music of many dancing feet in the highway. It is the children singing from door to door the beloved old sacred tunes. Each one waves proudly a tree gay with the strangest blossoms ever seen on land or sea: brightly-colored egg shells.

Ducks and geese are the main means of livelihood in many Slavic families. The young folks of the households care for them each day, driving them with long poles to the

green meadows and streams outside the village. Lunch is taken along so that the entire day until twilight descends is given over to caring for these treasures of the home. But just before the Easter-time, eggs are not sold but are eaten by the family and used in the extensive baking of the "perniceks." Thus a supply of shells is ready for the old custom.

As the colonial American mothers did, the women of these lands of Ukrainia, Poland, Serbia, Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia, Latvia, Lithuania and Yugo-Slavia go out into the woods to gather roots and herbs for the dye-pots. Then the shells are made briliant with scarlet, yellow and blue and carefully suspended upon tiny trees or branches. Up and down the village streets in happy crowds go the bands of Easter singers, waving aloft these gayest of decorations. Is it any wonder that the young people of these lands anticipate the Easter-tide?

After church, family feasts are held much after the manner of our Thanksgiving. "Everything is good, but home is best," runs an old Slavic proverb; and at this season home is the center of happiness. All afternoon and even after the simple evening meal, callers are coming. Part of the family leave to call upon others, but always one or more remains in the cottage, gay with its new paint and freshly-washed hangings, to welcome guests. Gifts are exchanged at this time; especially among the younger ones much has been made of this tradition. Such presents may be colored eggs or more elaborate gifts, according to one's purse, but the spirit of happiness and friendliness is king at Easter.

One learns with interest of these delightful customs of the Slavic countries across the sea. Such pleasing manners, so carefully honored and preserved, make one certain that he should enjoy knowing these races better. It seems, too, that some of our very own Easter customs must have started in those colorful lands, so that we feel that we know them already and that they are our friends.

The only living son of Charles Dickens has recently retired from a long and honorable service as a judge in England. In reviewing his life of more than eighty years he says, "If I have had any success in life, it is due to what my father said to me, 'Whatever you do, my boy, remember this. Do your best. Throw your whole heart and soul into it.'" The boy tried to do this, and his honorable and successful life is the result. This was sound advice, and Sir Henry Dickens found it so.

—Selected.

ELIZABETH ANNE'S EASTER GOWN

By Alice Whitson Norton

An expression of indignation covered the face of Elizabeth Anne Cradford as she stood at the window overlooking the old-fashioned garden belonging to the house in which she had been born and spent the whole of her life.

For once she failed to see the bright, green shoots that were poking their heads through the soft, brown earth; the buttercups nodding by the paling fence held no attraction for her. In fact, there was but one thought in Elizabeth Anne's mind, and that was the fact that Easter was just around the corner, and, even though she had been selected to lead the Easter procession and sing the leading role in the Easter service at the church she attended, the problem of a new Easter gown stared her in the face.

"I don't see how I can accept these courtesies," murmured Elizabeth Anne, wearily, "if I can't have some decent clothes for the occasion. I think father might dig up a few dollars for me, anyway."

"Elizabeth," interrupted the voice of her mother from the doorway, "please—please don't mention the matter of clothes to your father just now—you know how finacially pushed he is since the loss of his store."

"Just using that as an excuse," declared the girl. "When it comes down to brass tacks, you know the store was insured, Mother, for half its worth, at least."

"I know," responded the mother, softly, "but I am most thankful that your precious father escaped with his life, regardless of the financial loss. And surely you can go through one Easter, Elizabeth Anne," the woman went on presently, "since I haven't had an Esater garment in years."

"In years?" repeated Elizabeth Anne, and a smile spread over her face. "Perhaps," she said slowly, "when I am an old married woman I shan't worry about new Easter garments either, but just now—as I happen to be in the flush of young womanhood—I really crave the right sort of garments."

"But under the present circumstances, Elizabeth," argued the mother, "don't you think—"

"I don't think I'd like to do without a new Easter garment," broke in Elizabeth Anne, "at any price, so you'll just have to ask father to do a little something for me, Mother."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Cradford, "if you feel that you can not bear your share of the sacrifices that it is going to take to get father back on his feet financially, then you will have to have some new clothes."

"Oh, goody—goody, Mother!" exclaimed the girl as she went racing across the floor. "I'll sing as I've never sung before. I could not be in the right spirit to sing if I knew I was dressed so shabbily." And then, giving her mother a little peck on either cheek, she went running down the back stairs and out into the garden.

But only for a moment did she

pause here, for the sight of Mary Dale in the adjoining garden sent her hurrying forward.

"I'll take the leading role in the Easter song service, Mary," she called pleasantly; "you may depend on me."

"I'm so glad you've decided to do this for the good of us all, Elizabeth Anne," cried Mary, springing to her feet and running to meet her friend, "but how did you happen to change your mind?"

"Easy enough," returned Elizabeth Anne. "Mother agreed to get me the Easter outfit that such an honor demands, and, having gained her promise to do this, I immediately came over to tell you I would sing."

A queer little frown appeared between Mary's eyes for an instant, and a flush of red dyed her cheeks, but the words that were rising in her throat were left unsaid.

"I thought you'd be delighted to know I could do this for you, Mary," said Elizabeth Anne, disappointedly.

"I—I am delighted that you have consented to take part in our Easter program, Elizabeth Anne," said Mary, "but you know I am of the old faith that Easter is a time for humbleness and reverence, not for personal exhibit—and new clothes—well," the girl finished soberly, "I never dreamed that was keeping you back from giving your services."

"Well, it was," admitted Elizabeth Anne, "but the problem is solved now, so go along with your program, and I promise that you will hear a new tone of beauty in my voice—just see."

"All the same," responded Mary, "I should have been happier had you accepted the singing part in the Easter program without thought of raiment."

"And I'm telling you," exclaimed Elizabeth Anne, "I'll sing better in new garments."

"I'll tell the girls," answered Mary, pleasantly. "I know everybody will be so happy to have you take the lead."

"And I'll be happy taking it, too," mused Elizabeth Anne as she retraced her steps back home.

The next day, after a morning of window shopping, Elizabeth Anne went stepping into the house to tell her mother just how much she was going to need, but the house seemed changed and empty.

Then suddenly Elizabeth Anne's eyes grew wide with astonishment, and she stood gazing in amazement at the vacant space—the space on the north wall, heretofore throughout the years of her young life covered by a wonderful piece of tapestry.

Her first thought was that thieves had broken in and taken the rare old treasure from its accustomed place, but when she saw her mother's face, she knew the old tapestry had been removed from the wall by her mother's own hands.

"Yes," said Mother Cradford, "I let Mrs. Petreevie, the antique dealer, have it," she said when Elizabeth questioned her about the tapestry; "she's wanted it a long time, and came out immediately when I called her; she offered a nice sum for it, too, and—and——well, Elizabeth Anne," she finished hoarsely, "it brought enough to buy a lovely Easter outfit; you'll find the money on the dresser in your room."

Elizabeth Anne tried to make some reply, but the tongue that had moved so freely such a short time ago

seemed glued to the roof of her mouth, and she turned on her heel and went silently up the stairs.

Just as her mother had said, she found the money on her dressing-table, $165. Three times Elizabeth Anne counted the money, and each time the lump in her throat grew bigger and bigger, for nobody knew better than herself that the piece of old tapestry had been one of her mother's most treasured possessions, having been a gift from her grandfather many years ago.

But the money in her hands fascinated her—tempted her—and presently she was reveling in the finery that she could buy with the amount of ready cash the old, faded tapestry had brought; but, in spite of her planning, the memory of the thing her mother had done in order that she might have the coveted Easter clothes, lingered in her heart.

But more than that, the memory of her mother's misty eyes and the sound of her trembling voice haunted the girl, and a strange sensation filled her soul and left her nerves tingling with misery; and the vision of the face in her mirror was anything but pleasant.

"You're a selfish cad, Elizabeth Anne," she murmured to the reflection in the glass above her dressing-table, "an unworthy daughter of such a fine woman. Why should you wear new clothes," she suddenly quired of the vision before her, "when your mother will be in the audience in a rusty black silk she has been wearing at Easter time for the past eight years? A pretty thing you are!"

Tears welled up in her eyes, and a moment later she was racing down the narrow sidewalk with the money, that had come at such a sacrifice, clutched tightly in her hands, and not until she stepped into the little antique shop where the tapestry was already on display, did she pause for breath.

"Please, Mrs. Petreevie," she begged eagerly, "let me have the old tapstry back—my mother sold it because I—I—insisted on having a new Easter outfit, and—and—now I can't stand the sacrifice she made."

"But zee tapestrie," ventured the woman, "I already hav' von $10 profit offered on it—I couldn't lose dot."

"I will give you the $10 profit, promised Elizabeth Anne, "if you will only let me have it back."

"Foolish for so much sentiment," declared the little French woman, "but iff you will have itt—den I let you have ett at the first offer I get —$175."

"Here," said Elizabeth Anne, extending the money that had so recently passed between the owner of the antique shop and her mother, "is the money you paid my mother, and I will bring you the extra ten as soon as I can go to my father's office and get it back."

True to her promise, Elizabeth Anne, after a visit to her father,s office, returned to the antique shop, paid the $10 demanded and left with the old tapestry hugged close under her arms, and scarcely had she left the little shop until she met her mother. For an instant the two stood gazing at each other in silence, then Elizabeth Anne reached out a loving hand to her mother.

"Where have you started, Moth-

er," she asked eagerly, "with that basket on your arm?"

"I—I"— the woman stammered—"well, Elizabeth," she finished hopelessly, "I went to the grocery—but really I made the trip just to see whether or not anybody has bought my old tapestry; if—if they have not," she added softly, "I am going to ask Mrs. Petreevie to sell it back to me—I'll find a way to earn the $165 she gave me for it."

"You may have to help me to earn $10, Mother," said Elizabeth Anne with a joyous lilt in her voice, "but that's all—I couldn't' stand the house without our old piece of tapestry, either, so I went down and traded for it back—and here it is, under my arms, on its way home this very minute."

"Oh, Elizabeth," cried the woman as she threw her arms about the girl's slender waist, "you'll never know what it means to me—your going after this!"

"And you," answered the girl, "will never know—well, maybe I'm wrong about that—maybe you will know what your selling this old treasure for my benefit will mean to me—for—for—Mother," the girl concluded faintly, "the sacrifice opened my eyes, and through it a girl has stepped forth who is thoroughly confident that she can sing a sweeter anthem in an old garment than in a new one at such a sacrifice--"

And then, lest the tears in her eyes should roll down her cheeks, the girl went hurrying away home, and once inside she immediately proceeded to hang the old tapestry in its accustomed place on the wall. But just as she thrust in the last tack, a strange thing happened.

Padded roses on the old fabric, seemingly standing higher than usual, attracted the girl's attention, and she paused to pat them back into place, but to her astonishment she found, on examination, that one of the flowers was stuffed with paper, which proved to be, when she finally succeeded in extracting it, a bond worth a great deal of money—a gift that her grandfather had willed to her mother, along with the tapestry, and had never revealed its hiding place to anyone.

"Well, well," said the mother happily when the excitement of the discovery was over, "you can have any sort of Easter outfit you choose now, Elizabeth Anne."

"No," answered the girl, decisively, "I've had my lesson. It was through love for humanity that the blessed Christ came into the world and it was through His sacrifice that man was made free, and it was through your unselfish love for me that my eyes were really opened to the noble things of life. I'll wear my old garments on Easter morning and I'll sing the most glorious Easter anthem that I have ever sung."

And Mother Cradford, in her rusty, black silk, on Easter Sunday sat in her accustomed pew and marveled at the beauty of the voice coming from the choir, but there was no mystery back of it—oh, no, indeed—Mother Cradford knew, as nobody else in the congregation knew, that the song that was rising in praise to the resurrected Christ was coming from a regenerated and purified heart.

THE BLACKEST NIGHT

By Georgia Moore

The people in the village of mud houses were strangely bustling with activity, but Marietta, who stood by the old mission talking to the Indian girl, Santos, was only vaguely aware of this. As she cooed back at the laughing baby whom Santos held she was noticing that the ocotillo cactus, whose spiny branches wound about the decaying cross was flaunting blood-red blossoms.

Aloud she was saying, "Santos, tomorrow is Easter. Will you take me to see the desert flowers which you have told me are blooming?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell what will happen tomorow," Santos replied in her broken English, her eyes seeming to grow blacker with anxiety as she pointed to the old mission. "I go to hide my brother there, now."

The dried brush and weeds of years clustered about the mission, as it stood in neglected contrast to the inhabited adobes whose yards were always swept clean and bare. This had been the first thing that Marietta had noticed when she had moved here the year before with her preacher brother, Leland, and her sister Lina.

The mission, now so starkly vacant, was evidence of the only other minister who had ever taught here. To Marietta, this other man seemed remote and different from Leland. Yet he had been an adventurer, too. Many, many years before he had come from New Spain, winding his tortuous way along the Rio Grande, through barely explored regions, to this pueblo. Here he had taught and ministered to these people, only to be martyred at last for his trouble. Now, the weather-beaten cross marked his grave by the side of the mission he had loved so well.

"Even yet his cross is a symbol to the Indians. So long as it stands, I believe they will be tolerant of my teachings," Marietta had heard her brother say, and surely during the winter they had been there they'd had enough hardships and discouragements, even with the Indians' kindliness. Being a missionary, or sisters of a missionary, to a tribe of pueblo Indians in the territory of New Mexico in 1868, was no easy task.

Just then Marietta's thoughts were interrupted by Santos' words: "I want baby brother hid in Mission, and close to you. Maybe you'll watch after him some?" There was pleading in the girl's eyes and a startled look crossed her face as she dared to make this request.

"But why hide him at all, Santos?"

Before Santos could reply, a sharp voice from Marietta's own adobe house, cut through the air. "Marietta, I do wish you'd hurry. Can't you see I need some help with supper?"

"Coming, Lina," Marietta answered, meekly accepting her sister's rebuke.

As she entered her own door, a man's laughing voice mocked at her, "Marietta enjoys the company of these Indians more than she does her soldier cousin."

"She doesn't think enough of you to do her share in cooknig supper," Lina complained.

"Ah, Lina, leave Marietta alone. Are there not other things worthwhile, except making suppers?" Ray reproached the older girl.

Their cousin Ray and another soldier from the fort had just brought a supply of ammunition, and sinister news.

"The Apaches are making raids on the settlements," were the words that had paled the cheeks of both girls.

As far back as the pueblo Indians related their history in this valley, they had been attacked, robbed of their food, and slaughtered by the Apaches, a nomadic tribe of the plains.

Now, with Leland gone on one of his endless missions of mercy, the two girls would be alone, except for the pueblo Indians, in this village.

"Don't be frightened, girls," Ray hastened to assure his cousins. "Leland will soon be home. We'll hide the ammunition in the little brush house that stands near the old mission; and as soon as he returns, he can warn the Indians of the village and make ready to resist the Apaches—if they come."

For a little while the worry caused by this dire news was forgotten in Lina's eagerness to prepare a fit supper for the two soldiers before they returned to the fort. Thus Marietta had been rebuked for lingering to talk to the Indian girl and coo at her baby brother, when she might have been helping her sister.

But even this was forgotten as the four sat at supper, laughing, reviewing intimate happenings of their home in the east, and discussing their new lives in the far west.

"Sometimes, I think I love these red-brown people," Marietta confided, startled at her own boldness.

"Love," Lina chided, still resentful that Marietta had helped so little with the supper. "Sometimes you might try to suit your actions to your words," she said as she lavishly opened a jar of the precious fruits they had brought from the East.

"Oh, Lina," Marietta thought with choking in her heart, "why taunt me for my uselessness in front of our guests?" and a shudder ran through her body at this outspoken disapproval by Lina, always bustling with activity, but so often kind.

In another hour the two soldiers were gone, and Marietta was picking her way along the dusty trail by the side of cactus and through the mesquite thicket, to the spring. As she dipped her bucket into the cold, spring water and lifted it out overflowing, her eyes sought out the tall barren hills that stood like giant shadows in the gathering dusk.

Just then, a sight on the topmost peak brought a startled cry from her lips. She saw spiraling flames of light there—firelight. It could mean only one thing: the pueblo Indians were once more having their barbaric dances and ceremonies on their sacred hill. Even as Marietta stood there, she could hear the chanting monotone of their songs, and see their shadowy forms as they danced around the fires.

She stiffled a cry as she ran towards home, heedless of the water splashing from her bucket. As she ran, she stumbled blindly into the thorny stems of an ocotillo cactus. As she looked at her hands, red spotted from the pricks of the thorns,

she wondered why she thought of the crucifixion. Probably because the morrow was Easter. But what would Easter mean to them now, and to these Indians. These dances meant an open avowal against the One Supreme.

Soon, she was passing through the deserted village. The only inhabitant she saw was one sick old Indian nodding by his lone fire.

At last, she stood white-faced in her own doorway.

"Lina," she whispered, "the Indians are having dances on their sacred peak."

"Marietta, they're not," Lina gasped, incredibly. Then in a moment she reasoned, "Then it is not the Apaches we need fear. It is our own Indians in this very village."

Both girls stood silent, as they remembered the mad frenzy that had looked from the eyes of Indians they had once before seen in their ceremonial dances.

Involuntarily, Lina clutched Marietta's arm as they both looked toward the cross that stood white and gaunt by the mission. They were both thinking of that other whom the Indians had killed when they had gone back to their old gods.

"Marietta, we must get away from here," Lina whispered. "Oh, why did Ray leave so soon?"

"But Lina, we can't leave until brother returns," Marietta argued.

Lina, usually the strong-willed, now shuddered and there was panic in her voice. "But he may not be back for hours. Marietta, we must go. We must get word to the fort that we need protection."

"No, we can't both leave brother to come back to this alone. You go, Lina." Marietta's voice was firm, but tears were in her eyes as she stood still and white, watching her sister as she finally rode madly into the night, while she stayed alone in the village.

Fear such as Marietta had never known before clutched at her—fear that lasted not for minutes, but for hours as she kept her lonely vigil in the pueblo, deserted by its dance-mad population. She knew now why Santos had hidden the baby in the old mission. She knew the Indians sinister meaning when they had ironically declared as they stored their corn in the mission, "Let the white man's God protect our corn."

On this night when these Indians were rejecting the true God, Marietta felt black-darkness, not of the night itself, but of despair. Somewhere, she had read a story about the Master in the Garden of Gethsemane, of how He had known fear on that night, too.

As she watched and waited, she half expected the Indians to come down the hill to punish the enemies of their old gods. So easily she could saddle her horse, and flee to the fort after Lina.

The breeze that was sweeping up from the river cooled her flushed cheeks, and her troubled eyes sought out the mission for comfort. It was so dark that day must soon be about to break. Yet the mission seemed to be lighted by a queer, new brlliance. Lights and shadows were swaying across it. Then she saw what was causing the light. The weeds and brush around it were burning. Probably sparks from the old Indian's lone fire had blown into the dried brush.

Even as she looked, she saw the flames creeping toward the cross. What had her brother said about the Indians being tolerant of his teachings so long as the cross stood?

"I must keep the cross from burning," she thought. With a cry, she sprang from the door, grabbing a blanket to fight the flames.

Hurriedly, she cut and pulled dried weeds from around the cross, and whipped the flames with her blanket.

The shouts of the Indians on their sacred peak seemed to gain new impetus, but Marietta could not take time to look that way. She had a new cause for worry.

The flames were creeping toward the little brush house where the ammunition was stored. Oh, what would she do? Leave the cross and fight the fire that would soon destroy the ammunition? No, the cross was a symbol to the Indians. She must try to save it. In another moment, a clump of brush on her left set the cross in flames. Unaware of the tears that made white paths down her smoke-blacked face, she fought all the harder. At last, the fire was conquered, but it left the cross standing in charred ruins.

It was too late to save the ammunition now. The flames were almost touching the walls of the brush house. As Marietta glanced toward the peak where the shouts had grown more loud and shrill, she was startled by the sight that met her eyes.

The dancing pueblo Indians were being attacked by the Apaches. Spears were flying, and the attackers in all their hideous war-paint were shouting in glee.

So the Apaches had come, after all.

Where could she hide? She must find some place in the hills back of her house. The Apaches would soon be coming to the village to take the corn that had been stored in the mission.

Why that was where Santos had hidden her baby brother! The Apaches would find him. She shut her eyes as she thought of the terrible stories she had heard of their brutality. But she hadn't time to fool with a baby now. In another minute the brush house would be shooting flames high into the air, lighting every shadow and dark place. She must flee while there was still darkness to hide her.

"Santos' I love your little brother," Marietta's heart cried out, as she thought of the cooing baby—so short, fat and dark brown, like his sister Santos.

Instead of running toward her own home, Marietta found herself going to the mission. As she entered the door, she saw the brush house going up in flames.

In a few minutes she had the baby in her arms and was at the door of the mission again. The noise that met her ears was deafening. It was the hidden ammunition exploding. It sounded like a whole army opening fire.

The next sound she heard was the shouts of the Apaches as they fled through the hills. A laugh that was partly a sob escaped her lips. The Apaches thought the exploding ammunition was the soldiers from the fort, firing at them, and they were frightened away.

She was safe. The Indians of this mud village were safe from the deadly attack of the nomadic tribe.

Marietta's knees trembled beneath her and she sank to the stone steps of the mission. "Lina! Ray," she sobbed in her joy and relief, "if you were here, you'd see that for once I suited my actions to my words. For once I was not dreaming."

Soon Santos was standing by her side, taking the baby into her own arms. Streaks of daylight shone above the hills. She saw other Indians standing in groups, talking.

Then Santos was pointing to the charred cross. "My father, he say they will build a new cross in place of this burnt one, and we not have ceremonies on the hill again. We heard the Apaches were coming, so we danced to our gods—but they forsook us. But you and your God not forsake us—now we worship only Him."

Glad excitement shone in Santos' eyes, and she continued, "Marietta, I have told you about our desert flowers. Come, I want to show you them in bloom."

As Santos led her over the hills, Marietta closed her eyes, fearing to see the blood-red blossoms of the thorny ocotillo cactus; but as she opened her eyes to look out on the desert plain, she saw a world of wonder. The rising sun was reflecting its glory on huge fields of golden poppies.

Then Marieeta remembered it was Easter.

EASTER

Breaks the joyful Easter dawn,
  Clearer yet, and stronger;
Winter from the world has gone,
  Death shall be no longer.
Far away good angels drive
  Night and sin and sadness;
Earth awakes in smiles, alive
  With her dear Lord's gladness.

Roused by Him from dreary hours
  Under snowdrifts chilly,
In His hand He brings the flowers,
  Brings the rose and lily.
Every little buried bud
  Into life He raises;
Every wild flower of the wood
  Chants the dear Lord's praises.

Open, happy flowers of spring,
  For the sun has risen;
Through the sky glad voices ring,
  Calling you from prison.
Little children dear, look up,
  Towards His brightness pressing,
Lift up every heart, a cup
  For the dear Lord's blessing. —Lucy Larcom.

SOME OTHER RIDES OF PAUL REVERE

By Frank B. McAllister

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."

We all know about that famous gallop to Lexington on the early morning of April 19, 1775. But not all of us realize that the doughty young silversmith from Boston's North End had done much riding for the colonial cause long before that. He was, in fact, the regular mounted messenger of the Committee of Correspondence, that busy band of workers for independence that included such splendid patriots as James Otis, Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, Josiah Quincy and many others. To carry dispatches for this group whenever called upon, to spread necessary information far and wide, before telephones or radios had been dreamed of, Paul Revere kept his saddle bags always packed and his heavy coat and stout riding boots always ready.

After the stirring night in December, 1773, when three cargoes of tea were emptied into Boston harbor by a company of men disguised as Mohawk Indians, Revere was chosen to carry the news of the "party" to the Sons of Liberty in New York. These fiery patriots were quite ready to make the same sort of resistance.

It was a long, cold ride for a worker at the bench, who probably never had ventured on horseback farther from Beacon Hill than to neighboring farms, where he sometimes peddled his wares. Over the route the horseman probably traveled the round trip must have been well over four hundred and fifty miles. One must not think of a journey through settled country and along broad, hard highways. Much of the way led through vast stretches of unsettled territory, thick woods, and always along the rough, rutted cart roads of mid-winter. But the lonely courier met a warm reception from the New York patriots, and when he got back to Boston all the church bells rang out a welcome home.

The harbor of Boston was closed by the so-called "Port Bill" passed in the British Parliament on March 31, 1774. Many weeks passed before the distressful news of its passage reached New England. When the blow fell, the stricken Massachusetts town, whose prosperous shipping had been ruined, sent out an appeal for help to her sister towns and colonies. Revere had been so successful on his first trip to New York he was now despatched thence a second time. In his saddle-bag he carried a draft of Boston's plea together with letters of introduction to high Sons of Liberty who could be trusted to spread the intelligence abroad. Part of his message read, "As the very being of every colony considered as a free people depends upon this event, a thought so dishonorable to our brethren cannot be entertained as that this town will be left to

struggle alone."

After a stop in New York, the horseman pushed on to Philadelphia, where a mass meeting was called to consider and act on the alarming information he brought. On the way he had stopped at every house to leave a printed copy of the hated act. To indicate the wave of sympathy that swept the colonies when the plight of New England's greatest seaport was known, we may recall the offer of the planter, George Washington, in far-off Virginia: "If need be, I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston."

Four months after the port bill ride, Revere's services were again required to take to the Massachusetts delegates in the newly created Continental Congress at Philadelphia the famous Suffolk resolves. On September 17th, six days after the messenger had left Boston, these highly important papers were presented in Congress. The news of their endorsement was brought back to Boston by a ride so swift that it would tax the powers of many a modern horseman.

In the bitter winter weather of December, 1774, Revere made a hurried ride to various points in New Hampshire, especially to Durham and to Portsmouth. The object of this trip was to warn the authorities of plans to seize the munitons that had been gathered with great toil by patriot leaders. The message resulted in the capture in the nick of time of Fort William and Mary with its military stores. As events turned out, it was the powder thus saved that enabled the Continentals to make their last stand on Bunker Hill, the following June.

Three days before the "midnight night ride" that Longfellow has made famous, on Sunday afternoon, April 16, a horseman jogged out to the quiet town of Lexington and knocked at the door of the Rev. Jonas Clark. He had come along the country roads unnoticed, quite like any town artisan out for an airing. But Paul Revere never rode save with an important message and he had one now.

In the old parsonage on what is now Hancock Street, beside the Parson and Mrs. Clark, were stopping Dorothy Quincy, niece of the latter, and John Hancock and Samuel Adams just come from meetings of the Provincial Congress at Concord. It must have been a happy household, for the minister and his wife were souls of generous hospitality, and John Hancock was then paying ardent court to the charming Miss Quincy, whose portrait one sees today in the old living room. On this peaceful scene Revere came bringing a warning from Dr. Joseph Warren to the effect that a surprise expedition of the British might be expected in the very near future. Having delivered his message the courier jogged back in the April twilight to his home in Boston. There was nothing spectacular about this ride and it has never been celebrated in song or story. But many historians consider it even more important than the stirring gallop of three nights later. It served to put the objects of General Gage's pursuit on their guard.

The ride immortalized in the poem that thousands of boys and girls

still recite has been described so often that the story need not be told again in detail here. On the night of the eighteenth of April it became certain that the king's regulators were coming out and Revere "set off," as he says, "on a very good horse (Deacon Larkins). It was then about eleven o'clock and very pleasant."

Three different ways had been adopted to warn the Lexington patriots of their immediate danger. The ride of Paul Revere was only one of these. Another was the hanging of the lanterns in the North Church steeple as a signal to the men of Charlestown, who, in case Revere could not get across the river, were to arouse Adams and Hancock themselves. Another was the ride of William Dawes, who went out from Boston, by way of Roxbury Neck. Our patriotic forefathers had determined, on this critical night, to take no chances.

Students of the events of April 18th and 19th, 1775, have considerably amended Longfellow's picture of Revere waiting impatiently on the Charlestown shore, booted and spurred, patting his horse's side, while,

> "Mostly he watched with eager search
> The belfry tower of the Old North Church."

As a matter of fact, he did not waste any time looking for signal lanterns, for he knew by which way the British were coming out before either he or they had left Boston. By the time the movement was under way he was spurring through Charlestown, Medford, Menotomy (Arlington), and on to Lexington. Arriving at the parsonage he awoke the sleepers and gave the alarm.

"After I had been there about one-half hour," he tells us, "Mr. Dawes came, we refreshed ourselves and set off for Concord." Revere, Dawes, and young Dr. Prescott, who had been in Lexington calling on his sweetheart, rode together, but a few miles along the road they met a detail of British officers at a point now marked by a large boulder. Two of the party escaped but Revere was captured and marched back to Lexington as a prsoner of war. Later in the morning, being released, he made his way back to the Clark parsonage and helped Adams and Hancock with their effects and a trunk of valuable papers to get away along the road to Woburn.

Paul Revere continued his services as courier after war had begun. A bill is still preserved with his charges "for riding from April 21, 1775, to May 7, 17 days." His earlier journeys, even the long rides to Philadelphia, appear to have been made without thought of reward. But the silversmith had a large family to support and patriotism alone would not feed his children. That the value of his services was recognized is shown by the promptness with which his bills were audited and paid.

Paul Revere was one of the most variously gifted and certainly one of the most useful men of his generation. Never a statesman, he, nevertheless, could do a vast number of different things and do them well. In his father's shop he learned the trades of goldsmith and sil-

versmith. His teapots, sugar bowls, etc. were things of beauty that delighted our ancestors and are today priceless museum pieces. In odd moments he practiced the profession of denistry, filling, pulling, and replacing the ailing teeth of his fellow Bostonians. He engraved the plates for the first money used by the Revolutionary government and printed it. After the war, he opened a hardware store, and, in 1792, a bell and cannon foundry. He established a copper plant that furnshed all the brass and copper used in the frigate, Constitution. The list of his activities is almost endless. But now we are thnking of him as the "Man on Horseback," the tireless courier who in the heat of summer and the bitter cold of winter rode far and wide in the cause of his country's freedom. His service deserves to be remembered.

EASTER

Celebrated in commmemoration of the resurrection of Christ, Easter is the oldest of all the festivals in the Christian calendar, even antedating Christmas as a day of special religious observance.

This fact arises because Easter is really an outgrowth of the Jewish Passover, and its adaption is explained by a church historian thus:

"The first Christians, being derived from or intimately connected with the Jewish church, naturally continued to observe the Jewish festivals, though in a new spirit. The Passover, ennobled by the thought of Christ as the true Paschal lamb, continued to be celebrated and became the Christian Easter."

But differences arose over the exact day on which Easter should be observed, and bitter controversies occured among the various Christian groups. The present method of computing the date of Easter was adopted by the council of Nice in the year 325, which decreed that Easter should be the first Sunday after the full moon following the vernal equinox. But even this decree failed to cause general acceptance of the date set until after the adoption of the Gregorian calendar, more than twelve centuries later. In fact the Greek church did not accept this until 1923, so that it is only within the past few years that the entire Christian world has celebrated Easter on the same day.

According to present usage, Easter can not occur earlier than March 22 or later than April 25.—Selected.

THE TWO ANGELS—A LEGEND

(Selected)

Two beautiful angels started out from heaven one morning to gather the prayers of men. As they neared the earth they were impressed by the great beauty of all about them. There were great orchards laden with fruit, fields golden with yellow grain, green pastures and peace and plenty everywhere.

"Let us divide our work today," said one of the angels. "See, my bag is much larger than your. I shall gather the prayers only of praise and thanksgiving. You, with your smaller bag, may gather the complaints and the requests."

"Very well," responded the other, "and when I am through perhaps I shall have time to help you."

So they separated and each went about his work. At sunset they met again.

"Oh," exclaimed the one with the small bag, "such a day as I have had. This small bag did not begin to hold the requests and complaints. I have had to make three trips. Who would think men could think of so much to want?"

"And I," said the other sadly, "found this bag far too big. I have sought all day long where people seemed to have all that heart could desire and, see, I have only this one little 'thank you.'"

"Only one," sighed the other. "If we only could make the world understand."

When they appeared before the King each gave his offering in sorrowful silence.

"Be comforted," said the King tenderly, "one of my loved ones has given me thanks," and the King received the one "thank you."

EASTER AT THE SINGING TOWER

By Maude Wood Henry

Of the half hundred out-of-door Easter sunrise services that are held throughout the country, perhaps the loveliest is the service of the bells in the Singing Tower of Florida. Each year more people come to listen to the recital, several thousands in all, just as the people of California make their annual pilgrimage to the top of Mt. Rubidoux to hear the sunrise service that is now so famous. Both of these are thrilling and unique. If you are not able to attend either in person you may be in the great radio audience of millions and catch something of the wonder and holiness of these superb events of Easter morning.

It is not difficult to imagine the service on the mountain-top, the cross at its peak bathed in the glory of a western sunrise, the throngs that have toiled up the steep slopes all night long gathered reverently

about it. Here the music is of the usual kind, although famous men and women from all over the country take part in the service. But the Singing Tower is different. As the bells in this carillon, the greatest ever cast, ring out over the treetops of the beautiful sanctuary and are flung to the winds of heaven, floating over the Garden of Resurrection, where bloom myriads of white and radiant lilies in a perfect Easter setting, the scene is one of almost unearthly beauty which must be seen to be appreciated. It is beyond imagination. You will hear the bells peal forth the great masterpieces of Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Schubert and Mendelssohn, interpreted as only a bell-master like Anton Brees can interpret them; little bells and big bells, from a few pounds to the majestic tenor bell of eleven tons, seventy-one in all, mingling their many tones in a glorious harmony. But you will miss—unless you have been there and remember—the chorus of the birds and the loveliness of the still sanctuary about the Singing Tower, itself a sublime spectacle. Matching the sunrise clouds which float above it and touch its pinnacles with their roseate glory, is the colorful marble of which the tower is fashioned, marble of rose and gray and the white of native coquina rock faithfully reflecting in the circling moat, together with the palm trees, the graceful flamingoes, the exotic flowers and blue sky. This is the vision which meets the eyes of the pilgrims to this mecca on Easter morning, a picture which they carry away with them, as they do the memory of the bells as played by the greatest bell-master of the world, of whom it has been said that he "casts a soul into the carillon."

The "Taj Mahal of America" the Singing Tower is called, a tribute to its exquisite architecture and surroundings. Easter pilgrims have a feast of beauty spread before them here such as none of the world's famed carillons affords. Both tower and setting are suggestive of the south, trees, flowers and birds of the region being carved into the friezes and ornaments even as they abound in the sanctuary gardens. Herons, pelicans, flamingoes, eagles and doves, roses, laurel, magnolia, oak, palm and pine are repeated in stone and marble, symbolic of the peace, security and strength of the edifice which houses the great carillon and entombs the man who dreamed all of this beauty and made it come true — Edward William Bok. The carillon is a tribute of affection dedicated to his grandparents, lovers of beauty, who bade him "make the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it." It is the most outstanding of personal monuments. A Singing Tower, whose bells will peal forth their music to generation after generation, whose every detail of architecture is as perfect as human skill and creative genius can make it, is a worthwhile gift to one's fellowmen.

The spirit of the sanctuary is peace—a refuge for wild birds and tired humans in need of the healing beauty and balm of green trees and flowers and quiet waters. The Easter service as broadcast over the country will not be able to express all this, but the Sanctuary Prayer, which is part of it, brings in the

idea—"Give us to understand Thy Alleluia is sung not alone from the human heart but by the great choir of Thy birds, by Thy kindly trees, Thy fruitful groves and happy gardens, even as from our Singing Tower and the carillon's praise."

And whether in close contact with the Easter music or hundreds of miles distant from it you will be enthralled by its magic.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Five hundred baby chicks were recently purchased and placed in our poultry yards, where they are doing very nicely.

—o—

Fred Joseph, a member of our printing class was paroled last Wednesday, and returned to his home in Warsaw. Fred made a good record while here and we trust he will keep up the good work as he again takes his place in his home community.

—o—

The warm weather for the past few days was responsible for a very noticeable increase in the agricultural activities at the Training School. In travelng over the farm the other day we noticed large groups of boys hard at work. They were clearing new ground, cleaning ditches, hauling stones, plowing and planting.

—o—

Master Lawrence Presson, Jr., and the boys of the Receiving Cottage are mourning the loss of their good old friend, "Wolf," who died last Tuesday night. "Wolf" was an unusually intelligent dog and a great favorite with all the Training School boys, but will especially be missed by the youngsters of the Receiving Cottage, as he was their friend, playmate and constant companion.

—o—

Mrs. Carlton Wicker, of Portland, Maine; Mrs. L. A. Cooper, of Mount Pleasant, and Mrs. B. L. Jessup, of Concord, visited the school last Tuesday afternoon. As they were shown through the different departments these ladies seemed very much interested and were enthusiastic in their praise for the work of this and similar institutions.

—o—

Preparations are about completed for the Easter services to be held at the school tomorrow. Rehearsals under the direction of teachers and instructors have been under way for the past two weeks and an interesting musical program has been prepared. It is expected that these services will be the most impressive held here in recent years.

—o—

Dr. Sylvia Allen, director of the Mental Health Clinic, Charlotte; Mrs. Thelma Heinlein, secretary, and Miss Alma Oates, social worker, visited the Training School last Tuesday. They brought with them a boy whom they wanted to place in the institution. Another purpose of their visit was to complete a mental examination of a boy who had recently entered the school. While here they

were conducted over the grounds and shown through some of our buildings. Since their return home we received a letter from these social workers making formal application for the boy who accompanied them, also expressing pleasure on their fiindings at the school.

—o—

Mr. H. Jack Briggs, instructor in the auto mechanics department of the Connecticut Junior Republic, a school for boys located near Litchfield, Conn., paid us a brief visit last Tuesday morning. Mr. Briggs was returning to his home after having spent some time in Florida in an effort to regain his health, and judging from his appearance we would say that his sojourn in the Sunny South had been most beneficial. While here he visited our various departments and expressed himself as being well pleased with the manner in which our work is being carried on.

—B—

The service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord. Following the reading of the Scripture lesson from the second chapter of Ecclesiastes, Rev. Hughes made a very interesting talk to the boys on the "Garden of Life." After briefly describing the Garden of Eden, as mentioned in the first chapter of the Bible, and the Garden of Paradise, about which we read in the last chapter of the Bible, Rev. Hughes called particular attention to a different kind of garden—the school—the garden plot of the mind and heart, in which each boy should endeavor to see how good he can grow. The speaker stated that three things were necessary for development in this garden of life: First, we must dig, and when we begin to dig with the mind it means that we must study and exert great effort. All men and women who have become great, have done so by digging. We learn to accomplish things and gain strength for the battle of life by really doing things. Second, we must plant. We go to school to get seed for the mind's garden. The greatest seed book is the Bible, and the seed or plant selected from this book will develop in this garden of the mind and teach us the right way of living. Third, we must cultvate our gardens, keeping out the weeds in order that the plants may grow. The brain-weeds in life are countless temptations, such as untruthfulness, cheating, stealing, disobedience and deceit, and if permitted to grow, will keep all the good things from growing, therefore they should be destroyed. At the close of the service Rev. Hughes, in behalf of the Lions Club, Concord, presented to the school a framed copy of a "Moral Code of Youth" and an addtional number of copies sufficient to supply all the cottages and school rooms at the Training School. This gift was graciously accepted by Superintendent Boger, who expresed his appreciation to this body of men for their interest in our boys. Mr. Zack L. Roberts, president of the club, then announced that a Wahl Eversharp pen and pencil set would be presented to the boy who would write the best composition on this moral code, this gift also coming from the Lions Club.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., April 22, 1933 No. 15

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

REMINDERS

I'm going to write a letter today
  To a friend whose heart is glad,
And tell him how I am rejoicing to hear
  Of the wond'rous success he has had;
Then I'll write to another friend whose heart
  Aches, because it contains no song—
For she may not know that I really Do care
  Because things all seem wrong:
And I'm sure they'll be glad of those letters,
  For when things go like that with me,
It helps so much to have somebody send
  Their greetings—or sympathy.

—Anna Printzlau Bowen.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

UNSUBDUED

I have hoped, I have planned, I have striven,
To the will I have added the deed;
The best that was in me I've given,
I have prayed, but the gods would not heed.

I have dared and reached only disaster,
I have battled and broken my lance;
I am bruised by a pitiless master,
That the weak and the timid call Chance.

I am old, I am bent, I am cheated,
Of all that Youth urged me to win;
But name me not with the defeated,
Tomorrow again, I begin.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

THE KING ETERNAL

A splendid program was rendered by the Jackson Training School boys on Easter Sunday, entitled "The King Eternal," emphasizing the life, death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The exercises were made more impressive by the presence of Rev. Clifford Fisher, pastor of the Lutheran Church, Landis, at the morning service, and Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, in the afternoon. These ministers gave to the boys inspirational talks that brought out the true significance of Easter—hope of eternal life.

The entire program was pronounced unusually good and reflected credit upon boys and teachers.

EVERY TOWN HAS THIS CLASS

Every town or community has its bunch of knockers or regulators, neither are they hard to locate, because they hang around the street corners with itching ears to hear—it matters not what. They do not need a distinctive uniform like the policemen, or other officers of a town, they make themselves known and felt even if they do wear plain clothes. Thy do nothing and want to do nothing, but attend to the other fellow's affairs. Are you looking for information? If so call on this class, a regular bureau of general information—and all service is given free of cost. They know the private affairs of individuals; they know the scandal; they know the failures in business; they know every crook in the country, but know few honest people. You need not go to a lawyer for advice, they have a store of knowledge as to the laws that govern our counties and State, from the power of the constables to the laws that regulate big corporations. They give every thing out free, and can beat any broadcasting station in the United States in sending out general information—there is no static, you absolutely loose nothing. An early morning piece of gossip is a fine relish for this class of regulators to start out the day's work with —it is a sweet morsel to the palate. Do you know them?

If these regulators or knockers would put up their hammers and begin a good boosting program for their community they would find living decidedly more delightful.

* * * * * * * * * * *

KEEPING FAITH

This caption "keeping faith" editorially in the Morganton News-Herald is brief but complete. It sums up the combined elements of a prominent family who can answer "yes" to the scriptural injunction, "Am I my brother's keeper." We are in a position to know and give endorsement to the editorial by saying "like father so are the sons." Keeping faith is terse, but one to be preferred to all of the badges of honor, or coat-of-arms, that place one socially and otherwise. We carry the following with genuine pleasure for the Cone family has proven true and constant friends to

the wayward boys of the Jackson Training School from its very genesis:

The late Caesar Cone, textile man, of Greensboro, organized the Textile Bank to encourage his employes to save a part of their earnings. It became the Textile Brdanch of the North Carolina Bank &Trust Company. The North Carolina bank is operating under restrictions. Members of Cone's family have posted a notice that all depositors in the Textile Branch "shall receive full payment of the balances to which they are entitled." Thus Caesar Cone will keep faith with his employes even in death. Such honorable methods of dealing deserve all the favorable comment that has been made about the Cone organization since the announcement was made.

* * * * * * * * * *

WHOSE MONEY ARE YOU SPENDING?

Yours You earned it? Think a moment.

If you have $100 and you owe $100 on past due accounts, you have no money. You are spending money that belongs to your creditors.

There is the matter of honesty involved, but consider, instead, the matter of sportsmanship.

When you opened that account which is still unpaid you said to the merchant, "I want this merchandise but I haven't the money available to pay for it. Let me have the goods and I will pay you in thirty days."

So the merchant trusted you and gave you the goods which cost him actual money.

It's not the "sporting" thing to do, to let your friend, the merchant, hold the bag for you indefinitely. He needs the money to buy new merchandise so he can sell it again. That's the way he makes his living.

If you have his money and hold it, you are keeping him from earning as much money as he ought. Sometimes merchants actually fail in business because too many of their friends don't think it necessary to pay their bills.

Do the sporting thing. Pay the bills you owe. Release the money that is tied up in your accounts.

If you haven't the money to pay, go to the merchants you owe and tell them frankly. You will find them fair and willing to as-

sist you in any way to conveniently liquidate the debt.

Any debt is a debt of honor. Particularly so when the transaction is based solely on your word—on your promise, "I will pay in thirty days."—Selected.

* * * * * * * * * *

THERE ARE LESSONS TO BE LEARNED FROM ALL SOURCES

Nothing is so pitifully helpless as ignorance. An illiterate person does not necessarily mean an ignorant person. Because the most illiterate person frequently has the power of mind to discriminate, and to absorb a wonderful store of information by contact, or through the advanced methods of science, such as radio, moving pictures and other sources, if there is the disposition to learn.

The time-worn adage "a little learning is a dangerous thing" is as much in evidence today as when first uttered. The type of person with a smattering of many things and who knows nothing thoroughly usually develops a full-fledged-case of "ego" with self glory as the only attainment. To have to deal with this element is disgusting and a waste of time. Any thinking citizenship can learn from any source. If the influence by contact is good the lessons learned should be accepted, if to the contrary, it is the privilege of every one to disriminate between the good and the bad.

By observation and from experience we know the most capable leadership, and finest executives are the generous, broad-minded spirits who have the vision to see the good points of his fellow man and profit therefrom. No man is complete within himself. We have to draw from others to grow strong physically, mentally and spiritualy. The tree and plant of the field grow large and strong because of the soil, air and moisture.

If a review of the life's work of the most outstanding characters of the country is made it is easy to see that the steadying influence of some one, either in a material or moral way, was given at the psychological moment, helping to shape the course of that life to greater and better things.

The scriptures warn against "being wise in thine own eyes,"

and comparing self "with some that commend themselves, or measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves"—that kind of a person scriptuarly is not WISE, but is otherwise a detriment to progress. Let the attainments and characteristics of the other fellow be your yardstick so as not to become self-centered.

* * * * * * * * * *

ROTARY CLUB SPONSERS IDEAL CITIZENSHIP PROJECT

In the various high schools of Cabarrus County the students in recent weeks have written essays on the topic, "The Ideal Citizen of To-day." The essays were written in response to an offer of prizes by the local civic club for the two best productions. No doubt, much permanent and lasting benefit has resulted from the efforts in this enterprise.

Ideals of citizenship are established early in life and any efforts to inspire boys and girls to higher and nobler standards of good citizenship are to be commended. It is most appropriate in these perilous times when loyalty to one's country is so seriously tested, that special efforts be made to focus the attention of both students and teachers upon this vital topic. Citizenship must not be cheapened at any time, but must be held in highest esteem at all times.

The essays indicated that the youth of the county recognizes its obligation to be worthy citizens—worthy not only of the sacrifices made by those who have gone before, but worthy also of the confidence of this generation and worthy of the respect of generations to follow. The writers emphasized such principles of good citizenship as tolerance, a square deal for all, the necessity of mutual co-operation in community enterprises, etc. Because of this and similar projects, the voters, the office holder, the soldier of tomorrow should be a little wiser and the country a little safer than ever before.

Miss Helen Helms of the Kannapolis high school was the winner of first prize in the contest. Her essay is given in this issue of the Uplift. Miss Irene Barnhardt of the Winecoff school won second prize and her essay will appear at a later date.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

TRY SMILING

"Don't change the thing, of course,
Just smiling;
But it can not make it worse,
Just smiling;
Then, it seems to help your case,
Brighten up a gloomy place,
And will sort o' rest your face,
Just smiling."

—o—

The men, a few months back, were greatly agitated over runs on banks. The women, now, are equally so about the runs in stockings.

—o—

They are changing things so much these days, that I have long thought some one would want to change the ten commandments, and sure enough they have done it. They have passed a law making five-days a working week. The commandments say "six days shalt thou labor."

—o—

It is said that a San Francisco woman seeks a divorce because her husband loves his steam shovel more than he does her. You can manage a steam shovel by simply pulling a lever. Now she is going into reverse by leaving him. She is a leaver he can not pull back.

—o—

The American part of this old world is starting to move. In the "New Deal" the President is shooting the cards to us so fast we haven't time to arrange them in our hand. All the same every American should do his part, and "get going." Do something. Even if it is only to clean up your premises, put a shingle or two on the roof, get a hair cut, or a shoe shine. The government is stiring things up. The outlook is brighter as the result.

The government edict on hoarding gold has brought vast sums out from its hiding, and doing laudable service in restoring confidence among the people. Why not now stop hoarding the Golden Rule? Bring it out. It will do as much as anything else in raising the people to a higher level of cheerfulness.

—o—

More people are deceiving themselves than they are deceiving other people.

—o—

I notice that in President Roosevelt's reforestation plans no provision has been made for new presidential timber. If all his plans work out, there will be no necessity for timber of the presidential caliber.

—o—

From the reports being made of the cuts that are going on everywhere, America seems to be pretty well hewed up. It is like a huge jigsaw puzzle, and is more complicated, and more worrying. I am in hopes that the bone will be left.

It is reported that Mount Vesuvius is theartening to break out into eruption. A whole lot of folks in this country feel about the same way.

—o—

President Roosevelt's plan of using national credit to halt farm foreclosures is the first definite relief to the farmers. The low inter-

est rate and long-time loans will enable farmers to hold their properties until commodity prices return to normal. The program merely lends government credit to the farmers and will not be a heavy burden on the treasury. Mortgage owners will not be injured, for they will revive cash for "frozen assets." The country as a whole will benefit from the huge increase of money available for investment in industry.

Although the United States has yet to receive the mony, France is paying dearly for its default of nineteen millions of dollars. Trade with America has fallen sharply and will continue indefinitely, as will the drop in money spent by American tourists. Now comes a bill introduced by Senator Johnson, of California, to prohibit loans by Americans to defaulting nations. France is going to suffer the penalty meted out to all "welchers" and in the end will pay the defaulted installment.

—o—

The season for thunder-storms and rainbows is rapidly aproaching. In fact we have had one or two thunder-storms already of late. As to the rainbow. Over the radio you hear various songs about the rainbow, in somewhat of a jocular manner, and while it is bright music and pleasing rhythm, it has a deeper significance. The rainbow is the sign of a promise. In Noah's time he was considered a dreamer, in believing in this beautiful bow. Since that time there has been many who have treid to ravel out rainbows, ridiculing hope and faith and trust, decrying beauty and splendor, picking flaws in human goodness, courage and uprightness. There is always some one who tries to spoil your joy in a new dress, or new home, by pointing out some shortcoming you had not noticed. Scientists have even tried to prove that there is nothing to a rainbow, just the refraction of light from particles of moisture. But knowledge of its cause doesn't in any way destroy its beauty, and beauty, after all, is the truest interpreter of reality. It is no wonder that God set the bow in the cloud to symbolize hope, for it could never have seemed so beautiful or so inspiring except against the background of the storm. And so, when we find ourselves ravelling our own rainbows, forgetting God's ever present love and care for us in some hour of trouble, let us look again at the arc of God's mercy which has spanned history. I catch its radiance as I read biography; but better yet I have seen its glory brighten the gloom of sorrow and disappointment and point the way of light and hope out of a seemingly hopeless situation in the lives of loved ones. Yes, thank God, I have caught the blessedness of God's care, even through my own tears, when all else was as black as the velvet shadows of night. It is against the background of such darkness that the rainbow of God's promise glows more brightly as an arc of hope.

"The easiest way to expand the chest is to have a big heart in it."

DELINQUENT YOUTH

(Asheville Citizen)

The bureau of investigation of the United States Department of Justice has analyzed fingerprint records in 277,778 arrests by American policemen between February 1 and December 31, 1932. Hence it makes the appalling announcement that 39 per cent of those arrested were under twenty-five years of age, while 20 per cent were under twenty-one. All of this throws light upon one of the most serious problems now before every American community. We must learn to show more wisdom in dealing with children classed as delinquent, so as to prevent them from developing into youthful or adult criminals. Doubtless many so-called "delinquent" children are simply neglected children. Nevertheless one of the committees of former President Hoover's White House conference reports that about 200,000 every year come into conflict with the law and law courts and hence are really delinquent.

This committee was headed by Judge Frederick P. Cabot of Boston, an eminent authority on juvenile delinquency. It pointed out some of the gravest weaknesses in the handling the juvenile delinquency—apart from delinquent parents—as unsatisfactory dealing with truancy and behavior problems in schools, unnecessary arrests of children, detention in police stations and jails, poorly paid judges not well qualified for work with children, and lack of competent probation officers. Last came "more important than all, lack of a well-rounded and co-ordinated community program for the the development of constructive wholesome interests, and the early study and guidance of children presenting problems for behavior and personality." The committee went on to assert that "the knowledge we now have is actually applied in only a few communities, and even in these to comparatively small numbers of children."

The White House conference put this standard in the Children's Charter:

"For every child a community which recognizes and plans for his needs, protects him against . . . moral hazards . . . provides him with safe and wholesome places for play and recreation; and makes provision for his cultural and social needs.

"For every child who is in conflict with society the right to be dealt with intelligently as society's charge, not society's outcast; with the home, the school, the church, the court and the institution when needed, shaped to return him when ever possible to the normal stream of life."

Youth is the period of dreams and ardent enthusiasm. Its elastic muscles, robust health and coursing red blood prepare the way for later great achievement. When wisely trained and guided it constitutes the future hope of the nation. But if allowed to drift into evil paths, it is the breeding ground for crime and vice. The same intelligence that produces an Edison or a Lindbergh

can be turned to evil purposes. The same strength of character that made up Abraham Lincoln or Robert E. Lee can produce a leader of the underworld. When highly educated an able individual, if devoid of moral scruple, will make the most dangerous type of criminal. The earnestness and zeal of a Wesley may be applied to purposes of destruction.

So eager, enthusiastic, amateurish youth gravely needs wise direction. Child-training should always begin in the home. But where a home is lacking, or where parents do not fulfill their duty, it is a community responsibility. Nothing is of greater importance to the future welfare of the nation. Wisdom in this regard can produce a great people. Likewise delinquency in this duty can lead to rapid national deterioration. Hence efforts aimed at child welfare signify hope for the race.

THE WOMAN PAYS

There was a man it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that's running riot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And the man is better who'd had his day.

The sinner reformed and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold
And Christian people threw open the door,
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor was his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.
And the world strewed the pathway with blossoms abloom
Crying, "God bless lady, and God bless groom."

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond Love led.
And love unchecked is a dangerous guide
To wander at will at a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy in heaven.
For this is the law of the earth, we know:
That the woman is stoned while the man may go.
A brave man wedded her after all,
But the world said frowning, "We shall not call."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE IDEAL CITIZEN OF TODAY

By Helen E. Helms

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people and for the people whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states, a perfect union, one and inseparable, established on those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag and to defend it against all enemies."

Such is the American's Creed, and every true citizen of the United States will strive to uphold it.

The ideal citizen is not the type of genius which has excluded everything from his life but some one narrow line of thought and conduct. He is not a single-guaged individual. He moves in many fields—the more the better. He takes an active part in the home, club, church, school, industry, ward, city county state, nation, and world. His experience is as broad as life. A person moving along as many lines of endeavor is not merely moving; he is movng toward something in a definite but enlarging goal. He is constantly discovering new aims. As this dynamic personality presses toward the accomplishment of his purpose in many lines of activity, he meets others who are going along the same way. Their motves may be different, but for a time at least they are on the same road. Co-operation to that extent is wisdom! Since this personality will unite with anybody moving along the same road, he is democratic; since he strives to make that union perfect, one hundred per cent frictionless, he is well behaved.

A good citizen is not given over to uncompromsing conduct. He is willing to trade favors—he recognizes the efficient life as one of give and take. If anyone thinks this kind of co-operation is weakness he should attempt to develop some of it by way of a test. He will find that one of the greatest barriers to the accomplshment of his own higher purpose is frequently his own perversity in failing to do the thing that is required—to play the game.

A citizen has certain rights and certain duties. His rights are what the community owes him; his duties are what he owes the community. People who want to be good citizens are willing to co-operate with each other. In Benjamin Franklin's time, each householder in Phladelphia swept the pavement in front of his home if he wanted it kept clean. Franklin, who was a splendid example of good citizenship in that he was always looking for opportunities to improve his community, secured the services of a man to keep the pavements of the neighborhood clean for a small sum per month to be paid by each householder. By this bit of co-operation, each householder was relieved of a burden, and had the benefit not only of having his

pavement cleaned, but also of knowing that those of all his neighbors would be equally clean, and thus of having a pleasanter neighborhood.

Citizens of the Unied States are benefitted by the taxes which they pay, and an ideal citizen will not give in dishonest returns for such actions defrauds the citizen who is honest. A good citizen will take advantage of his opportunity to vote, and when so doing he will have the will-power to vote the way he thinks his community, and nation will be best benefitted, and not as some one else suggests.

Recognizing his dependence on others, the ideal citizen is he who, refusing to consider merely his own interests works heartily with others to promote, so far as he can, all causes tending to better the entire community. As Samuel Gompers, for many years president of the American Federation of Labor, put it, the good citizen is "A man who does not live for himself alone; one who is concerned in the welfare of his fellows; who will, if necessary, make sacrifices to rectify wrongs, to eliminate evils, and make every effort for the common uplift; who will endeavor by every means within his power to see to it that these principles shall find expression in the laws and in the administration of the affairs of the government of his city, his state, and his country."

Citizens of America are heirs to all her greatness and renown. The health and happiness of their bodies depend up each muscle and nerve and drop of blood doing its work in its place. An ideal citizen, therefore, will take no chances with his health. He will strive to keep clean and strong, and should he contract a contagious disease, he will prevent it spreading by not mingling with other people until the danger is past.

He will not fill any post or pursue any business where he can live upon his fellow citizens without doing them useful service in return, for he will be able to plainly see that this will bring suffering and want to some of them. He will do nothing to desecrate the soil of America, or pollute her air, or degrade her children. He will try to make her cities beautiful and her citizens healthy and happy so that she may be a desired home for himself now and for her children in days to come.

An ideal citizen is a patriotic citizen who is not unable to see the defects in his community, or who refuses to acknowledge them, but who has high civic ideals and is loyal to them; who understands in what respects these ideals have not been reached, and who, as a member of the community, contributes everything he can to keep it growing in the right direction. While he lives in the community he is largely depenent upon it, like every other citizen, for the satisfaction of his wants. Its markets and its roads are his for the transportation and disposal of his produce and stock. He gets the benefit of its schools for the education of his children. He may share in its social life if he cares to do so. His property is protected by the same agencies that protect that of his neighbors. He cannot—and an ideal citizen will not—escape the responsibility of contributing to the progress of his com-

munity to the best of his ability.

Democracy in the United States has an institution for promoting its type of citizenship—the schools, and men are beginning to see in them the hope of a higher citizenship. These institutions demand the support of every person and an ideal citizen will not try to escape this duty, but will do his utmost in supporting the schools of his community.

An ideal citizen should have self-reliance, self-direction, initiative, and independence. He is primarily law-abiding, careful, and intelligent. He helps his government by doing his part in promoting the happiness of the people. Since he is indirectly concerned with international affairs through the national government, he will be fair in his dealings with it, and support it to the best of his ability. Roosevelt analyzes an ideal American citizen in a vital manner. He uses his "big stick" on the capitalists and workers with equal justice. He demands an energetic, aggressive, high-minded, just man who struggles for his own advantage and that of his nation with the same square deal policy. Individualism is defended, but with it a certain respect for the welfare of others. He had little use of that type of cosmopolitan who neglected his own for a wider circle of friends. The ideal citizen as described by Roosevelt may be inconsistent at times, but he is never lacking in positive energetic activity.

Knowledge of the function and structure of civic organizations and their methods of work, experience in co-operative activities directed toward the achievement of a common purpose. and for the common good, ideals and habits of moral conduct embracing group activities as well as the affairs of individuals, experience in carrying on social activities, an apprecation of the civic responsibilty of himself and of the associations to which he belongs, an understanding of the claims which the larger organizations such as the nation, have upon his loyalty, ability, and service, an appreciation of the benefits which come to him through his membership in society, and a willingness and zeal in promoting the good of the group through the removal of defects and ills and through the promotion of direct improvements are all characteristic traits of an ideal citizen.

Intelligence and knowledge are not the same. Knowledge is the store of facts or information that we may accumulate. Intelligence is the ability to apply our knowledge and our talents to the condition in which we find ourselves. A person's head may be stuffed with facts which are utterly useless in helping him to live any better or more successfully. Such knowledge will be very useful of course, and it is on this knowledge that the intelligent person must base most of his work. Citizenship includes a great variety of interests. One duty of most citizens is to vote for the candidates and policies that will best promote the welfare of his country. Another duty of a citizen is to act fairly, justly, and wisely toward his associates and his neighbors. Still another is to earn a decent living for himself and to provide for his family. A man of intelligence can do all these things far better than

the ignorant man or the man who trusts to luck. Perhaps a person can live without being intelligent, but he can surely live better if he is intelligent, and an ideal citizen will strive to acquire more knowledge, and become more intellectual, in order that he may fulfill his duties to the best of his ability.

The home is a school of citizenship. An ideal citizen will strive to make his home a pleasant, interesting place. He will be a good companion to his children and do his best to train them wisely and intelligently. One of the most important services performed by the home is that of training its members for citizenship. The family has been called "a school of all the virtues" that go to make good citizenship. In the home are developed thoughtfulness for others, a spirit of self-sacrifice for the common good, loyalty to the groups of which the individual is a member, respect for the opinions of others of long experience, a spirit of teamwork, obedience to rules which exist for the welfare of all. An ideal citizen sees that these qualities of good citizenship are cultivated in his home, for he knows that one of his greatest duties as a citizen is making his home what it should be.

Religion is directly associated with high moral standards and the churches have a wonderful influence on the lives of people. An ideal citizen is a church-going citizen; one who upholds the doctrine of his particular faith and who co-operates with the other members in carrying out the important work of that institution.

In all, an ideal citizen is what we all think a real, true American should be—and there is nothing of which we should be more proud than of being a real American!

Let us see to it that each of us makes himself the best possible citizen, and that together we make our neighborhod, our state, and our nation the best that any in the world could be.

A newspaper editor of the far South gives this picture the country presents to its new President: "Ships are tied up in harbors and their hulls are rotting; freight-trains are idle; passenger-cars are empty; 11,000,000 people are without work; business is at a standstill; the treasury building is bursting with gold, yet Congress wrestles with a deficit mounting into the billions, the result of wild and extravagant spending; granaries are overflowing with wheat and corn; cotton is a drug on the market; food crops are gigantic and unsalable, yet millions beg for food; mines are shut down; oil industries are engaged in cutthroat competition; farmers are desperate, taking the law into their hands to prevent foreclosures; factories are idle; industry is paralyzed; 200,000 to 300,000 beardless boys are drifting aimlessly along the highways; an active smokestack is a curiosity."—Selected.

FAMILY GRADUATES FROM COLLEGE ON SAME DAY

By Leroy Sossamon

A unique happening in the education history of North Carolina—and possibly that of the entire United States—will take place at Appalachian State Teachers' college here this year in the summer commencement. A family will be graduated with Bachelor of Science degrees in education.

The three members of this college family are the father, Roy Dotson, 49, his son, Hight, 20, and Mrs. Ola Dotson Furr, 24, his daughter. The mother and wife of this college-going family previously attended Appalachian college, and has taught school now for a number of years. She is not included in the above group.

Hight Dotson has majored in the high school field, taking his degree in the field of physical education and science. He has played baseball and basketball for Appalachian during the past two seasons, and is considered an outstanding student. But Mr. Dotson and his daughter have majored in the grammar grade field. They will receive B. S. degrees in grammar grade education.

Floyd Furr, Jr., aged 5, the third generation of these "college-going" Dotsons, has already become somewhat of a bookworm, his proud collegiate grandfather will inform one.

"Yes, sir, he's going to be the scholar of the bunch," said Grandfather Dotson.

Although Mr. Dotson received his high school diploma only last year—qualifying at the Cove Creek high school two years after his son, Hight, had received his diploma from the same institution—he has taught 33 schools during his educational career. Concerning those 33 years of teaching, Mr. Dotson said that he has taught in only three counties of the State—Avery, Watauga, and Cabarrus. The quality of his work can receive no higher compliment than this one fact. Year after year his superintendents and local boards kept him at his job.

During these years that Mr. Dotson has been teaching he has seen Appalachian State Teachers' college, under the guiding genius of the Dougherty brothers, grow from a small secondary academy in 1903 to the present four-year institution. In fact, when the Appalachian Training School was accepted and became a State-supported institution in 1903, Roy Dotson, then a young man of 19, was one of the few original students. Appalachian was then only a high school. Today it is a four-year institution with an annual enrollment (winter and summer) of approximately 3,000 students. During this time he has been teaching during the winter and attending summer schools year by year until this summer he graduates. Needless to say, while teaching a school every winter and furthering his education during the summer months by attending summer schools, he managed somehow to find time for marriage and the raising of a family. The average collegian of today would never

have done it. However, neither Mr. Dotson nor his daughter, Mrs. Furr, seem to have let marriage interfere with their education.

The Dotsons—even Granmother Dotson—hope that Flody Jr., will continue his great interest in books and some day receive his degree from the same platform that this summer his grandfather, uncle, and mother, will receive theirs from, in this unique class of 1933.

FRIENDSHIP

If you can see my faults and tell me of them,
And when I need you lend a helping hand;
If you can trust me still when others doubt me,
Because my life they do not understand;
If you can hear reports when proof is lacking,
Refuse belief until the truth you know;
If you can act the same through changing fortunes,
Though I be rich or poor or high or low;
If you can stand unchanged through idle gossip,
And count it all false until it's proven true;
If you can trust me as you'd be trusted
Were you to take my place and I were you,
If you can be the same when I'm absent
As when we walk together face to face;
If I can count on you when others fail me,
And know you will help me win the race;
If you can always be to me a comrade,
Aye, fighting by my side for what is right;
If you can lift me up when I fall wounded,
And as a brother make my burden light;
If you can be a Jonathan to David,
As true as steel through life until the end,
Then you will stand the test that proves true friendship,
And be to me, indeed a faithful friend.

—Selected.

FIRST WOMAN DIPLOMAT

(Suffolk News-Herald)

Our precedent breaking, tradition smashing president has set a new mark for future chief executives to shoot at when he appointed a woman to an ambassadorship. He thus opens to this great group of the electorate new opportunities of service which wlil continue to broaden as they show their fitness to meet the obligations and duties of office. More and more women leaders are coming to the front politically and since no door is closed against them, not even that of the White House itself, they will play an ever growing part in the affairs of the nation.

In Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owens will be found the born instincts of the diplomat for she is the daughter of her father in the true sense of that meaning. In selecting the child of the great Commoner, whom the nation loved, the president did a most gracious act which the American people will approve and applaud. That she will give a good account of herself and reflect honor upon her country goes without saying. The court to which she has been assigned is clsely linked with ours by blood and by tradition and Denmark will be flattered in having the first woman diplomat in history so far as we know.

This makes the second important post Mr. Roosevelt has bestowde upon a woman, the first being the cabinet portfolio for Miss Perkins. Others will follow as vacancies are filled. It is recalled that there was strong objection to the appointment of the New York woman to be secretary of labor. The American Federation of Labor protested vigorously and we suspect because of prejudice against her sex more than her qualifications for the office. But judging from the progress she is making and the licks she is putting in in behalf of the working man, there is every reason to believe they will be grateful for her appointment. It was the one department in which a woman fits best. At last they are garnering the fruits of their emancipation.

YOU CANNOT HAVE—

Power without being compelled to take responsibility.

Money without being exposed to new temptation.

Friends, without being willing to have them draw on you for help.

Popularity without surrendering something to the crowd.

An increased salary without increased demands.

Speed without some risk.—Selected.

OVERCOMING OBSTACLES

(Selected)

If you should happen to feel that, though you are sound in wind, limb and brain, you can't get over a lot of life's obstacles, read this:

Demosthenes, the world's greatest orator, stuttered.

Cæsar and Napoleon, two of the world's greatest soldiers, had epileptic fits.

Milton, one of the world's greatest poets, was blind. Keats, another, had tuberculosis. Byron, a third, had a club foot. Shelley, a fourth, was probably insane.

Steinmetz, one of the world's greatest scientists, was dwarfed and deformed.

Beethoven, one of the world's greatest musicians, was deaf.

You can add indefinitely to this list by turning the pages of history. But these nine names may be enough to convey the idea.

In the deaf world, we not only have Beethoven who succeeded in the face of a physical handicap, but we have hundreds of examples of others who have triumphed over this disablility that has always caused men to shake their heads as if to say, "Impossible of any attainment." Take Douglas Tilden, deaf all his life. His statues in bronze grace the streets and squares of Pacific Coast cities. His genius makes his statues live and breathe and hold you spellbound with admiration and wonder.

Granville Redmond, sent to school when old enough, deaf and unpromising, today probably is California's greatest landscape artist. His paintings are rich in that beauty of rare tints that nature imparts and that has defiied imitation until Redmond's genius put on the canvas the secrets of her art.

Caldwallader Washburn, born deaf, is today one of the world's greatest etchers. His works are exhibited in the leading art galleries of the world.

Isaac Goldberg, deprived of his hearing when yong, studied chemistry and today is the head chemist of a large perfume corporation in New York. He has discovered and created numerus formulas valuable in the soap and perfume business.

There are numerous other successful deaf men in the various professions. There are clergymen, educators, dentists, microscopists, architects, editors, writers, novelists, poets, bacteriologists, chemists. In the trades we can point to any number of deaf men and women who have made good. There are linotype operators, pressmen, bookbinders, cabinet makers, builders, stone cutters, cement workers, plasterers, clerks, tailors, bakers, ranchers, shoemakers, jewelers, barbers, painters, etc.

The success of so many deaf people, some of whom have made their names famous, is an incentive to those who possess all their faculties but who are inclined to bemoan their hard luck. To have struggled against such fearful odds, the handicap of deafness, and brought to a realization the dream of their ambition is a splendid testimonal to the human will and a tribute to educational op-

portunities that are denied to none. The foundation having been laid, the fire of ambition knows no limit, knows no handicaps.

DEAF AND BLIND, HER MUSIC THRILLS MANY

(Selected)

Helen May Martin has been deaf and blind since she was eight days old.

Now at 38, she can play the harp and piano so well that she has appeared in public concert.

She has tatted an American flag with all the colors, stars and stripes in proper order.

She thrills at the crash of thunder and the thud of falling hail.

She can read all the 12 different systems of writing invented for the blind.

Helen Keller has acclaimed her to be "the only deaf and blind musician" and "the most accomplished deaf and blind person in the world." With an ordinary tin can concealed in her lap, she once attended a piano concert given by Paderewski in Cincinnati and enjoyed every bit of it. Gripping the container tightly, she distinguished the tones by catching the vibrations.

After the concert she met Paderewski to extend congratulations.

"I know in all the world no other musician who has overcome such handicaps as you have," he said.

When a thunderstorm breaks over her home in this suburb of Kansas City, she rushes to the attic in order to catch the vibrations in the air.

Her mastery of the piano was the result of great patience. A scale was devised on which four beans represented a whole note, two beans a half note and one bean a quarter note. Because she could neither see the keyboard nor hear the note, progress was slow. Now she knows more than 100 compositions by heart and has a library of 6,000 pieces of music which she wrote in a system readable to the blind.

In five years, she concluded a nine-year schooling program, including high school studies, and was graduated with honors from the Kansas school for the deaf at Olathe.

Once with the aid of a very sensitive recorder of vibrations she listened to an orchestra playing a composition which she could play. She was so keenly attuned to the vibrations that when the composition was finished she turned to her mother and said:

"The orchestra ruined that piece by omitting the part played by the banjo."

Do all the good you can and make as little noise about it as possible.—Elbert Hubbard.

IS BICYCLING TO REVIVE?

(Asheville Citizen)

At a recent meeting of the Cycle Trades Association in New York City it was remarked that business was good—although it could be better. Nothing was indicated to suggest that bicycles were destined to be put away. Instead it was contended that cycling might well revive in the United States—where it originated. The association advocated that "a little white line, three or four feet wide, along the highways—in other words a bicycle path—would be about what is needed to make America again bicycle conscious." It was recommended that bills for this be introduced in various state legislatures. Also plans were made to revive bicycle clubs in every large community, to develop the enthusiasm of a generation or more ago.

The New York Herald-Tribune suggests that the Cycle Trades Assocation seek to foster here the example set by the Netherlands—which is the one country of the world where bicycling flourishes as never before. With a population of 7,000,000 people, there are said to be more than than 3,000,000 bicycles in use there. Cyclist paths are constructed beside each main highway. Also it is claimed that the wheels are perfected beyond what is the case in other lands—which seems surprising to us as we consider the American make as equal to any. In the Netherlands small registration fees are exacted from owners of bicycles, which produce an appreciable revenue. Then there are stations or "Rijwielstallings" where riders can put their cycles—for safekeeping, and perhaps also for repairs, air and oiling. The Herald-Tribune even asserts that bicycles are there so numerous that pedestrians crossing the streets must constantly look for them. On Sundays "entire families from babies to grandfathers, may be seen cycling out to the straight, tree-lined country roads. That is a nation bicycle conscious." Also in the Netherlands automobile costs are almost prohibitive, gasoline taxes are higher, and there are no hills.

Probably we will never become as a nation so bicycle minded as was the case thirty or more years ago. Motoring and aviation are the rage here today. The speed and wide range of cars and planes delight the American public. Yet there are expensive luxuries. This is an era of retrenchment and economy. Hence many may revert to more old-fashioned and less costly means of travel. Of these, none offers better opportunities than the bicycle. Our admirable highways offer the best of facilities for transportation. Bicycle paths could be marked off. So another to our variegated methods of transport may well be developed on a large scale.

There may be times when you cannot find help, but there is no time when you cannot give help.—Selected.

POOR MEN WHO MADE US RICH—SOCRATES

By Archer Wallace

In the fifth century before Christ, Athens was at the height of her glory. Sculptors, artists, poets, and philosophers were making the city famous, so famous that after twenty-five centuries the mere mention of Athens suggests wisdom and beauty.

Among those who moved along her streets in those far-off days was a strange figure, one whose appearance and manner of living were in striking contrast to the life around him. This man was Socrates. He was born at Athens in 470 B. C., the son of a stonemason, a trade at which he too worked for some time. Socrates is said to have been far from beautiful, and most historians say he was ugly.

There is a sculptured head of him in the British Museum, and it would certainly seem as if he were far from handsome. His head was square, his features flat and irregular, eyes small and peering, and his whole appearance almost grotesque. Yet of all men who then lived in Athens, none are remembered with anything like the affection and esteem that the world has for Socrates.

He cared little or nothing for most of the things upon which men set their affection; wealth, fame, and worldly honor did not interest him. He lived simply and wore shabby clothes. The same coat served him in summer and winter. He walked the streets in bare feet. When urged to increase his income he said he could adjust his needs to his income no matter how small it might be.

Although he lived in an age when men considered it manly to strike blow for blow and to have revenge for insult, he repaid evil with good, and cast all bitterness, hatred and malice out of his heart. He spoke fearlessly against the evils of his day, even when he knew that persons of influence and power would never forgive him for doing so. When he faced men who held his life in their hands, he was calm and unruffled.

At the market place and the forum in Athens there were always men gathered together, talking. These men, whom we call Sophists, had gained a reputation for wisdom which they did not deserve. Their talk was idle and meaningless. Wherever Socrates saw such a group he joined it and began asking questions. His search was for the truth, and to one person after another he showed how many of the beliefs of the day were mere superstitions.

He would talk long with anyone who was sincere. He believed that if men knew the truth they would obey it.

Although many ridiculed Socrates, and many others hated him, the sheer force of his personality began to tell, and the young men of Athens especially were impressed by his teaching and life. They thrilled to his appeals for heroic and virtuous living, and he never lacked hearers. It was a period of change in Athens. For

generations Athenians had accepted as true the legend and myths which told about the strange doings of their gods.

Thoughtful people found it difficult to believe these myths. Socrates seems to have believed in the gods as all men did at that time, but he regarded many of the stories about them as superstitions. "He believed in the God of all mankind, the Creator of the universe. He believed in prayer, but he refused to pray for what he wanted, asking rather that God would give him what was best. There is a beautiful picture of an afternoon he spent sitting in the sun with his friend Phædrus. As the sun went down they rose to go, but first Socrates offered a prayer to whatever powers were guarding the charming spot where they had rested. This was the prayer that came from his heart: "O beloved Pan, and all ye gods whose dwelling is in this place, grant me to be beautiful in soul, and all that I possess of outward things to be at peace with them within. Teach me to think wisdom the only riches, and give me so much wealth, and so much only, as a good and holy man could manage or enjoy."

Someone has said that all men recognize God's voice when they hear it speaking through other men. That was true in the case of Socrates. Many most unlikely were attracted to him, among them the dashing soldier and commander, Alcibiades.

It was not to be expected that one who was as fearless and outspoken against evil as Socrates would be left unmolested. As five centuries later the Jewish leaders were stirred to hatred by the life and teaching of Jesus, so in Athens first the ruling classes and later the common people became angered at the man whose questions they could not answer, and whose life was a reproach to them. The friends of Socrates wished him to modify his speech so as not to offend, but he made no compromise.

Then came a day when this notice was posted in Athens: "Socrates is guilty of crime; first, for not worshiping the gods whom the city worships, but introducing new divinities of his own; secondly, for corrupting the youth. The penalty due is death."

Consternation reigned in Athens that day. Socrates was over seventy years of age. For fifty years he had been prominent in that city of great men. No one could point to an evil thing he had done. His whose life had been that of an earnest and kind seeker for truth. Athens had never known a purer soul. But he need not die; he was offered freedom if he would promise to stop teaching. He refused. He faced trial before more than five hundred of his fellow-citizens.

Socrates spoke in his own behalf in eloquent speech. There was not one apologetic note in that address. If the jurymen expected him to plead for his life they were disappointed. He would not accept acquittal, he told them, if it were granted on the ground that he cease teaching.

By a narrow majority—only five or six—Socrates was found guilty. According to custom he was asked to say what punishment he would consider just. He faced the jury again, no longer a free man, the sentence of death very near. Fearless-

ly he replied that he thought he should be recognized as a public benefactor and given a pension for life; but as an alternative he proposed a small fine. The court rejected his proposal with scorn. He was condemned to death.

He took his sentence quietly. They would gain little by the condemnation, he told the judges in a farewell speech which will never be forgotten. He was far advanced in years, he reminded them, and in a very few years would have died a natural death. He said:

"O Judges, be of good cheer about death and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after. I am not angry with my accusers, or with you, my condemners. The hour of departing is at hand, and we go our ways, I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God alone knows."

His death was delayed by a curious circumstance. A sacred vessel had been sent to the festival of Delos. It was a law that no execution could take place while this ship was away, so for thirty days Socrates lived in prison, with fetters on his ankles and surrounded by his friends. Among this group was young Plato, who left an account of the sayings of Socrates, sayings calm and brave that forever stamp this Athenian teacher as one of the bravest and noblest men that ever lived.

Crito, a friend, tried to induce Socrates to escape. Friends, well furnished with money, were waiting, the jailer could be bribed, all had been arranged. Socrates refused to fall in with the plans. All his life, he said, he had urged men to obey the law. How could he now break it?

Then one morning, before dawn, Crito awoke the sleeping Socrates. The sacred vesesl returning to Athens had been sighted. Calmly the prisoner gave directions regarding the disposal of what little property he had. Toward evening of the next day the jailer, in tears, brought him the hemlock which he was to drink. He held it, then drank it, and began to walk about as the jailer told him to do.

Phædon, who was present, thus describes the scene. "In spite of myself the tears were flowing fast so that I covered my face, but certainly I was not weeping for him, but at the thought of losing such a companion. I could hardly believe that I was present at the death of a friend, and therefore I did not pity him. His manner and his language was so noble and fearless in that hour that he appeared blessed. I thought that in going to the other world he could not be without a divine call, and that he would be happy, if ever man was, when he arrived there."

When the poison had begun its work and Socrates could no longer walk about he lay still, awaiting the end. His friends asked him what should be done with his body. "You may do with it what you like," whispered the dying man, "provided you do not imagine it to be me."

Don't worry when you stumble—remember, a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.—Selected.

BLOSSOM TIME

By Don Young

Acting as advance messengers that spring is really here, one of the most beautiful spectacles happens when the trees begin to bloom. Nineteen-thirty-three marks the centennial of a lovely yellow blossom which is the first of the flowering shrubs to confirm the coming of spring. It is called by various names, such as golden-bell and butter-and-eggs, but its proper name is forsythia. Just one hundred years ago, Robert Fortune sent the first forsythia bush from China. Thanks to this Scottish botanist, the forsythia has spread over the western world. When every other tree shows only bare limbs, the forsythia is a feast of golden, bell-shaped flowers. Even the white snow may cover the branches that hold the blossoms, but the forsythia has braved the western spring for a hundred years.

Some of our earliest-blooming shrubs have been sent to us from the Orient. The bright red flowers of the Japanese quince, or fire-bush, blossom after a few mild days, and both the foysythia and the Japanese quince will open two weeks before their regular time if a budded branch is brought indoors and put in water. It seems as if trees, shrubs, and small plants are all eager to rush the season and plunge the world into all the beauty of blossom time.

History tells us that Vienna was invaded by the Turks in 1683, and when they were driven form the city, they left behind them the lovely flower known as the lilac. Vienna is today a beautiful city in lilac time, and from Vienna the lilac has spread over Europe; from there it was brought to America by our ancestors. In New England it has escaped from gardens to roadsides. New Hampshire chose it as the state flower.

An unusual interest is taken by residents of Washington in the blossoming of the Japanese cherry trees, one thousand of which encircle the blue water of the tidal basin in Potomac Park. Their blossoms are almost snow white when in full bloom, although they have a pinkish cast the first day their petals are open. There are hundreds of other colorful trees also in the park which may be seen on the drive along the Potomac River.

March 28 is the twenty-first birthday of these trees in Washington. In 1912 Mrs. William Howard Taft, wife of the late President, planted the first of a shipment of three thousand, sent to Washington by the Mayor of Tokyo. In 1900 a shipment of the same trees had been sent to America, but Department of Agriculture scientists discovered the trees were infected with an injurious parasite. This blight was not dangerous in Japan because there were natural enemies there to hold it in check. As it was feared that it might do great damage in America, the trees were burned.

In Japan, scientific plant men finally produced specimens that were free from blight, and on February 2, 1912, three thousand new trees were shipped. A special agent was

sent to Seattle to receive the new shipment and the trees were brought to Washington in a specially heated car.

After they had been planted, three seasons passed before they began to be noticed and adimred. Today their blossoms add to our nation's capital a beauty that is found in few places in America.

Japan has over a hundred varieties of cherry trees with white, yellow, pink and rose-colored blossoms. About ten miles from Tokyo is a three-mile avenue of cherry trees planted nearly two hundred years ago. Some of the trees are seventy feet tall. Blossoming trees along the river banks in Tokyo meet overhead to form a tunnel of beauty over the water. This is a happy season in Japan. Boys and girls hang poem cards to the flowering branches and these slender strips of paper show the Japanese gratitude for the cherry trees.

America expressed her appreciation for the trees sent by the Mayor of Tokyo by sending in return a shipment of small dogwood trees and seeds for distribution in the schools. Today the children of Japan admire our flowering dogwoods while we rejoice in having the beautiful Japanese cherry.

The dogwood and the redbud are the two most common American blossoming trees. The deep pink of the redbud may be the first color to spread over the hills of the states east of the Mississippi. The branches of the redbud are covered with thousands of tiny, almost stemless, blossoms which seem to grow from the large branches of the tree as well as from the small ones.

A close rival to the redbud in beauty is the white dogwood. Its big blossoms spread open towards the sky in order to catch all the sunlight. When the tree is looked down upon from a hillside, it appears almost entirely white.

The dogwood blossom is composed of four large white bracts which are not really petals at all. The barcts enclose the central cluster of tiny flowers which produce the seed. These bracts enclose the flower all winter and in the spring they grow rapidly and turn from green to white. Finally, they are spread out as little white tables where the visiting bees are served with nectar.

Occasionally the dogwood shows pinkish blossoms and in the wild state this is sometimes an indication that the tree is about to die. Cultivated dogwoods have been developed in pink shades, however, and together with white specimens make showy lawn trees.

After the blossoms turn brown and the petal-like bracts drop off, the leaves of the tree come out and the dogwood changes its white cloak for a green one. All summer the dogwood is growing green berries in clusters where the flowers have been. When autumn comes the leaves of the trees turn red and yellow and the berries bright red. They cling to the tree long after the leaves have fallen and the branches of the dogwood once more attract attention.

In the spring we may look from the blossoms of the dogwood down into the eyes of tiny flowers that grow upon the ground. Moist meadows and the banks of streams are the favorite abiding places of the

bluets which appear in April. These tiny flowers bring the pale coloring of the blue sky down to earth. They are a paradise for small insects that have heard the call of spring and come forth from their winter hiding places. The lavender wild geranium also blooms in April. It prefers the shady woodland, and its flowers are a favorite haunt of the bees.

These early flowers pioneer the spring life into being. They feed the winter-hungry insects, and give every living creature a joyous promise of the growth and fruitfulness that is to follow. As we breathe the fragrant air we feel triumphantly that a new season is born.

THE BEST

The best that we have is not what we've got
But that which we gave away—
A gift to make easy another's lot—
For it all comes back some day;
The love that we showered to left and right,
The boost that we gave some heart
That wanted the dream and the song and light
As it struggled to get a start.

We count our treasures in bank and chest,
The things we have saved—they are there!
But they do not matter, they're not the best—
Our best are the things we share.
Our best is the love that we give to those
Who hunger and suffer and cry—
A song of cheer, a flag or a rose,
As the great procession goes by.

O we know the things we had were fine,
And we gave them away with a will!
Well, don't be worried, and don't repine,
They are ours, we have them still!
For the things we gave away are the things
That profit us most in the end—
A love and a thought and a cheer that rings
Somewhere in the heart of a friend.

—**Folger Kinsey.**

THERE IS MERCY IN JUSTICE

(Selected)

We occasionally hear of a judge whose knowledge of human nature is equal to that of the law, and who is not above including considerab'e common sense in his dicisions.

A 15-year-old boy in a certain eastern state recently sent a letter to a wealthy bank president threatening harm to the latter's son unless $10,000 were paid the writer of the letter.

The boy was caught and pleaded guilty. But the wise old judge closed his law books with their heavy prison sentences, talked to the boy, and then told him that for the next two years he must do the following things:

Walk the six miles from his home and return to report to a probation officer every Saturday.

Report once each week to the preacher in a neighboring church.

Attend no moving picture shows without permission from the superintendent of the school he attends.

Report to the police head of his town every night he is on the street after seven o'clock, giving his reason for being out of his home.

Work and earn $12 to pay the probation officer for court expense in the case.

This judge might have sent the youthful offender to prison for a long term of years. But what would the lad have been when he was let loose on the community again.

As it is, the judge has set a program that should prove an accurate test for the boy's real character. The youth is given a chance to reform, without the stigma of a prison sentence, and to return to useful citizenship. And in the end every one will be better off, thanks to a bit of common sense behind judicial robes on the bench.

FIRST OF SPRING

Before the fields are emerald
  Or the maples turn to red,
There are golden heads up-thrusting
  From my garden bed.

While the dusky sky is sober
  And the sodden earth is dun,
The crocus lights its candles
  For a signal to the sun.

—Claribel Weeks Avery.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. D. H. Pitts, of Statesville, a former member of our staff, called on friends at the school on Easter Monday.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sappenfield, and son, Robert, Jr., spent last week-end at the magnolia gardens near Charleston, S. C.

—o—

Woodrow Davis, formerly of the Guilford Cottage, who was paroled two and one-half years ago, visited the school last Sunday. Woodrow is now employed as a truck driver for a wholesale fruit dealer in Charlotte, and in a conversation with one of the members of our staff, his employer stated that the lad was a very good worker and was getting along nicely.

—o—

Although Wednesday is the regular visiting day for the Training School boys, a number of parents came by on Easter Sunday to see their boys. They were allowed to speak to their boys for a few minutes only so that they might know that they were well and getting along all right. Sunday visiting cannot be allowed here as it seriously interrupts our Sunday program.

—o—

Richard Kennedy, who was paroled from the Training School a little more than a year ago, called on us last Monday. Since leaving this institution Richard has been attending Pineland Junior College, at Salemburg, and is now in the tenth grade. He is working his way through this school, being employed on the farm and in the rabbitry and poultry yard. We were glad to see Richard and to learn that he is getting along so well.

—o—

Mr. B. B. C. Kesler, Supt. Public Welfare of Onslow county came by last Tuesday morning to take Herbert Grant to his home. Herbert had been on the parole list since January and was beginning to feel that he would not be able to get away. We were glad that Herbert could go as he had been at the School several years and had made a good record. He had worked in the Shoe Shop for quite a while and had acquired a good working knowledge of this trade.

—o—

We are glad to announce that our good friend, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, will continue to give prizes quarterly to the Training School boys making most progress in their respective grades. Our school principal announces the winners for the first quarter of 1933 as follows: Grade 1—Clyde Young, highest general average; Grade 2—Joe Stockton, best in writing; Grade 3—Allen Barrett, greatest improvement in writing; Grade 4—Charlie Privett, greatest improvement in writing; Grade 5—Robert Worthington, best in arithmetic; Grade 6—Albert Crepps, most studious, best deportment, highest average; Grade 7—Howard Boaz, greatest improvement in letter writing.

—o—

Upon special occasions at the Training School, as well as all oth-

er places where one finds a group of healthy, growing boys, one of the most enjoyable features of the day is the "eats." In accordance with the spirit of the season and following a custom of many years' standing, our boys enjoyed just plenty of eggs last Sunday. The poultryman sent more than 2,800 eggs to the cottages, where they were boiled and dyed all colors of the rainbow before being issued to the boys. Another feature of the noonday meal was the presence of 1,800 delicious buns, the product of the school bakery. As we all know, the small boys—and some of the larger ones as well—usually measure the success of the celebration of any particular event by the amount of good things to eat, and if this be true in this case, we feel quite sure that a good time was enjoyed by all.

—o—

A great many people get their ideas of the Training School from hearing of boys who escape; from unfounded reports that pass from one to another; tales that are told by boys who go home, but fail to adjust themselves to society, and from newspaper accounts of boys who really become law violators, all of which is the opposite to the real work of the institution. If these people could have been present at the Easter services held at nine o'clock a. m. and three o'clock last Sunday afternoon and witnessed the manner in which each program was rendered; the interest and reverence shown; the attitude and expression as each boy performed his part, they would have seen the real constructive side of the institutional work. To add to the beauty of the services, a number of our smaller boys in choir robes, made an attractive and pleasing appearance on the rostrum which was beautifully decorated with all sorts of Spring flowers. Their part in the services and the chorus singing by the entire school was the subject of much favorable comment. The officiating clergymen, Rev. Clifford Fisher, of China Grove and Rev. C. E. Baucom, of Concord, brought their Easter messages to the boys in an intelligent forceful manner, which the boys thoroughly understood and enjoyed. A great deal of credit is due all who participated in these services, for truly, Easter was very fittingly celebrated at the Jackson Training School.

The man with a grouch not only puts the brakes on the world's progress, but he throws the gears in reverse speed.
—Selected.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 29, 1933 No. 16

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

FLOWERS

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far West claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated sculptures of the prairies.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

A man of eminence once said that he did not willingly rise to the high place in life ultimately reached. He confessed that his early desire was to live easily and painlessly. In youth he would have preferred to walk the easiest way and not be troubled with putting brains and talents to hard labor, but Providence had a different idea. Providence got an early hold on this man and "kicked him" into the sustained effort that made him a wonderful success. The experience incident to earning a living by the sweat of his brow and intensive use of mind did far more for him than could have been done had he lived on "Easy Street." He always looked back on his early hardships with a wide grin of appreciation and was devoutly thankful that they intervened and worked out for good all his youthful parasitic proclivities.—Selected.

A BIRD SANCTUARY

We have thought, talked and dreamed of a bird sanctuary at the Jackson Training School, a project that would not only develop an esthetic taste, but the spirit of protecting the feathered songsters instead of ruthlessly slaughtering them. The first and natural impulse of a boy is to be skilled in handling any kind of a gun, sling-shot or any thing that will show fine marksmanship. Therefore, the shooting of a bird is fine sport for all normal boys.

We state without the least mental reservation that the grounds back of the first row of cottages situated between the Cannon Memorial and School Buildings offer one of the most beautiful locations for a bird sanctuary in the whole state. The wide stretch of land seen from this point, where grazes the school's magnifi-

cent herd of Holsteins upon its fields of verdure, fringed with flowering shrubs and trees of native growth, presents a most delightful and refreshing outlook. The ideal spot for the sanctuary, both beautiful and picturesque, is nestled in between the cottages, with its sloping hills, big boulders and shade trees. As it stands today in its pristine beauty, it has possibilities of becoming transformed into a veritable paradise. This can be done by planting a few wisteria vines, and ramblers of different colors, and sowing seed such as the old-timey sunflower, cosmos or any flower that would lend color to the setting. The vines will furnish delightful and secluded swinging places where the birds can build with a feeling of security for their nestlings, and the seed from the flowers named will yield a delightful feast for the songsters.

To have the boys develop this spot by planting flowering shrubs, and building bird boxes with the specific idea of giving the song birds and birds of beautiful plumage a home will not only elicit the interest of the big boys, middle sized boys and little boys, but will encourage a spirit of tenderness that will overcome finally every impulse of cruelty in the hearts of these wayward boys. From a monetary interest this project may not register with some, but from the view point of developing the boy from within the idea is fine, and is worthy of trying out. It has been accepted that environment counts for forty per cent in reformation, and to create an interest by rendering a service in beautifying the school grounds will make the boys feel they have a personal interest and partnership in the school. Do we hear an echo "it can not be done"? We know a bird sanctuary can be developed at the Jackson Training School if every officer of the school, including men and women, will co-operate. Let us try at least.

* * * * * * * * * *

The burning of the old Atlantic Hotel, Morehead City, brought to mind at once the burning of the old Yarborough Hotel, Raleigh, a few years ago—two of the state's landmarks noted as meeting places for many brilliant assemblages for business and pleasure.

The old Atlantic Hotel was neither modern in structure nor equipment, but there was charm and a homey atmosphere of rest-

fulness about the place that attracted people from all over the state. It truly served its purpose as a delightful summer resort of the by-gone days, and there will continue to linger in the minds of the younger generations the traditions of the place as told by the older heads of homes, who when young, sought out the old Atlantic Hotel as the choice of all resorts to pass the heated season. A modern hotel may be built upon the same grounds of the Atlantic Hotel, but a new structure can never entirely take the place of the old hotel with its many restful spots, such as well ventilated halls, airy and spacious pavilions, a large ball-room and delightful sleeping quarters that soothed the most fatigued and highly nervous person. The old hotel is now a thing of the past, but the memories of the place will never fade in minds of those who recall this spot when most popular with the elite of the state.

* * * * * * * * * *

From the press dispatches the information is that a "dog-wood festival" is being arranged at Chapel Hill, or the University of North Carolina, on April 29th. This pageant is arranged for the glorification of a blooming shrub that adds in every way to the beauty of the woods and the joy of life at this season. It has been stated that wherever the dog-wood grows "it is a badge of agricultural aristocracy that gives preference to lands producing it in abundance over those where it is a stranger." There is every hope this coming festival will inspire a desirability to save the shrhub from the ruthless hand of those who know not the value of preserving the wood for its beauty as well as utility. The dogwood is of slow growth and whenever a small limb or tree of this kind is destroyed it is significant of the fact one destroys in a moment's time something that has taken years to grow.

* * * * * * * * * *

That there will not be a Confederate reunion this year is every evidence that the economic conditions are bad. The cancelling of this interesting event is due to the lack of funds necessary for curtailment of expenses for the entertainment. There is no cause

that appeals and elicits the interest of every true born Southerner like that of the thin, gray line of veterans who fought so valiantly in defence of their rights and for the protection of homes and families.

This gruelling depression has brought disappointment to many who fought under the Stars and Bars, who yet have the fire of the yesteryears and physical reserve to make the trip. According to General Homer Atkinson, commander-in-chief, he thinks that within another year conditions will improve and the annual meeting of the "old boys" will take place.

If possible the Confederate reunion will be revived, in fact we are not so sure yet that all hope of the 1933 reunion is abandoned. It does not take much to raise a wave of enthusiasm for the cause of the veterans of the sixties, if once brought to the attention of every son and daughter of the United Confederacy.

* * * * * * * * * *

TIDEWATER VIRGINIA FLOWER GARDENS

In eastern Virginia the citizens have been active in the past few years in organizing Garden Clubs, a most noble ambition that not alone glorifies the beauties of the flowers of the season, but furnishes most delightful and healthful pastime, besides giving to the home an air of refinement and culture. Garden Week in the Old Dominion this year begins April the 24th. This date is accepted because the state flower, the dog-wood, is out in full bloom to greet visitors who will make a pilgrimage to see many old gardens up on the James River, and in and around Williamsburg and other historic spots.

In Williamsburg more than thirty historic homes, public buildings and gardens, within the area that is being restored by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will be open to visitors during Garden Week. There has been as much time and interest given to the restoration of the old gardens as to the reclamation of the old homes true to the designs of the Colonial period. A study has been made of more than one hundred Virginia colonial gardens, also garden owners in France and England were consulted so as to get a true design of the landscaping with the flowers, trees and shrubs used

during that period of history. In fact, an attempt has been made to ascertain correct information so as to have the restoration of these old gardens as authentic as possible.

All flowers of the season, including the Scotch broom which is found only in Tidewater Virginia where marched the troops during the Revolution will be ready for the annual pilgrimage of nature's devotees this week, known as Garden Week of the Old Dominion.

* * * * * * * * * *

COME AGAIN

The faculty of Long's School, Concord, including Misses Addie White, Rosa Caldwell and Irene McConnell were considerate and kind enough to bring to the Jackson Training School about fifty or more of their pupils and present two playlets Friday evening in the school auditorium to the delight of boys and officers of the institution.

The playlets were splendidly rendered, reflecting credit upon pupils and teachers. We always welcome visitors, especially when they bring an entertainment that means profitable pastime for our boys.

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
  There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
  There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
  There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
  True love to us, and love undying.

—Gerald Griffin.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Whene'er my paths have cluttered been
With tangled mass of care,
'Tis then, O God, I've wandered far
From childlike, trusting prayer.
For I have found this lasting joy,
This joy so wondrous true,
That life is but a simple thing
When walked in faith with You."

—o—

Some time back there were a lot of fools that blew out the gas. Now they step on it.

—o—

The two great problems before the American people today are, where to park and where to jump.

—o—

There are some people in this day and time that are so wrapped up in themselves that they make an exceedingly small package.

—o—

There are a lot of folks who have not time to stop at a grade crossing. But it is noticed that many of them find time to attend their own funeral, and ride in the first car—but they don't know it.

—o—

A good deal of discussion is going on, pro and con, in navy circles, and the country generally, over the subject of heavier-than-air ships. I am willing to go on record that I haven't the slightest objection to lighter-than-air crafts, if they only stay that way. It's their tendency to get heavier-than-air, heavier-than-water, or heavier-than-lead that makes me somewhat doubtful about them. Some people may become terrified over the question, but I'm going to stay on terra firma.

—o—

I have'nt seen the record of any husband being shot while washing the dishes for his wife. He's safe when playing bridge-t to his wife.

—o—

It is a commendable thing to see a man settle down and take a wife. But it is still more commendable for him to settle up—and not take some other man's wife.

—o—

Some of the guzzlers express a good deal of disappointment over the new legal beer because it hasn't got enough kick. Well, take a North Carolina mule, for instance. There isn't anything known in the animate or inanimate world that has a bigger kick than a frisky North Carolina mule. But take one when he's just a tiny thing only a few weeks old and he hasn't much kick. A grasshopper has a tremendous kick, but not when he is a baby grasshopper. It takes time for everything—even to develop a kick.

—o—

Illumnating accounts of garter-snake-in-spider's-web and robin-fighting-his-reflection-in-pane-of-glass still continue to adorn the columns of some of the newspapers, and is now folowed by thrilling recitals of a

terrible long drawn out battle on the coast of Washington between a black duck and a butter clam. I may get all "het" up over garter snakes, spiders and robins, but "drat" if I get excited over the battle between a black duck and butter clam. These nature exploiters are carrying this thing too far.

—o—

It is said that the New York legislature has made a state law requiring pedestrians on county roads to keep on the left side of the road and when an auto approaches to turn to the left off the road. In this way the walker will see the car coming in plenty of time to avoid it. It's a grand law. But try to make the free and independent citizens of this great commonwealth obey it. Blamed if they wouldn't just as lief be hit in the rumble seat by an auto as to be run into from the front. Our citizens, and especially our sturdy yeomanry, take the position that half of the road is theirs, and, by heck, they're going to claim what belongs to 'em. You can add the famous last words—"Half of it's mine."

—o—

America is coming smiling through. There is joy and gladness in the new day-dawn and the "New Deal." The sun of confidence is rising with radiant beams. The frown and sour looks of two months ago are rapidly being dissipated. What is the cause? I am reminded of Psalm 46-1: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." President Roosevelt did one of the most inspiring things he could have done when he invited his cabinet to join with him in a quiet prayer service just before he went to the nation's capitol bulding to take the oath administered to him by Chief Justice Hughes for the high office which he was about to take over. Probably nothing else that he could have done would have developed so much confidence in him. No one in the country knew better than he the tasks which were before him—the almost insurmountable tasks. He was thoroughly familiar with the distress and the trouble which abounds on every hand. He knew that human agencies were not equal to the great demands, so he did what each of us should do when we feel the present trouble, whatever that trouble may be. We should recognize that "God is our refuge and strength." The industrialist had failed; the bankers had failed; human beings everywhere were discouraged and dismayed. They knew not which way to turn. But here comes a valiant and splendid leader of men and he wisely turns to the Leadership from on High. Only by such leadership, by such divine guidance, can he steer the right course through the troubled waters. President Roosevelt's example is a fine one for each of us to follow. We are constantly beset, and on every hand, with problems and troubles. There is one course, and one only, which is exactly the right one for us to follow, and our "refuge and strength will gladly direct our feet into this right path if we will but ask Him and trust Him. We must ask and trust in good faith, which means that we must want His help so earnestly that we are willing to do as He directs. Right here is the trouble with most of us. We want the help all right, but we want it

in our own time and in our own way, and we want to keep right on going in the direction dictated by our own desires. Here's the rub. To get this help in time of trouble we must be willing to do as He says. As President Roosevelt has publicly acknowledged God to be his refuge and strength in this time of great national trouble, so may we all follow this example and acknowledge God as our refuge and strength in all of our own troubles. Life will then be a joy and a satisfaction to us heaped-up and running-over measures.

A BOY'S FIRST ROOM

I've got a room now by myself,
  A room my very own.
It has a door that I can shut,
  And be there all alone;
It has a shelf, a closet, too,
  A window just for me.

And hooks where I can keep my clothes
  As neat as neat can be.
A lovely paper's on the wall;
  A rug is on the floor—
If I had known how fine it was,
  I'd had a room before.

I like to go there after school,
  Way off from every one;
I felt—well—sort of scared at first,
  But now I think it's fun.
The voices of the folks downstairs
  Seem faint and far away.

I hear the rain upon the roof;
  I watch the birds at play;
Oh, yes, it's often very still,
  At night there's not a sound—
But I let mother in, of course,
  When bedtime comes around.

—Arthur H. Folwell.

A PRAYER

(Prayer offered by Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon at a joint Communication of the three Charlotte lodges, Phalanx No. 31, Excelsior No. 261, and Joppa No. 530, A. F. & A. M., April 4, 1933).

Almighty God: We look to thee as the Supreme Architect and Builder of the universe. In thee we live and move and have our being. Thou dost preside over the destiny of men and nations. Human liberty bears witness to the unfolding of thy divine purposes. In thee, O God, do we put our trust. Our fathers trusted in thee and thou didst deliver them, and we their children would take refuge under the protection of thine almighty arm.

We come to thee, O God, in a time of deep distress. The nations of the world are in confusion. They have broken the covenant of peace; they have forgotton the bonds of brotherhood; they have revived the spirit of international strife; they are fanning again the flames of racial and religious hatred. And our own nation stands deep in guilt. We have withdrawn into ourselves; we have stood apart from the suffering of mankind; we have thought too much of our own interests; we have set material affairs above the spiritual welfare of our people. We have been lacking in honesty and integrity; we have been deaf to the cry of the widow and orphan; we have sought each his own welfare and have forgotton the welfare of others. And now we are eating the fruits of our own doings; we are suffering the penalties of our own sins. Our selfishness has come upon our own heads and the folly of our own ways stands disclosed. Spiritual poverty, moral confusion, and physical destitution have come upon us. In a land where there is abundance of bread, our people are hungry; in a nation dedicated to the doctrine that all men are equal, thousands of our brothers are left without opportunity; in a country founded by men who had faith in God and in the Holy Bible, multitudes have gone utterly astray and have forsaken the God of our fathers.

We come to thee this night, O God, in deepest penitence. Have mercy upon us and forgive our sins. Look in great pity upn the nations of the earth torn with war and rent with civil discord and embittered with racial and religious strife. Rebuke the proud and bring down the haughty. Once again make the nations of earth to know that thou art God.

And especially tonight do we pray for our own country, the land of our fathers and our land. May America once more learn what it is to be a good neighbor among the nations of the earth. May we come to understand that no nation liveth to itself, but that we all are bound up in one bundle of life, that the welfare of earth is the welfare of all and the sorrow of one the sorrow of all. May both capital and labor learn to live in harmony with the teachings of the Bible. May all leaders of thought and action understand that righteousess exalteth a nation

and that sin is a reproach to any people. May we come to know that the only pathway to prosperity is the path of peace and righteousneses.

And now together we would lift our hearts in prayer for our brother, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States, for his Cabinet, and for all who counsel with him. We take comfort and find courage in the fact that he himself looks to thee, O God, for direction. May he keep thee ever in mind and may his heart be always stayed on thee. In the midst of the present confusion that surrounds us may he have clarity of vision and the courage to speak and to act. Surrounded by men who advise some one thing and some another, may he have wisdom to know what America ought to do. Consolidate the forces of righteousness, O God, and put to confusion those who follow evil devices. May the wrath of men praise thee and in thy divine providence may unwise counsels be overruled for the good of the nation.

Give calmness of mind to our people. May law and order continue to be charcteristic of our citizenry. In the quiet ways of peace and righteousness may we continue to seek the solution of our economic and political problems. Hasten the day when children shall no longer go to bed hungry while women weep and strong men wander about seeking for work and unable to find it. O God, bind up the broken-hearted, support the weak, bring back the erring, correct the sinful, and establish the righteous in all goodness.

We pray now, O God, especially for ourselves and for all members of our ancient order. May we not forget the sacred and solemn obligations we have assumed as men and citizens. May we be inspired by the lofty example of our brothers who have in other days exemplified the high principles of Masonry in the affair of the nation, and in these difficult days may we be patterns and examples for others to follow. To this end we renew our vows in thy presence tonight.

O Heavenly Father, may we truly humble ourselves under thy mighty hand and see that thou of very faithfulness hast afflicted us. Above all, may we come back to thee and trust thee for the future, casting all our cares upon thee, know that thou dost care for us. Regard and answer us, O God, of forgiveness. Pardon us, thou good and forgiving Gor, for thou art most gracious and compassionate. Hear us, we beseech thee. For we ask these things in the name of the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, the God and Father of Jesus Christ our Lord. So mote it be. Amen.

This world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You git a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet!

—Frank L. Stanton.

RABBITS AND EASTER EGGS

By Don Young

Eastertide is filled with color and romance that thrills every boy and girl. What could be more beautiful than a basket of red, blue, orange, and purple eggs? An old German legend tells us that a lady who wanted to please her children on Easter, had nothing but eggs to give them. She saved all the eggs for many days and boiled them in colored dyes.

On Easter morning she held an egg hunt in the woods near her home. The children had never seen colored eggs before and they supposed that the rabbits had laid them.

For centuries, eggs and rabbits have been popular symbols at Easter time. Even after we have learned that the hens on the farm do the egg laying, the rabbit is still a popular Easter animal. Just before Easter, its picture is traced on blackboards and drawn upon paper throughout the land. Its image is moulded into choclate and other kinds of candy. It is the pattern for hundreds of toys. No one will deny that it does not have an unusual and deserving appearance. Its long ears gives it a distinctive look that is unlike that of any other creature. Its short fluffy tail is a new departure in tails in animal land. The rabbit is so strange looking that it makes us laugh. Perhaps that is why everyone likes it so well.

Many of the American wild rabbits are known as "cottontails." The color of their bodies may be a mixture of brown and grey, but their fluffy tails are usually white. They are hard to find when they sit still among the leaves, but when they run they may be seen easily by their white tails.

With its long legs, the rabbit can run with great speed. When it has a good start it can leap ten or fifteen feet, but the rabbit is such a tiny animal that it soon becomes tired and must use other ways to dodge its enemies. Foxes, Dogs, skunks, snakes and other wild creatures are all trying to catch the rabbit to eat. To escape these animals it usually runs through rough brier patches so that its enemies fall behind. Sometimes it is able to dodge its foes by jumping to one side and hiding until its enemy has gone past. The rabbit is able to "freeze" and hold so still that it does not even blink an eyelash for at least several minutes. The cottontail rabbit makes its home in growths of briers and brambles, or in brushy thickets of young pines and other trees. They do not wander far from their homes unless they are chased by a dog or a fox. All rabbits have regular roads or pathways from which they cut anything that grows up in their way. Nearly every weed, bud and sprout serves as its food. It will also eat berries and nuts with soft shells. As its teeth are soft, it cannot eat hard grain and nuts like a squirrel.

Sometimes the cottontail digs a hole in the ground in which to live, but more often it hunts a hole in the earth that has already been made by nature, or some other animal like the groundhog. When the baby

rabbits are born they are often called "bunnies." From three to eight of them are in each brood. The mother covers them with a blanket of fur when she leaves them alone so that she can search for food. This fur she plucks from her own in order that the "bunnies" will be warm and comfortable.

Often when the farmer is ploughing or mowing in his fields he finds a nest of cottontails "bunnies" which he is able to save from destruction by his plow or mowing machine. He may be tempted to take them home in his hat, and it is unfortunate that this little animal cannot be tamed and kept as a pet. It will thrive if kept in a large clean cage, but its wild nature is never overcome. If given a chance to leave the cage it will hop joyfully into the wild.

Millions of rabbits are raised each year in France, Belgium, England and America. These are large in size, and valuable for their meat and fur. For pets the smaller Dutch rabbitt, which is more of the bunny type, is often raised.

It is a far cry from eggs to rabits at any other time except at Easter. At this time, when glorified eggs and rabbits are so plentiful, it is interesting to study the egg as we have the cottontail rabbit.

An egg is a little piece of machinery which will produce a baby chick if it is kept warm under a mother hen or in an incubator. While a mother hen can only keep about twelve eggs warm until they are hatched, a modern incubator can keep thousands of eggs warm until hatching time. It is a great sight to see so many chirping little chicks.

If we study an Easter egg that is hardboiled, we can learn about the machinery by looking at the flat place on the big end. This marks an air compartment for the use of the chick just before it is hatched. It is the chick's first breath. A chick develops with its head toward the big end; and when its lungs are all ready for use it pecks the membrane which forms a wall to this air space and the air rushes into its lungs.

This air helps give the chick energy to break open the shell so that it can get air and keep right on breathing. A chicken, duck, or quail is hatched with downy feathers and is able to pick up food for itself. Robins, sparrows and other birds that are hatched from very small eggs are unable to care for themselves, and must be fed by the mother bird until they are stronger.

A magician can pretend to take a rabbit out of an empty silk hat, but Mother Nature can perform a trick that goes him one better. She does not pretend to do it. She does it. She takes an egg that was first full of watery substance, and transforms it into a baby chick, a duckling, a parrot or some other bird. Where could one find a more wonderful feat than that!

The man who does his best can trust the world to do its part.
—Selected.

SPARE THE FOREST

By Wouter Van Garrett

From the earliest dawn of history to this present day of modern inventions, the forest has been one of man's greatest friends. Even though we are trying to throw aside the wood-using habit, we have been unable to do it. As a country we are still using wood faster than our vanishing forests can grow it.

The average person does not stop to think of the vast strain that has been put upon our forests during the past fifty years. We have been using wood at an alarming rate, until our men and women of vision have begun to urge us, as a nation, to conserve our forests.

When we stop to enumerate only the chief uses of wood, we are amazed at the quanity that is required to meet the demands. For instance, more homes are built of wood than any other material; and most of the furnishings of the home are likewise made of wood.

Then, too, railroad tracks are laid on wood cross-ties. When we learn that one mile of track requires more than three thousand ties, we stagger at the idea of the total number necessary to lay the many thousand miles of track in our country. And these wood ties are replaced at frequent intervals. More than 125,000-000 new wood cross-ties were used annually, until the present depression set in.

One of our leading authorities on forests has estimated that 25,000,-000 trees were required, each year, to supply these cross-ties. In other words, about 900 square miles of forests was cut down to meet this demand.

We may not have realized how much telephone lines depend upon our forests. Each telephone or telegraph pole usually represents a single tree. It is an actual fact that more than six million trees are cut down anually to furnish telephone and telegraph poles.

As you drive through the country, you see many wood fences, and wire fences with wood posts. About four hundred million wood fence posts are used each ysar.

The mines of our land—coal, iron ore, salt, etc.—require wood props to prevent cave-ins. Several hundred million cubic feet of wood are used in our various mines.

You may be interested in knowing that there are other demands for wood—demands that are almost as great as those mentioned above. For instance, about 12 per cent of all lumber is made into packing boxes and crates. Oranges and lemons alone require about 21,000,000 wood boxes each season.

One must not forget the hundreds of thousands of wood barrels, buckets, and baskets that are needed annually. Imagine a small article like a pencil! More than a billion pencils are manufactured in this country every year. Then, there are articles such as pen holders, rulers, squares, spirit levels, tripods, toys, baseball bats, golf clubs, tennis racquets, hockey sticks, skis, snowshoes and a host of other—all made of wood.

And, of course, we must not forget to mention matches and toothpicks, even though they seem to require very little wood. Many thousand cords of the finest wood are needed to produce these small articles.

We still have not mentioned one of the principal industries that makes an enormous demand upon our forest. I refer to the paper industry.

Several thousand newspapers are printed in our country every day, some fifteen thousand are printed once a week, and hundreds of magazines are printed monthly. In addition several million books are printed every year. The paper for these periodicals and books are all made out of wood.

There are hundreds of thousands of stores and each one uses wrapping paper made out of wood. Then there is roofng paper and wall paper and floor paper. Blotting paper, a crude form of paper, is made of wood. We might mention scores of other articles that are made of wood pulp, but these are sufficient to give you an idea of the great number of trees that must be cut down to supply the great needs of the paper industry.

Wood is needed in our chemical industry. In tanning leather, for instance, huge quantities of bark are used. Trees must be cut to get the bark. In manufacturing iron and steel, charcoal is needed, and charcoal is made from wood. Turpentine, rosin and tar oils are all secured from trees.

We might go on at great length, mentioning scores of other uses for wood. We have mentioned enough to impress upon you the importance of our forests. We need wood and wood means trees, and trees means forests.

We cannot do without wood; we use enormous quantities of it. So we must grow more trees, and we must use the present trees carefully so as to eliminate waste.

In addition to the great demands we make upon our forests to supply us with wood, there is a great enemy that must be conquered.

The greatest enemy to forest growing is the forest fire. Every year about nine million acres of forest land is denuded by fire. And most of this fire destruction could be avoided. Of course, a few forest fires are started by lightning, but the greater part of them are caused by carelessness. $

The thoughtless smoker and the careless camper are responsible for most of this damage. If the smoker would remember that he should never throw away a lighted match until after he had broken it in two, and if the camper would remember to put out his campfire before leaving, millions of acres of timber could be

The United States government, saved from destruction.
as well as the state government, spends millions of dollars in its effort prevent forest fires. Fire towers are erected, where a constant vigil is kept during dry seasons. Fire wardens are employed to make regular rounds of camping places. Literature is published to educate the public to understand the needs of precaution. And when fire breaks out, scores of men are sent out to combat it.

While forests serve man in furnishing wood for many needs, they also serve him with the trees that

are not cut down. Trees conserve the moisture from melting snow and sudden rain, thus tending to prevent floods.

And what a place for an outing, or a vacation! How we like to go into the forest where we can revel in the cool shade of the trees. Each year more people are availing themselves of the friendliness of the forest.

But how can we long enjoy the friendliness of the forest if we continue to cut down trees faster than we plant them? If our forests are allowed to disappear, industry will suffer. Where will we get enough material to produce the many products, from pencils to paper?

When the colonist came to this country he found the land covered with heavy timber. He found it necessary to cut out enough trees to clear ground so that he could grow crops. But we have long since passed the stage where we need any more cleared land. There are thousands of acres of poor land lying idle now that could be put to good use by converting them into woodland.

During the early days of the lumber industry there was a great waste of timber. But in recent years the better type of lumberman has became concerned about the problem of conserving the forest. In some cases he has taken steps to replace, by planting seedlings, the many acres he has denuded to meet the country's great demand for wood.

State and Federal Forestry Departments are taking active steps to develop greater forests. Millions of trees are planted each year. Great tracts of woodland are bought and permitted to grow to maturity. But the day is fast approaching when our country will be required to enact a law that the man who cuts down a tree must plant one. Some European countries have had to take that step many years ago, so as to insure an adequate wood supply in the future.

While it is a great benefit to have large government tracts of woodland, that alone will not meet the great demands of the future. Individuals must be encouraged to own wood lots, and to plant trees on their land. Towns and cities must concern themselves with the problem, and take steps to develop a growth of trees along their streets, and in their parks and other public places.

There is one great slogan that should become fixed in the mind of every American citizen:

Keep fire out forests, and plant trees.

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the blessed are.

—Henry Van Dyke.

GOVERNOR ON CHILD HEALTH

(Suffolk News-Herald)

In compliance with a joint resolution of congress, requesting the president to proclaim annually that May Day is be Child Health Day, President Roosevelt has issued his proclamation. In doing so the chief executive points out that the health and welfare of our children concern not only their parents, but also the nation at large. Observance of such a day, he writes, gives us opportunity to unite in furthering their health and protection. In sending the president's proclamation to the Virginia press, Governor Pollard included with it a statement of his own which every citizen of Virginia should read and take to heart. He says:

"The national slogan for this year's Child Health Day, 'Mothers and Babies First,' has a special appeal in these times of acute economic depression, because every thoughtful citizen must realize that the surest basis of hope for the future rests upon the health and character of our future citizens, the children of the state. Medical science has demonstrated that the laying of the foundation for good health and personal efficiency in adult life must begin in the prenatal period and be intelligently built through the infant, preschool and school ages.

"I, therefore, urge that on Child Health Day special consideration be given to the carrying out in practice the following ideals: That every child have right care from birth; that every expectant mother have such guidance as will render childbearing safer; that every community protect its children against physical dangers and moral hazards, and that these facilities be available to the rural mothers and children as well as to the city mothers and children."

Until a few years ago it could have been said with considerable truth that the people of this country gave more attention to the welfare of their live stock, that is looked after its health and protection, more assiduously than they did their own flesh and blood. But we have been learning a bit about social affairs these latter years and are actually putting some of the ideals about children into practice. One thing we have learned among others is that environment and outlook have much to do with shaping the lives of future citizens and that in them, their bodies and minds and souls, lies the hope of the nation. Every day should be May Day for the child.

All truth is safe and nothing else is safe; and he who keeps back the truth, or withholds it from men, from motives of expediency, is either a coward or a criminal, or both.

—Max Muller.

MAKE YOUR GARDEN A BIRD SANCTUARY

By Laura Fenner

Every gardener who gardens for the love of it, is a nature lover, and being a nature lover he takes an interest in the birds and wants to encourage them to visit his premises.

All of us who dig in our gardens know the thrill of robins hopping about in the wake of the hoe, picking up unfortunate earthworms that have strayed too near the surface. We are likewise delighted when the chipping sparrows haunt our gardens in the early evening, whispering their little "tseeping" notes as they hunt among the vines and in the dew-moistened earth for the tiny insects that emerge late in the day. And how many of us have been enthralled by the delightful melody of the song sparrow perched on a nearby post, singing as he watched us weeding the little, new plants just coming through the ground?

Now that garden time is here again, we should not forget the birds in our planting program. We will be fully repaid when August comes, for any effort on our part to attract the feathered songsetrs.

Nothing delights the hearts of goldfinches quite so much as a blooming bed of cosmos, for well they know that sooner or later the flowers will go to seed and they will have many delightful feasts. All summer they will haunt the garden, keeping a vigilant eye on those flowers, that they may be on hand when the first seeds ripen.

But cosmos are not the only flowers these little seed-loving birds look upon with favor. They enjoy the zinnias, cornflowers, coreopsis, gaillardias, and the morning glories, too. If somewhere in our gardens we plant these flowers we shall not want for birds until snow flies—and after.

Then there is another flower we should plant if we want to include the dainty, downy woodpecker, his cousins the hairy and red-bellied woodpeckers, the nuthatches, the blue jays, and any number of other birds that make themselves especially conspicuous in the late fall, and that is the sunflower.

Esthetic gardeners, do not hold up your hands in horror. Surely in the background there will be a place for a row of those pretty little double sunflowers, the seeds of which the birds adore. And one more plea. Would it not be possible to plant one or two or three of the old-fashioned sunflowers some place back of something? The big, fat seeds make delicious breakfasts for the birds on frosty mornings of the fall.

True, the old-fashioned sunflower is hard to conceal. He will tower above 'most anything we are of a mind to plant him behind, but his staunch, sturdy length, atop which his beaming face appears, is really nothing to be ashamed of.

The nuthatch flies to his favorite sunflower pad, daintily extracts a promising seed and wings his way to the nearest tree, where he ingeniously inserts his treasure in a crevice of bark, and proceeds to hammer out the kernel. No, he does not

swallow the whole seed—just the fat little meat within.

The woodpeckers manage the sunflower seeds in much the same manner, but the juanty blue jay has a method of holding the seed down with one foot while he picks out the goody with hearty, forceful pecks.

But to return to our dainty seed-eaters, the finches. There is something else that should by all means be planted for them, and that is a quantity of lettuce, which will furnish the seed de luxe, if you ask the birds' opinion, when it has grown into tall spires with fluffy little seed balls all over.

You may enjoy the lettuce first, if you cut it off rather close to the ground, after which it will rapidly regain its leaves and go to seed. Then watch for the arrival of the kinglets and finches.

The kinglets appear in numbers in the fall when they are migrating from their far northern homes, and if the cosmos and lettuce seed supply is promising enough, these tiny birds will linger long with us.

But do not for a minute think you are especially philanthropic when you provide all this luxury for the birds. You are repaid many times over just by their presence in your garden, but that is by no means all for which you are indebted to them.

Drawn there by the food you have provided, they begin to look about to see what they may do in return.

The woodpeckers and nuthatches examine the trees the first thing. They always find plenty of work to do on them, although perhaps you never suspectel there was anything wrong. Watch how thoroughly they scrutinize the bark, turning their heads this way and that, tapping here and there to determine where the right place is to operate.

The titmouse, who has been drawn to your garden by the flower display, will do gymnastic stunts all summer in your trees, but he is not doing it for the exercise or pleasure he dervies from it, but for the express purpose of examining the twigs. Hanging by one foot, his topknot all awry, he peeps on the underside of the leaves to see what harmful insects may be lurking there that he may end their activities.

The chickadees enjoy the sunflower seeds too, although they are rather hard for their tiny beaks to crack. But they are attracted to them nevertheless, hanging upside down while they look for a soft shell. Later they will thoroughly examine your grape vines and rose bushes, and if the good they do is not noticeable, it will be because their numbers are not large enough for a prodigious task.

Truly grateful will be the chickadees if you nail a little box or pan on one of the garden posts, and in it place some slightly crushed sunflower seeds. Not long after that the good news will spread, and your garden will be the favorite spot for a nice flock of chickadees.

In the spring the blackbirds may walk sedately in our gardens, but somehow there seems to be nothing practical we can plant for them. They will be thankful if we place some grains of corn on the garden posts; it will be the proper entree for the meal of fat grubs they unearth.

"Here we go, here we go on the

way to your flower garden," sing the happy goldfinches, August mornings, as they flit past our windows before we are up. And if we are near enough to the garden we will hear them sing "dear, dearie, dearie," as they dart among the blossoms in search of posies gone to seed. They are enjoying to the fullest the feast we planted for them in May.

EASILY GIVEN

It was only a sunny smile,
  And little cost in the giving;
But it scattered the night
Like morning light,
  And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp a woof it wove,
In shining colors of light and love,
And the angels smiled as they watched above,
  Yet little it cost in giving.

It was only a kindly word,
  And a word that was lightly spoken;
Yet not in vain,
For it stilled the pain
  Of a heart that was nearly broken.
It strengthened a fate beset by fears,
And groping blindly through mists of tears
For light to brighten the coming years,
  Although it was lightly spoken.

It was only a helping hand,
  And it seemed of little availing;
But its clasps were warm,
And it saved from harm
  A brother whose strength was failing.
Its touch was tender as angels' wings,
But it rolled the stone from the hidden springs,
And pointed the way to higher things,
  Though it seem of little availing.

A smile, a word, a touch,
  And each is easily given;
Yet, one may win
A soul from sin,
  Or smooth the way to heaven.
A smile may lighten a falling heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart—
  How easily each is given! —Selected.

OUR SILENT GUESTS

By James Binney

A poet has suggested that the best way to secure ideas is to observe common things. We have with us every day many idea-builders, but to many people they are invisible. What is more common or more interesting than the trees which grow along our streets and in our yards.

Trees have long attracted the attention of verse and story writers. Probably every school child in America knows Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," which is now popular as a song. Hundreds of beautiful things have been written about woodlands.

A tree is a skyscraper, a factory, and a living being. It eats and drinks as we do, breathes, stores up food, grows, and rests. Perhaps we might even say that a tree sleeps.

Like the huge buildings which are constructed in our large cities, there is much of a tree concealed underground. Many trees are half under the earth, although the unseen part is more dense in mass than the visible part. Roots are more compact than limbs and have hairs along their entire length which grow out in search for water. These roots take a very firm hold upon the earth and support the tree. Elms, especially, send out long, tough roots, and these frequently cause damage—clogging sewers, menacing stone foundations, and growing through cellars. Cases are know where trees had to be cut down because their roots were threatening the foundations of houses fifteen or twenty feet distant.

Most boys are familiar with the cross-section arrangement of a tree —bark, cambium layer, wood proper, and heartwood or pith. The rings in the pith indicate the age of the tree, one ring for each year. This is not always a sure way to tell age because a tree sometimes grows two rings in one year. The bark will reveal the secret of age in the same manner, although the rings are very difficult to see.

Does the tree grow up by lengthening itself? If you will drive a nail into the trunk of a tree you will find after many years that it is no farther from the ground than it was in the first place. Each year, however, the tree grows higher and the roots go out farther. This is because a layer of growth is added each year. This growth layer is over every root, over the trunk, over the limbs, and even over every twig. It is much the same as putting a coat of whitewash over the entire tree.

This growth depends upon food, just as the human body must be built up by what is eaten. The tree secures only liquid food, taken up by the roots and carried through the tree. Water and sap are the blood of the tree. After the food has been used, the water is given off by the leaves. The average oak gives off by evaporation more than one hundred fifty gallons of water daily.

The tree's leaves might be called manufacturing plants with the sun furnishing power. It is here that the starch obtained from materials in the water is changed to the sugar which is always found in he sap.

This is a very short sketch of the

life processes of a common tree; tree mysteries might fill many books. Trees are as old as mankind, and man has never been without them. They serve a multitude of purposes an dare worthy of study. They might be called man's silent guests through the long years since the creation.

A GOOD LOSER

By Thelmar Wyche Coxe

"Are you sure that you have everything, Dana? You are not forgetting the manuscript of your debate?"

"As if I could forget that, Mother," laughed the girl. "After the months of preparation, I could say that thing backwards! I've everything I shall need, and more, too. Maybe I'll bring back that gold medal for you!"

"Maybe," said the mother, fondly. "But you realize that you are going up against the best in the state. Of course, your debate is fine, but there may be a girl somewhere that has a better one."

"Oh, I'm sure of that."

Dana kissed her mother good-bye and picked up her bag and hurried out to join her waiting comrades. They were all contestants going down to the State Capital for the annual high school rally. The girl had almost reached the car when her mother called out to her.

"I shall expect you to be a good loser, Dana."

In her berth that night Dana thought of her mother's parting speech. She smiled in the darkness. It would be easy for her to be a good loser, for it wasn't likely that she would come anywhere near winning the coveted gold medal.

Still, her debate was as perfect as she could make it. She had spent many days covering up her weak arguments, and she had studied the question so much that her friends said that she was becoming a rabid Filipino patriot. The subject of the debate was whether or not the Philippines should have their independence, and she had chosen the affirmative.

Her earnestness and good argument had won the preliminary contest in her own county for her, and now she was on her way to try for the state prize.

When she saw the long line of competitors from all over the state, she was more convinced than ever that it would be easy to be a good loser. Her own chance of winning seemed small indeed.

The preliminary contest to select the best on the affirmative and the best on the negative was a long, tiresome affair. The contestants drew numbers to see in what order they would recite. Dana was number thirty, and had plenty of time to get nervous while awaiting her turn.

The huge room was crowded to overflowing with the friends of the contestants. The judges, three men who had served often in such posi-

tions, sat with their eyes fixed on campus scenes outside the open windows. One of them dozed in his chair. They were all frankly bored.

Dana watched them closely to see what impression her opponents were making on them. It seemed to be slight, for they still looked out the windows.

Girl after girl spoke, and Dana realized that they were nearly all very good indeed. Some stumbled from nervousness, others went over the time limit of eight minutes and lost their chances of winning.

A buxom girl, representing the capital city, spoke, and Dana was not even impressed with her speech. From much study of the question, she could easily see that the girl's argumentation was faulty.

She saw one of the judges smile while the girl was speaking, then turn to his contemplation of the campus.

Finally her own number was called, and all the nervous dread she had had left her.. She stepped forward with a confident manner, feeling sure that she was going to deliver her debate better than she ever had before.

Her calmness impressed the crowd. She began to speak in a well-modulated voice, but with such earnestness that the judge who had been asleep woke up. The other two withdrew their attention from the campus and began to pay close attention to her words. Two Filipino students in the audience smiled their satisfaction at her arguments. The whole audience was tense with attention.

Then she brought it to a close. She bowed to the crowd and stepped down into the crowd. For a moment silence reigned, then the cheers rang out as they had not done that morning. Dana had put it over.

As she went back to her seat the principal's wife whispered in her ear: "My dear, you were superb. They can't beat that."

"Maybe they can," she whispered back. But as the contest dragged on to a close and the attention of the judges wandered again, Dana was convinced in her own heart that she had really made the most convincing speech of all. Then the last contestant spoke and the judges filed out.

People hurried up to Dana. Compliments flowed freely. The Filipino students assured her that in their opinion she had certainly won. Her opponents congratulated her and assured her the judges couldn't help deciding in her favor.

Dana smiled her thanks to the strangers and told them timidly that she was sure they were wrong. In her own heart the conviction that she had won grew stronger.

"Maybe mother meant for me to be a good winner, too," she said to herself as she thought of her mother's advice.

How pleased her mother would be when she took the gold medal home to her! But the judges hadn't decided yet, she reminded herself.

For three hours the crowd lingered in the big room waiting for the judges to make up their minds. It was unusual. All the other contests in the building and had been over for two hours and a half, and the contestants had heard the decision and gone.

Something was wrong. A woman

near Dana leaned over and whispered to the principal's wife: "This city's representative has won the state debate six years running. They must be having a fight in there. Do not be surprised if they hand it to them again, although it is clear to everybody that your school won it!"

Dana's heart pounded at the woman's speech. It had never entered her mind that there would be any unfairness about the contest. She wondered if her mother's advice about being a good loser held good for a contest where it was so obvicusly unfair.

The feeling she had of victory disappeared. In that minute she made up her mind. "I'm going to be a good loser," she declared to herself. "If they want to give it to the other girl, it isnt my fault. I did the best I could: I ll be a good loser or die trying!"

A student came into the room then and announced that the decision was posted on the bulletin board outside. Immediately there was a wild scramble to get outside to read the decision. Some one near the board called out the decision, and Dana forced her tears back and smiled gallantly.

"Harrington High, first place; Glendale High, second; Monroe High, third," he called. A low murmur of disapproval went up from the crowd

"A dirty shame," a man said loudly. "The Glendale girl won it fair and square.'

At his remark all eyes were focused on Dana. Tears came to her eyes at the signs of sympathy on the faces around her, but she forced them back with Spartan will. Off at one side stood the girl who had won. Scorned by the crowd, she stood undecided with bewildered eyes. Certainly she could sense the hostility around her.

Dana felt sorry for her. She reflected that it might not be the girl's fault that the judges had rendered a decision so contrary to the crowd. She had worked on her debate, too. She deserved praise. It was the part of a good loser to congratulate the winner.

With the smile still on her face, Dana advanced on the victor The crowd was amazed to see her grasp the hand of her opponent and say: "Congratulations, Miss Rhea. Your debate was splendid."

An answering flash lit up the face of the victor. "Did you really think so?" she cried. "Oh, yours was so much better, I don't see how they could possibly have awarded it to me!"

Then Dana knew that the girl was innocent of the real cause of her victory.

The principal and his wife were very angry. They talked of referring the matter to the board of directors. But Dana knew what it meant for a principal to question the decision of the judges. He would be labeled as a poor sport from one end of the state to the other. It was a rule of the board that the judges were always right. So she insisted that he drop the matter.

"Let's be good sports about losing it," she said quietly, and the principal's wife nodded her head in approval.

But losing gracefully was a hard matter when strangers stopped her on the street to assure her that she

had rightfully won it. Through it all she held fast to her decision and told them that she was satisfied about the matter.

That night in the hotel dining room she came very near to giving way to her emotions, when one of the judges called the principal over to his table and talked to him for a long time. When the principal came back, he told them what the judge had said.

"That judge voted for you, Dana," he reported. "He said that he wanted you to know that he considered you had won fairly. One of the judges went into that room with the idea in his head of giving the decision to Harrington High, regardless. Two of them were for you, but the judge stayed there until he talked the other fellow into the notion of giving the decision to Harrington. It seems that he was under some obligation to the fellow, and thought best to vote as he asked.

"But he was so convinced of your ability that he was three hours giving over. Now, shall we take this matter to the board? I'm willing!"

But Dana shook her head. "No," she said. "It would put you in an awkward position. Let's be good losers," and her lips were held very stiff to keep them from quivering. It was very hard to be a good loser when you had fairly won.

Perhaps that was the acid test of a good loser—one that could take defeat gracefully, even in the face of victory.

So the little Harrington debater was given the gold medal and the applause. Her picture was printed in the paper, and the reporters praised her highly. No one mentioned Dana. The decision of the judges was not questioned.

Dana went home and tried to forget about the contest. But on her graduaion day she received a letter from the judge that had decided in her favor. It contained a request.

"My wife and daughter and I are making a tour of the Western States this summer," it said, "and we want you to go with us. We have a daughter of your age, and we consider that your companionship will be worth more to her than the expenses that we will incur.

"Maybe you can teach her some of that code of ethics of yours, so that when she meets defeat, as every one does soon or late, she can smile in the face of it and be as good a loser as you have been!"

After Dana had finished reading the letter, she released the flood of tears that she had held back for so long.

"Mother," she sobbed happily, "you were right. It does pay to be a good loser!"

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.—Goethe.

THINGS THAT ENDURE

(Young Folks)

The leaves on the trees do not last very long. The winds of winter carry them away and we see them no more. The stubble of the field is similarly short-lived. The fire sweeps over it and it is gone. The dew of the morning does not stay with us very long. It disappears with the rising of the sun. One minute it sparkles like jewels on a blade of grass or a blooming flower, but the place that once knew it soon knows it no more.

Among the things that change and decay and pass away we look for some things that endure. We have been in the habit of saying of organizations and institutions that they are as firm as Gibraltar, that they last as long as the eternal hills, that they can not be overturned by storms, or consumed by fire, or destroyed by floods. And yet some of these institutions to which we have pinned our faith we have seen shaken to their very foundations. We have been set adrift, the moorings clean gone, by conditions we never expected to witness.

But there are some things that remain. The objects of our faith have not all been taken from us. Even the crash of our civilization would leave some things unshaken. The Bible speaks of much that endures for ever.

Calvin Coolidge has left much by which to be remembered. A grateful nation pays tribute to his memory. He was one of the best loved men in American history. There was much of which he was not sure. Only a few days before his death he remarked to a friend of his, "So many things are changing! Where we used to look with confidence, we now look with uncertainty. There is only one thing in which we can still have confidence. That is religion, the same today as yesterday."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Messrs A. V. Russell and R. R. Craig, of Charlotte, were interested visitors at the Training School last Saturday.

—o—

Hubert Josey, a former student here, now located near Rockwell, Rowan county, has been working in a dairy for Mr. Dan Earnhardt for more than two years. Reports come from reliable authority that this boy is making a fine record.

—o—

We all enjoyed another fine veal dinner last Sunday. Like the ones heretofore served, this was a home-grown product and of excellent quality.

—o—

Our farm manager reports that the boys on the farm force have been busy this week harvesting the

first crop of alfalfa from more than forty acres. It was a good yield and under favorable conditions future cuttings should be very good.

—o—

We met James Maddry, who was paroled December 19, 1931, one day last week, and he informed us that he was still employed on a farm near Wadesboro, where he went upon leaving the Training School, and was getting along very well.

—o—

Mr. Walker and his group of boys have been busy for the past week preparing the flower beds on the campus for the future planting of seeds and plants. They have also made a great improvement in the appearance of the narcissus beds across the National Highway.

—o—

After spending nearly three years at the Training School, Earl Neal was paroled last week, returning to his home in Burke county, where he will attend school next Fall. Upon coming to the institution Earl entered the fourth grade and at the time of being granted his parole he had completed the seventh grade.

—o—

Erie Ballard, who came to us from Stanly county and was paroled about four years ago, called on us the other day. He has been employed in a hosiery mill at High Point and reports that he is getting along nicely. We were glad to see Erie and to learn of the good record he is making.

—o—

While in Asheville last week we chanced to meet George Gurganus, one of our old boys, on the street one afternoon. George informed us that he was working part time with the Western Union in that city, and had been told by his empolyers that he would be given full time employment just as soon as busines conditions would warrant.

—o—

Superintendent Chas. E. Boger recently received an invitation to the graduation exercises of the Paw Creek High School, and numbered among a large class of graduates was one of our boys, Rhyne Lowder. Here's three cheers from the whole Training School population for the accomplishment of this lad since leaving the institution.

—o—

The Dairy Extension News gives a record of the Jackson Training School herd as leading the association consisting of Mecklenburg, Cabarrus and Iredell counties, in the production of milk and butter fat. Our herd is also rated as fifth in the entire State in milk production and sixth in butter fat. The State honors for milk production go to Pomona Dairy, Guilford county, and for butter fat to T. Holt Haywood, Forsyth county.

—o—

Superintendent Boger, accompanied by Miss Naomi Moore, Cabarrus County Red Cross Nurse; Mrs. W. A. Foil, Executive Secretary Red Cross, and Mrs. Sam Kelly, of Kannapolis, attended the State Social Service Conference in Greensboro last Monday. Others in attendance from this district were: E. F. White, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Cabarrus County; E. J. Sharpe and Love Nusman, welfare workers, of Kannapolis, and Otto Mabry, Superintendent of Public Welfare, of

Stanly County.

—o—

A committee from the Cabarrus County Grand Jury, now in session in Concord, visited the Training School last Wednesday, and were escorted through the various departments by Superintendent Boger. Members of the committee were: Jack Wadsworth, foreman, Concord; C. C. Isenhour, township No. 4; J. L. McEachern and W. E. Griffin, of Concord. They were accompanied by W. E. Philemon, special court officer. After noting the various activities here they were enthusiastic in their praise as to the manner in which the work is being carried on at the institution.

—o—

Our gardens have recently been producing large quantities of radishes, Spring onions, spinach, mustard and turnip greens. These vegetables, together with a liberal serving of good, wholesome milk to each member of our family means "ski-doo" to the various Spring ailments. However, this diet, excellent as it may be, does not eliminate altogether the ailment known among the boys as "hoe-handle blues," for we have at least a few youngsters suffering (?) from this peculiar complaint with us under all conditions.

—o—

The first strawberries of the season were served here last Monday. While the prospects for a good crop of strawberries this year are much better than last season, the need of rain is evident in the size and development of the fruit. The entire Training School family thoroughly enjoyed this first Spring treat from the berry patch, and visions of generous portions of strawberry shortcake in the near future now dangle before the eyes of lovers of this delicacy so popular during the strawberry season.

—o—

The need of rain in this vicinity is emphasized by the slow growth of grass in the pastures at the school. For the first time this year we notice that our herd of Holsteins has been driven across the highway to graze along the branches near the railroad. For a number of years past this has invariably been a sign of failing pastures. The crowd of youngsters that are known here as "cow-grazers" are always happy when assigned the task of looking after the cows when it becomes necessary for them to graze outside of the enclosed pastures.

—o—

We recently received a letter from Mr. R. E. Simpson, general manager Southern Railway, lines West, that he was forwarding twenty-five jigsaw puzzles to the agent in Concord, with the request that he deliver them to the boys of the Jackson Training School. These puzzles are being collected by employees of the Southern and will be distributed to children in the various hospitals, orphanages and other children's institution along its lines. We are glad to report that these puzzles were delivered one day last week by Mr. Wilkie, agent at Concord, and were immediately issued to the various cottages. From information that comes to this office we have learned that most of these puzzles have already been worked, and as the boys in each cottage solve the puzzle issued to them they will exchange with

other cottages, in order that all the boys will have an opportunity to enjoy them. We are deeply grateful to Mr. Simpson and his railroad "boys" for their interest in the youngsters at the Training School, and wish to take this opportunity to tender our thanks for these articles of amusement.

—o—

In anticipation of emergencies that may arise because of unfavorable financial conditions, and realizing that a group of five hundred healthy, growing boys can consume an enormous quantity of foodstuffs, the officials of the school are trying to increase the production of all crops this year. This is especially true as to raising vegetables, of which it is hoped enough will be raised to serve our large family with plenty in season, and with the aid of our cannery, to store away a sufficient quantity to be used during the Winter months. With this idea in mind, our garden forces are already hard at work, more than 15,000 tomato plants being set out last week. Ground is being prepared and further planting of these and other plants will be made.

—o—

The service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon was conducted by our good friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. He was accompanied by Rev. M. D. Barrick, a recent addition to the staff of the "Y" in that city, who addressed the boys in a most helpful and engaging manner. In speaking of "The Race of Life," he called attention to the fact that as in the various types of athletic contests, we cannot be successful in this race of life unless we have the proper training, a good coach, and play fair and square. The speaker pointed out that our training must consist of clean living, namely, to live as Christ would have us live; we must accept Christ as our coach because He knows us and knows the dangers along the course of the race; then we must play hard and fair, doing our level best to succeed. Rev. Barrick further stated that as we run this race it is our Christian duty to help those less fortunate than ourselves. He concluded by stating that Christ chose His followers not because they were rich or highly cultured; instead He selected as His disciples men from lowly walks of life, who, because of right living, were clean inside. An additional feature of the afternoon's service was the rendition of a group of vocal numbers by four students of Johnson C. Smith University, Charlotte, which we all enjoyed.

Politeness is like an air cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.—Selected.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 6, 1933 No. 17

Carolina Collection
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FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P COOK, *Associate Editor*

BE THE BEST OF WHATEVER YOU ARE

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,
And some highway some happier make;
If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass—
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,
There's something for all of us here.
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is near.

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are!

—Douglas Mulloch.

THE GREATEST NEED—MORE HOMES OR MORE HOME-MAKERS?

Judging from statistics there is every evidence of the need of more homes in America. But, from observation we feel the greatest need of the day is more "home-makers." There is a restlessness prevailing that to a certain extent has destroyed the ambition of mankind for a home. It is accepted without argument that to possess a home develops community interest and stronger

citizenship. The home is the point of contact in community interest. One cause for the lack of interest in home ownership at this time is due to the advanced methods of living, making the maintenance of homes almost prohibitive.

Reports show that there is a need for homes for 900,000 families in the United States. Just suppose though that the couples living in the smallest apartments possible, for the specific purpose of eliminating overhead expense, would swarm, so to speak, then the homes needed would swell up into the millions. The defiency of homes as it stands now is caused by the increasing population, depreciation of property, fires and other causes.

The boom for building that reached its major dimensions in 1926 has long been offset by subsequent years of below normal building. The economic question following so close in the wake of the war, causing fear, lulled to quietude every line of activity leading to building projects of all kinds. In due time there will be a revival of interest in construction of homes, because the innate desire of man is to own a home. The interest in home-making is only suppressed, it is not eliminated.

There are a multiplicity of conditions that have taken the interest of real home-makers. One of the contributing reasons for a dearth of home-makers is that women have a desire to rival their brothers in the commercial world. This is an innovation peculiar to the modern woman destroying every divinely appointed impulse for which woman was intended—a home-maker.

* * * * * * * * * *

THAT TAX DOLLAR AND THE WAY IT IS SPENT

(Julian Miller in The Charlotte Observer)

That tax dollar you give the American government—do you know how it is broken up when the government goes to spend it?

Over four billions of them troop to the treasury in Washington to pay for public services—a mountain of money.

Where all of it goes ought to be of interest and concern.

Let's divide this federal tax dollar up and see:

Two cents goes to West Point and Annapolis.

Five cents to veterans' hospitals.

Two cents to military research.

Twenty cents to pensions.

Twenty-five cents to building and upkeep of the navy.

Thirty cents to maintenance of the army.

And for all the other functions of the government, legislative, judicial, diplomatic and administrative, 16 cents.

Or, 84 cents out of every dollar going into the federal treasury goes to pay for war that either has been or that the country is afraid is going to be.

Too comic to cry about!

* * * * * * * * * *

If the hoarding of money had been general, all-reaching, financial chaos would have been inevitable. In defence of many hoarders we will say the failure of many banks all through the country was sufficient reason for a scare, knowing that money makes cowards of the masses. But no sooner than assurance was given that the banks were safe the money begun to pour in where it can be used for a common good. It was fear that made the people seek hiding places for their funds and it was fear that made them pool it for the mission intended.

This banking holiday served two purposes, it saved the country from a financial crisis, besides taught the people a wholesome lesson, that wealth is the property of the nation and that the government can control and regulate its disposition in times of emergency. The mandate of the powers that be was accepted and there prevailed a universal faith throughout the nation in every word and act of our new President. The spirit shown was superb, and it is this spirit that will again bring conditions back to normalcy.

* * * * * * * * * *

It is quite true that Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, the daughter of a distinguished father, who as a man of vision was in advance of his day, is fully qualified to take up her work as minister or min-

istress to Denmark. She is the first woman to represent the United States at a foreign capital, but will measure up to the demands, besides set a standard requiring the best in her successor. Her noble heritage combined with her superior qualities of mind fit her admirably for the post.

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ESSENTIALS FIRST

The slogan of every one today should be essentials first, and then if possible indulge in the non-essentials or more correctly termed the "luxuries." The curtailment in all personal affairs should be arranged so as not to live beyond one's income. Make a budget and live within it. This can only be done by taking an inventory monthly so as to stop within a safe margin of the danger line.

The whole country has become quite accustomed to big money, and big money creates desires for luxuries, or non-essentials. In the homes, in government and schools the day has come when a curtailment of expenses is necessary so as to balance the budget.

Besides in the homes and schools "adaptability" should be emphasized so as to be prepared to do any and all kinds of work the adventures of the future may bring. In the schools we are glad the realization of a liberal education shines out conspicuous in the midst of present uncertainties as of vital importance. Again we say the essentials first, to the elimination of the non-essentials in every activity till economic conditions are adjusted.

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The first news stand in New York City was started sitxy years ago. This small stand was set up first at some busy corner on Broadway, having only a small plank thrown across a barrel. This is the way the young Austrian started what is known today as Bretano's Great Book firm with branch stores in Paris and five other American cities, doing an annual business of nearly $3,500,000 in normal times.

The story of this big book business is similar to other big business with frozen assets, therefore, nothing short of bankruptcy faced Bretano's Book firm, one of the largest in all of the country.

If this story is read and absorbed it portrays the majesty of little things provided the person in charge has the nerve and courage to say it can be done, instead of thinking it can not be done. Remember, "it is the set of the sail and not the gale that determines the way we go." This failure is due to economic conditions of today, and not the man in charge.

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BE CHARITABLE

In judging others it is the easiest thing in the world to see faults to the elimination of virtues. This is just human nature. Well, that habit could be overcome if an effort is made to emphasize graces in the life of a person, and try to be blind to the short comings. But how many of us are charitable? How many of us make a conscious and determined effort to be fair in our estimate of the other fellow. Maybe jealousy is the cause. However, it matters not what the influence may be we give here some thoughts from an unknown author which are worth reading and assimilating:

"When the other fellow acts that way, he is ugly; when you do, it is nerves.

"When the other fellow is set in his way, he's obstinate; when you are, it's firmness.

"When the other fellow treats someone especially well, he is toadying; when you do, it's tact.

"When the other fellow takes his time, he is dead slow; when you do, you are deliberate.

"When the other fellow picks a flaw, he's cranky; when you do, you are dscriminating.

"When the other fellow says what he thinks, he is spiteful; when you do, you are frank," and so on.

It is really hard to apply to ourselves the same yardstick which we use in measuring our neighbor. But we ought to try it.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Hardimont"

A more beautiful spot of thrilling, natural hues, which means a poem of color and perfume, can there be found between the cherry blossoms, of Washington, D. C., and the Magnolia Gardens, of Charleston, S. C., than the scenic beauty of the gardens of "Hardimont," the lovely home of Judge and Mrs. J. Crawford Biggs, three or four miles from Raleigh, on the Wake Forest-Raleigh highway. I did not know that there was such a beauty-spot in North Carolina. It is a floral wonderland.

Judge Biggs, a former resident of Durham, and where he took for his wife one of the fairest daughters of this city, brings honor upn himself and the State of North Carolina, by being selected by President Roosevelt, as Solicitor General in his cabinet, is leaving a seemingly earthly paradise to assume his new duties at the nation's capitol, and, if I can, I want to give you some faint idea of the loveliness of his domicile. This writer, with his wife and three lady friends from Durham, visited "Hardimont" a few days since.

"Hardimont" was built many years ago by a Frenchman, who, after residing there a while, gave it up and moved away. It is a large two-story, brick structure, chateau style, handsomely situated in the center of beautiful grounds. Lovelier vistas, bordered with ribbons of dazzling, vari-colored blossoms, as if vegetable rainbows were growing upon the dainty moss and close-trimmed sward, like a green mantle of velvet thrown around a Peri; and rows of stately trees, that stand as sentinels over the beauty so happily clustered beneath them. Long rows of apple trees, blushing in their spring attire of white, which is touched with splashes of brilliant pink; locust trees throughout the grounds, with their bunches of snow-white blooms like clusters of pop-corn, ripe for the eating. Four thousand tulips in marshal array, holding up cups of riotous colors in proud benignities flaunting their beauty to the entranced visitors. At every turn the fascinating blossoms greet one like floral kaleidoscopes. I can only name a few of the floral fascinators: Delphiniums, iris, narcissus, violas, peonies, coreopsis, gaillardias, pholox, sweet alyssums, Mexican zinnias, larkspur, calendulas, nicotians, verbenas, asters, montbretias, and other varieties innumerable. They range from the modest blue-robe violets, and laughing pansies, on up to lilacs, white and purple, and then the various majestic trees, which so gracefully border the several separate and beautiful gardens, and amid the trees and shrubbery, all day long, song festivals are given by robins, blackbirds, yellow hammers, woodpeckers, blue jays, and numerous other songsters, native to this climate. These birds are great insect destroyers, and they feast around the flowers.

There are a series of gardens, separate and distinct, each in a beautiful setting, of lovely distinctiveness, which charms the sense, and exerts the imagination to the highest degree of appreciation of "the

good, the true, the beautiful." Mrs. Biggs is the genius presiding over these notable gardens. She walks among her child-flowers with all the graciousness of a queen in her floral kingdom, waves her scepter, and moves them about at her own sweet will, producing the most effective results, and the most beautiful combination in harmonizing colors. "Hardimont" is a floral gem among the beauties in North Carolina.

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There appeared in the public prints, some time ago, a picture of a man and his wife, and the artist placed these words underneath: "He's a perfect husband. Everything she does wrong is right." It might be termed pluperfect. The title might be termed Governoring Wives and Managing Husbands, two almost universal industries in American homes. Every intellectual resource is called into play in them—wisdom, craft, executive ability, the prompting of love, sagacity and righteousness, control of temper, tolerance, regard for human rights. A home that is ruled by despotism is not a home for a woman; it is a prison; and if a wife is a despot it is never loved by her husband. Men who have lived in matrimony for years know that there are things in the home that should be ruled by the wife; and intelligent wives know there are important matters in which the husband should control. A family is an institution, and it must have a head. By custom and general experience the man is the head of the house. He is expected to provide a home, necessities and comforts for the family, and it is for her to look after the house and its domestic affairs. The husband who provides for the present, and whose business it is to prepare for future comforts, must be the financial manager; but this does not mean that he should be stingy. When he checks extravagance he is, I think, in the right. Saving is what brings a home and what insures comfort when old age comes. When a saving wife gets hooked up with a spending husband her self-denial has no reward. She is cheated.

—o—

Do you remember away back when Wall Street, and great many speculators with other people's money, gave hollow moans and screamed with terror when a man said, "You must not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you must not crucify humanity upon a cross of gold?" Oh, this is a changing world!

—o—

How true it is that things which are at the time accounted as calamities sometimes turn out to be of real value. I have a scar over my right eye, I received when a small tot with the chickenpox I fell on a hot stove, and a birth mark on my right arm of an almond. I use to hate that scar and that mark. Now I rejoice in them. It's something that no legislature, or tax board, can ever take away from me.

Today is yesterday's pupil.—Benjamin Franklin.

MEN WANTED

By J. M. Kraus

Out of this chaos will come a rebirth of character.

With this new deal will come new ideals.

With purses contracted — hearts will began to expand.

A finer faith will supplant fathomless fear.

Courage will impel action.

MEN WANTED—as never before —but the accent's on the "Men."

Men who can keep cool.

Men who believe—in their country, in their professions, in their families, in their God.

Men who will live by, for and because of their honest heritage.

Men who will work—with head, and heart, and hand—not only for themselves but for the common weal.

MEN WANTED—a clarion call for MEN.

The heralding of a new and better day.

Let's trust the authorized agencies of our government to do their jobs if we'll do ours.

Let's quit talking, worrying—maybe even thinking—about problems we can't probe or solve.

Let's straighten out the greatest assets in our possession—the job we can do something about—

Let's get our hearts right; let's set our determination high; let's get our thinking straight; let's keep our level heads; let's smile; let's dare to try the worth-while; let's go to church; let's trust in God; let's emulate the "Man in the White House."

His job requires manhood.

And so does yours!

HE BECAME POOR

Jesus owned nothing. He was born in another man's stable. His closet of prayer was a mountain top or the wilds of the wilderness. He died upon the cross of an enemy and was buried in the grave of a friend. At his death he had no material gifts to bestow upon his mother who with other women hung about the foot of the cross.

He became poor that we through his poverty might become rich, even in material things. The rich nations of earth are the Christian nations. And if these Christian nations had followed the Master's instructions in regard to war, they would today be a thousand fold richer in the material things of earth than they are. War has done more to impoverish the earth than any other destructive agency known to man. Yet men refuse to obey the instructions of the Prince of Peace.—Selected.

A PRE-EMINENT AMERICAN POET

(Selected)

Of American poets Henry Van Dyke has been for years one of our favorites. He knew life and recorded in the beauty of poetry his thoughts, his observations and experiences. His death recently doubtless touched many of his readers and admirers as a personal loss. It seemed very fitting that he should go in "Tulip Time," about which he had written with such a human appeal:

"When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town
Like children lost in Vanity Fair."

And—

"The flock of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these."

Along a somewhat similar line of thought but breathing a deep reverence for Nature, amounting almost to worship, is his ode, "God of the Open Air," another favorite here:

"Thou who has made thy dwelling fair
With flowers below, above with starry lights,
And set thine altars everywhere,—
On mountain heights,
In woodlands dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every stream:
Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee
In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air."

"These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things seen and heard."

We could ramble along in column after column picking out and quoting favorites from Van Dykes's poems, but the outstanding one in our estimation is his "Work," one of a group of three lyrics — "Work," "Love," and "Life." "Work" car-

ries such an inspiring philosophy that it is worth memorizing in full:

"Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
'This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
'Of all who live, I am the one by whom
'This work can best be done in the right way.'
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to pay and love and rest.
Because I know for me my work is best."

It seemed a very fitting close to a useful and remarkable career that what was possibly Dr. Van Dyke's last poem should be a beautiful tribute to his confidence and faith in our new president, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, to whom it is dedicated:

O Pilot, in this dim, distressful day
Called to the helm, let nothing you dismay!
The Ship of State is sound, though careless hands
Have let her drift too near the fatal sands
Of Folly Bank. But you know how to steer!
"Wear ship," and find a channel safe and clear.
Try no wild ways where boats of old were wrecked;
Promise no miracle that fools expect;
But with clear eyes and hands as firm as steel
Guide the great vesesl of the Common Weal.
Accept the help of every honest man,
Not asking what his party or his clan;
But send below the selfish, sordid few
Who gambled gayly while the storm-cloud grew.
Protect the rights and savings of the poor;
Make honor bright and industry secure;
Nor from your fearless mind let slip
The Navy's watchword:
FOR THE GOOD OF THE SHIP!

To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was sculpture; He varied and colored it, and that was painting; and then, crowning all, He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal drama.—Charlotte Cushman.

THE BIBLE AND THE DEPRESSION

By Robert E. Speer

When the days are dark, men need its light.

When the times are hard, men need its comfort.

When the outlook is discouraging, men need its confidence.

When despair is abroad, men need its word of hope.

There are luxuries that may well be spared. There are even necessities that can be curtailed. But the Bible, indispensable at all times, is still more indispensable in times like these today.

The Bible is not a book of political maxims or of economic theories. It is not a book of maxims or theories at all. It is a book of living principles. Its spirit is the spirit of brotherliness and good will. It is a summons to helpfulness. "Bear ye one another's burdens." It is a summons also to self-respecting independence: "Let every man bear his own burden." It teaches charity, but also justice. It calls us to the giving and serving which the strong owe to the weak, and those who have to those who lack; but it also strikes straight and clear at the moral defects in individuals which are responsible for a large part of the poverty and suffering of the world; and also at the moral and economic defects in society, in business relations, and in the distribution of the common resources of the world, which are responsible for the remaining part.

Christ is the only hope of individuals and of society. And the Bible is the only book which tells His story. It alone preserves His words, which are spirit and life. It alone records His deeds by which He saved the world, and would save it now if we would obey Him.

The best thing men can do is to spread the Bible and to get it read and obeyed. This would be the end of hard times, of poverty, of unemployment, of injustice, or wrong, or war.

WHAT RELIGION IS NOT

Religion is too often a specialized thing, a matter of holy books, places, people, postures, whereas it ought to be the stuff of every word and deed. The appeal of religion is the same as the appeal of music, painting, literature. When I see a beautiful thing I see God in it. It is a matter so instinctive that I suppose it is a long discipline that makes it a real experience. I say to these boys who see no reality in what we call prayer: But you do pray. Your desire for betterment, your response to all that is beautiful, noble, heroic. Catch that, put your finger upon it—say, that is prayer, that is communion with God.—Professor O. E. Watson.

SOME FAMOUS DIAMONDS

(Selected)

The diamond is the birthstone of those born in April, according to modern usage, although the ancients assigned the sapphire to this month. The fact is that diamonds. cut and polished as we know them, were unknown prior to about 1476, when this method of bringing out their beauty was discovered.

One of the most valuable diamonds in the world is the Regent or Pitt stone, found in India by a slave and sold to an English ship captain for a small sum in 1701. The following year it was bought by Mr. Pitt, governor of Madras, for about $100,000. Fifteen years later Pitt sold it to the regent duke of Orleans for Louis IV of France for $648,000. It subsequently adorned the hilt of the sword of state worn by Napoleon I, and is now preserved among the national jewels of France. Its present value is estimated at more than $2,000,000.

Among other diamonds of great value and interesting history are the Orloff, which was set in the scepter of the Czar of Russia, having been purchased by Count Orloff for the Empress Catherine in 1772; the Koh-i-noor, which an East Indian legend declares was worn by a native hero 5,000 years ago, and which now belongs to the British crown; and many lesser stones.

The largest diamond ever found was the Cullinan, discovered in South Africa in 1905, weighing 3,024 carats, or more than a pound and a quarter. It was presented to King Edward and cut up, being now among the crown jewels in the Tower of London.

It may be mentioned that the South African diamond fields, which supply more than 95 per cent of the world's output, were discovered in 1866, when a child picking up a stone weighing 21 carats, which was sold in the rough for $2,500.

HOW HABIT BUILDING WORKS

"The way to build character in our children—and in ourselves is to build habits of truth telling and of honesty, habits of thoughtfulness and of industry; and we wish to build these habits so strongly that when the proper time comes the truth will be spoken, honesty will prevail, consideration will be had, industry will go on. It is habit that does the good work. Habits then are ways of behaving that run themselves."

—The Parents' Magazine.

PAINTERS OF LITTLE PICTURES

By Don Young

There were no photographers in the colonial days, but there were plenty of men and women who painted small pictures by hand. Many of these artists traveled from village to village. They made their way over the rough roads by horse and cart, and established their studios in the village inns. Often they carried with them a stock of portraits of men, women, and children in which everything had been painted except the faces. On one of these dummy bodies the face of each person would be painted. Such trifles as clothing did not seem to matter and if the artist happened to paint the entire picture, he would perhaps put in the details of costume later at his studio. There were a number of styles which he might use, and the age of each person was often established by the manner of dress.

Few of these early painters had any artistic training. They took up the painting of small pictures mainly because they were especially talented and could paint them without much instruction. Some of them graduated from kindred trades such as sign painting or engraving. Copely and Trumbull, two of our foremost colonial painters, both made miniatures. Sixty of Trumbull's small portraits may be seen at Yale University. They include many Revolutionary celebrities, and also Indian chiefs.

We know of Robert Fulton as the inventor of the steamboat, but we may not be aware that he painted miniature pictures for a living. At an early age he was apprenticed to a jeweler in Philadelphia, and besides learning his trade he also tried his hand at painting. By selling his small pictures he was able in four years to buy a small farm for his widowed mother. At the age of twenty-two he had saved enough money to go to London to study painting under Benjamin West. While in Europe he conceived the idea of the steamboat, which influenced him to abandon painting.

Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, also made his living as a young man by painting miniatures. He charged five dollars for each portrait, provided the sitter furnished his own ivory on which the picture was to be painted.

American arts, like the American people, had their origin in the old world. Although the word miniature is now used to refer to anything which is small in size, it had its origin as it was applied to these small paintings. It is interesting to see how the word came into our language. Miniature is derived from the Latin word Minium, which means, red lead. With this substance the big red initial letters were painted on old manuscripts. The painters of these initial leters were called miniatores. The decoration of these fancy letters in mediæval manuscripts with pictures and decorative borders was the forerunner of the art of painting small pictures.

The smallest minature ever painted is a Buddha on a grain of rice. It was done with the aid of a magnifying glass, but it may be seen with the naked eye. A true miniature is

not over eighteen inches across, but most miniatures are less than half this size.

Small paintings were treasured in the old days because they could be carried in the pocket. There were dainty frames of diamonds and pearls. The early miniatures were often painted on vellum, a fine parchment made of calf skin, but in the beginning of the 18th century ivory was used. Those of us who have seen miniatures on ivory can see that it was not a good surface for painting. The surface is usually divided into many small cracks. Ivory is sensitive to the changes in temperature, and if hung near a fireplace it will warp and split.

Both oil and water colors were used by miniature painters. Some artists mixed their colors with the white of an egg to give them more transparency. The color was applied with a tiny brush in quantities no larger than a minute dot each time. We are apt to think that the size of a tiny picture makes it less important as a work of art. Yet the painting of a miniature requires the same infinite patience and is governed by the same principles as the production of larger pictures. To watch a miniature panter at work as he adds tiny pin dots of color which combine to make the finished effect, is enough to convince anyone how steady and patient the artist's hand must be. Many of these small paintings are made under a magnifying glass which fits on a wire frame and is held in focusing distance over the picture.

Perhaps the most celebrated painter in miniature was Ernst Meissonier of France. His small paintings, many of them now in America, sold for the huge sum of eleven million dollars. Meissonier had the gift for taking pains. He preferred costume pictures, and worked them out in infinite detail. One of his pictures, "Friedland," required fourteen years of labor. The forty prominent figures in the picture each required a separate model. There are hundreds of other figures in the background. To portray the appearance of grain trampled by cavalry horses, Meissonier bought a wheat field and hired a troop of soldiers to charge through it, while he rode beside them and watched them carefully.

Meissonier visited the old clothes markets of Paris in search of eighteenth century costumes. If he could not find the exact object he needed he would turn carpenter, tailor, or saddlemaker in order to obtain what he needed. His ardent efforts were well rewarded. A small canvas eight by ten inches in size, sold while he was living for $60,000.

Miniature painters throughout the world have given us fine representations of weddings, coronations, fairs, expeditions and other important occasions. From the day photography was invented, however, the popularity of portrait miniatures began to diminish. Today we find no miniature painters traveling from vllage to village. The camera brought a faster and less expensive means of making portraits.

So fine an art as miniature painting could not be entirely lost. The old miniatures are still treasured and they have inspired modern artists to try their hand at this fascinating art. The American Society of Miniature Painters has held an

annual exhibition of the latest work of miniature artists for thirty-three years. In 1932 pictures representing the work of sixty-two modern miniature painters were displayed in the Grand Central Art Galleries in New York.

A study of a good miniature painting will convince anyone that value cannot be compared with size. A tiny picture of only a few inches may have infinitely as much merit as a huge canvas requiring a large building to house it. The test of their value will depend upon the talent, training, sincerity, and painstaking ability of the artist who gave each picture to the world.

FEATHERED TRAVELERS OF THE SKIES—MIGRATION

By Charlotte Hilton Green

On Easter Monday the first hummingbird of the season came back to our garden. I say came back, because I like to think—and it may be true—that it is the same ruby-throated hummer that sipped the nectar in the scarlet florets of the bee balms all last summer.

This tiny feathered sprite, not much larger than a man's thumb, had just arrived from a prodigious journey from the Gulf Coast, Central America, or perhaps Panama. Such a journey might well appall the oldest, most seasoned traveler who had every comfort, convenience, and safeguard at his command. And Ruby-throat hadn't even a compass to guide him on the long flight—he had only an innate sense of direction. Or perhaps, as Archibald Rutledge, the South Carolina naturalist, says: "God is in the night."

"Migration," says Webster, "is the act of passing periodically from one region or climate to another for feeding or breeding." Throughout the ages man has been vaguely stirred and puzzled by the seasonal coming and going of birds. Whence had they come, and whither were they going? The Arabs and the Persians based a part of their calendar on the time certain birds appeared during the year, and certain tribes of our own Eskimos called October "the month of the flying away," and March and early April, "the coming of the birds," and April and May "the coming of the geese."

Before scientists and ornithologists had made a study of migration there were many quaint legends and myths concerning its seeming mystery.

In the middle ages people thought certain birds migrated to the moon, as they disappeared in the fall, flying high in the sky until they were out of sight, and then re-appeared again, apparently out of the sky, in the spring! What more natural than that a superstitious and ignorant people should believe that birds had wintered on the moon? They even figured out that it took the birds sixty days to reach the moon, sleeping part of the way, even while flying! Other birds were thought to hibernate, as frogs and turtles do, in the

mud, and still others were believed to change into different species, as the European robin, for example into a redstart.

About two hundred years ago someone in Europe captured a great grey heron that had on its legs some metal rings which had been put on in Turkey some years earlier. Unfortunately, they did not realize that this bird, marked with these rings, was telling the story of its travels every time it was captured, and that if it were captured often enough, and records were kept of all these experiences, a good record of its life history would be available.

It was not until 1899 that banding birds was begun on a large scale, and it was little Denmark that began the work of recording birds' travels, and thus learning much that was definite and accurate about the subject that had always fascinated, but mystyfied man. Those interested in making a thorough study of bird banding might like to read "Bird Banding, the Telltale of Migratory Flight," by E. W. Nelson, in the January, 1928 National Geographic. If any of you ever find a dead bird with a little aluminum band on its leg, please send the band, or the serial number on it to the Biological Survey in Washington. If you forget where to send it, mail it direct to me, and I will forward it for you.

Some birds travel only by day, others, and by far the greater number, only by night, while a small number travel both by day and by night, says Chapman, in "The Travels of Birds." The day flyers are those birds who are strong of wing and can depend on rapid flight for escape from such enemies as the Cooper's the sharp-shinned, and the duck-hawks. Also, in general about two-thirds of the day flyers are those birds which can find their food as they travel, as the swallows, or which feed in the open, as the robin and kingbirds. Most of them live in the open, in the fields or marshes, and along the beaches; or, if their homes are in the trees, they do not hesitate to leave them, and often make long flights in their search for food. All the birds which gather nightly in roosts, like robins, grackles, swallows, swifts, crows, bluejays, wax-wings, bluebirds, many of the finches, and even the tiny hummingbird, travel by day.

Some day travellers fly near enough to the earth to be seen, but others fly too far above us. Often we can hear their calls, when they are invisible to the naked eye.

"At times,' says Chapman, "during the migration season the sky at night is filled with birds hurrying through the darkness from dusk to dawn." These night flyers are the shy, retiring birds of thickets and undergrowth, which rarely go far from their own doorsteps, or trees. The night flyers are the thrushes, the warblers, the vireos, the small flycatchers, the woodcock. Many more birds fly by night than by day.

During the nights when many birds are flying, continues Chapman, we can, from favorable places, such as high hilltops or cities in the birds' highway, hear their call-notes almost constantly. The hilltops are nearer the birds, and the city lights brings the birds nearer to us. Light seems to attract them as it does moths.

An ornithologist at Madison, Wisconsin, states that in one night no less than 3,800 bird calls were heard. The average was twelve calls for each minute, but at times so many calls were heard that it was evident the air above was thronged with birds.

Mr. Chapman tells of watching the night flyers through a telescope which was turned on the moon. The full moon thus forms a background against which the birds are seen to cross. A small or low-powered telescope is used, in order that all the moon may be in the field of the glass. Once he saw 262 birds cross the moon between the hours of eight and eleven. And this, of course, was only an infinitesimally small bit of the sky.

Birds which travel both by day or night are the dusks, geese, most snipe, plovers, and sea birds like gulls and petrels, and also the bobolinks. They are the birds which carry fuel for the engine and can go long journeys without stopping for a fresh supply.

The flying equipment, according to Chapman, is the "engine," consisting of the wings and muscles; and the "fuel," the bird's coat of fat. And there are a number of other things which make it possible for certain birds to sustain long flights. A bird's skeleton is very compact, and the bones are hollow; the heart is large, the lungs wonderfully developed, and a breathing system that fills practically all of the bird's body. Too, the feathers of these birds are so constructed as to withstand the beating of the wind.

Long-distance travellers, such as the Arctic tern, and our own more familiar swallows, have long, slender bodies, with long slender wings, which makes for ease in flying. On the other hand, the bob-white, a bird which does not fly far from home, has a heavy body and short,, round, wings which are capable of rapid flight for escape, but which could not be kept up.

With such birds as the swallows and the flycatchers, that feed on insects during the flight, the coat of fat or "fuel" is not so necessary.

The height above the ground at which birds fly is influenced greatly by the weather. On cloudy nights they generally fly lower to escape the moisture-laden clouds The present theory is that in the past, the height at which birds migrate has been exaggerated. Yet Archibald Rutledge tells of a flight of wild geese that was photographed at a height of five miles.

As a rule, geese fly much lower, and may be seen easily. Probably few birds fly as much as three miles above the earth, and most of them are not more than a mile,, and many are below this.

As to mileage covered, it is estimated that night flyers possibly average 200 to 400 miles a night, with some time taken off, possibly, for rest. Dr. A. A. Allen, of Cornell University, says, in his "The Book of Bird Life," "While it is possible for birds to travel great distances without rest, as witnessed by the fall flights of the turnstone from Alaska to Hawaii, or of the golden plover from Labrador to northern South America, distances of over 2,000 miles across the open sea, birds do not ordinarliy progress far in a single flight. The Spring advance

of the robin, for example, averages only thirteen miles a day from Louisiana to southern Minnesota. Averages, note, for probably they often fly more than a hundred or two hundred miles in a single flight, as do undoubtedly many of the smaller birds, but after each flight they dally about their resting place for several days before starting on again, and this brings down the general average."

Wells W. Cooke, another authority on migration, has estimated that, counting acutal flying and resting, most birds flying from the Canadian border to the Gulf probably average about twenty-three miles a day. The fall migration is more leisurely than the spring one.

Migration is not evenly distributed. There are certain great migratory "routes" which are determined partly by topography, but more by consideration of safety and food. The most thickly frequented routes are along ocean coasts, river valleys, and mountain ranges. East of the plains a multitude of spring migrants enter the United States along the eastern lowlands of Mexico and by way of the West Indies, and divide into two definite streams of travel; one going up the Atlantic coast, passing through the Carolinas, on through to the Hudson Valley and into New England and the other up the Mississippi Valley, then dividing and following the tributary river valleys. These routes are natural bird air-lines, with few obstacles, with easy guides, and food in plenty.

The majority of the migrants keep the same route spring and fall, but there are some birds which have a different route for the northern and southern flight. The golden plover winters in the Argentine; the spring route is through Central America, or over the Caribbean to the Gulf of Mexico and up the Mississippi Valley through Central Canada, some of them going on and on to nest on the very shores of the Arctic. But, on the return trip, they go to the Coast of Labrador where they feast on crowberries, storing their "fuel" in the form of fat for the long 2,400 miles, more or less, flight down the Atlantic Ocean. These flights are sometimes, it is believed, made without a stop. From northern South America they fly on for another 2,700 miles to their winter homes, covering some 8,000 miles in all.

But the Lindbergh of the migrants is that slim and graceful seabird, the gray and white black-capped Arctic tern, which nests from northern Maine to the Arctic, and winters on the shores of the Antarctic—making a magnificent flight of eleven thousand miles. Think of it, nearly half round the earth, twice each year.

As far as is known, the wheat-ear, a bird much like our bluebird in habits, is the only European bird to migrate regularly to this continent. What instinct is it that urges this bird to leave its home in West Africa, cross France and the British Isles, to nest in Iceland, Greenland, or Labrador?

Why migrate, anyhow? The rosy-red summer tanager has been feeding on the window shelf and drinking at the bird bath as I write this. He is just back from a long journey from Mexico, or Guiana, or perhaps Peru. But, there are about three hundred and fifty known species of

tanagers. Why should only four choose to migrate to the United States? The Baltimore Oriole, that orange and black dream of beauty—seems almost a tropical flower, dowered, by some magic of alchemy, with wings and a song to gladden our northern lands; but, there are some forty species of orioles—what is it that urges two or three of them to migrate?

Again we ask , "Why migrate?" We can understand that bird's desire to follow the summer in the fall migration, but why the spring migration. Why do they leave their winter homes, just at the time of greatest increase in both plant and insect life, often to be overtaken by cold and storms? Few birds are mated then; it is said their ovaries show little preparatory enlargement. Yet they go, often, but not always, the old males leaving first, followed by the females, and lastly by the yearling birds.

Sometimes mating takes place during migratory stops, or rests, and the pair travel on together. But, phoebes are supposed to mate for life, to be exceptionally devoted, yet they do not travel together on the long journey north; instead the male arrives first, and sits around silent, mournful, and dejected, until his dusky little mate arrives. And then how quickly the reunited couple hurry about investigating sites for the new home; chirping happily, contentedly—if a bit monotonously—"pewit phoebe, pewit phoebe!"

Again, some fall migratory flocks are said to be made up of young birds who are preceding the adults on the trip south. How do they find their way?

What guides these winged travellers on their journeys across unfamiliar countries and wide seas? How do they find their way? The sense of height is generally discredited, as many more birds fly by night than by day, and many fly very high. And, although a bird's sense of hearing is very acute, and it is known that bird calls keep a flock together—still, there are no calls ahead, to direct the leader. What is it that sends the old gander who leads the flying wedge of geese, on, on, winging his way through the blue? It must be, as many scientists believe a sixth sense—a sense of direction, which, when the impulse to migrate is active, automatically induces certain birds to follow certain routes.

One of the greatest migratory flocks of robins ever known was seen in this state in February, 1928. It was near New Hope, Gaston county, and Game Warden Ford estimated that there were several million robins roosting in the pine woods. For over a week they wheeled about in the sky, coming to roost in the woods. In flight, they appeared like great dark cloudds. This flock is considered the nearest approach to the once great flocks of passenger pigeons which, not so many generations ago, were so numerous that they darkened the earth during their migratory flights. Today, due to man's thoughtlessness and insatiable greed, not one passenger pigeon is left to wing its way through the skies. May the day never come when our robin redbreasts will likewise pass out of our lives.

The purple martin, although a very useful insectivorous bird, also

flocks in such numbers during the late summer and autumn as to become a nuisance at times. A few years ago there were hundreds of thousands of these birds roosting in the trees of one block in Raleigh, and they kept up such a clatter that for the period of their stay residents of the neighborhood said sleep was impossible.

Heavy toll is taken of bird life at all times, but especially during migration. Storms often overtake birds. Once, after a storm on Lake Michigan, the shores of the lake were strewn with tens of thousands of bird bodies. Severe Texas "northers" are often responsible for other thousands of deaths. During a northern flight of longspurs, which are hardy birds of the far North, and so have remarkable resistence, a great blizzard overtook them in Minnesota and millions perished. Once the bluebird came near extermination because of a severe blizzard which coated the earth and trees and shrubs with heavy ice for several days. The birds were unable to break through the thick ice-coating which covered everything, and get at the food beneath, and they were starved and frozen by thousands. For many years following a bluebird was a rare sight.

It is during such storms that food, if placed where birds can reach it, will save many lives. Suet, tied to trees and posts, cracked grains, crumbs, oatmeal flakes, seeds, are all appreciated by the small feathered folk. In some parts of the country during severe weather rural mail carriers are given grain to scatter at various points where birds will come to feed. In this way vast numbers have been saved.

The hawks I have already named prey on migrating birds, and man-made perils, such as telegraph wires, tall buildings, and light houses often prove fatal obstacles to birds. Light-houses especially are a fatal lure to migrating birds. In one night alone, about a light-house on Long Island some 600 birds were killed by striking the light. Many of them were the tiny warblers which always migrate by night. When the torch in the Statue of Liberty, in New York Harbor, was kept lighted, as many as 700 birds a month were picked up about its base.

Again, during migration,, and especially in the fall thousands of single birds stray from the proper line of flight, and lose their way. Sometimes storms drive them far out of their way. Dr. Lawrence Snyder, editor of the bulletin "Common Birds of North Carolina" told of a loon that he had found in a small boat in Pullen Pond. Perhaps that summer it had nested on some far frost-ribed northern lake, and on its trip south had been driven inland by storms. It had found the small sheet of water, only to have it prove a prison, for the loon cannot rise except from a larger body of water, along the surface of which it can paddle a distance before finally getting a start.

The toll is heavy, the perils great. Yet a vast majority come through safely. What is the answer? Perhaps it is the one Rutledge gives: "The more I study migration, the more I am inclined to give it. 'God is in the air and in the night.'"

A CAT AND A SINGER

Margaret Ann Ahlers

One beautiful summer afternoon of the year 1827, in Stockholm, Sweden, a tired little girl sat by the open window of the steward's lodge at the gate of the Widow's Home.

Looking out upon the busy street leading up to the Church of St. Jacobs, she wished with all her heart that she could go out and play with the other children. They were having such a good time! But, alas, the six-year-old child had so many household tasks that there was little time for play.

The wife of the steward, with whom the girl stayed while her mother worked in Linkoping, always locked the door when she went out. The woman was afraid something might happen to the child left in her care, although she had no sympathy for the lonely little one. Often she went out to earn extra money for herself with apparently no thought for the child who was forced to spend many long, tedious hours all alone.

On this particular day the girl could not keep back the tears. But there was one who never failed to comfort her with mute love and affection—one who was always ready to offer companionship. Turning from the window, she saw her cat looking up appealingly. Quickly she gathered him up in her arms, sat down in a chair, and began rocking back and forth.

Tears came fast—a shower of glistening drops fell on the furry gray ball cuddled close. As if he wanted to comfort his mistress, the cat stretched out one little white-tipped paw and laid it on her breast. That brought more tears But soon both child and cat were fast asleep, all troubles forgotten in dreams of better times.

Suddenly the girl woke with a start. The sun had gone down. Dreading the usual scolding when the old woman came back, she began to sing. The cat snuggled closer and started to purr all over again. What a comfort the little fellow was—he loved her, anyway! A sweet song burst from the heart of the child and the sound of her voice floated about the dingy rom and out through the open window.

It happend that the maid of a very famous opera singer, Mll. Lundberfi, passed by just then and heard the song. What a beautiful voice! She stopped, knocked, but found the door locked. On making inquiries of the neighbors, they told her about the child who was shut up alone so often and how she sat by the window and sang to her cat.

The maid told her mistress, who became much interested. The mother was located and asked to bring her daughter to the great singer. "The child is a genius; you must have her educated and taught how to sing!"

So it came about that the little girl was admitted to the School of Pupils attached to the Royal Theater. Herr Croelius, court secretary and singing master, felt sure a remarkable talent had been discovered. Nor was he mistaken, for the little

girl who sang to her cat came to be called the "Swedish Nightingale." She was none other than Jenny Lind, possessor of one of the finest soprano voices the world has ever known.

OVER THE FALLS

By Willis P. Knight

Fifty years ago, in the great forest lands of the Northwest, as Michigan was then called, there were many exciting experiences. Settlements were few and far between and the roads were mere trails through the woods. In fall and winter, the howling of wolves could be heard daily and any trip from one of the small settlements to the large towns where provisions could be procured, was likely to have its share of exciting happenings.

Along the banks of the Little Bend River lay several settlements most of which were not permanent. They were the homes of woodchoppers engaged in lumbering operations. The men were at work in the woods all day long, leaving the women and children at home. One of these settlements was called Ox Bow Falls because, just below, the river sent its waters rushing over a rocky drop to form a curiously bowed waterfall. Fred Elson, a sturdy lad of sixteen, lived in this little village, roaming through the woods and fishing along the river when he could be spared from home. He loved the great Northwest and those vast forests; he looked upon the river as one of nature's best creations. The appeal was there and Fred never felt any loneliness whatever, even though it was very seldom that he saw boys from any of the other settlements.

In the evening, when the men returned from the work, a great bonfire was built and the young people skated on Little Bend. Frequently the ringing of skates and the laughter and shouting of the young people was interrupted by the dismal howling of wolves in the distance. The younger children always skated back to the settlement when the wolves were heard, but Fred often went across toward the opposite bank of the river to see if he could catch a glimpse of the wolves in the woods there. Fear had no place in the heart of this lad.

The winter was very severe, with an unusual amount of snow falling, and trails were blocked to the other villages. It was even difficult work for the men to get to and from the location where the lumbering was going on and Jim Moulton, foreman of the crew, remarked one day, "I'm afraid that if this keeps up we shall have to put up shelters and stay up there on the job until the weather clears.

Therefore it was not surprising when Fred Elson's father said one evening, "Son, we are going to camp out for two weeks as we are now working about five miles north of here and are losing too much time fighting storm after storm to get there. I depend upon you to look

out for mother and the smaller children. Be especially careful not to let any of the younger tots wander away, either up river or into the woods, because I have noticed lately that the howling of the wolves is a hunger cry."

Fred himself had noticed that the wolves seemed to be bolder lately and had come much nearer the settlement than he had ever known them to do previously. He had not said anything at home, for his mother would have worried greatly if she thought there were any danger of those great wolves attacking the children. So, after talking with his father, he made up his mind to keep a sharp eye on not only his own younger brother and sister, but upon the other children of the little settlement.

For the first few days, after quarters had been established away from home, it seemed strange not to have the men return each afternoon at dark and Fred missed the companionship of his father during the evenings. The wind, sweeping down the river, had kept the ice of Little Bend fairly clear of snow so that skating could be enjoyed just as when the men were home; but at Fred's suggestion, a danger line was established at the middle of the river and none of the young folks were allowed to venture beyond this point. Fred had laughingly remarked that quite often the ice cracked on the other side of the river and he did not wish anything to happen to the smaller children while he men folk were away. He did not tell anybody that in the morning he had seen half a dozen wolves skulking in the bushes that edged the farther bank of the river.

The following day, one of the neighboring boys rushed up to Fred and exclaimed, "Somebody has brought a dog into the village! I saw his tracks back of the house this morning!"

Fred was startled, for he well knew without looking at them that those tracks were made by a wolf and not a dog. Surely, if the wolves were so emboldened by hunger as to come right into the settlement, it was a pretty serious situation. Others noted tracks and by noon the settlement was very excited.

Fred thought the matter over for a considerable time and then said to his mother, "I think I ought to go up to the lumber camp and tell the men this fact of the wolves coming into the village last night. We ought to have somebody here in case a pack of them should come in during the day. As it is now, there are only two other boys beside myself who can handle a gun and I am afraid if those wolves ever made an attack while the small children were out of doors playing, somebody would get hurt."

"I do not like the idea of having you go up through the woods alone," said his mother. "It's' a very dangerous thing to do."

"I do not intend to go through the woods," replied Fred. "What I shall do will be to skate up river for about five miles to the place where the teamsters are hauling the logs for cutting next spring. In that way, I can travel faster and there is sure to be some teamster around so that I can send word up to the logging camp."

About two o'clock that afternoon Fred started out and in a few moments disappeared around a bend in the river. As he skated along he looked intently at the bushes along both banks to see if he could discover any wolves. Two or three times he thought he saw shadowy forms disappearing into the underbrush, but he was not certain. Possibly his imagination was tricking him. In half an hour he was at the log dump beside the river and called several times to attract the attention of any teamster who might be near. He was somewhat disappointed when, after a half hour passed, nobody had appeared and, taking off his skates, he started up the trail toward the camp.

It was fully a mile and a half from this point to the camp and tramping through the snow, even though the logging sleds had broken down the drifts, was a wearisome task. At length, however, he came upon two of the choppers and told them of the wolves coming into the settlement he nigh before. Asking them to report to the foreman and have men sent back to the village that night, Fred turned back toward the river.

Nothing unusual happened until he came around a turn of the trail about a hundred yards from the log dump. Then he saw a sight that startled him! At the edge of the river, sniffing at the tracks he had made, were four of the most gaunt wolves Fred had ever seen in his life! What was he to do! Fortunately, the wind was blowing toward him, so that the wolves caught only the scent of his old tracks in the snow. He backed away and hurriedly put on his skates for he realized that at the edge of the river, where he would be easily seen, there would be no time for this. Then he made a detour in an attempt to reach the ice before the wolves detected his presence.

It was not easy to break a new trail through the deep snow, yet Fred got within fifty feet of the river's edge before the wolves saw him, and with a series of fierce howls plunged through the snow in his direction. Fortunately, the wolves did not sense the fact that they could easily have headed him off if they had followed the edge of the river and the deep snow hindered them, so that Fred was able to dash out on the ice just ahead of his foremmost attacker. Two or three quick strides took him out of immediate danger, but the wolves, howling in unison, quickly took up the chase. Fred was tired and he knew that if he were to skate his fastest he might be utterly exhausted before reaching the settlement; so he timed his scheme that he might keep fifty feet or more ahead of the wolves. For two miles boy and wolves kept the same distance apart and it was with a certain feeling of satisfaction that Fred thought this incident to be a curious race. He was really deriving an odd pleasure, as he knew that he was fooling the wolves and they would never be able to catch him. This feeling changed, however, in a moment when to his right came other howls and Fred saw several more wolves coming out from the woods to join their brothers in the chase! Now he knew that the whole pack

would be after him and the probability would be that within the next mile or so a considerable number would be howling at his heels. So he quickened his pace, determined to out-skate them is possible. At the next turn of the river he was a good hundred yards ahead.

"If I can keep his up," he said to himself, "I have nothing to fear, for when they see me go up the bank at the settlement, they will slink off into the woods."

How his skates rang, and how those wolves howled as the race went on for the next mile. Less than two miles remained, yet they proved to be the hardest of the entire course. About a mile above the settlement was a very curious turn that gave the river its name of Little Bend. At this point, half a dozen wolves, attracted by the howling pack, had crept out on the ice and threatened to head off the skater. For a moment Fred's courage oozed and he wondered if he could skate by these new attackers. He was forced to slow down his pace so as to be ready for a quick turn, if necessary.. Nearer and nearer he approached, and then a sudden thought

"If I skate directly toward the came to him.

other bank, and let them get within a few yards, I can make a quick reverse and sweep behind them, because they cannot turn quickly on the ice."

If anybody had witnessed the trick that Fred played upon the wolves, he would have said that the boy was skating straight to his own destruction; but just as it seemed that both the back pack and the wolves in front were ready to bring him down on the ice, he made a quick reverse and darted not ten feet behind the nearest one as they slid and tumbled over one another.

"Whew!" Fred exclaimed to himself. "That was a narrow escape! I hope they get discouraged when they see the settlement ahead!"

But his hopes were not fulfilled, and as he had lost time and distance in evading those six wolves that had tried to head him off, he found that when he made the last turn in the river and the log cabins of the settlement came into view, the pack, howling fiercely, was not more than a hundred feet behind him. He could see the people, standing in doorways and in front of their homes, watching this desperate race. He noted, although, dusk was beginning to settle down, that some of the younger people of the settlement had run down to the bank, no realizing their danger. This made him disheartened, for he knew full well that the wolves would not give up the chase. What was he to do!

Possibly, if he swerved toward the other bank he could again bring confusion to the wolf pack so that he could dart across to the safety of home. Then like a flash, he changed his tactis and skated down the river past the settlement.

"He has forgotten the Falls!" came the exclamation from many who witnessed this. "He'll go over the Ox Bow, and be injured on the rocks below!"

But Fred knew what he was doing. He also knew that just above the Falls the river was open, and as he skated toward the broken ice at

that point, he slowed up enough so that the wolves made desperate efforts to close the gap. So intent were they upon the boy that they did not notice the open water just above the falls, and when Fred made an abrupt turn and swerved toward the bank, the wolves could not check their momentum, and were swept into the water. Only two or three of the less speedy at the rear of the pack were able to save themselves and as Fred skated homeward they slunk into the woods.

When the men came down from the camp they found that all danger from that particular pack of wolves was over; and, in fact, for the remainder of the winter only occasional howls of lone wolves were heard.

HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL

Room No. 1

—A—

Richard Mishoe, Jas. Battle, Marshall Hollifield, Sid Logan, Hurley Miller, R. B. McDonald, Clarence McPherson. Earl Neal, Troy Thompson, and Dick Whitener.

—B—

Jack Cook. Homer Smith, Graham Godfrey, Howard Boaz, Howard Falk, George House, Sam Little, Arnold Wingler, David White, Jesse Whitman, and Spencer Yow.

—o—

Room No. 2

—A—

J. D. Akridge, William Hanford, Robert Hill, Bill Jackson, Arthur Hawkins, John H. Cain, Randolph Elliott, and Lawrence Thompson.

—B—

Avery Gunter, Howard Lee, Neil Lowe, Mell Russ, Shannon Broom, Robert Branch, Jim Camden, Glenn Connor, M. Hartsell, John Merritt, and Woodrow Spruill.

—o—

Room No. 3

—A—

Hubert Davis and James Greer.

—B—

Eddie Lockamy, Arthur Chatham, Eugene Hogan, and Charles Smith.

—o—

Room No. 4

—B—

Robert Alexander, Billie Craven, James Dunn, John Owens, Albert Roe, Edwin Cooper, Stafford Edwards, Loyce Long, John Moore.

—o—

Room No. 5

—A—

Billy Barrett, Allen Barrett, Fleming Collins, Warren Holleman, David Kirksey, Harding Klutz, Warren Medlin, Jennings Norris, Dexter Shoemaker, and Charles Smith.

—B—

Carl Everett.

—o—

Room No. 6

—A—

Ernest Anderson, Lee Chandler, Perry Futrell, Harvey Hall, Carl Hampton, Dallas Hodge, Frank McAlister,, Morris Staley, Charles F. Womble, and Joe Stockton.

—B—

Alton Morgan, Ernest Watts, Clarence Weadon, and Isaac Chatham.

—o—

Room No. 7

—A—

Sam Everett and Richard Sullivan.

—END—

—B—

George Carlile, Bill Clayton, M. Gurganus, Calvin Hicks, Lewis Janey, James Singleton, George Watts, Oscar White, Clyde Young, and Bill Young.

INSTITUTION NOTES

For several days past Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been making repairs to the hay racks at the dairy barns.

—o—

Dalton Boswell, one of our paroled boys, now living in Burlington, called on friends at the school last Monday. We were glad to learn that he has been doing well since leaving the institution.

—o—

Henry Mathis, of Durham Cottage, after a stay of four years at the institution, was permitted to go to his home in Sylva, last week, where he will live with his sister and attend school.

—o—

We recently learned from a business man of Concord that one of the Pearson boys, of North Wilkesboro, a former student here, is in business at that place with his father and is doing unusually well. Theirs is one of the leading wholesale grocery stores in that community.

—o—

Strawberry season in all its abundance is surely here. While the school does not raise berries for market, our family of nearly five hundred boys constitutes a good home-market, and we feel safe in saying none of the berries will be wasted. Last Monday more than 300 gallons of fine berries were picked Some were served whole at the cottages some made into short-cake and pies, and the greater portion was preserved for winter use.

—o—

We are indebted to Mr. Zack L. Roberts, president of the Lions Club, of Concord, for a copy of the Concord City Directory, recently published by that organization. The Lions are selling the directories at $3.50, the proceeds being used for the laudable purpose of adjusting the poor eyesight of under-privileged children in the Concord City Schools. This splendid organization is to be commended for the part it is playing in the promotion of public health, especially in the effort to help those unable to help themselves.

—o—

When the cottage lines assembled near the Cannon Memorial Building on the morning of May 1st, Superintendent Boger announced that the boys who so desired would be permitted to go barefooted. This announcmeent was greeted with a whoop of joy from the smaller youngsters, and several hundred shoes were immediately removed and

sent to the shoe shop. From now until old Jack Frost visits us in the Fall, our physician in making his daily visits will most likely be called upont to treat stumped toes, stone-bruises and countless other ailments peculiar to the barefoot season.

—o—

We know of no place where there is stronger evidence of a boy's love for animals than at the Jackson Training School. Down at the dairy the cows all have pet names, given by the boys who attend them. This also applies to the horses and mules used in carrying on our farm work. It would not do to keep one boy's team on the hard, rough work all the time, as it would cause him to lodge a complaint that his team was being imposed upon. As we see these youngsters working and caring for various animals it is quite evident that they become very much attached to them. Only recently one of our Holsteins bulls, which had to be disposed of, was sold to the White Packing Company, Salisbury, in exchange for a certain amount of "hot-dogs" or "weinies." In due time these were delivered to the school and the first day that "weinies" were being served, a boy about sixteen years of age, at one of the cottages, whose duty it had been to care for this particular animal, refused to eat of the delicacies placed before him. Upon being questioned he replied with tears streaming down his cheeks, that he just could not eat any of the "hot-dogs" made out of "Old King Tut." It has been our observation that any boy who has an opportunity to deal with and care for animals will develop a love and consideration for them that would not othewise be developed. And we might add that a boy who possesses these qualities is a much better boy than one who has no consideration for dumb creatures.

—o—

The service in the auditorium last Sunday afternon was conducted by Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord. His talk on "The Springtime of Life" was based largely upon the story of the Prodigal Son. In the course of his remarks Rev. Summers called particular attention to four words describing the life of this young man—Illumination, Humiliation, Detestation and Determination. Illumination: When the boy came to himself he saw the light and realized that he had lost everything, that his father had hired servants in better circumstances than he. Humiliation: He felt his smallness. At one time he had bright prospects but now, because of wrong living, he had descended very low. Detestation: He hated himself for having gotten into such a condition. Determination: He determined to arise and go to his father in all humility and beg forgiveness, and to take on a new life. In conclusion Rev. Summers told the boys in order to attain eternal life they must be illuminated by Christ's power and example; they must feel their own unworthiness and sinfullness; they should detest the life that separation from Christ breeds, and determine to follow after Him and try to lead the life He would have them lead. Rev. Summers' helpful and instructive address was enjoyed by all.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

CAROLINA REC

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 13, 1933 No. 18

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MOTHER'S DAY

"Lord, give the mothers of the world
More love to do their part;
That love which reaches not alone
The children made by birth their own,
But every childish heart.
Wake in their souls true motherhood,
Which aims at universal good."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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REVELATIONS OF MOTHER LOVE

I bent my ears to a lily's cup,
And thought that it spoke to me;
By the stainless white of its petals light,
Of a mother's purity.

To the heart of a red, red rose I crushed
And it seemed that within my eyes,
There was shadowed the gleam of a crimson stream
Of a mother's sacrifice.

I considered the sun and the moon and the stars,
The winds, and the tides of the sea;
And found in the span of their beautiful plan
All a mother's constancy.

Then I lifted my eyes to a hilltop lone,
Where love hung high on a tree;
And lo, it was there I could best compare
My mother's love for me.

—Janie Alford.

MOTHER'S DAY

Sunday, May 14, is observed as Mother's Day!

Mother! Estatic sound so twined round our hearts that they must cease to throb ere we forget it. 'Tis our first love. 'Tis part of religion. She is both the morning and evening star of life. The light of her eyes is always the first to rise, and often

the last to set upon man's day of trial.

There is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to her offspring that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to her child's convenience. She will surrender every pleasure to his or her enjoyment. She will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity. If misfortune overtakes him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune. If disgrace settles upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace. If all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

There is no friend on earth like Mother! If she is living cherish her. Alas! how little do so many appreciate a mother's tenderness while living. How heedless in youth are so many of her anxieties and kindness. When she is dead and gone forever from earthly ministrations of love and care, when the cares and coldness of the world come withering into the heart, when one experiences how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few to love one for himself, how few will befriend you in misfortune, then it is that one thinks of the mother he has lost.

If mother is living, give her a kiss and a warm embrace Mother's Day. If you away from home, write Mother a letter of love and devotion. If she is dead, follow her precepts, and honor her memory.

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MOTHER'S DAY

"Mother's Day was originated by Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, who founded the Mother's Day International Association, and the sixty-third Congress passed a resolution fixing the second Sunday in May Mother's Day and making it the duty of the president to proclaim it.

"The late President Wilson issued the first Mother's Day proclation in 1914. States also, have given recognition of the day. In 1913 Nebraska designated Mother's Day as a state flag day; in the same year Pennsylvania made Mother's Day a state holiday

and since 1912 governors of Texas have annually pardoned deserving inmates of prisons on Mother's Day.

"The original idea of Mother's Day embraced the simultaneous observance in every part of the world of the day as an acknowledgement of the love and reverence all men and women owe to their mothers.

"In addition to the wearing of flowers as tribute to their mothers, those whose mothers are living, but from whom they are separated, are urged by the promoters of the observance to visit or write them upon Mother's Day.

"Though we stress the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day, it really should be every day in the year, for it is a background in every heart. The love felt by a mother for her children and by her children for her are things apart. They are proved by service and sacrifice, not by words. They need no special emphasis."

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A TASTE FOR BOOKS

The library established by the Charlotte Circle of King's Daughters is bringing about the very finest results. If the library does nothing more than bring just a few of our boys in contact with books, making reading a definite part of the recreational activities, it justifies the effort upon the part of the women to establish and maintain the library. It is not an unusual sight to see our big boys since the opening of the library, stretched out upon the campus with a book, giving every impression of interest in reading, a most delightful and profitable pastime. Boys are the same the world over regardless of class or kind. Unless they are stimulated to worthwhile activities during the impressionable age the best qualities that will go to make a professional leader, or philanthropist possibly will be diverted into channels that lead to crime or destruction.

Books are the finest companions, dealing with subject matter, if carefully selected, that will afford pleasure and intellectual exercise. This is the estimate of Frank P. Graham, president of the University of North Carolina, as to books in a home, school or

any place:

"Something real happens when a great book and a human being get together. In the nexus of the great soul at work in a book and a great personality at work in the world is the focus of our civilization. History proves to us that great libraries are both the fruits and the roots of great civilization. Close to the sources of many events and movements is the fact that a boy and a book go together."

Also from another source we give the mission of a book:

"Books are friends, at least many of them are. They are good company. They show us a fine time. They please and instruct us. They bring to us the best thought of all the ages. They enable us to live with people who have been dead thousands of years. They bring us the ripe wisdom of the foremost thinkers of other lands. They enable us to know how preceding generations played and worked and thought and lived. They make it possible for us to walk into homes, study institutions, and become acquainted with social customs that no longer exist. Practically all the results of all the people of all the centuries are gathered into the library that may not be very far from your home.

"Having no taste for books is like having no desire for friends."

* * * * * * * * * * *

WHAT TO DO—WHO KNOWS?

The question uppermost in the minds of the people today is education. This thought is discussed from every angle. Some declare for an eight months school term and others for a nine months term without consideration as to the sacrifices made to raise the revenue. We are not sufficiently versed in questions of high financing, but from experience we have sense enough to know that when pay-day comes with no funds in sight there is nothing short of humiliation, unless there is an absolute disregard for one's obligations. To make a long story short will say "it is impossible to eat your candy and have it too," and just at this time many of the best citizens feel as if they have been run through a double wringer by having salaries slashed, incomes curtailed fifty per cent or more and then to cap-the-climax an increase in price of commodities right along with the same expense of up-keep and no relief in taxation.

To solve the conditions as stated are far more difficult than a jig-saw puzzle. There is nothing to do but to abide our time and

see rsults, and we continue to hope for the best in balancing the state budget. But you have heard the old adage, "it is hard to get blood out of a turnip," and this is where we jump off in the argument.

* * * * * * * * * * *

CHILDREN ARE JUST CHILDREN

Research and investigation have proven that pupils average up just about the same regardless of what happened to their forebears. This, too, is gratifying to the underprivileged and at the same time knocks out some of the "ego" of a class that previously boasted of a noble heritage and a life of ease. The following information also bears out the truths of the Scriptures "that God is no respecter of persons." In the brief article "kids are just kids" taken from the Reidsville Review is a store of information following an extensive study of human nature. We are often the victims of circumstances, but at the same time have the blessed privilege of burgeoning out our lives with an understanding—a God given gift—the equal of any:

"In this age of researches, surveys and investigations, it is sometimes encouraging to note that in most cases things are just about as sensible folks suspected before we had so much research.

"For example, after an elaborate study of many school pupils by experts of Wittenberg College, it was discovered that students from large families were as bright as those from small families. Also that there was a fair degree of uniformity among students who happened to be the oldest, middle or youngest in their respective families.

"Again, it didn't seem to make much difference in the intelligence of the offspring whether either or both of the parents were college graduates or not.

"All of which indicates that the average pupil is just about average, no matter what happened to his folks beforehand.

"Which, again and also, is what most of us knew all the time."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made."

—o—

The cross words in some families are more puzzling than the cross-word puzzles.

—o—

Gasoline is the most down-trodden thing in the world. Every one who drives a car is stepping on it.

—o—

It is my opinion that there's going to be some startling and attractive figures in the new rubber bathing suits.

—o—

Chicago's Century of Progress is designed to show that that city is forging ahead of the rest of us. But Chicago has gone backward with her teachers.

—o—

O, Shaw! George Bernard Shaw says "Democracies talk too much." Another case of the "pot calling the kettle black."

—o—

The Rooseveltian idea seems to be that Prosperity will turn the corner at a swift gait, when he turns over and out all the antiquated customs of the past half century, and fully inaugurates the "New Deal" in conformity with the times and changes for a new era.

—o—

A columnist tells us that "A man should make his wife a silent partner in his affairs." Can a husband make his wife a silent partner? It would be a monstrous trick if he could.

—o—

There is more kick in the price of the new beer than there is in the beer itself.

—o—

Little Edna, from the city, five years old, went to the country and for the first time saw a cow with horns. She asked her mother: "What are those things on the cow's head?" "They are horns," replied her mother. "How does the cow blow them?" was Edna's next inquiry.

—o—

Promise yourself to give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you will have no time to criticize others.

—o—

A fellow who seems to be an expert tells us that "Soft lights in the home aid in preventing divorces." Maybe, perhaps. But I do not know of anything greater in preventing divorces than soft words.

—o—

When you see a car zigzaging along the road, and bobbing up and down in an unbecoming manner, it is hard to tell whether the driver is tanked up with a beer chaser, or his car tank is filled with a mixture of gas and corn alcohol. When motor cars begin to drink alcoholic liquors,

the drivers ought to stop; or something be done about it.

—o—

This is May alright. No doubt about it's being Spring. The days of strawberries and straw hats. Likewise daylight saving time in some parts of the country, and squandering in others. Spring plowing time, with farmers furrowing the ground, and many people furrowing their brows. Apple and peach blossoms, tulips and roses, columbines and honeysuckles, all over the place, with here and there a May queen. May is the month of promises; no matter how the rest of the year turns out. In May we're are sure that from now on to Christmas everything will be hunky-dory. The flowers give us sweet odors; the friut trees give promise of delicious fruit; the birdies sing; there's a blue sky overhead, and a soft, warm breeze from the south. In May we are ready to believe in anything. We're all hitched up and a-rarin' to go. Isn't May grand?

—o—

The new congress is giving President Roosevelt very broad powers on whatever he wants to do. Some have expressed the idea that by stretching these powers a bit he might even abolish congress as an economic measure.

—o—

It is reported that ex-President Hoover still expresses himself as having no plans for the future. If I remember aright, this was one of the complaints against his administrations.

—o—

It has been shown by statistics that the word "the" is the most used word in the English language. That may be true. But from the way people talk, and what you read in the newspapers, the word "budget" is running "the" a close race, if it is not ahead of the word procession.

—o—

I see it announced that Mrs. Woodin, wife of the secretary of the treasury, says she enjoys the guitar music which her husband plays. Now, folks, here is a dutiful and loving wife you cannot gainsay.

—o—

I see that Russell Mull, of Morganton, route 4, raised 1,000 baby chicks with a home-made brick brooder and had them ready for market as broilers at ten weeks of age. This is better than Mull-ing around and complaining of hard times. His name should be Rustler instead of Russell.

"What were your thoughts yesterday? What did they bring to you?

You cannot think hate and attract love.

You cannot think fear and attract success.

You cannot think evil and attract good.

We are free to think what we please. What will your thoughts be tomorrow? What will they bring to you? Decide now."—Selected.

A SHRINE FOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN ANSON

By C. W .Hunt

Where the Lovers of the "Lost Cause" Gather Each May at the Colonial Home of General William A. Smith.

Anson county has for 100 years been known for its great and good people, its grand old colonial homes, great farms, old plantations which revive memories of the days when slavery was in vogue, but most of these grand old homes have been left to others than the descendants of these Colonials and ere now in inocuous desuetude, and generally no more than a memory. Occasionally one of these has remained in or fallen into the hands of those with ability to appreciate and perpetuate a remnant of a civilization which old timers like to talk and write about. Such a home has for many years been a gathering place for Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy and those who sympathize with the "Lost cause," and those who have descended from such. This is the colonial home of General and Mrs. William A. Smith, state commander of United Confederate Veterans, Ansonville, ten miles out of Wadesboro on route number 80, toward Albemarle and Salisbury.

It is no easy task to properly portray the scene one comes into when he or she drives up the gravel road from the paved highway and stops in front of the wonderful and well kept old colonial home, for there is a reatfulness and beauty that could, in a sense, be compared to that of a hospital bed to a sick and tired man. Everything is just right; the gate, the entrance, the shrubs, the trees, the porch, the veranda, all spaciousc and inviting. One feels as he enters that he is welcome and everything bids him feel at home. But it is not all house and welcome, for there are two choice spirits there, and it is around these, General and Mrs. Smith that the interest centers, and the house and the grounds and the other things that attract are but adjuncts. The occasion of my late visit there was the annual May picnic given each May to those who love the things mentioned above. This picnic is not a neighborhood affair, though there may be neighbors there, but by those described above as being a part of or descended from a civilization and went through the "days that tried men's souls."

Leaving out the lovely matrons and younger Misses, always present and lovely, we note first the men who wear the gray or wearing the cross of honor, which marks each for attention. There were present on this fine May day occasion thirty of these Veterans, the eldest 98 and the youngest about 89 years. These come not to dance and eat and frolic, but come each May somewhat on the order of those who visit a shrine, not as a feitish, expecting the uncanny and the mystic; but as men who assemble to think and to speak

of a history that is sacred to them and all those who came out of or are connected with those old men who wore the gray. To what other gathering would men drive 50 and 100 miles, just to be at a picnic! These came from Charlotte, Monroe, Concord, Wadesboro, Cheraw, Chesterfield, Albemarle, Salisbury, High Point, Mocksville, Winston-Salem and many other place: and they linger and talk and think and admire the rare beauty and setting of it all, and return home with a feeling of satisfaction that brings comfort and rest and respite from life's worries. But I only half way described this shrine-like place.

Along the highway at the foot of the slope upward to the house has been built a brown-stone wall, 500 or more feet in length, and at either end of the wall are wide ramparts between which one drives as he enters. This wall and this stone work is modern, after a beautiful pattern and makes a wall that is seldom seen; for brown-stone, once the most fashionable of all stones for building, has gone out of use. Inside this inclosure is a great grove of native trees, just like they grow, but inside the yard stand four great yellow poplars, planted by the hands of some ancestor which must be close to 100 years old. These stand like sentinels, the one opposite each of the four corners of the house in the front and in the back and are yet strong and healthy and stately. Not only do these poplars stand as sentinels but act as protectors from the heat of sun and pelting rains and storms. The back yard is gracefully large and fenced in, the sheds and barns in keeping in distance and space, with good buildings, many of which contain piles of bales of cotton still unsold, these stand to the left from the rear, while the flower and vegetable gardens lie to the right. In these are all manner of shrubs and flowers and vines and the old time kitchen vegetable garden, and far advanced in growth, promising in everything edible. Adjoining is a great grove of bearing pecan trees and back of it all a farm. All these added to the first three paragraphs above will give the reader a small idea what makes the place a shrine. It is old and its inmates strive to preserve that age, as well as a civilization that was different, and from which is descended southern chivalry and southern galantry.

To prepare food for such an occasion is a gamble; for the weather may put a crimp into all plans or a program. I was allowed to go into the dining room and look at the loaded dining room table, used as a storage table, and view all that food which had been prepared and before any of it was disturbed, and took in the splendidness of its quality and preparation. I asked my hostess: "How do you manage to prepare such a quantity of delectable food an dknow when you have enough?" Her reply was: "I have trained help; I tell them what I want and they prepare it." To look upon it one could conclude that with the addition of some bread and coffee, the crowd of close to 150 more or less, could be fed from that alone. But on the back porch were piled baskets and boxes of picnic food

brough by the guests, which were emptied and piled upon plates on the waiting tables, and any lack on these were drawn from that central table in the dining room.

Every one ate his or her fill. It was all good and bountiful. The hospality was unbounded, the "comrad-ee" all that one could wish. It was not a reunion of Veterans yet it all centered in these, and I dare you to go anywhere and find men of more distinguished mien than many of these or find a more typical Confederate soldier still bewhiskered as he was when he fought under Lee and Jackson, and who today, though in their late eighties and nineties, still typify the soldier of the sixties. Some men might forget these old men, but not the good Daughters of the Confederacy. These make luncheons for these wearers of the gray once each month, and on an occasion like this will brave a storm that they may lend their presence to anything that brings pleasure to the soldiers of the sixties.

There seemed to be no set program, just a mingling and a shower of love and affection upon the host and hostess, but Maj. W. C. Heath, who can out Vet a Veteran, volunteerd to deliver a talk, and he did to the delight of all(and was so deep into his subject that a bugler blowing taps close by did not interfere in the least. It is a wonderful story Heath tells, wonderful and resourceful is he!

Mrs. H. S .Pruette, Wadesboro, sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and Fisher Hendley and his Carolina Tar Heels stringed band made merry music through the happy hours, and later Fisher gave, to the delight of all, his reading: "The Possum Hunt." Hendley is in a class by himself in this work of the imitation of an old possum hunter blowing up his dogs and the beginning and ending of a chase of an o'possum that to the initiated is superb. He lives at Albemarle and he and his musicians are in great demand where live stuff is needed. Hendely is a genius and it fitted into this picnic shrinal day perfectly, for the music was of the days mentioned above.

APRIL

April Sunday is mellow and gay,
  April Monday is blowy.
April Tuesday is rainy and gray,
  April Wednesday is snowy.
April Thursday is bright and clear,
  April Friday is sunny.
April Saturday's damp and drear—
  April weather is funny!

—St. Nicholas.

THIS BOY LOVED HIS MOTHER

(Selected)

The following sketch of a ragged newsboy who had lost his mother is full of touching interest. In tenderness of his affection for her, he was determined that he would raise a stone to her memory. His mother and he had kept house together and they had been all to each other, but now she was taken, and the little fellow's loss was great. But getting a stone was no easy task, for his earnings were small. But love is strong. Going to a cutter's yard and finding that even the cheaper class of stones were far too much for him, he at length fixed upon a broken shaft of marble, a part of an accident in the yard, for which the proprietor kindly named such a low figure that it came within his means.

There was much yet to be done, but the little fellow was equal to the task. Next day he conveyed the stone away on a four-wheeled cart and managed to have it put in position. The proprietor, curious to know what the boy had done with the stone, visited the cemetery one afternoon and he thus describes what he saw and learned:

"Here it is," said the man in charge, and, sure enough, there was our monument at the head of one of the larger graves. I knew it at once. Just as it was when it left our yard, I was going to say, until I got a little nearer to it and saw what the little chap had done. I tell you boys, that when I saw it, something blurred my eyes so I couldn't read it at first. The little man had tried to keep the lines straight and evidently thought capitals would make it look better and bigger, for nearly every letter was a capital. I copied it and here it is, but you must see it on the stone to appreciate it:

My mOTHER
SHEE DIED LAST WEAK
SHEE WAS ALL I HAD
SHE SED SHEAD Bee waITING
Fur

And here, boys, the lettering stopped. After a while I went back to the man in charge and asked him what further he knew about the little fellow who brought the stone.

"Not much he said," he said, "not much." Didn't you notice a fresh little grave near the one with the stone? Well, that's where he is. He came here every afternoon for some time, working away at that stone and one day I missed him, and then for several days. Then a man came from the church that had buried his mother and ordered a grave dug by her side. I asked if it was for the little chap. He said it was. He had sold his papers all but one one day, and was hurrying along the street out here. There was a runaway team just about the crossing and—well he was run over and didn't live but a day or two. He had in his hand an old file sharpened down to a point that he did all the lettering with. They said he seemed to be thinking only of that until he died, for he kept saying, "I didn't get it done; but she'll know I meant to finish it, won't she? I'll tell her so, for she'll be waiting for me," and boys, he died with those

words on his lips.

When the men in the cutter's yard heard the story of the boy the next day, they clubbed together, got a good stone, inscribed upon it the name of the boy, which they succeededd in getting from the Superintendent of the Sunday-school which the little newsman attended, and underneath it the touching expressive words: "He loved his mother."

When the stone was put up the little fellow's Sunday-school mates, as well as others, were present, and the Superintendent in speaking to them, told how the little fellow had loved Jesus and tried to please Him, and gave utterance to this high econium: "Children, I would rather be that brave, loving little newsboy, and lie here with that on my tombstone, than be king of the world and not love and respect my mother. The little newsman has left a lesson to the world."

SOME DAY, O MOTHER!

(Selected)

"Some day, O Mother, when the notable women of the earth come bringing their gifts to humanity, you shall stand with head erect, the center and cynsure of that illustrious throng. All will be there, the Jane Austins of literature, the Rost Bonheurs of art, the Madam Curies of science, the Sarah Bernhardts of drama, the Carrie Jacobs Bonds of music, and each will present her particular contribution to the age in which she lived—a book, a painting, a piece of music, a bit of reading—brilliant achievements, valuable gifts, but they will pale to insignificance beside yours—the gift of human life.

"For of what avail are our books, our paintings, our music, if no hand turns the pages, no eye views the canvasses and no voice sings the melodies we have set down? How meaningless our wisdom, how futile our culture, if it does not serve a stepping stone to a civilization yet undreamed, a pathway to a golden era of achievement whose splendor our groping minds can scarcely grasp! And it is your gift, your boy, your girl, who becomes the connecting link between the present and the future, who takes up the torch of progress where we lay it down and who bears it on triumphantly to generations yet to come.

So remember, O Mother, if the day is long, the duties many, and the burdens heavy, that the rewards are equally great, and that it is you, who regardless of the passing triumphs or the brief applause that others may receive, are patiently, painstakingly day by day, molding the future of mankind. And if this is not a worthy cause, if it is not a big enough career to call for and to receive the best you have to offer, then life itself is but an empty gesture."

SELF VS. MOTHER

By J. Beson White

Merrill White was not only the youngest member in a family of six children, but he was the only boy in the family. Consequently, he had been humored and pampered all the days of his life, and just as any other boy would have grown under this influence, Merrill grew, until it seemed to the sisters under the same roof that Merrill ruled the place. And really it wouldn't be missing the mark very much, if such a statement were made, because everybody in the White household made an effort to please the youngest member, and it was well for them that they did, to, for Merrill was most uncomfortable to live with when things didn't go his way.

Time and again his parents had talked the matter over, and time and again they had made an effort to break Merrill of his selfishness. But as he grew, the silfish disposition developed also until living in the same house with him occasionally became almost unbearable—and one of these times occurred when his mother suddenly became ill and was sent to the hospital.

Now Merrill had never tried living without his mother to lean on, and when illness took her away from home he became unmanageable for his sisters. Finally Father White, seeing the trouble the youngster was making for his children, called in his sister Marcia to help.

For a few days after Aunt Marcia's arrival Merrill behaved beautifully, and then one morning he was late getting down to breakfast, and when he found his cereal cold, he started a fuss.

"Stop where you are, young man," said Aunt Marcia in a tone of voice that caused Merrill to squirm uncomfortably in his chair.

"But my oats—" exclaimed Merrill, "they're cold!"

"Then perhaps you will get up when you hear the first bell in the morning," answered Aunt Marcia.

And to everybody's surprise, Merrill was at the table on time the next morning.

The second trouble came up when Merrill lost his ball, and immediately accused his sister Josie of having lost it.

"Josie had nothing to do with that ball, Merrill," said Aunt Marcia, "so don't mention the matter any more—get out and hunt your ball."

And that's exactly what Merrill did. But all the time he was thinking and planning to get even with this cross-patch aunt of his who had come into the home and taken such a stand against him, and finally he went to the hospital and told his mother about it.

"Well," said mother softly, "you'll have to obey your Aunt Marcia; she won't take any foolishness."

Then suddenly feeling sorry for her youngest child, Mother White slipped a dollar bill into his hand and told him to run back by the store and get himself a new ball.

Thrilling with the excitement that he intended to create when he arrived home with the new ball, Merrill went triping along the street almost on the air. He paused for an instant to

peer into the window of a hardware store that was featuring baseballs, and then he moved on towards the place he usually bought such articles, and there he encountered Joe Milton.

"'Lo, Joe!" he called merrily—"I'm going to buy me a new ball—want to help me pick it out?"

"I'd love to," answered Joe, "and then I want you to help me pick out a bunch of flowers."

"Flowers!" exclaimed Merrill—"what for?"

"Why, Merrill," said Joe in a surprised tone of voice, "have you forgotten tomorrow is Mother's Day? You know a boy should always give his mother flowers or something nice on that day. I've been saving my pennies and nickels a long time just for this occasion."

Merrill looked at the dollar bill in his hand, and a strange feeling crept through his soul. Suddenly all desire for a new ball vanished from his heart.

"Let's get your flowers first, Joe," said Merrill thoughtfully, "and then we'll hunt up the ball for me."

But once inside the florist shop, Merrill lost sight his the ball altogether, and when the boys came out, both carried a huge bouquet of lovely flowers.

Just how he ever got to the hospital and up the stairs, Merrill never remembered, but he covered the distance some way, and that wasn't all—he found his mother fast asleep when he arrived, and though he stumbled once on the rug that covered the floor, he finally managed to fill the bowl with his lovely flowers, and then sat down beside her bed to wait for her to wake. And when she did awake, it seemed to Merrill he had never seen her looking quite so lovely. She sniffed the air a couple of times, then turned her head towards the lovely bouquet, and then she raised up in bed and looked directly at her young son.

"Merrill—" she said softly, "you didn't do what I told you to do with that dollar."

"No, mother," answered the boy, "I didn't—but just this once," he finished softly, "you don't mind very much, do you?"

"If you are happy over it," answered the woman, "I don't object."

"Then, please, Mother," said Merrill softly, "enjoy your flowers, because giving them to you makes me a lot happier than having a ball."

And don't you know, a song seemed to rise suddenly in the boy's throat, and he went home whistling. From that good day on he began to break himself of selfishness by doing good things for others.

And way down deep in his heart he was always grateful to his friend Joe for reminding him of his duty towards his mother, and though he is a grown up gentleman now, he has never once forgotten to send his mother flowers on her day.

"The diamond is the hardest mineral. Water, which is a mineral liquid, is the softest."—Selected.

MOTHERHOOD

By Paul J. Hoh

There is no greater privilege that can come to a woman than that of motherhood, and there is no greater responsibility. How many of us realize that the first seven years of a child's life are the years that determine in the main the whole future development of that life? During those first seven years the foundations are laid for most of the attitudes, activities and habits of life. During those years the main lines of spiritual, social and moral development are determined. It takes a life of struggle to throw off completely the influences that are ours before we are seven. The most crucial period of a human life, therefore, is this plastic, yet active period from birth to seven.

Who is it that has the greatest opportunity to guide and to mould this growing personality, this developing character, this ripening life? The mother! It is she alone who has the privilege of living with her little one twenty-four hours of the day, seven days of the week, and fifty-two weeks of the year. It is she who creates largely the atmosphere in which the child lives and moves and has his being. It is she whose attitudes and acts the growing child imitates. It is she whose feelings and moods the little child is going to take into his own life as an integral part of his future. No other human being will ever have the opportunity—for good or evil—that a mother has during the early years of her little one's life. All the public school teachers, church school teachers, pastors, playmates, and friends of a child taken together will not exert as much influence upon that child's life as his mother exerted upon it during his infancy and childhood.

Schools, playgrounds, organizations and churches can and do contribute much of large value to the life of our growing boys and girls; but the child's home contributes more. And within that home Mother contributes most. This is not theory, this is fact.

"The hand that rocks the cradle . . ." Of course, mothers do not rock cradles these days. Nevertheless, it is still true that the hand that cares for the lives of our children in their earliest years "is the hand that rules the world." The old Jesuit knew what he was talking about when he asked for the child until he was ten, expressing in return his willingness to give up the child to others for the rest of his life. Modern educators will go him one better and be satisfied with the first seven years, feeling confident that in those years the great foundations are laid. And there are those who would give up even the last two of the seven: "Give me the child until he is five!"

Whatever of exaggeration there may be in such claims, this fact is indisputable: the first seven years of a child's life are the fundamentally formative ones—and it is the mother who directs those years.

Mother's Day! Every day is Mother's day. It has been so ever since the world began. If only mothers knew it!

MOTHERS

By Margaret Curtis Walters

Just suppose the old story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin should be repeated this spring morning! Suppose that there should sound over valley and hill a mysterious sweet call, not quite like a bird, not quite like a flute—haunting, wheedling, inescapable. But suppose that, instead of the children scampering pell-mell from house and school and garden, the mothers in town and city and country should look up from their work and listen, and then, as though under a magic spell, should lay aside whatever they were doing, and moving at first slowly and then more certainly, should follow the far, sweet call.

What a strange array it would be! Perhaps if all these mothers were in uniform, they would have something of the splendor of an army, for enough braid and buttons make even a bellhop impressive. But when the magic flute was heard, and they rose from their work, there would be no time to get into a uniform, let alone their best dress and hat, so there would be mouselike little figures in black and brown, and plump women in kitchen aprons, and regal ladies with crowns of snowy hair. Sturdy little farmers' wives would hurry along beside women wrapped in fur and silk who spread a quiver of perfume about them. Energetic mothers used to managing a family of six would stride to the front as though they simply couldn't go fast enough; shy little mothers would move timidly. Somewhere—a few paces behind the rest—would come my mother, placid and plump and sweet-faced. And there would be your mother. There would be mothers who looked happy, and mothers who looked worried, and mothers who were tired, and perhaps a few who looked cross.

And always ahead of them the flute-like notes would echo, and always more and more mothers would come to the door, stand for a moment in hesitation and then join the moving ranks, until all the mothers in the world, with white skins, yellow skins, brown skins, and black skins, would be following after the Invisible Piper.

Where would they be going this fair spring morning? Would the Piper just be calling them out under the sky into the flowery meadows? Would he perhaps lead them on in an ever-swelling army until all kinds of beautiful things came true—world-wide peace, and happiness and brotherhood for all mankind? Or would he perhaps play the mean trick of the old Piper of Hamelin Town, and carry them off after him into some fairyland from which none of them would return?

Well, after all, this is just a fairy-tale idea. But can you imagine what your world and my world would be like if the Pied Piper suddenly lured all our mothers away? Can you imagine the roasts burning in the oven, the babies crying in the bathtub, the dresses with the seams unsewed, the cats and dogs coaxing to be fed, the letters left unwritten, the songs left

unsung, the toys not picked up? Can you imagine coming home to big houses and little houses and apartments and huts and cabins and palaces and igloos and wigwams—whatever you live in—and finding only the fire dying on the hearth, the baby crying, and nothing done for anybody?

It's too dreadful to think about, isn't it? It almost makes you feel that you ought to lay this paper down and go out to the kitchen to see if mother is still where you left her, and perhaps even do a little more to help her than you had previously intended. Perhaps it's just as well that no mysterious Piper is sounding his flute this morning!

And yet, while my mind plays with this idea, I do seem to see a moving army of mothers—thousands and thousands and even millions of them. It would take countless centuries for them to file past me in reality, but they can file endlessly past in just a few seconds as I lean back here in my chair and look at them. In the vanguard come women from the earliest days of the world, dressed in rude skins and with funny naked youngsters clinging to their necks. Here are Egyptian women with odd, stiff wigs and Chinese women with jeweled headdresses. Here are Greek women, beautiful of body and quiet of mind, and brisk dark Roman women used to managing estates and business, and great tall Norse women like fair goddesses. Here are sullen, maltreated serfs, and warrior queens, most of them unable to read and write, desperately ignorant all of them. Here are grand ladies in swaying hoops and great ruffs; women in Puritan gray, and women in brocaded splendor with huge powdered wigs. Here are overworked factory slaves, and women who struggled for the right to an education. Here are women whose children were sold as slaves and women who made their children great through their own dauntless wills. Here are Shakepeare's mother and the mother of Joan of Arc; the mother of Washington and the mother of Lincoln; the mother of Rembrandt and the mother of Beethoven. Here are mothers whose sons were sent off to die in battle by the stupidity of mankind, and mothers whose sons died for truth.

In their hands these women carry the fiirst crochet hook, and the first needle, the first earthen pot and the first ground grain, the first shoe and the first cradle, the first hoe and the first plow. Dumbly at first, and then, as the centuries go on, more and more confidently, they voice their demand for safe and comfortable homes, for healthy, happy children, for constantly broadening knowledge, for faith in God, for peace on earth and good will to men.

There they come, led by the Invisible Piper, whom we may call Life, for we know no better name, and in their hands they have carried civilization. Life was not kind to all of them; it is not kind to all of them now. But these women kept on, through all the centuries, and now the army has moved past and here we are—you and I. The time will come when some of us will in our turn follow the mysterious sweet notes of the Piper called Life. Will

we make our contributions count toward a culture that has kept the best of the past and added the finest of man's dreams for the new? Will we carry civilization on as dauntlessly as they have?

MOTHERS

By Rev. W. R. Eiegart

Such was the desire of the Hebrew woman, to be a joyful mother of children. And she realized that it was only possible so to be by living close to Jehovah, the God of Israel, following in the way of His righteousness and by bringing up her children to do likewise.

But there were also in Israel, as there have been in all ages, mothers who were not worthy of that high honor. Generally on this day the sermons delivered and the speeches made set forth the glory of motherhood in general, leaving the impression that simply to be a mother is one of the greatest things in the world and that immediately, by virtue of the fact of motherhood sainthood is conferred.

There heve been bad mothers and there have been good mothers in this world as there are today. The good mothers have outnumbered the bad ones, or the world would not have progressed as far as it has. Saintship is not conferred because of the fact of motherhood and to be a mother does not necessarily bring great honor in its train. It takes no intelligence whatsoever to become a mother, but it takes a great deal of intelligence to be one.

The first recorded revelation of God as love was brought to man by reason of a mother's unfaithfulness. Hosea, the prophet of love, married as other young Hebrew men did and to them were born children. But the wife forsook her husband, children and home and wandered in the way of wanton wickedness. Years later Hosea attended a slave sale in a certain town of his country and during the course of the auction he saw brought out and placed on the block his wife of other years. This, at last, was what she had come to. The heart of Hosea swelled again with the love he had for her; the old tenderness returned, and he bought back her he had married in the bloom of youth, now becoming wrinkled and worn with a life of evil, for the price of a common slave. He took her home, tenderly cared for her and kept her the rest of her days. Then as Hosea meditated, the Spirit of God spoke to him and from his musings there was born this thought "If I, a poor mortal, have such love for another mortal, how much more must God, the Immortal, love His children." Thus from the wilful waywardness of a mother and the love of a father there came to man a new and glorious revelation that God is love.

Agrippina, the mother of Nero, was in a great measure responsible for the evil deeds and gross cruelties of that monarch. History records

the fact that many Roman emperors killed their mothers, but I doubt if there is a case on record of a Roman emperor killing his nursing mother.

Lady Byron was wont to call her son, afterwards the famous Lord Byron, "you club-fotted brat," and it has echoed through the years against her. The Scriptures tell us that Ahaziah, a king of Israel, walked in the way of his mother, Athaliah, the daughter of Omri, to do wickedness, "for his mother was his counselor to do wickedly."

But we may praise the Lord that there are also good mothers. What would Moses have become had it not been for the loving faithfulness of Jochebed, his mother, who refused to deliver up her child as the Egyptians desired, and who tenderly cared for his young years? A mother's love and gentleness were instrumental in shaping the career of this marvelous man of matchless merit, who so well served the Maker of mankind. And Samuel, the great prophet of Israel, was dedicated by his mother Hannah, even before he saw the light of day, to the service of the Most High. Timothy, one of the greatest of the apostolic disciples, owed an unpayable debt to his mother Eunice and Paul speaks with tenderness of this mother's influence over her son and of her devotion to the Christ.

So Scripture and secular history unite in recording the goodness of of many mothers, teaching us that motherhood brings with it a great honor, a great obligation and a great influence. The future life of the child depends in large measure upon her. Will she be a joyful mother of children and lead them into the way of righteousness? Ah, that is a question vast in extent and profound in depth. The Hebrew mother decided it by living close to Jehovah and nothing better has been advanced since, for the mother's religion will tell in the manhood or womanhood of the child.

What is the religion of a good mother? Of course we say it is Christianity, but certain things in a good mother's religion stand out more prominently than others.

And the first of these is sorrow. Now you look at me and say, 'You have a text which speaks of 'a joyful mother of children' and you immediately couple it with sorrow." But we must all admit that sorrow is an integral part of any mother's religion and that its coming from time to time must be faced by every mother.

The waywardness, the folly and the mistakes of childhood grieve every mother's heart and sorrow, many times, makes its abode there.

Some people today claim that they can no longer believe in the article of the creed which says, "He descended into hell," but a mother can believe that article. For what mother, having a child gone astray, would not descend to the very brink of hell itself to bring him back? A few more wrinkles would grace the loveing countenance and a few more gray hairs would appear upon her head, but for the sake of her child she would endure the pangs and torments of hell to save him.

It would fill her heart to overflowing with sorrow, so deep that mere man could not understand it, but the religion of the mother would turn

that sackcloth into rays of glory. For her religion is full of hope, love, tenderness, goodness and kindness and the sorrow would be turned to joy by salvation.

Perhaps the sorrow of motherhood is the reason why mothers understand life so well, and perhaps that is the reason they have been the great comforters and consolers of the human race. For nothing opens the heart of humanity as well as sorrow and nothing can turn sorrow into joy so well as faith in the living God.

It is said the Princess Alice, a daughter of Queen Victoria, had a small son ill of diphtheria. She had been warned not to come in contact with the child for fear that she too would contract the disease. But one day, as she was sitting by the bedside and tenderly watching her baby as only a mother can, he looked up into her face with the plaintive manner of childhood, and holding up his arms said, "Kiss me, mother." Should she heed the warning? Mother-love filled her breast; this was her child. Should she deny him the kiss for which he had so sweetly asked? Quickly she took him into her arms and kissed him tenderly. The worst fear of the physician now became a reality, as she contracted the disease and died, paying for her mother-love with the sacrifice of her own life.

And sacrifice is another prominent element in the religion of every mother. Life seems to tell us that the gold of character always has for its background the crimson color of pain.

Every one of us has been brought into this world over the highway of sacrifice. Continually through our lives many have sacrificed for us. For life is one succession of sacrifices, and the mother always sacrifices more than others; the choicest morsels of food, the softest covering, the most pleasant pleasures the mother reserves for her loved ones.

Perhaps it escaped your notice but the papers carried an account of how a mother, a two-year-old child and a young woman began an automobile trip in the State of New Mexico. The car developed trouble and the three started for the nearest town on foot. They lost their way and the mother became exhausted, the young lady going on alone, leaving the mother and her child in the hills. Finding a town the girl got together a searching party and led them to the spot. When they found the pair the babe was wrapped in warm clothing which the mother had taken from her own body and beside the sleepng form of the child, the mother lay stiff and cold—frozen to death. She gave her life, and perhaps gladly, that her child might live.

And the mother is an angel of patience, the personification of that virtue, in itself great but so rare in personality. How impatient we often become; how we fret and how we often worry! But watch the joyful mother of children as she lives a life of patience with her offspring.

Many times the child gives the mother cause for impatience and we do not blame her for at times becoming so. But the mistakes, the wanderings, the frailties, the faults, the petty bickerings of childhood are patiently borne by the mother and correction follows correction, each tem-

pered by love and each ennobled by the hope that the child will do better next time.

Many years ago a young man went from his home in central New York. He wanted to sail the seas and in spite of the protestations of his mother he determined to go. As he kissed her good-bye she placed in his hand a Testament and said, "My son, wherever you go I want you to read this. I want you to remember me, to be faithful to me and to be faithful to the teaching you will find in His good book." He promised and came to New York City, securing a sailor's job on a windjammer. He sailed from port to port and was seen in many strange lands, encircling the globe the while. Finally came a long period of time during which the mother did not hear from him. But patiently she waited and hoped. One day there came to her back door a man weather-beaten of mien, ragged of clothing, but strong of physique. He asked her for something to eat and the mother took him to the kitchen and fed him. As he was eating she asked him how he came to be a wanderer on the face of the earth. He said he had been a sailor but his ship had been wrecked in a storm. He and a companon were cast upon a lonely isle. His mate was injured, "but daily," he said, "he was wont to take from his pocket a little book and to read from it. He died and I buried him there. Afterward I was rescued but I brought from that island his little book which I took from him before I buried him." Then his bronzed hand reached into his bosom pocket and he drew forth the little book. "Here it is," he said, "I keep it to remember him by." "Might I see it?" the mother asked. "Certainly," he replied. Then with trembling hands, her heart the while beating in tune to her worst fears, the mother took the book, opend the fly leaf and there she saw in her own handwriting the name of her son and her own name. Patiently had she waited, hoped and suffered, but now a voice as from the dead spoke to her. The patience of the mother heart had never relaxed, even when anguish and sorrow stole silently but surely into her heart.

Certainly patience is a virtue above price and above gold, and it dwells in the heart of a mother as a jewel of radiant lustre. It is an integral part of the religion of the joyful mother of children.

If it be sickness, if it be joy, if it be sorrow—no matter what the experience, the mother is there to share it all and to wait patiently for the dawn of day. At such times she feels no pain; she needs no rest; she sees only the need of the child and her ability to meet it.

One day I was somewhat amused, and yet not amused, at the sight of a son, over seventy years of age, greeting his mother, ninety-four. He called her "mother" and she called him "son." It was an impressive sight, that aged son greeting his more aged mother, and the mother putting her arms around the son and patting him gently upon the back. It ceased to be amusing after the first few seconds for there was being enacted a drama of life. The years could not steal from that mother her baby.

And like unto it was the incident of the son of seventy-five greeting

his mother of ninety-three. He called her"mamma" and she called him "little one." And I remember the case of a man of fifty who weighed a hundred and eighty pounds calling to see his aged mother. As she put her arms around his neck to kiss him she called him"my baby."

It is said that when Garfield's mother heard that he had been shot, she cried,"who could shoot my baby?" To the world he was the President of the United States, but to his mother he was "my baby."

And God is like that. It is from Him that the mother gets these elements of her religion which bring so many blessing and so much happiness to the world.

Does not God feel sorrow? When men fell from grace and wandered astray I believe the gentle heart of the Father was torn with grief. It was His son, His Only-Begotten, which He sent into the world to redeem man, and for man He decended into the bitterness of hell itself —for what? why, for you and for me.

And God his sacrificed for man. Calvary's story is often repeated but not so often understood. There was life given for life; there was blood shed that the children of God might be brought back to him; there was life saved through the sacrifice of the greatest life which ever trod the earth.

And patience! God the Father manifests it fully. How often would He have gathered His children to Him and how often have they gone astray and wandered from the path or righteousness! Through the years that have passed the human race presents a history which we think would try the patience even of God Himself, but through it all He still beckons and opens the way.

And when, through His Son, He speaks to us those cheering and inviting words, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy ladened and I will give you rest," He proves Himself the tireless watcher over mankind, caring for his needs and opening to him eternal rest and peace.

Truly the ancient Hebrew woman was right, for to become a joyful mother of children she must live close to God. It is from Him that she gets the vital elements of her religion and it is by His power that she is enabled to bring up her children in the way of righteousness.

Some years ago Norman Duncan met a young woman sitting with her child outside the Battle Harbor Hospital in the land of Labrador. The babe was deformed and was evidently in pain, but the mother tried to hush its restless spirit and to ease its suffering. Hoping to comfort, Mr. Duncan said to her, "He'll be getting better." "No, he won't," she replied, "he'll die." "But you have another." "No sir, 'tis me first." The child began to cry again and she hushed him into quietness. "And does he talk?" Mr. Duncan asked. Then she looked up at him with the sweet expression of motherhood, a smile lighted her face and joy semed to take possession of her whole being as she said softly,"He said, 'mamma' once." Ah, that is God's love word droped from the lips of an infant into a mother's heart, and through all the eternities it will ring as the sweetest sound the soul of a mother may contain.

Oh, mothers, take these tiny lumps of clay so richly bestowed by God and by the power of your influences entrusted by the Father, write God's name upon their hearts; teach them your religion; bring them up in the way of righteousness; elevate their souls as precious offerings to the Most High!

The future of the Christian Church, the future of our religion, depends in a great measure upon our mothers.

STORY OF CREATION OF 'STARS AND BARS' RETOLD

By Theresa Meroney Thomas

Everyone is familiar with the story of the designing of the United States flag by George Washington, but comparatively few know the history of the creation of that other flag, cherished by all southerners, the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy.

Orren Randolph Smith, designer of the Stars and Bars, was born in Warren county, North Carolina, December 18, 1827, and spent his boyhood and young manhood in much the same rounds of duties and pleasures as other young men of his age and period.

At the age of twenty-one Orren Smith, born soldier that he was, hearing the sound of battle afar, became a member of Co. "H," First Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers in the war with Mexico in 1847. In 1858 he was made captain, in the United States Army, in Utah under Albert Sidney Johnson. He was a member of Company "B," Second North Carolin batalion, C. S. A., and was later made a major in the commissary department with headquarters in South Carolina.

After a life of devoted service and loyalty to, first the United States, then to the Confederacy, and finally to a nation once again firmly united, he died on March 3, 1913, at Henderson, N. C.

In 1861, Orren Smith saw in a newspaper an advertisement that read, "Flag Wanted." Immediately he set to work on his idea of what a flag should be. At that time he was living at Louisburg, N. C., and asked a young lady friend, Miss Becky Murphy, to do the sewing while he cut the stars and bars for the flag. The idea of the flag was derived from the Trinity, the three bars representing State, Church and There were only seven stars on the original model that was sent to Montgomery, Alabama, but later four more stars were added as other states seceded, finally totaling eleven, one for each state in the Confederacy. The model was completed and sent to the "Flag committee" at Montgomery on February 12, 1861, and was adopted by the Provisional Congress of the Southern States March 4, 1861. The banner was first officially raised over the Capitol at Montgomery on the day of its adoption. Although North

Carolina had not seceded, on March 18, 1861, before its designer knew of its selection as the flag of the Confederacy, it was displayd at Louisburg, N. C., topped by a long blue streamer bearing a single white star. This streamer represented North Carolina, still in the Union but "Homeward Bound."

This banner was used by the Confederate forces for some time but at a distance or in the confusion of battle the two flags, the "Stars and Stripes." and the 'Stars and Bars," with their identical colors and somewhat similar designs, were easily mistaken for one another. Therefore, after the first battle of Bull Run, Beauregard's flag, which displayed thirteen white stars on a blue St. Andrew's Cross superimposed on a field of red, was chosen as the official battle flag. This banner was thereafter carried by Confederate regiments in the field.

In June, 1915, the claims of the family and friends of Orren Smith were investigated and approved by the United Confederate Veterans association at Richmond, Va., officially designating him as the designer of the first flag of the Confederacy. In 1917 the United Confederate Veterans appointed a committee which reported at the Tulsa, Okla., reunion, September 25, 1918, that "Major Orren Smith, of North Carolina, was rightfully entitled to the honor of its conception, design and execution as the original maker, designer and originator." The report of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in 1917 and the Stars and Bar scommittee both gave Major Smith full credit.

The story of the flag is best told in Major Smith's own words. The following is the speech that he prepared in 1912 when he hoped to present a large silk flag to his old comrades. His health failed and he died in March, 1913. However, the speech was read in 1915 at the reunion at Richmond, Va., by Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander of the North Carolina division, U. C. V.:

"Mr. Commander, Women of the South, Friends all:

"Ffty-one years ago, North Carolina gave to Dixie the first National Flag of the Confederate States of America.

"The representatives of the seven states which had seceded were gathered at Montgomery, Alabama, when they decided to 'Go it alone' if necessary and organize a new country, with a new flag. They formed a constitution of the 'Native White Citizens,' and advertised for a flag.

"In 1855-56, I was living at Warren, Ohio, the headquarters of the underground railroad, and from that time, I kept in touch with all the great events that forced us into the war. It was an original secessionist.

"Having been with Taylor in 1846-48 in that war that gave the Southwest, from the Rio Grande to the Pacific, to the United States, and with Albert Sidney Johnston, in Utah in 1858, I knew that a soldier's flag should have the deepest, truest significance, not to be simply a blending of brght colors. His flag is his inspiration. It stands for HOME, KINDRED AND COUNTRY. It his so much meaning to me I hoped my flag would tell its story to all who saw it. So when I read the advertisement, 'Flag Want-

ed,' I was ready.

"In 1861, I Iwas living in Louisburg, North Carolina, and I went to an old friend, Miss Becky Murphy (now Mrs. W. B. Winborn, of Wilson, North Carolina), and asked her to put the stitches in a litle flag for me, and I tore the Bars and cut the Stars while she sewed.

"The idea of my flag I took from the Trinity. Three in One. The three bars were State, Church and Press.

Red represented State: Legislative, Judiciary and Executive; White for Church, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; Red for Press; Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Conscience, Liberty of Press, all bound together by a field of blue, the heavens over all, bearing a star for each state in the Confederation. The seven stars, all the same size, were placed in a circle, showing that each state had equal rights and privileges, irrespective of size or population. The circle having neither head nor foot, signified, 'You defent Me and I'll protect You.'

"If you had been in my place, would you no thave wanted one of your flags to float in the breeze, whether the 'flag committee' accepted your design or not, when you had given so much time and thought, the best that was in you, to it?

"After the model was gone I asked Miss Murphy to make me a large flag, nine by twelve feet, and it was on Monday, March the eighteenth, 1861 that I raised this large flag to the top of the pole one hundred feet high, on the corner of the court house square, in Louisburg, the county sea of Franklin, North Carolina.

"The dress goods for both model and large flag I bought from Barrow's store, and the two men that helped me the most an dwere the most interested in the flags, were W. J. Green, Colonel C. S. A., and Algy Strothers, now living in Louisburg.

"The pole I made by splicing two tall saplings, gotten from my mother's plantation, five miles from town.

"Over the large flag I had a long blue streamer, such as an admiral uses on his ship when homeward bound, and on this I had a star for the NIorth State, for though she did not secede until May 20th, I knew she was 'Homeward Bound.'

"March 18th 1861, was a great day for Louisburg, the town was filled with people from miles around.

"Tis is the story of the 'Old Secesh Falg,' the Stars and Bars, the flag that led the men in gray through the most difficult warfare and against the greatest odds ever told of in history.

"This was the first national flag and, until after Manassas, when it was decided to use Beauregard's flag in battle, it was the only flag of the Confederate States of America.

"It is the flag he United Daughters of the Confederacy have honored above all others, it will never be furled as long as there is a 'Daughter' to wear her 'U. D. C.' badge, and so keep alive the 'Stars and Bars.'

"Today it leads the Southern Memorial association and 'The Daughters' in all their great batle for the right, raising monuments to our dead comrades at Shiloh, Arlington, Gettysburg and all over the country

where lie thos ewho gave their lives for our cause, and by meeting with us upon such occasions as this, they bring to us, 'the days of pleasantness and peace.'

"Women of the South. You Southern Queens, Queens of the World, did you know that the corner stone of your great organization, as well as your badge, was a gift of the Old North State? It is rue.

"The corner stone was laid when the women of Warren county (all the men were 'at the front') began their monument to mark the grave of Anne Carter Lee, the daughter of our beloved chieftain, who died at Jones' Springs, 1862.

"James Barron Hope was the orator for the day. The monument was of Warren county granite, carved by a Warren county man, detailed for this work, and the finishnig touch, placing the capstone in position was done by the Warren county man before you.

'The South had more to do with the making of the Stars and Stripes than did the North. We, of Dixie, love Old Glory. Did not thousands of us march under her folds in the war with Mexico, ready to sacrifice ALL for her honor and glory?

"That was why I wanted to use her colors in the flag for the South. I took the idea of adding a star for each state that joined the confederacy from that other southern man, Washington.

"We, people of Dixie, are richer for having two flags, one brings to us the blessed dreams and memories of our youths, the Stars and Bars, the other stands for our country, live for, if need be to die for, the Stars and Stripes.

"In the sixties, some Americans wore blue, some wore gray, now all our boys wear khaki, 'minute men,' ready—at their country's call.

"The Stars and Bars is Dixie's flag alone. It is a precious legacy, comrades, torn and shattered by shot and shell, darkened by he blood of our best and bravest. They gave their lives that it may be 'The Stainless Banner.' In memory of the little flag I sent to Montgomery, February, 1861, in memory of all that it means to me, I give this flag, Mr. Commander, to you, will you take it in your hands for my old comrades? May I hope that it will be used at future reunions? Comrades, wherever you see this flag, won't you give a thought to the old, old man, gray of head as well as of uniform, who gave it, the best of his heart and brain, to you?

"When the man whom North Carolina, from Currituck to Cherokee, loves, honors and reveres, that man among millions, our Jule Carr, introduced me at the reunion at Norfolk as the man through whom the Old North State gave the Stars and Bars to the Confederacy, I told the story as I have told it today. I may never tell it again, and though I did not die by shot or shell, I have tried to live, that it may be truly said, when I answer our Great Captain's call, 'Dead on the field of honor.'

"Comrades, I wish I could once more hear the old rebel yell, for my flag, your flag, our flag, the Stars and Bars."

Orren Randoph Smith.

On November 16, 1920, a tablet was dedicated at Calvary Episcopal Church, Fletcher, N. C., to the mem-

ory of Major Smith. This memorial tablet was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies that were attended by large crowds.

Since the death of her illustrious father, Miss Jessica Randolph Smith has devotedly and loyally 'carried on' with her father's splendid love for his great flag of the Confederacy.

Of the many poems inspired by Orren Smith and his flag one written by Virginia Frazer Boyle, poet laureate, United Confederate Veterans association, seems to symbolize Major Smith's own feelings for his flag:

"They were wanting a flag at Montgomery,
A standard, a truth — not a myth;
And down from the blue of his mountains,
He answered—the young Orren Smith."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Strawberries are now being served in generous portions to our large family and are also being preserved for Winter use. Our patch of one and one-half acres has already produced more than 4,500 quarts of fine berries, with many more yet to be picked.

—o—

Our tables were recently supplied with the first Spring cabbage of the season.

—o—

Our farm manager reports that the first cutting of alfalfa hay netted more than forty tons. This was harvested and stored in the barn in excellent condition, not a drop of rain falling during the process.

—o—

Jeraldia Blackwood, of the Gaston Cottage, was permitted to go to his home in Durham last Tuesday on account of the serious illness of his father.

—o—

Unusual efforts are being made to have good gardens at the Training School this year. More than 35,000 tomato plants have been set out and all other vegetables have been planted in larger quantities than ever before. At the present time all of these vegetables are growing nicely, indicating a bumper crop for 1933.

—o—

A steel observation tower, 87 feet high, recently erected on our campus, has aroused the interest of our boys, and thousands of questions have been asked as to its purpose. Upon inquiry we learned that the Federal Government is making a geodetic survey and it has been interesting to watch these workers as they form contacts with other observation points. These observations are made at night and the necessary information conveyed from one point to another by means of signal lights.

—o—

We recently received a letter from Sidney Carter, who left the institu-

tion last year to attend the Patterson School, where, at the close of the season on April 30th, he had been presented with a beautiful Bible as an award for courtesy. Sidney expressed his appreciation of the Training School and what it did for him, and expects to visit us soon.

—o—

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. After reading the Scripture lesson as found in II Samuel 18:19-33, Rev. Hardin made a very interesting talk on the death of Absalom and the defeat of his army. In the course of his remarks, the speaker gave a vivid description of how the messengers brought King David the news that his son had been slain, and how David grieved over his death in spite of the fact that his (David's) army had overcome his foes. Rev. Hardin also told the boys that while we are living we must try to do two things—To have a definite thing to do and to have friends. He stated that when a man has no idea of what to do, he is like a messenger running without tidings, and that the most pitiful person in the world is a person without friends.

'TIS MAY

Upon my window a crimson rose—
  A soft, little velvety thing—
Tapped one morn with miniature blows,
  And I thought I heard it sing.
And this was the lilt of the song so gay:
"Come out! Come out! 'Tis May! 'Tis May!"

Within my window a sunbeam slipped
  And stopped to dance on my nose—
A gay little sunbeam, golden-tipped,
  Followed by others in rows.
And I heard a sweet little fairy-voice say:
"Come out! Come out! 'Tis May! 'Tis May!"

Then a songbird perched on my window-sill
And tossed his pert little head,
And he looked at me and started to trill
  As I tumbled out of bed.
And I know by his manner he tried to say:
"Come out! Come out! 'Tis May! 'Tis May!"

—Cora May Preble.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD. N. C., MAY 20, 1933 No. 19

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

WORK

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

—Angela Morgan.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE DISCOVERIES OF A THOUGHTFUL GIRL

That no patience today may stand for no friends tomorrow.

That arrows of girl-kindness often make the bull's-eye of the heart.

That her sun of good example should never be obscured by petty clouds of ill nature.

That evil thoughts are the lassoes with which Satan seeks to capture her mind and heart.

That the girl who says, "I have no influence," might as well say, "I have no hands, feet or tongue."

That it pays to take her discouragements to Christ for the balm of His encouragement.

That her Master was never too weary to do good, and He is still her great example.

That it takes time to be unselfish, and that it may interefere with her plans, but not with her Father's plans for her.

That counting her blessings makes her swift to say, "Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

That envy is slow poison for the well of the mind, the alkali of Satan.

That a large part of her troubles have been imaginary, and that the Master is abundantly able to care for those which are real.

That loyalty can keep her going when the lure of indolence says, "Plenty of fine resting places.—Selected.

A FINE STUDY OF LIFE

There is not a place in the country that presents a more varied and interesting study of human nature than in the Jackson Training School. Here the young boys vary in size and age, each carrying a different appeal, coming from different social settings of

morale and in each instance reflecting the type of home they represent.

Many are committed for very minor offences that if in homes of loving parents possibly the misdemeanor would have never registered. But on the other hand there are many who are termed incorrigables and they require the strictest discipline.

A large per cent of our boys are from 7 to 12 years, just at the period of life when they need a mother's love and tenderest care. You are well aware of the fact that the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church maintain that if a child is placed in her care up to seven or eight years there are no fears or apprehensions that any other church can reclaim them. If this claim of the Catholic church be true is it not possible for laymen of other churches to have equally as great an influence and as strong a hold upon the wayward youth of the country at large?

The youth of America as a composite picture, regardless of creed, presents a challenge to the Christian people, especially so since statistics prove that gangs are recruited among boys from 12 to 20, and that the average of criminals and racketeers is eighteen.

Call me a dreamer, or whatever you will, but my deep conviction is the future of the country depends upon the children, and it is mistaken economy not to give the child the best both by precept and example. It is imperative that human society should seek to provide wise training for the youth as the most effective means of crime prevention.

So the molding and development of young people along the right lines is one of the greatest problems of life. To economize at the risk of losing the opportunity to develop a child is a fatal mistake. A child has to be recognized at the impressionable age or the opportunity for development is lost, and the sin of omission is registered above.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE ONLY WAY TO NORMALCY

We heartily agree with the Rotarian Magazine that one of the surest and safest ways back to normalcy is to return to the farm.

It is more self-respecting and decidedly better to earn a living by the sweat of the brow, than to sweat while awaiting upon the uncertainties of charity. The most independent and hopeful life is that of a farmer. They seldom become rich, but they usually, if provident, have prospects of enough to keep the wolf from the door. The high cost of living in the cities, consuming more than the pay envelope can meet, is the cause of much want. We almost feel that the old "40 acres and a mule" allotted to a certain number of people would be decidedly better than the slaughtering of many magnificent trees on the highways with the hope of helping the unemployed. By such means of employment the relief is only temporary, besides it neither develops self reliance nor the initiative to do something worthwhile. This is the story and some of the results of the "back-to-the-farm" movement in Canada:

"The 'back-to-the-farm' movement launched in Canada a little more than two years ago by the department of colonization, in co-operation with the two leading Canadian railways, has resulted in more than 76,000 persons returning to the occupation from which they had been lured to city luxuries in the boom days of 1928-29.

"This number, according to Robert J. C. Stead of the department of colonization and immigration of the Dominion, is made up of 10,733 families which average five each, representing 53,000 souls, plus the 23,253 men who have gone back to the farm as laborers. These figures do not include the placements made by the provincial and city governments.

"'Back in 1930, the unemployed in Canada were estimated at 200,000,' says Mr. Stead. 'So instead of immigration being encouraged, as in previous years, it was decided to launch an effort to encourage Canadians themselves to go back to the farm.

"'The whole movement is calculated to cultivate and restore the spirit of self-reliance and self-help. Not a dollar of public money or private philanthropy has been advanced either as a gift or loan. There has been no paternalism, no sapping of personal initiative. The government and the railways simply provide an escape from difficulties in the only effective way—by helpng people to help themselves.'"

* * * * * * * * * *

SUFFOLK PLANT TOPS THE LIST

The salary wage has been one consuming thought far and wide for the reason that salaries are slashed till it is impossible to do

otherwise than live niggardly. This fact cuts across the grain with the best thinking and progressive element, but what has not been cured has been endured. It is an evidence of true grit and a strong strain of aristocracy to tilt one's head in the air, put your pride in your pocket and foot in the road and meet conditions with the assurance "I will win."

We note with interest that the textile industry, that has been struggling for the past ten years, has a brighter outlook, with increasing orders and rising prices. The salary scale for the textile operatives has advanced, and this information cheers the general public. We know that life is one long chain of community interest and what affects one person most naturally leaves its impress for good or bad upon another. So we rejoice that there is a demand for more workers with increased pay.

We take peculiar pride, and we will not announce why, in stating that the 700 or more employees of Planters' Nut and Chocolate Company, Suffolk, Virginia, will receive a 20 per cent boost in wages. The increased scale affects 520 women and 203 men, making something more than 700. Those benefitted by the increase are the lowest paid employees, the negroes who work in cleaning departments of the factories. The women receive the minimum $1 and the men $1.50 per day.

Mr. Obici, manager and owner of Planters' Nut and Chocolate Company, is of foreign birth, coming to this country a small boy without family prestige or means, blazed his way to the front as one of the leading citizens in every interest both social, civic and otherwise in the state in which he has adopted as home.

In an interview, Mr. Obici stated his action is in conformity with President Roosevelt's wishes to maintain present wage scales and where possible to increase wages along with the rise of commodity prices to the extent of the employer's ability.

Mr. Obici is optimistic, having great hope the present increase in business will continue. In the management of his big business he leads the country in the boost of salaries, raising first the salaries of the lowest paid employee, the colored population of the city who are numbered as the greatest sufferers during this era of depression.

He owns a handsome estate on the Nansemond River, one of the show places of the county, and during Garden Week he threw open the gates leading to this magificent estate to the public, giving the proceeds realized to the Rotarians for the crippled children, a cause sponsored by a fine body of men of Suffolk. This thought is pertinent right here, truly there is a place for good to bloom in every heart of man or woman regardless of class or creed. It only takes a vision to put over big humanitarian programs, yes, and we agree the person without a vision is dead from the viewpoint of being progressive or useful.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE GENUS OF GREED

Once upon a time, according to a German proverb, a dog crossed a bridge over a stream, carrying a piece of meat in his mouth. As he went across the bridge he saw his reflection in the water and thinking it was another dog with a piece of meat in his mouth, he dropped in the stream the piece he held, and dived into the water to get the piece he thought the other dog had. Consequently he lost his meat.

Greed in dog or man causes bitter loss. It has caused many to lose a good position, a good reputation, a good friend, a good physique, a good home and all else worthwhile. Greed causes one to snatch at others and lose what they already have. Through greed Napoleon lost his country, and so did Kaiser Wilhelm.

The liar snatches at another's reputation and loses his own. The thief snatches at another's purse and loses his liberty, and the respect of the public. This may be because the avaricious may believe others only to be a reflection of themselves.

The really worthwhile person is not willing to be just like others. He recognizes his own reflection and can tell others in their petty greeds, strife and narrow meanness. He follows a really high ideal.

A shepherd dog feels himself above the common cur, and so he is. A real individual knows self to be above the ordinary run of mankind who wears a false mask. A shepherd dog is valuable in the community. So, also, is the real individual.—Selected.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Rest is not quitting the busy career:
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean after its life.
'Tis loving and serving the highest and best;
'Tis onward! unswerving—and that is true rest."

—o—

Promise yourself to think only of the best, and to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.

—o—

Much of the "milk of human kindness" many people in this day and time appears to have come from highly discontented cows.

—o—

It is stated that once there was a man who admitted that he didn't know a thing about the gold standard, monetary inflation, or foreign exchange. I would like to meet that man.

—o—

The difference between ex-President Hoover and President Roosevelt is very marked and remarkable. Ex-President Hoover had Congress on his hands. President Roosevelt has Congress under his influence.

—o—

Somewhat of a furore is being made over a machine that will detect when a man is telling a lie. I do not see the use of making such a fuss about it. It's nothing new. It was introduced way back yonder when man was first created, and was made from a rib.

—o—

One of the evils of any relief system is that it teaches far too many persons it is possible to get some kind of living without work. It is a breeder of idleness. It is not a pleasant thing to comtemplate, but idleness is breeding laziness in too many of the youth of our land.

—o—

Science is giving us a self-polishing shoe. We have had self-polishing trousers for some time. Some people's feet shine in society more effectively than their heads.

—o—

You will never make people happy, and love you, by trying to make them see and do your way of thinking. The most lovable quality in this world any human can possess is tolerance. Tolerance is the virtue and the vision that enables us to see things from another's point of view. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinions, and their own peculiarities. It lets people be happy in their own way instead of our way.

—o—

I see it stated that a $5,000 damage suit is the result of the destruction of a truck load of limberger cheese. I did not know before that limberger cheese could be damaged.

—o—

Believe it or not. But it is reported that a paralyzed woman was carried out of a New York apart-

ment the other day and left lying on a mattress in the street because she couldn't pay her rent. There is not always sweet and harmonious notes in "The Sidewalks of New York."

—o—

The three-cent postage, if they ever go back to the two-cent, will have learned a great many people postage economy, for you can write more than is necessary on a one-cent postal card, thereby greatly curtailing the two-cent sales. So I may say, as a punster at my elbow suggests, a letter is one sent whether you three-cent or two-cent post it.

—o—

The past week I have been attending to spiritual things. You know I believe every one should ever so often take stock of his spirituality, and see how he stands morally. It is an incentive to better thoughts and deeds. As a delegate from St. Phillip's Parish, I attended the one hundred and seventeenth annual convention of the Diocese of North Carolina, held in Christ Church, Raleigh. It was one of the most inspiring and uplifting conventions this particular denomination ever held. There was not a pessimistic note throughout the entire proceedings, but consecrated, earnest and inspiring work for the advancement of the church and its mission on earth. The Rt. Rev. Edwin A. Penick presided for the first time since the death of Rt. Rev. Joseph B. Cheshire. His lovable, easy, gracious manner of conducting the proceedings was the admiration of the entire convention, and inculcated a brotherly feeling far reaching. There was enacted a beautiful memorial to Bishop Cheshire. The luncheon Tuesday, by Christ Church, and the one Wednesday, by the Church of the Good Shepherd, were the happy and enjoyable social features of this splendid gathering, and the splendid work they performed in all departments of the church's endeavors. My "lines fell in pleasant places." I was the guest of Dr. William Moore, and his splendid, charming wife and lovely family, at "West Moreland," their lovely home, nestled in a beautiful landscape setting, some distance out on the Durham-Raleigh highway. It is an ideal home, as lovely as the lovely flowers that adorn its rear gardens. Mrs. Moore, a flower connoisseur, has one of the most beautiful rock-gardens extant. Its chief charm are pansies, in solid hues, all colors of the rainbow, arranged in unique squares, that were indeed heartease for drab colors. This is only one of the many beauty spots that surround "West Moreland" with its goldfish pond, and myriads of blossoms that lend their charm and loveliness to a perfect picture of floral beauty.

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.—Harrriet Beecher Stowe.

CONCERNING WILDFLOWERS

(Asheville Citizen)

The Montgomery Advertiser having quoted the Charleston News and Courier as remarking that there are 21 varieties of wild flowers in South Carolina, a woman reader of the Advertiser sends in a list of wild flowers that grow in the vicinity of Alabama's capital city. It is as follows:

Trumpet vine, wild clematis, wild wisteria, magnolia, bay flowers, edmonia, devil's shoe string, echinacea, (nigger-head), white and purple ageratum, heart leaves, dogwood, old man's gray-beard, cone flower, purple flags, swamp honeysuckle, coral honeysuckle, blue-eyed grass, yellow jessamine, periwinkle, morning glory, Indian pipes, water lilies, Turk's cap lilies, spider lilies, Jack-in-the-pupit, laurel, gay feather, Bluettes, Johnny-jump-up, (violas), butter cups, wind flowers, violets (blue, white and velvet leaved) lilies, zepheranthes, haw (apple, hog and small flowered), red-bud (Judas tree), crab-apple, larkspur, asclephias (butterfly weed), daisies, turtle head, foxglove, wild plum, spider-wort, wild rose, honey locust, buckeye, syringa, blue sage, pinks, Sweet William, prairie pinks, black-eyed Susan, goldenrod, white and purple asters, iron weed, silver bells, American cowslip, purple peas, primroses, mimosa, wild verbena, swainvania, partridge berry, Queen Anne's lace, meadow sweet, wild mustard, passion flower, elder flowers, dandelions, thistles, butterwood—total 73.

Not content with the foregoing, the Advertiser's correspondent adds that she might have included "May weed, bitter weed, white top blackberry and dewberry blooms, which make a brave display at certain periods of the year."

How many different wildflowers are there in and about Asheville? It would be of interest to know. Certainly there is no place where the wildflowers are lovelier at this season of the year.

"THE KILL TREE"

There is a kind of tree in Guatemala which grows over and around another, obsorbing its vitality until it dies. The natives call it the kill tree.

Is there not such a thing as the kill tree in the industrial and the ethical world?

Who has not seen examples of greed and selfishness that absorbed the vitality of others until they absolutely perished?

—The Challenge.

THE NEGRO SPIRITUAL

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

One of the notable changes of our day is the larger place gained by the negro spiritual in American life. The negro school and the radio have magnified these songs in a marvelous way, and then, too, the whites have come to appreciate the significance of this music in disclosing the deeper experiences of a people who are so deeply religious and have lived in such close contact with the elemental forces of our life.

These songs are outbursts of religious fervor and, in many cases, are influenced by conditions which surrounded the people in whose minds they were born. As the negro labored in the fields of the south out of his heart burst these spirituals of such fine fervor and of such religious significance. It has remained for these last decades to give proper place to this type of music. Especially popular are these spirituals with the southern people who have been so intimately associated with the negro through all the generations of our Southland.

Those who have studied these songs so deeply religious and so vitally a part of the things they have felt and suffered are agreed that the negro spirituals express a sympathy of feeling between words and music not found in many compositions of learned musicians. In many songs that we see today, the tune gives one an idea and the words another. In the spiritual the words spoken convey a certain idea and the tune sung or played gives a similar feeling. For instance, the originators of these songs would never have taken words such as "Nobody Knows De Trouble I See" and placed them to a happy tune like "Every Time I Feel the Spirit."' In every instance words and music harmonize and herein lies a thread of real artistry. Some of these songs are sad and some are happier. This is true because of the difference in living coniditions of the people who originated them. In different sections there are different interpretations, different words and slightly varying melodies of songs that originally were the same.

It is well for us to keep in mind the fact that at first these songs were not written down but carried from place to place in the mind and feelings of the negro, being passed on to the generations. Frequently changed conditions caused slight variations in the songs, but the general themes remained the same. We do well to appreciate more fully the contribution the negro has made to our American life.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington, and if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.—Daniel Webster.

BEES!

By T. Chambers Atkinson

No one ever put anything over on a bee and got away with it. Not even a dead mouse!

If some enemy enters a hive—a wood-mouse, for instance—the bees proceed to sting the invader to death. They cannot move the dead body, nor will they permit it to contaminate their store of food. So they get busy with the enormous task of encasing the dead body with wax. Soon it is sealed up airtight, no odor can escape, and the honey within the hive remains pure and sweet.

Bees must have originated in Scotland. They realize the value of little things, seem to know that an accumulation of little things can amount to something both large and valuable. A man who knows his bees tells me that one bee in one season can gather just one three-thousandth of a pound of honey. That means that three thousand bees must stir themselves for a whole season before there is one pound of honey for man to steal from the hive.

I wouldn't blame a bee if it sat down and said to itself, or the bee man if he happened to be listening, "My work isn't important. I have to get two thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other bees to help me in order to produce one pound. And then you come along and take most of it. I'm going to quit!"

But it is a game little thing. It doesn't even think of quitting. It's too busy for that. It joins its fellows, and because they all get together, and each one works as if that pound of honey depended upon its own individual effort, there is a pound of honey.

NOW COMES WISTERIA

For editorial poetry read this paragraph from a recent issue of the Statesville Daily:

And again it's April and wisteria is in bloom. Graceful, each blossom fragrant with the dreams of old springtimes, it flings itself in clinging radiance about age-old, time-scarred trees as though to heal their wounds, cover their distress. In soft splendor it climbs here into a soaring top, there droops and falls in loveliest cascades about some crumbling wall. Haunt for the bee, home for the butterfly, ethereal, illusive as young fancy, it comes as springtime's crowning glory, a brief shower of purple splendor that tears us with its sweetness and leaves us praying we may never have to go away "When it is April and wisteria is in bloom."

MISS MAMIE DWIRE: A TRIBUTE

By J. B. Craven

Her's was an utterly unselfish soul. Twenty years ago a trustee of Davenport College said to me that Miss Mamie Dwire had intimated to him that she would like to find a place of service to her church in a girl's school. At his suggestion I wrote her, suggesting that she write me indicating the terms on which she would be willing to go to Davenport College. She replied that she was interested in a cultural environment such as a girl's school afforded and where work would count in helping people, and that she had not thought of terms, but since it was a church school with small resources, might she not come for a year without financial remuneration? It was typical; unselfishness incarnate. Always to her it was more blessed to give than to receive.

She was a wonderfully versatile person. A wide variety of interests characterized her life. And efficiency was written all over her work. Calmly, and with an astonishing serenity, she was equal to any emergency and never failed in one. No matter what unusual or unexpected duty was thrust upon her she was never lost in any task.

And she was religious. The capstone of all these other talents was a calm, quiet faith. No one ever heard her say she was religious, but everyone knew it. It would have been impossible for a school girl to have been irreverent in her presence, not because she would have said something, but that she was something.

Her faith was but a confirmation of her ethical ideals. Her very name, to those who knew her carries intimations of high-mindedness, integrity, honor, beauty of soul.

A calm, serene believer in righteousness—a herald of the Christian faith, friend of human-kind, benefactress of all who came within her reach, protector, even guardian angel, of those whom she loved. A servant of God whose chief teaching, after all, is that true greatness is in quality of mind and heart.

"Kind and gentle was her soul,
Yet it had a glorious might."

"O, but we had a grand sermon yesterday," said a poor woman, who kept a corner grocery and had been wont to cheat with scant measures. "Where was the text?" "Sure, now, and I don't remember." "What did he talk about?" "Well, really, but I don't know." "Then, what makes you say it was such a fine sermon?" "It was, indeed, for I came home and burnt up all of my short measures." The good seed found receptive soil and brought forth fruit.—H. Moninger.

OH, WHAT'S THE USE!

(Reidsville Review)

"Oh, what's the use of trying?" is the attitude that so many people take toward every difficult problem that confronts them. And that ends it for them. They see no benefit, they think that it isn't worth the effort, they never try again and they never accomplish anything.

A community that has many such people suffers accordingly. If there are enough people that take this attitude in regard to public problems, the community will soon die. There will be no spirit or pride to keep it alive.

The same is true in its effect on the individual. If one never sees the use of trying, he won't amount to much, or perhaps it should be said that he will never amount to anything. Such an individual is whipped before he starts and will never gain success in life.

There is every use in trying, even though ultimate failure is the result. No great things are ever achieved without some failures that serve as lessons in making success possible.

The man who tries is giving vent to the spirit of progress that is within him. The effort he puts forth, though it may be in vain, convinces him that he does possess the ability to do things. The partial results he obtains go far toward showing him the weak spots in his plan and that knowledge gives him faith and courage to try again—and eventually succeed.

A community is governed in the same fashion. If its leaders are easily discouraged at failure, are not willing to try again when a chane to improve presents itself, then there isn't much hope. But when a community has men who are ready and willing to devote their time and energy to things that will bring improvement, regardless of the mistakes of the past, the prospects for that community are bright.

We need men who are anxious to profit from the errors that have been made and are ready to climb on to greater things. Strive to be that kind of citizen yourself. You will receive ample reward in self-satisfaction if in no other way.

I'm glad the sky is painted blue;
And the earth is painted green;
And such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

—Selected.

A NEW LEADERSHIP

(Asheville Citizen)

Dean Donham of the Harvard School of Business declares that American universities should seek to produce a new and better informed type of business leader. Speaking at the Memorial Church in Harvard Yard he stated that the depression had shown the lack of a broad social viewpoint among business leaders. Also it has demonstrated that business executives of the present have failed to take up what they should have regarded as new responsibilities. Dr. Donham went on to say:

"The difficulty lies mainly in over-specialization. It is no one's business to consider things in their relations.

"We build great industrial corporations that introduce amazing novelties into life. Their executives think first, last and nearly all the time of their concerns as isolated.

"We create great banks. Their leaders too often know little beyond finance. When thousands of banks fail, mainly through the intrusion of new social and economic forces, they and the community think in terms of improving the management of the banks rather than of restoring social equilibrium. Lost social equilibrium rather than bad management accounts for most bank failures.

"When the farm problem becomes a major catastrophe, business, knowing little of the subject, either ignores the plight of one third of our nation or actively opposes efforts to regain balance. It makes little effort to design better plans.

"Business men do not undertake the hard intellectual job of securing a general group of these complex problems through prolonged exchange of varied viewpoints."

Dean Donham thus presents one of the fundamental problems of modern American democracy. We live in an age of great and increasing specialization. Success in business or any profession is dependent upon thorough training and experience in that particular line of work. Men who rise to high positions in railroads or other corporations usually have an extraordinary grasp of the details of management and operation. Able physicians, lawyers, and other professional men must of necessity have a thorough knowledge of their professions.

Yet a true leader must be much more than a mere specialist. Book knowledge by itself does not make an able teacher. Nor does a schooling in banking furnish the qualities which go into the making of a successful bank president. No more does a thorough knowledge of the Bible produce a forceful and impassioned preacher who can influence the lives of his congregation. A leader must have magnetism, an understanding of human nature, a broad knowledge of affairs, as well as industry, zeal and enthusiasm. Possession of these qualities made Theodore Roosevelt great. The late President Edward K. Graham of the University of North Carolina held the love and esteem of all the students at Chapel Hill. He could dis-

cuss problems of teaching with junior instructors, address alumni on university and world affairs, and then lecture on farming questions in Mecklenburg County. And everywhere he was a center of interest and attraction.

So the test of democracy lies in the caliber of men whom it elects to high office. And the same thing applies to all business and professional life. If Dean Donham succeeds in making his students men of broad vision and outlook, he will thus perfrom a lasting service to America in this age of specialization and technical efficiency.

LET'S GO A-MAYING

By Mrs. W. L. Hunton

May received its name from the ancient Romans, and from that long-distant day down to the present time it has been celebrated as the "Merrie Month," at which period nature everywhere proclaims that the cold winter is past and that the balmy summer is already far on its way.

The coming of this month and the May Day Festival have been observed for many centuries in countless countries, but more notably in England. In story, at least, a rich heritage of May Day customs and observances has been handed down to the young folks of the present generation. That the day was celebratd very early in English history is shown by the following old, old verse:

"In May is miri time swithe;
Fonies in wood hem maketh blythe;
In every loud artist song,
Jesus Christ be us among."

To "go-a-maying" has slightly different meanings in different localities. In England, the hawthorn, which in that country they most poetically call the "May," blooms just about the first of this month, and the term literally means to hunt the hawthorn or mayflower. In New England, it has come to mean a search for the spring flowers which have sprung up at the touch of the moist April rains. The carrying of May baskets and the leaving of them upon doorsteps is a very old custom which dates from the time of the ancient Romans. These people used to set up the boughs of the hawthorn before the doors and windows of the dwellings. Robert Herrick wrote:

"Come, my Corinna, come; and coming mark
How each field turns a street; each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An arke, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn, neatly
inter-wove."

The old English celebration of May Day was a very elaborate affair. An excellent account of one of these early observances of the holiday is given by Scott in the thirty-ninth chapter of "Kenilworth" in which he describes the great celebration attended by Queen Elizabeth and her whole court. In some of the early May Day celebrations the gathering of flowers was followed by May games, the binding of the May pole, crowning of the May queen, and many wild antics of the strolling mummers or masquers. Probably the best picture of the May queen is given by Tennyson in his poem of that name. However, a large number of the best English authors have time and again alluded to the May Day customs in many of their best works. John Milton has a song for May:

"Now the bright morning star,
day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east,
and leads her,
The flowery May, who from her
green lap throws,
The yellow cowslip and the pale
primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth
inspire
Mirth, youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy
dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy
blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our
early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee
long."

May poles were a very common sight in England until the stern Puritans came into power. They regarded all May Day practices as exceedingly heathenish and degrading, so they forbade the erection of May poles anywhere in the kingdom. However, when they lost their power the May poles again re-appeared and the usual festivities were once more joyfully welcomed. In the year 1664 a very tall cedar May pole was erected in the Strand of London amid the rejoicing of an immense crowd of people. This pole remained standing untill 1717, when it was purchased by Sir Isaac Newton and removed to Wanstead, in the county of Essex, for use as the support of a telescope 124 feet long, which had been presented to the Royal Society by a noted French astronomer.

The first May Masque of which we have any authentic account in America was introduced into the Puritan colony of Massachusetts Bay by Thomas Morton and his gay companion at Merry Mount on May 1, 1627. Morton and those with him were happy-go-lucky revelers, and little inclined to obey the stern edicts of the Puritans. Our own Nathaniel Hawthorne has given a very excellent acccunt of this early celebration in his "May Pole of Merry Mount." It was not long before the news of this mad revel reached the ears of Governor Endicott and his Puritan advisers. With harsh denunciation and rigorous admonitions the revelers were driven from the scene, the hallowed May pole was hacked to the ground with the keen sword of the relentless governor; and for years the growth of the May

Festival in America was nipped in the bud.

In recent years there has been a great renewal of interest in out-of-door entertainments and an increasing growth of the festival spirit, so we find now that there has been a revival of the pretty May Day customs. Again we find reproductions of the quaint old days in "Merrie England," and this year many childish hearts will keep time to the merry feet that go frolicking around the May pole amid the budding leaves and blooming flowers.

HOW RELIEF MONEY IS SPENT

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

Much criticism has been heaped upon the heads of those in charge of Federal relief funds and a petition has been circulated in Greensboro asking that President Roosevelt make an investigation of the way these Federal funds are being handled there.

In commenting on the situation the Raleigh Times has the following to say:

The Raleigh force is headed by Dr. Fred Morrison, one time Secretary of the Tax Commission. The Tax Commission having been abolished, Doc Morrison was taken care of as North Carolina Director of Federal Relief. His salary in the first office was $4,000 per annum. His present job is compensated at the rate of $416.66 a month, or $5,000 a year. Doctor Morrison's office is organized and managed along liberal as well as expert lines. For instance, he maintains Ronald B. Wilson, at one time writer for the State Board of Health and clerk to the Commissioner of Revenue, at a salary of $300 per month, or $3,600 per year. Mr. Wilson's title in his new employment is "Executive Assistant to the Director of Relief."

Next to these directing heads, there is a student of social conditions who receives $225 per month, not a salary to be sneezed at by a State employee in times like these.

In addition to these three there are in the Raleigh offices eighteen more members of the staff, who are compensated at rates ranging from salaries of $150 (six) to $125, (four), and on down the scale to three underlings who get but $50 a month.

Altogether, the Raleigh relief office consumed in salaries for the month of April $2,992.82.

Almost $3,000 spent during the month of April for salaries in placing this relief money from the central office to say nothing of the amount spent in the individual counties of the state leads one to believe that this relief business is getting to be a pretty good thing for some at least, and just as long as state and Federal money is spent in such a reckless way the taxpayers may expect but little from the present situation.

THE BRAHMS CENTENARY

By Clara Bernhardt

Johannes Brahms, the last of the "three B's," was born in Hamburg, Germany, on May 7, 1833. His advent was into humble circumstances, and no one imagined, least of all his parents, that the child was destined for fame; that one hundred years later his centenary would be observed by admiring thousands. Fitting celebrations are being held in his native land this May, and throughout the musical world his compositions are being given on orchestral, vocal, and instrumental programs. The last of the great German Classics holds high place with his revered predecessors, Bach and Beethoven.

As a child, Brahms' father taught him the various instruments, and placed him under the piano tuition of Cossel. Recognizing the boy"s unusual talent, the kindly Cossel succeeded in interesting Marxsen, the greatest teacher of the day, and until he was twenty and left Hamburg on a concert tour, Brahms studied under him. This first tour of his, as accompanist to a concert violinist, was a beneficial one for the retiring youth. He met the famous violinist, Joseph Joachim, with whom he contracted a life-long friendship; he visited Liszt at Weimar, which must have been an inspiring experience for a young composer, and he made the acquaintance of Robert and Clara Schuman. All were impressed by Brahms' ability as a composer, and Schuman made glowing predictions for the shy young Hamburger, calling him "he that should come." Owing to Schuman's early death, he did not see the maturation of Brahms' genius, but his wife, a brilliant pianist and a noble woman, became one of Brahms' warmest friends.

For a few years, until he was in a financially independent position from his composing, Brahms toured as a concert artist—a profession at which he was not a pronounced success. He was a reticent, self-effacing pianist, seeking primarily to interpret the message of the composer, rather than to display his own virtuosity as a performer. While this is an admirable attitude, unfortunately the public demands a bit of showmanship as well. At various times Brahms held conductorship positions of orchestral and choral societies, but he was tempermentally unsuited to restrictions of his freedom, and seldom remained for a long period. Also, he realized that he was not as fine a conductor as he might be, for he was so diffident; he hesitated to point our their faults to the orchestra. He was a serene, calm conductor, with no platform tricks.

Although Brahms was recognized early, he had to overcome much prejudice before he was accepted. The Mendelssohn-Schuman Romantic cult was at its zenith when Brahms first appeared on the musical horizon. Contrary to their much admired methods, he violated no classic canons, but strictly ahered to them. In time, people learned that they could admire both schools. The famous Wagner-Brahms controversy is a matter of musical history whose echoes are still heard today. Only

after much time and bitterness had been wasted did their followers realize there was room for both. Their methods were diametrically opposed; Wagner used strong, orchestral coloring for his dramatic effects, while Brahms' musical shading is more delicate, and calls on the imagination and intellect of the listener. Due to their lack of showy brilliance, Brahms' somewhat philosophical symphonies need to be heard a number of times to be understood and appreciated. Incidentally, the adagio movement of his fourth and final symphony is considered the finest piece of orchestral music ever written, and his violin concerto, composed primarily for his friend Joachim, is a favorite of violinists, owing to its intrinsic beauty and technical difficulties.

Johannes Brahms was as admirable a man as he was a musician, a combination which occurs infrequently. He was a staunch Lutheran, and his creed was to "do right and fear none." His tastes were simple, and he was unostentatious, heartily disliking demonstrations in his honor. Although he remained a bachelor to the close of his life, Brahms was exceptionally fond of children, as his lovely "Wiegenlied" is living proof. His life was replete with gentle kindnesses to people—not only his own family and associates, but to strangers. His consideration for others led him to share his joys, but never his sorrows—an example from which we all might learn. He was noble and self-sacrificing, and one of his many friends called him a perfect friend.

Brahms traveled little, and came into contact with few of his foreign contemporaries like Verdi, Saint-Saens, and Tschaikovsky. The German was an admirer of Dvorak's work, but he and the Russian, Rubinstein, had little regard for each other musically. The dead Beethoven was Brahms' inspirational font, and a study of their lives reveals that in many ways they were parallel. Brahms even resembled him somewhat physically, especially after middle age.

Brahms' story is one of hard work and happy reward. He had the joy of public recognition and of hearing his works performed, from his twenty-first birthday on. Many honors, for which he had small use, came his way. He had plenty of money, with which he was most generous, and until his final illness, had been unusually healthy. He died when he was sixty-three, in the city of Vienna, where impressive funeral honors were accorded him. At the service, Dr. von Zimmerman said, "There have been great artists who have been little men, as there have been noble men who were small in achievemnt. Here was the ideal. In Brahms both were great and noble —the man and the artist."

The last of the Classicist was buried not far from the graves of Beethoven and Schubert, in the Viennese churchyard. And as the world marks Brahms' centenary, the words of his burial text seem most fitting: "Their works do follow them." (Rev. 14:13).

Books—lighthouses erected in the great sea of time.

EMIGRANT TRAIL

By L. Lindley Mulkey

Flickering firelight shone on the faces of strong men, garbed in the rough dress of the plains. Behind these men, and forming the outer edge of the circle, could be seen the white tops of covered wagons.

John Holliday, a boy of seventeen, sat beside his father. Directly across the fire was another lad of the same age, Jed Samson, and the latter's father, Caleb Samson. John was conscious of the close scrutiny of the Samsons as a tall Missiourian arose to address the circle.

"Well, friends, we're gathered tonight to elect a captain. It"s a position of no small responsibility, this leadin' a wagon train through the Indian country to Oregon. We need a man o' strong character and leadership. Any one wantin' to name a candidate can do so now; then we'll take a vote on it."

As the speaker resumed his seat, a hush fell upon those about the fire. Among them were two men who had been spoken of as the future leader. These men were Marcus Holliday and Caleb Samson. Each had his certain supporters. Marcus Holliday's were, for the most part, old neighbors who knew and loved him; Caleb Samson's were of a more unstable type, gained by the eloquence of his glib tongue since he, with his wife and four children, had joined the emigrants here on the Platte the week before.

There ensued about the circle a hot debate as to the merits of the two men. At last a vote was called and, after considerable wrangling, Marcus Holliday was declared the leader. Caleb Samson's face was a scowling mask as the meeting broke up for the night.

As John Holliday started to leave the fire, his father threw an arm about his shoulders.

"Son, fill the water pails for your mother, then see if our horses are hobbled securely before you go to bed. From now on, I'm going to rely upon you a great deal."

There were but three in the Holliday family, the father and mother and this seventeen-year-old boy. John's heart warmed with pride at the thought of being the captain's right-hand-man, and because the other members of the wagon-train had recognized his father as one capable of leadership.

The boy filled the pails at the river, then made his way to a nearby meadow, where the livestock belonging to the train were browsing. He examined the hobbles on his father's three horses, and was starting back to the wagons when he encountered Jed Samson.

"Hi, Jed, guess we'll get moving in another three days. Aren't you anxious to strike the trail?"

"Might be, if we had a different captain," the other said spitefully.

John stopped as if Jed had struck him. "You—you—mean my father—"

Ye-ah," Jed growled. "What does he know about leading a train?"

John's fists doubled. "It's true this is his first time across the plains, but he will not disappoint these people who have placed their faith in him."

The other boy gave a scornful

laugh. Suddenly John turned and strode off. If he had stayed there another minute there would have been a fight. But he had no wish for trouble with this surly son of Caleb Samson, and it was evident that Jed was bent on that very thing. There would be enough hardship and privation on the trail to rub souls raw without the added weight of personal quarrels.

The next three days passed in a frenzy of preparation. An incessant hammering filled the air as heavy wagons were repaired and horses and oxen shod. The camp thronged with men, women and children. In the company were representatives from every stratum of society. And while solid, dependable citizens were undoubtedly in the majority, there was also a goodly sprinkling of adventurers.

Four weeks later the long line of wagons was crawling slowly over the plains. By the side of each vehicle stalked the owner, urging forword the patient oxen, that shouldered heavily along, hour after hour. In the faces of the emigrants could be seen the grim and strained expression which hardship brings. At the head of the long column lumbered the Holliday wagons, and beside them, armed with heavy rifle, rode Captain Marcus Holliday.

John Holliday and Jed Samson had been relegated to the rear of the train, to help drive the herd of stock which followed. It was a tiresome job for the boys—plodding day after day in the dust stirred by hundreds of hoofs. Jed, however, was adept at escaping drover duties, and usually slipped off to hunt, or crawled up into his parents' wagon for a midday nap or a quiet game of jacks with his small sisters.

It was a few days before the company reached Fort Laramie that John rushed up to Captain Holliday.

"Father, come—two of our horses are missing from the meadow where they grazed last night."

Now the loss of two horses was a calamity of the first magnitude to any family on the long trek across the plains. For it was upon the horses and oxen that their fortunes and their very lives depended.

Marcus Holliday hurried to the meadow with John. But the most careful search among the animals herded there, failed to reveal the missing horses.

"Must have broken their hobbles and run off," Mr. Holliday decided, with a worried frown. "That leaves us but one horse—Ranger."

"Why, look, father. Ranger has broken his hobbles, too. We're lucky that he didn't follow the others!"

"Who was on horse guard last night—he Samson boy, wasn't he?"

John nodded as he bent down to remove the useless ropes from Ranger's feet. Suddenly he whistled.

"Why—these hobbles are'nt broken! They've been cut!"

It was true. Instead of being frayed, the rope ends were sheared across, as with a sharp knife.

"Do you suppose, father, that Brownie's and Nubbin's hobbles were cut, too—so we would lose them?"

"It surely looks as if that might have been the case," Mr. Holliday answered gravely. "Well, son, see if you can borrow a horse from one of the other families and we'll ride back over the trail a few miles, and perhaps locate the strays"

But though the two scoured the prairie for several hours, nothing could be found of the missing horses.

"Father—," John said hesitatingly, "I can't imagine who would want to cause us trouble, unless it was Jed Samson. He has never gotten over your being captain."

"We'll keep our suspicions to ourselves, son," his father advised. "You may be mistaken, and it would be a very grave accusation to make against anyone. Perhaps it was a stray Indian—they're always pilfering stock—"

Thereafter, John and Mr. Holliday took turns riding their one horse, as day after day the emigrants pushed westward.

The first of July found the train encamped at Fort Laramie. The little fort, no more than a dot on the expanse of the prairie, was a common meeting-place for traders, trappers, friendly Indians and emigrants. John struck up an acquaintance with a young Dakota warrior, and was much gratified when the latter gave him a handsome feathered headdress and belt of wampum. Another Indian traded a bow and quiverful of arrows for a small cake which John wheedled from his mother.

Heretofore the wagons under Captain Holliday had traveled through the country of comparatively friendly Indians. But once Fort Laramie was left behind, they would enter territory roamed by tribes who were openly hostile to the whites. Among these tribes were the terrible Cheyennes. Tales of the depredations which these savages wreaked against the emigrants, reached the fort and chilled the hearts of those ready to continue westward.

Captain Holliday was much in favor of waiting at Laramie for a great emigrant train which would arrive in another two days, and which was traveling under the escort of a detachment of soldiers. There were disadvantages in this plan, however, for any train depended to a great extent upon the game along the trail. A large company exhausted this game supply, in addition to being so unwieldy as to make traveling extremely slow. A certain faction, led by Caleb Samson, grumbled at such delay. They even convinced some of their more conservative companions of the wisdom in pushing ahead before the big train arrived.

Although Captain Holliday voiced his disapproval of this plan, he finally bowed to the will of the majority, and gave word to leave Fort Laramie at once. Days passed, game was scarce, and, as the hardships increased, vague grumblings arose. "Captain Holliday had kept them too long at Fort Laramie." "He was too cautious." "Should have left the Platte earlier in the season." "Game would have been plentiful then." Day by day, Caleb and Jed were inciting the emigrants to greater discontent.

They came at last to a fork in the trail. Here was encamped a party of three trappers on their way east. According to these men, there was plenty of game on the south fork, but it was in the hunting grounds of the Cheyennes, and was dangerous.

"Huh, if those Cheyennes are like the other Injuns we've seen, guess we could hold em off," Caleb Samson scoffed.

"The trail to the north is some-

what shorter," one said, "but, of course, it's the route most of the wagon trains have taken—"

"That means we won't see a buffalo or antelope in a hundred miles," a Samson follower objected.

"But, men, wouldn't it be better to go short on game than battle the Cheyennes?" Marcus Holliday asked.

Caleb Samson gave a loud guffaw. "Our captain sure does set great store by his scalp," he jeered.

Marcus Holliday's face flushed, but his eyes were like steel as he turned to Samson.

"I was thinking of the large number of women and children with us," he said evenly, "yours, Mr. Samson, among the rest."

"I'll take care of my own family, thank ye, Captain," Caleb retorted. "Don't much like to see 'em go hungry, either. I'm in favor of takin' the south fork, where we'll be able to scare up a little game."

There was a cheer at this. "Say," some one shouted, "I'm in favor of electin' a new captain." Another cheer arose.

"And I am certainly willing for you to do so," Mr. Holliday announced and strode off to his wagons.

There was but little discussion. A vote was quickly taken, and when the wagons again rumbled forward, Caleb Samson, the new captain, rode proudly at their head. The column turned down the south fork. The Holliday wagons now occupied a place near the last of the line, and none knew better than John the deep sense of humiliation under which his father labored. And, added to this was a real worry for the safety of the train.

Game was plentiful on the south fork, even as the trappers had said. In fact, the hunters were so successful that Captain Samson called a halt in a small valley with the intention of staying several days and stocking the wagons with provisions. No Indians, save a small scouting party, had been seen, and many of the company voiced the opinion that the new captain had shown foresight in taking this less traveled route.

Though four days had passed since Samson became leader, the train, due to the time spent in hunting, was not more than twenty-five miles west of the forks. The wagons, encamped on a willow-fringed stream, were drawn into a tight circle, and each night a guard was set. John Holliday and Jed Samson took their turns at guard duty, along with the grown men. Now that the Samsons had the upper hand with the train, Jed seemed to have forgotten his enmity. But, because of John's suspicions regarding the two lost horses, he could not bring himself to friendly terms with the boy.

And then one evening, John sought his father.

"I think I'll stay awake tonight," he said with a worried frown.

"Why, Son? You'll get your turn at guard soon enough.."

"Well, it's Jed's watch—and somehow, father, I don't feel he's responsible."

"All right, Son. If you like, I'll take your place at midnight."

"No, I'll make it alone," the boy answered.. "You were on guard last night and need the rest."

John lay down beside the wagon and watched the stars wheeling ov-

erhead. Far out on the prairie the wolves chorused a dismal chant. The cry of the whip-poor-wills and night hawks mingled with the sharp barks of the little prairie dogs.

At midnight, John arose and made a round of the camp. All was quiet. But near the Samson wagons, he came upon Jed—sound asleep.

"Here—wake up! Jed!"

The boy jumped to his feet. "What you snoopin' around for this time of night?" he asked sullenly.

"It behooves some of us to stay awake when it's your turn at guard," John retorted. "We lost two horses on one of your watches—and I've an idea it wasn't all accident, either."

"Have all the suspicions you want," the other growled.. "You can"t prove anything."

"Well, you've certainly been asleep tonight and endangered the lives of the whole camp."

"Suppose you'll make it your business to report me," Jed sneered.

"No, I won't. Although it would serve you right if you had to walk all day tomorrow." For such was the punishment for sleeping on guard.

John walked away to resume his watch. And when he next made the rounds, about two in the morning, Jed was asleep again. John shrugged and passed on, wondering how long it would be before daybreak.

Suddenly he stopped. Was that a movement along the edge of the plain? The boy stared at the spot until his eyes hurt.. All was silence —but there was something crossing that low ridge to the left. Even as he watched, this resolved into a long, flying column, topping the crest of the prairie. Indians!

John turned with a shout, rousing the occupants of the nearest wagons. In a moment the whole train was awake and in action The circle was opened for a brief space and the stock driven within The Indians, perceiving their approach had been discovered, broke into the long-drawn war-whoop of the Cheyennes. On they came, their ponies racing like phantoms of the night.

The first attack was repulsed by a volley from the close-knit wagon circle. Among the emigrants, every man and boy had a rifle. The women and girls reloaded as fast as the pieces were fired. Caleb Samson, in command, was a picture of anxiety, dashing about, shouting incoherent orders.

The Indians had drawn off for a short conference. This soon broke up, and they began to circle the huddled wagons. Round and round, riding at break-neck speed, with blood-curdling whoops, and showering poison-tipped arrows.

John lay beside his father behind the protection of their saddles. The faces of the two were streaked with dirt and powder.

"We're outnumbered two to one," John muttered, and raised his rifle.

"Hold your fire, Son. Don't shoot until they're closer.

"Father! You mean—we're short on ammunition?"

Marcus Holliday nodded grimly. "The men have wasted a lot in hunting the last few days."

John could scarcely hear his father's voice above the pandemonium of the savages. So far, none of the emigrants had been struck, but it was only a matter of time. And they were short of ammunition!

"How long can we hold out?" John asked anxiously.

"Several hours—perhaps a day—"

The boy's heart turned sick within him. "Father—the other wagon train with the detachment of soldiers—"

"Probably about to the forks by now—figuring them two days behind us out of Fort Laramie. But no one could leave this train alive."

But in John's brain had been born a desperate plan. He leaped into one of the Holliday wagons. A hasty search—a half-filled can of axle grease—ten minutes later there stepped forth a full-fledged Indian warrior, naked brown limbs, feathered headdress, and weaponed with bow and arrows.

Mr. Holliday raised his rifle and took aim at the heart of this savage who must have crept through the wagon barrier.

"Father—don't shoot! It's me—John—"

"Son—son—"

"I'm going to take Ranger and make a dash to the forks. We must have help or—"

"It's certain death, son!"

"My Indian disguise and this fogging dust will help—"

In another moment John was mounted bare-back on the faithful little Ranger. One swift embarce from his mother, one deep look into his father's eyes, and he had slipped outside the wagons and was racing toward the stream. There was a breathless interval wherein the boy knew the meaning of terrible fear, then he gained the precarious safety of the willows.

Suddenly, Ranger reared. There, directly in his path was a savage stooping to drink from the creek. The Indian looked up, and instantly John knew he had been recognized as a white. Terror clutched at the boy's heart. Ride him down! There was no other way. Under the lash of bridle ends, Ranger lunged forward. The savage went down, even as his lips opened to shout an alarm.

Keeping under cover of the willows, John followed the course of the stream for some distance. The dim light of daybreak was in his favor. Then, as a rise of ground hid him from the scene of battle, the boy guided Ranger from the stream bed, and a moment later was flying over the prairie. John breathed in relief. Now for the race. He must reach the forks and intercept the big wagon-train with its accompanying cavalry.

Three hours passed—hours filled with the steady beat of hoofs. John often dismounted and ran beside Ranger in order to rest the plucky little animal. A moment at the bank of a small stream to slake their thirst, then on again. The forks should be close now. John remembered various landmarks. How were the emigrants holding out against the Indians? His father had said several hours—precious hours—not one to lose.

A clump of poplars which grew beside the forks loomed into view. Had the big train arrived yet? John's heart pounded with anxiety and fatigue. Ranger was nearing the end of his endurance. A moment later, the boy leaped to the ground and dropped to his knees, scanning the trail. Fresh tracks. Hundreds of them! The deep ruts cut by heavy wagon wheels, the sharp imprint of

many hoofs! Too late! the big train and soldiers had passed. They had taken the north fork. And must the emigrants on the south fork be wiped out by the terrible Cheyennes?

No, he must overtake the soldiers! Some way, somehow, they must get back in time. John leaped on his horse and lashed the weary animal into a run. Another hour of desperate riding, Ranger fairly staggering, the boy urging him on. Then, as they topped a long swell, the boy beheld the big train encamped in a low valley ahead. Sobs of relief tore his throat. At last!

John felt himself lifted from Ranger's back.

"Injun boy here jaberin' about a wagon train—," a voice said.

By sheer will power, John forced his vocal cords under control. Before he had finished his story the soldiers were mounted.

"Shortest way to that outfit, I reckon," said a bearded rider of the plains, "is to cut southwest from here, 'stead of goin' back by the forks."

"Is there a trail?" asked the cavalry captain.

"Yeah—sort of one—down through a deep wash. It's rough, but the horses can make it—probably save an hour."

Someone gave John warm food and a fresh horse, and he made ready to start with the soldiers.

The boy remembered but little of the return ride; a rush of hoofs, a cloud of dust, horses sliding and slipping down the steep bank of the wash, a mad frenzy of speed. His father—his mother—his mother!

Would they never get there? The hours seemed endless. Then, faintly, far ahead, came the crack of a rifle. Another and another—the emigrants were still fighting. As the cavalry scrambled out of the wash, the scene of battle lay before them. There arose a howl of triumph from the savages as two wagon tops burst into flames.

The cavalry deployed in charge formation and swept forward. A shout of joy came from the the beleaguered emigrants. The savages turned to see the long arm of the government reaching toward them. They hesitated, then sent a shower of arrows hurtling at the approaching soldiers. But matching arms with a well-trained cavalry troop was quite different from attacking an isolated wagon-train. The savages wavered, then suddenly putting quirts to their horses, they dashed for the low hills to the south.

The circle of wagons was a picture of desolation. Caleb Samson had broken under the strain of battle. Having no definite plan of defense, his futile orders had been disregarded by the emigrants. Mr. Holliday had finally been forced to take charge in order to stave off disaster.

"We could have held out but another hour," Marcus said quietly, as he stood with one arm flung about John's shoulders.

The emigrants crowded about these two, to whom they owed so much. "I reckon we were mighty hasty about changin' captains," spoke up a burly farmer from Ohio, "and I know every man in this train feels the same. Will ye accept our apologies, Mr. Holliday, and take over the train again?"

A much chastened pair of Samsons came to shake the hands of

John and Marcus Holliday.

"Guess ye were the man for the job, all right," Caleb told the re-instated leader.

"We'll let bygones be bygones," Mr. Holliday answered.

"But there's something else," persisted the elder Samson, "Im givin' you my two best horses, Holliday, just so—just so everything will be square between us."

John turned a searching glance to Jed. The expression in the latter's eyes acknowledged his guilt regarding the two lost horses, and at the same time pleaded with John not to tell of his sleeping on guard. Jed had evidently learned his lesson, and the other boy was content to let the matter rest.

There was an interval of attending the wounded, after which hasty repairs were made on wagons and equipment. Then, as the company moved forward to join the big train at the place where the north and south forks again met, the Hollidays rode in their rightful place—at the head of the column.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. R. A. Miller and Son, Bob, of Tyrone, Pa., and Mrs. A. J. Lippard and daughter, Mabel, of Salisbury, visited the Training School last Wednesday afternoon, and were shown through the various departments.

—o—

Mrs. John H. Bolton and Mrs. George Rike, of Concord, called at this office last Monday. The purpose of this visit was to leave a number of magazines and jig-saw puzzles, donated by the members of the Ellen Pemberton Bible Class, Central M. E. Church, Concord. We wish to take this opportunity to extend our thanks to the members of this organization for their interest in our boys.

—o—

We are indebted to Dr. and Mrs. R. M. King and children, Morrison and Elizabeth, for a nice collection of books for our library. Among these are Young Folks' Bible Library, consisting of ten volumes. All of the books were of high character but we believe the boys will enjoy the Bible stories better than any others.

—o—

Mother's Day was fittingly observed at the Training School last Sunday. At the opening exercises of our Sunday School, both boys and officials joined in a short, but impressive program paying tribute to mothers. This program consisted of a special Mother's Day prayer by Sidney Logan, a recitation by Neal Huntley, and the singing of several appropriate songs by the entire assemblage.

—o—

Quite a few valuable books were recently sent to us from the library of Mrs. J. P. Cook, Concord, and have been placed in the King's Daughters Library. It is needless to comment on the character of the books in this donation, and we are grateful for such a valauble addition

to our library.

—o—

The Training School ball tossers chalked up another victory last Saturday afternoon, defeating Roberta Mill by the score of 7 to 5. It was a free-hitting contest, the local lads getting thirteen hits and the visitors twelve. Lisk, who was on the mound for the school boys, kept the hits well scattered and had ten strike-outs to his credit. Roberta used two pitchers, Howell and Boger, the former being removed in the third inning, after developing a wild streak and walking three batters in a row. The visitors scored their first run in the second inning when Mason singled, stole second and crossed the platter on D. Furr's double. They added two more in the third on Lefler's double, Mason's triple and an infield out. In the fourth frame Howell walked four batters, which coupled with singles by Whitley and Hamilton, and Lisk's double, netted four runs. Roberta tied the count at four all in the fifth on two singles and an infield out. In the sixth inning, singles by Cleaver and Thompson, and a triple by Poole, gave the school boys two more scores. The visitors scored their last run in the seventh on Boger's single and J. Furr's triple. Our boys added another marker in the eight—on an error, and singles by Cleaver and Poole. J. Furr, with two singles and a double, led the visitors with the stick, and Hamilton, with three singles, led the school batters. Score:

				R.	H.	E.
Roberta	0 1 2	0 1 0	1 0 0	5	12	5
J. T. S.	0 0 0	4 0 2	0 1 x	7	13	5

Two-base hits: Lefler, Whitley, Howell, Lisk. Three-base hits: J. Furr, Poole. Stolen bases: Mason, Poole 2, Whitley, Wall. Sruck-out: By Howell, 3; Boger, 1; Lisk, 10. Base on balls: Off Howell, 6; Boger, 1. Umpire—Mason.

—o—

We are again deeply indebted to the Junior Red Cross, of Concord, for providing another evening of entertainment for the Training School boys. Last Wednesday night, under the direction of its capable and efficient chairman, Miss Era Linker, this organization sponsored a program rendered by students of the Logan Colored School, of Concord. Prior to introducing those taking part in the entertainment, Miss Linker presented to our boys one hundred jig-saw puzzles and a number of games, gifts of the youthful members of the Junior Red Cross.

A group of singers from the Logan School, under the direction of one of the teachers, then rendered several negro spirituals and classical selections in a manner that not only demonstrated their musical ability but reflected credit upon those who have charge of their training along this particular line.

The outstanding feature of the evening's entertainment was the part taken by little Emmett Blackwelder, a seven-year-old crippled boy, who is a first grade pupil in the Logan School. This little fellow has neither hands nor feet yet he holds his books, finds the pages without any trouble and reads clearly. He also writes, works arithmetic, draws, and goes through calesthenic exercses regardless of his handicap. The feature of Emmett's part of the pro-

gram, that especially appealed to the boys, was the most unique way in which he used the scissors in cutting out a design from a sheet of paper. After folding the paper he held one handle of the scissors with his arms, the other being held and moved up and down with his mouth. He was assisted by his teacher, Miss Louise Spencer, to whom much credit is due for making possible the performance of these difficult tasks.

We are of the opinion that all of the boys present resolved that they would make better use of their hands and feet after witnessing what a boy could do who has been deprived of the use of these members.

The Training School boys then sang a number of songs, after which "Shorty" Hogan, our diminutive office boy, briefly addressed the visitors, extending most hearty thanks for this delightful entertainment.

—o—

Dr. W. E. Davis, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by our good friend, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, who made the opening prayer and later presented the speaker of the afternoon.. For the Scripture lesson Dr. Davis read the story of the death of Jesus and His last words to His mother as found in John 19:17-42. In keeping with the special observance of the day, the speaker announced that his subject was "Mother," and paid one of the most glowing tributes to motherhood it has been our privilege to hear in many years. At the beginning of his splendid address Dr. Davis called attention to the wonderful word, "Mother," and how a baby before it learns to talk can pronounce this word. The speaker stated further that when God, at the beginning of the world had brought all the beauties of nature into being, and had made man, there was still one htink lacking. He then made the highest thing in all creation—woman. This first woman was called Eve, which in Hebrew maens "the mother of all living." Dr. Davis then called the boys' attention to an old Indian proverb, "God could not be everywhere at the same time to look after His children, so He made mothers." The speaker then gave us another legend—God once came down from heaven to take back the most beautiful thing He could find on earth. He first saw a beautiful little babe in all the innocence of childhood, but was not willing to take it. He then found an old man, noble in spirit, who had lived a most useful life. Still He was not satisfied, and passed on. He then came to a mother and saying that she was more like Him than anything else on earth, took her to heaven with Him. The speaker stated further it was not at all strange that God thought so much of mothers, for when He sent His son into the world, He was not born of human father but came through a mother, the Virgin Mary, and grew up amid the tender cares and caresses of a loving mother. Dr. Davis concluded by saying that a mother's love is the greatest thing we can ever enjoy in this life. It matters not how great we may be or how low we may become, our mother's love is with us to the end.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

October 23, 1932

Northbound

No. 30 to New York	1:45 A. M.
No. 136 to Washington	4:14 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	8:52 A. M.
No. 46 to Monroe	12:56 P. M.
No. 34 to New York	3:50 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	6:25 P. M.
*No. 38 to New York	7:24 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	8:40 P. M.
No. 40 to New York	8:58 P. M.

Southbound

No. 29 to Birmingham	2:06 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:04 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	9:27 A. M.
No. 39 to Atlanta	8:44 A. M.
No. 11 to Atlanta	6:50 A. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	11:54 A. M.
No. 45 to Greenville	2:27 P. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:22 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	11:08 P. M.

*All trains stop in Concord except No. 38, northbound.

Trains No. 32 and 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

No. 33 will stop at Concord to discharge passengers coming from Washington or beyond and to take on passengers going to Atlanta or beyond.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 27, 1933 No. 20

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

TEACHING

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.

—Daniel Webster.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING and INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE BUILDER

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill;
Pillars and groins and arches—
Were fashioned and placed at his will.
All men said as they saw its beauty,
"It shall never know decay;
Great is thy skill, O Builder!
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple,
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised the unceasing efforts,
None knew of the wondrous plan,
But the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eye of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies the stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll;
For that beautiful, unseen temple
Was a child's immortal soul.

—Author Unknown.

A MODEL SCHOOL

There is nothing that elicits the intense interest of the general public more than the progress and development of our young people in the various activities of school life. This fact was thoroughly demonstrated just this month when many of the pieces of handicraft, the results of the year's work in the Constructive Arts Department of the Concord High School, were displayed in the large show window of Belk's store. Every article reflected credit upon teachers and students and there were heard many favorable comments from those who saw the excellent display. The whole affair was a revelation and delight, especially to those interested in child life, to know that the institution is functioning along lines of study that make it possible for eighty-five percent of our boys and girls to adapt themselves to the various kinds of work the uncertainties of the future may unfold.

Not every boy or girl can profit by what is called a higher education. Our school board, superintendent and principal realizing this fact made a noble venture to make provision to educate in a practical way so there would be neither a waste of money, time nor the occasion for a misspent life. To meet the demands of the major portion of the student body the school authorities worked out a program of study classified as the Constructive Arts, including Commercial Work, Fine Arts or Freehand Drawing, Domestic Science, and Manual Training. In this varied program of study there is some activity that will awaken the interest and offer an opportunity to develop the latent talent of the most indifferent student.

The High School was visited, finding there order, discipline and interest in teachers and pupils. The Manual Arts building is a marvel. We learned that the building was erected by the boys under the supervision of the instructor and one carpenter. The young men and women receiving instruction in this department are delighted, and from information gathered the members of this particular class, twenty-three A. M. and twenty-three P. M., remain long after school hours because of the fascination for the work. It is hard to conceive of so much being accomplished for the benefit of the young people during this era of depression. But as usual we maintain where there is a will there is a way. The

results of this "experiment" are to be seen at the Concord High School, and it is the privilege of every one who in any way contributes to the success of the school to go and see, for seeing is knowing.

In this issue of the Uplift is carried a pen picture of some of the activities of the Concord High School with the hope those who are unable to visit the school will become better informed as to the advantages offered. Your attention is directed to article on page ten, captioned "Constructive Arts—Concord High School."

* * * * * * * * * *

THE QUARTERLY REPORT OF LIBRARIAN

Again for the benefit of our readers who are interested in making a standardized library for the Jackson Training School we give in full the report of librarian, W. M. Crooks, for the quarter ending May 9th. The manner in which the boys call for books is the finest evidence of the appreciation and need of more books. The library is sadly in need of books for the primary grades. There are no books for the small boy who enjoys short stories splendidly illustrated. Just this week more than one hundred volumes were placed in the library, the gift of a fine friend of the institution. We hope the next contribution to this cause will be books the small boys will enjoy and appreciate. We feel sure this appeal will be answered by some one who knows the value of right literature for boys from seven to twelve years of age. The books used for quarter ending May 9th are as follows:

Books	Number	Books	Number
Chiildren's Literature	322	American History	53
Philosophy and Conduct	9	General History	2
Religion	30	Geography	19
Fairy Tales	122	Fine Arts	8
Science	18	Inventions	4
Animal Stories	131	Literature	71
Health	8	Fiction	3704
Poetry	34		
Biography	46	Total	4581
		Magazines	127

NOTEWORTHY FACTS

The origin of "Dixie"—No. 1:

An interesting account of how the south came to be known as "Dixie" is given on the authority of Fred W. Thompson, a Richmond banker, who says the term was first applied to money issued by a New Orleans bank before the Civil war, principally in $10 bills.

These bills, because of the large French-speaking population of Louisiana, were printed in French on one side and in English on the other. On the French side the word "dix," meaning ten, was quite prominent, and the Americans got to calling the bills "dixies."

From that Louisiana came to be known as the land of the dixies, or Dixie Land. Then Dan Emmett, a northern minstrel, got hold of the idea and composed the song "Dixie" for a show performing in New York. The term Dixie soon came to be applied to the entire south.

And there you are—if Mr. Thompson is right.—Selected.

Some Bible Facts—No. 2:

Of the 66 books of the Bible 39 are in the Old Testament and 27 in the New, the former containing 929 chapters and the latter 260. Combined they have a total of 773,746 words.

The word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times, "reverend," "girl" and "everlasting punishment" but once each, and "everlasting fire" but twice.

The longest verse is Esther 8:9, of 90 words, and the shortest is John 11:35, consisting of two words, "Jesus wept."

The 19th chapter of Second Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike, and each of the 26 verses of the 136th Psalm ends alike, with the words "for his mercy endureth forever."

Ezra 7:21 contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter "J."

The books of Obadiah, Philemon, Second John, Third John and Jude contain only one chapter each.—Selected.

* * * * * * * * * *

HOW ABOUT IT?

If a tax on radio-sets will be the means of curtailing the commercialized programs that clutter the air, we register just now a hope the tax will not be confined to respective states but be nation wide. The tax of nerves inflicted upon those who wish for an instructive and delightful program is unbearable, and the sum and substance of the whole matter is the radio is often cut off in dis-

gust for an uncertain period of time. In a way it is right down imposition to be imposed upon in any such manner, because the mission of the radio, delightful pastime as well as profit educationally, and other ways, is absolutely lost to the larger per cent of people who own radios.

Here is the scheme of taxation some Ohio congressman has in mind. We pause long enough to ask, why is it that we, too quick for words, as a great nation commercialize every new project that could be used for moral and mental uplift:

> Owners of radio sets around here will probably be hearing ere long about a "radio tax" in this country. An Ohio congressman has a plan to tax the advertising programs now cluttering up the air. He says the money derived from such a tax would serve to restore postage to the 2-cent rate. If it is a tax on the ones using the radio for advertising, then it will be one that cannot very well be passed on to the consumer. If it is a tax on the listener, then the advertisers are sure to suffer, for few there are who would pay anything to listen to the programs they are now broadcasting. They have to give them away if they can't get anyone to listen. So here at last appears to be a tax that is justified. Considering the class of stuff that is filling the air these days the ones sponsoring the programs really ought to be taxed for asking the public to listen to their old-time medicine show ballyhoo and their jokes that once made Joe Miller's joke book a ready seller.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

A friend is one who understands,
Who can read your mind,
Your mood, your thought,
He looks at you, a change is wrought;
The clouds disperse,
The sun comes out,
The world is bright,
God's in His Heaven—all is right.

—o—

It is more difficult to train a Miss than it is to miss a train.

—o—

The person well pleased with himself is the hardest person in the world to please.

—o—

The change in our money basis is predicted to work wonders; but it is nothing to be compared to the fussy wife going off the scold standard.

—o—

It makes no difference how mad a woman may be, and fuss with others, she is always ready to "make up." And she does. Make up her face.

—o—

Some people are so busy knocking other people, the times and the conditions they are in that they never hear Opportunity when she knocks at their doors.

—o—

Some men take great unction to their souls that they are set in their ways. When they get married they find out that it was only their imagination.

It is said that the latest style dresses have rows and rows of hooks-and-eyes. Now many a hubby will be called upon to do some work. It seems the women have gone in for a nation-wide hook-up.

—o—

Newton D. Baker says "The world is moving with the rapidity of a comet." I'm not so sure about the world, but I do know that the United States is going about at that pace.

—o—

One of the wisest provisions of Providence is that He did not concentrate all the wisdom of the world in one human head. In the first place there is not a head big enough to hold it, and in the second place, it would burst open if it did.

—o—

Hope is the spy glasses through which we look and catch glimpses of the precious objects for which our hearts are seeking and longing and craving. Faith is that great telescope of Christianity through which mortals gaze with ecstatic visions upon the beauties and the glories and the splendors of blissful immortality.

—o—

At one time I considered myself quite a cross-word puzzle fan. But I'm going off. I used to alibi myself to myself when I caught myself doing one of the silly things by telling myself that cross-word puzzles increased my vocabulary. But since I've bumped in xylyl and yapok and reaws and golader I've laid off the blamed things. It wouldn't do me a

bit of good to add xylyl, yapok, reaws and golader to my vocabulary. If I ever used these in polite conversation nobody would ever know what I was saying, and some might think I was swearing.

—o—

It is in the realm of probability that we will not accomplish universal peace, until the power to make war is taken out of the hands of ambitious men whose selfishness prompts them to create wars for disinterested people to fight. Not until the people of all nations rise up in their might and demand that wars cease, and the promoters of wars relegated to the rear, or be made to fight the wars they create, will we get a good start to universal peace. Heaven grant that this may be done!

—o—

It is time to realize that the President means what he says when he states that there is going to be an increase of prices. Unquestionably Congress has placed in his hands the power to increase prices. He is absolutely on the right road when he says that the man who borrowed a dollar must be permitted to pay it back with dollars of approximately the same value as were the dollars that he borrowed. There has been some anticipation of futures, so I rather expect to see some, but not a great slump, in prices, for a short time. The slump, however, will be only temporary, and at least by early fall prices will be materially higher than they are now. Employment is certain to be much more general and the people will once again be relieved of their worries respecting their daily bread.

—o—

Some time ago a humorist remarked that service station men were the only people who objected to the currency when it changed to a smaller size. "A $1 bill is not enough paper for them to wipe their greasy hands on," he said. Whether the joker knew it or not, a government department has investigated that matter and reports that service station are rough on paper. The American Motorists Association took the tip and experimented. Slips bearing the request that each possessor endorse thereon the nature of his purchases and that the tenth holder return the slip, were attached to a number of one dollar bills. It was found that every seventh time a dollar bill changed hands a filling station got it.

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Your name and good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—Chalmers.

CONSTRUCTIVE ARTS—CONCORD HIGH SCHOOL

The exhibit of the Constructive Arts group of the Concord High School held recently in the display windows of Belks Department Store brought to the attention of the public one of the great advances made in our public high schools in the last decade or two. The work displayed in the exhibit was that done in the Commercial, Fine Arts, Home Economics and Manual Training Departments of the local schools under the supervision of Misses Hale, Sentman, McNairy, Raby, and Mr. Whitesell.

Twenty years ago the school program of studies was practically academic, or in other words, college preparatory. But since that time the enrollment in high school has increased four times, so that today only about fifteen percent of the pupils now entering high school ever to college. To express it somewhat differently, eighty-five boys and girls out of every hundred who enter high school never go to college, and all the educational training that they receive is in high school. This predominant group of pupils is not interested in the purely academic courses of study, for the boys and girls in this group find that their talents are along practical lines. To meet the needs of this large class of pupils, the school authorities have been broadening the programs of study to include what are called the Constructive Arts or Practical Arts, consisting of commercial work, freehand drawing, home economics, woodworking, mechanical drawing, etc. This has been done because it is felt that the boy or girl not interested in academic subject matter has as much right to a high school education as the pupil who is preparing for college.

In the following paragraphs is given a somewhat detailed description of the work of the various departments in the Constructive Arts group of Concord High School.

COMMMERCIAL WORK

Typewriting, Shorthand and Bookkeeping are the courses in the Commercial Department.

The typewriting course is a one year course. The students who take Typewriting learn to write business letters using all the correct forms and styles for both long and short letters. They also learn how to tabulate work, which is very useful when writing anything in columns. They learn how to clean and take care of a typewriter, and how to change a ribbon. In addition to this they must learn to write at the rate of thirty words per minute on fifteen minute timed tests in order to pass the course. However, many of them write much faster than this requirement. Several people who began taking typing last September are now writing over fifty words per minute with only two or three errors. From this course it is felt that pupils get valuable training which can be used very practically regardless of what they are going to do when they finish high school. In fact many of them find it very

useful in writing term papers and doing note book work for their other courses here at school.

In Shorthand pupils learn the principles of the Gregg Shorthand system and are able to write most of the simple words in ordinary dictation. They learn to take dictation and transcribe it at a fair rate of speed. It is realized that these pupils are not finished stenographers, because this is also just a one year course, but they can write short letters of from 150 to 200 words long. They can take in Shorthand some of the work given to them in other classes—thus saving them much time. This course also gives them a chance to know whether or not they want to be stenographers.

In the Bookkeeping Course the fundamental principles and methods of Bookkeeping are taken up. First, the pupils study property and its ownership and how the capital is increased and decreased by income and expense. Next, they learn how to journalize simple business transactions. Then the Ledger, Posting and the Trial Balance are taken up. Sales and Purchases for cash and on credit are taken up, showing how each affects the business. Special journals are now studied, because they save time and space. In this course they learn how to work out a Balance Sheet and a Statment of Profit and Loss and close the Ledger for a fiscal period. The effect of Supplies, Insurance and Equipment on the business and how the expense for these things is recorded are studied. After the above subjects are dealt with and problems worked out dealing with each of them, each pupil keeps a set of books for W. H. Good, Proprietor of a wholesale grocery business. This set of books consists of the transactions performed by this business for two months.

All the people who take this course are not planning to be bookkeepers, but they will all buy and sell, deal with banks, and perform many other simple transactions whether they are an employee, a professional man or the owner of a business.

FINE ARTS OR FREEHAND DRAWING

Fine Arts is offered in two courses. The objectives of the work being as follows:

(1) To cultivate observation. (2) To make the art course motivated and vitalized by integrating it with other subjects. (3) To be able to express ideas through drawing and painting. (4) To lay the foundations for better taste and apply it to our daily needs. (5) To develop better judgement and learn to discriminate between the good and the bad. (6) Develop imagination, investigation and appreciation. (7) To form life habits that will make for better citizenship, high ideals, neatness, co-operation, ability to search for material, etc. (8) To provide for individual differences.

The first year's work begins with observation of surroundings and of objects in nature and their shape. The mediums of drawing are first, the pencil, then crayons, pen and ink, and lastly, water-colors. Studying the shapes of all these subjects makes them much easier to block in and draw.

Landscapes are studied and drawn, starting with simple twigs and branches. Then follows the draw-

ing of a single tree, and lastly the trees in landscapes. Flowers, birds, all kinds of animals and fish are sketched. These are done in water-colors after much drill in mixing and using the colors. The symbolism of color is studied and monochromatic, analagous and complementary color schemes are worked out.

Design plays an important part. The basic rules are learned as well as the values in designs and its four divisions. Simple patterns are made and applied to objects to illustrate these rules.

There is of course some figure drawing, although it isn't carried very far in a general high school course. The students start with stick figures, then work from those to ovals, and from ovals to the finished figure. Perspective in figures is studied and simple sketches are made first from photographs, then life.

The topics touched on are only a few of those that are studied. There are drawing and painting, design, lettering, and illustration—each as fascinating as the other.

Work on many projects too have been carried along with the study of fundamentals. One project on "The Evolution of Ships" proved most interesting. This year there was one on "Heraldry and Chivalry." As outside work in this project many of the students designed original coats-of-arms.

CLOTHING WORK

In the first year clothing classes the objectives of the course are: (1) to learn to operate machines which conists of manipulating the bobbin, tension, stitch, needle, and gear; (2) to learn to alter patterns to meet various requirements such as making longer, smaller, wider and to fit difficult figures; (3) ability to master the important principles and constructive problems in sewing; (4) to gain an appreciation of the art principles in clothing which will better enable them to select patterns and materials for their clothing or to judge ready made clothing; (5) to gain a knowledge of cotton materials as to value, characteristics, uses, and costs; (6) and to learn to relate clothing to health, modesty, beauty and occasion.

The freshmen make the following problems in the laboratory: two food aprons, two pot holders, two tea towels, a sewing bag, a slip, pajamas, cotton dress, and samples of darning, patching, mending, thread, buttonholes, french and flat feld seams, binding, facings, hemming, and embroidery.

The second year work is based on the knowledge acquired in the first year's work. The objectives in second year clothing work are: (1) to become more efficient in the principles learned in first year work and to be able to do the more difficult constructive problems in altering, cutting and sewing; (2) to become so acquainted with pattern alterations as to be able to use a standard pattern and cut most any type of related garment from it; (3) to study all types of figures and clothing suitable for each, such as tall figures, low figures, fat figures, figures with large busts and hips, broad shoulders, hump shoulders, short necks, long necks, long face and round face; (4) to gain a knowledge

of the types of clothing suited to all occasions, types of persons, and seasons; (5) learn to judge and blend color harmonies in clothing, home, and in general; (6) to gain a better understanding of sex through government pamphlets and confidential discussions in class; (7) to gain a general knowledge of the care, manufacturing and laundering principles of wool and silk and also the constructive principles for making these two fibers into garments; (8) and lastly, to learn the main principles of house planning and interior decoration.

The sophmores made woolen and slik dresses, baby clothes, children's clothes, sample work which included bound buttonholes, set in pockets, fitted facings, fagoting, smocking and rolling and whipping. They also made booklets to illustrate the dress designing unit and interior decorating unit.

In the third year course in clothing a review was made of the first and sceond years' work and more difficult problems were added. More of the asthetic phases of dress, home and living are gained in this work. At the end of the third year clothing work the girls are expected to be able to design and cut dresses to suit their figures; to alter patterns and renovate dresses; to tailor woolen dresses or coats; to know at least fifty different materials and their uses; to be able to judge a house plan and re-work a house plan to suit their needs or desires; to be an authority on interior decoration from the standpoint of art principles; and to have a feeling of assurance or self confidence in their appearance in the public as to dress and personality.

FOODS WORK IN CONCORD HIGH SCHOOL

During the first year of home economics foods work the girls are taught the basic principles of health and nutrition with emphasis upon economy and the use of each food in the body. The course is divided into three units which include the entire day's diet.

The first unit is breakfast in relation to the health of each individual in each class. A study is made of herself by each girl, defects are pointed out and corrected, better food habits established and daily schedules for health habits are planned. Next comes the value of breakfast to one's health. The girls are taught clean and neat methods of handling food; preparation of foods for breakfast that will be wholesome, easily digested, and appetizing; actual planning and serving of breakfast in laboratory.

The second unit is the luncheon or supper unit which requires further development of initiative, independence, skill, and resourcefulness in their work. Here the girls are taught the proper methods of preparing luncheon foods in order to obtain the most food value at lowest cost. A luncheon is planned and served to a guest. Especial care is taken in training the girls in good table manners and etiquette at all times.

In the third unit or dinner unit comes the problems of meat cookery; vegetable cookery, salad making and suitable desserts for heavy dinners. Special care is taken to teach the girls that tough cuts of meat con-

tain just as much food value, more flavor and costs less than tender cuts and how important it is to utilize those cuts. An informal dinner is planned, prepared and served by the girls. After the dinner the girls are given a lesson on removal of stains and laundering table linens.

During the second year the girls are taught intelligent and economic buying; preservation of foods in the home; planning, preparing and serving attractive meals suitable to the needs of the family at minimum costs; arrangement of efficient and attractive kitchens and dining rooms, keeping of budgets and expense accounts, care of sick in the home; hospitality in the home; acquiring of ease and grace when in society; training, physical development, and feeding the baby.

In the third year a more intensive study of dietetics is involved including our dependence upon food for good health; uses of each food and foodstuff in our bodies; character strengthening, personality development; hospitality with girls being actual hostesses; being a pleasant guest; ways and means of entertaining friends economically as well as luxuriously; etiquette; courtesy and home management.

MANUAL TRAINING

One of the most interesting courses to boys in Concord High School is that of Manual Arts or Manual Training which was new last fall to both students and parents. About 125 boys enrolled for this work in September. There being no room in the main Building for the work, it was necessary to erect apart from the high school a building 32 x 64ft., which is divided into two rooms with a low second floor to be used as storage space. The first room is for wood-work and the other for mechanical drawing.

It is of special interest to note that the boys themselves erected the manual training building, as it is today, under the supervision of the instructor, and one carpenter. The Welfare Department assisted in digging and laying the foundation before school opened, leaving all other work to be done by boys who had had no previous training of this type. The building is of frame construction covered with galvanized sheet iron siding and is heavily ceiled on the inside. It is heated by steam, has lavatories, lights, power lines, bell, clock and telephone all connected with the main building.

This constituted the boys' work for the first six weeks of school, many boys showing their interest by working voluntarily long hours after school in order that they might soon have a completed building. The people of Concord should be proud of the building and its equipment, as many outsiders, who have looked it over, rate it as one of the best in the state for the type of work.

The next problem was that of equipment. All the necessary hand tools and three machines were purchased. Two civic-minded and liberal men of Concord gave the department three lathes and a tool grinder. The boys built the work benches and the lockers which completed the shop unit.

Thirty tables and an equal number of high stools, as well as drawing boards and lockers, were needed to equip the drawing room. Again

the boys were called upon, and they responded willingly, making the entire equipment for the drawing-room. This cost the school only about $40.00 for materials, thus saving one or two hundred dollars. As a means of economy the boys made the drawing boards from the crates in which the machines were shipped.

Besides building the shop building and most of the equipment for the shop, the regular work for the year has consisted of part shop and part mechanical drawing. In shop work the boys made necktie racks, magazine baskets, what-nots, book racks, smoking stands, end tables, ball bats, tables, lamps, etc.

In mechanical drawing the work had to do with working drawings, isometic, a little architecural, and the making and reading of blueprints.

Because of the limitations the department was unable to accomodate all the boys who wanted the work. With two teachers it would be possible to handle 275 boys a day in the present building. This is a work in which the boys have manifested more than a usual interest, and it is a work which is practical as well as interesting.

RETOUCHING UNCLE SAM'S PORTRAIT

Judging by the way many people talk—especially during the past three years—they think that the United States government is as rich as Croesus, as free-hearted as the mythical Santa Claus, and as kind and magnanimous as the Supreme Architect. They forget that Uncle Sam is not a combination of these three, but that the federal government is on the other hand made up of over a hundred and twenty million people like these living right here in Carteret County and that the U. S. A. is therefore no stronger and no richer than the average of all these American folks.

We have now come to the point where every one should realize that it is time and past time to begin looking toward himself and not to a supremely rich and prodigal Uncle Sam for the necessities and luxuries of life. The American government has already become too Socialistically paternal in making loans of money and gifts of foodstuffs to millions of its citizens. This has undoubtedly encouraged laziness and general degeneration of the bed-rock standards of many in the working class of society.

Any step toward paternalism or Socialism is deeply nauseating to every true-blue American, and all vestiges of these parasites should be removed root and branch from this broad, free and beautiful land of ours.—Beaufort News.

THE CITIES AND THE FARMS

(Asheville Citizen)

American eugenists are disturbed because only half as many children are being born in the cities as are needed for permanent population replacement while in the rural sections they say that fifty per cent more children are being born than would be required for equal reproduction. Their concern over this situation grows out of the belief that the city child has a higher intelligence quotient than his country cousin.

Frederick Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, tells the American Eugenics Society that "the nation's intelligence is being nurtured in its metropolitan areas where women are not bearing enough children to reproduce the population, while the peak of fertility is in the farming districts, which are least conducive to fostering intelligence."

But the poplar belief has always been that most of the leaders come from the farms. Innumerable examples have been cited in proof of that theory. Can they be argued away now?

It is a fact, of course, that the city child enjoys innumerable advantages which are denied to the child born upon the farm. We do not mean the schools alone. Irvin Cobb was once asked who were the brightest wits in the world. "The London Cockneys," he answered. "On that basis," he was asked, "what about the East Siders in New York?" His reply was: "Only a hundred years, sir. The London Cockney has had to keep his wits sharp for a thousand years—or perish."

The eugenists are worried about the birth rate in the cities as compared with the much larger birth rate in the country. But the whole position of the cities is changing. As Dr. Bail of the Charleston News and Courier has been pointing out in numerous articles, the conditions which created the cities have changed basically.

They grew up because we had only two important means of transportation—by water and by steam railway. The motor vehicle produced a transportation revolution and as a result of that revolution the trend is towards decentralization of population.

There is not the excuse for huge cities that there was. Wealthier people who worked in these cities have for years been living outside them. The depression has exposed the dangers of too great centralization of population.

So the peril the eugenists think they see may take care of itself. Further, so far as schools go, the cities are being leveled down to the standards of the crossroads. That is what is happening in North Carolina at the present time. It is what will happen generally if the present trend continues.

The eugenists are basing their studies on conditions that are changing incalculably even while the studies are being made.

The man who thinks he can't is quite often right about it.

A WASHINGTON MISCELLANY

By Everett Spring

Wasington Was Built to Order

Washington is considered the most beautiful city in the country.

It does not quite equal Paris and some other famous capitals of the world in beauty at the present time, but the time is fast approaching when it will be classed the most beautiful city in the world.

Washington was built to order, solely for the purpose of government; was named after the father of his country, and laid out according to his individual views. Petrograd, built by Peter the Great, is perhaps the only other capital which has had such an origin. The famous capitals of Europe have centuries of history behind them, but it is scarcely 150 years since Maj. L'Enfant entered upon the work of building a capital for the United States of America.

The framers of the Constitution made provision for a Federal district as the seat of the Central Government. Several states bid for the capital, Virginia and Maryland finally uniting in an offer to the Government which was accepted.

Washington anticipated the enormous growth of this country, and planned for a Federal Capitol suitable for a great nation. He met with strong opposition in Congress, because the nation's legislators refused to look beyond their own generation, but the wisdom of the father of his country prevailed, and the Capitol will remain an everlasting monument to its founder and an object of pride to a grateful nation.

Pierre Charles L'Enfant was a skillful military engineer who came to America in April, 1777, to fight on the side of the colonists. In 1783, having been engaged by Washington to plan and build the Capitol, Washington desired that Congress should be located at a distance from the Executive Mansion and other Government departments, so as to avoid the inevitable interference in work and confusion that would have resulted had the Capitol been placed in the center of a great square of public buildings as insisted upon by John Adams, the Vice-President. L'Enfant, there, placed the "President's Home" about one and one-fourth miles down Pennsylvania Avenue from Capitol Hill.

L'Enfant, as a military man, believing he should take orders only from the Government, frequently came in conflict with the civilian commissioners in charge of building the Capitol. He did not have the free hand he desired, and his complaints of interference with his plans were perhaps justified.

As originally planned, the Capitol was to be the center of the city, with streets branching out in all directions. It was thought that the city would grow south and east, but contrary to expectations, it expanded to the north and northwest. Consequently, the original rear, or west end of the Capitol, now faces the most important part of the city, and the statue of Armed Liberty surmounting the dome stands with her back turned to the heart of the city.

The plan of the city is symmetrical, the Capitol and the White House

being the two centers from which radiate broad avenues, many of which are completely arched by trees throughout their entire length. Three streets running from the Capitol, known as North Capitol, East Capitol and South Capitol Streets, and a broad stretch of public gardens on the west, known as the Mall, divide Washington into four sections—Northeast, Southeast, Southwest, and Northwest. Beginning at the Capitol, the streets running north and south are numbered, and the streets running east and west are lettered according to the alphabet. The broad avenues, named after states, run diagonally, bisecting the streets.

The residents of the District of Columbia are deprived of the privilege of local self-government and also of voting in any national election The government of the District is administered by Congress through a board of three commissioners, two of whom are appointed from civil life by the President of the United States and confirmed by the Senate, the third being usually detailed from time to time by the President from the Engineer Corps of the army.

The President's Room

One of the least known rooms in the United States Capitol is the President's room. It is one of the most ornate and least used rooms in the great building on the hill. Indeed, in a sense, the room may be said to have been known only to guides and the tourists that are daily piloted through the mazes of the marble pile. The mere fact that the President's name is borne by this room has long made it a magnate for the average sightseer.

But the men who work in the Capitol seldom go near this "show place," and some of them might actually be puzzled for the moment to direct you to it, if your inquiry caught them unawares.

This room for the President hasn't even needed attention from the painters and decorators as has most of the other rooms. Perhaps it is because it has been so little used; but aside from an occasional "touching up" here and there, very little has been done for its maintenance since the Civil War.

As for actual use by the President, that has been so rare as to almost rob the room of the right to the use of the name. If a chief executive were to come to the Capitol on the occasion of any great ceremonial, he might be expected to tarry in the President's room until time to enter the legislative hall, but such a visit is of rare occurrence. Similarly, on the last day of a session of Congress, the President may go to the Capitol in order to sign the bills as they come from the legislative hopper, but this involves occupancy of the room for only a few hours each year. It is said that, with the exception of Grover Cleveland, every President since the time of Andrew Jackson has repaired to the Capitol to thus facilitate the disposition of the legislative business in the final hours of Congress.

The President's room is one of the most ornate in the historic edifice. It is located in the Senate wing of the Capitol, at the west end of the private lobby which is directly north of the Senate chamber proper, and is generally considered the most beautifully decorated room in

the building. The whole ornamentation is the work of Constantine Brumidi, the Italian artist, who did so much of the more pretentious decoration of the Capitol.

In the four corners of the President's room are frescoes of four famous men, each of whom has been chosen as representative of a force in civilization. Christopher Columbus typifies discovery, Americus Vespucius signifies exploration, Benjamin Franklin suggests history, and William Brewster, elder of Plymouth colony, is representative of religion.

Carrying the same idea further, four groups in fresco beautify the ceiling: to the north Religion, to the east Executive Authority, to the south Liberty, and to the west Legislation. The intricate mosaic of the floor is quite as ornate in its way as are the decorations of walls and ceilings, and there is a massive chandelier that completes the effect.

There is a huge full-length mirror at one side of the President's room, which conveys an effect of spaciousness, but in reality the apartment is of comparatively modest size, when compared for instance, that adjoining "show place," the famous "marble room," built entirely of Italian and Tennessee marble, and which is used by the senators as a private reception room.

Nevertheless, the President's room has been the scene of some rather large gatherings. A notable occasion in point was Friday, December 18, 1874, when King Kalakaua, of Hawaii, and his suite gathered in the President's room and were greeted by many senators and representatives.

Perhaps the most historic event that ever had the President's room as its setting occurred one evening in March, 1865, when President Lincoln, while seated in the President's room, received from General Grant that memorable message stating that General Lee had made the preliminary overtures for peace. Here Lincoln consulted with the Secretaries of State and War, and here, about midnight, he wrote with his own hand a reply which was signed by Stanton and forwarded to General Grant.

While it is not perhaps as well known as other poritons of the Capitol, the President's Room has a digintу and a significance peculiarly its own.

Echanting Chambers—The U. S. Bureau of Standards

Standing on one of the many high hills that fringe the nation's capital is a group of buildings that house one of the greatest aggregations of wonder-workers in the United States. In their enchanted chambers truth makes fiction seem tame and common-place. Men make fairies appear weak, insipid and impotent as doers of strange things.

Entering, one may see a grain of sand become a mountain, an inch become a mile, an unappreciable zephyr become a howling storm, the footfall of a fly become the thundering tread of a draft horse upon a threshing floor, the heat of a candle a roaring furnace, the unperceived warmth of a star a cheering fireside, and the pressure of a finger the force of a thousand giants in one.

Here can be seen instruments of

such delicacy and precision that the mind at first fails to grasp the full significance of what they can accomplish. In one room is a balance so sensitive that the mere presence of the operator's body generates an amount of heat sufficient to disturb its accuracy. In another there is one so delicately adjusted that it shows the loss of weight due to the reduction of the earth's attraction when two pieces of metal are weighed one upon another instead of side by side.

Remarkable beyond the imagination are the heat measuring instruments which register infinitesimal fluctations of temperature. A ray of light may have started ten years ago from some distant star, and may have spent all of those ten years hurtling earthward bound through space at a gait so astounding that it could girdle the globe in far less time than it takes to blink the eye. Yet when it falls upon the sensitive bolometers at the bureau of standards they will tell the observer how much heat that ray brought with it from the star to the earth.

In the engineering laboratory there is a huge testing machine which can tear apart the strongest steel girders used in building great skyscrapers, while on the floor above are little electrical furnaces capable of generating a heat intense enough to melt the most refractory materials. The bureau can measure accurately cold great enough to liquefy the very air we breathe, and heat which can melt solid rock.

The weights tested by the bureau range from those used by city and state scalers in testing the weights and measures of commerce down to those used by scientists in most precise and exacting work. To do such testing as this the finest instruments are required, and weights which vary from great masses as big as a steamer trunk down to tiny atoms which would look lonely on a pin's head. The smallest of these is the 1-20 milligram, or 1,600,000th of an ounce. The balance on which this weight is used can weigh with accuracy down to 1-50,000,000 of an ounce.

Some of these balances are so delicate that the heat of the operator's body near them would cause a disturbance, and the adjustmejnt is effected by rods and other ingenious mechanisms, which change the weights from pan to pan or add the finer V-shaped weights to the cross beam to effect a perfect balance. The operator stands at a distance of 10 feet and reads the result through a telescope.

One of the balances used in the voltameter work is so delicately adjusted and sensitive to changes of temperature that the operator cannot even remain in the same room with it. It is kept in a room guarded by double doors, in whch a constant temperature is preserved. The rods by which it is controlled reach through double glass panels into a second room, which is also at an even temperature.

In the division charged with the standards of heat researches are being conducted which it is hoped will lead to international agreements as to the standard scale of temperature, for, strange as it may appear, only two points are at present standardized, namely, the freezing and boiling points of water. Above and be-

low these nothing is fixed.

Here the clinical thermometers used by the medical profession are tested and their accuracy to the tenth of a degree certified, upward of 25,000 being handled in the course of a year. Here are tested the delicate Beckman thermometers, which are used by chemists and engineers in the trials on which the award of large fuel contracts are based. The high temperature thermometers, reading up to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and the low temperature pentane thermometers, used for temperature as low as 300 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, also receive their share of attention.

In another room is to be found apparatus by which such intense cold can be produced that even the air we breathe becomes liquefied, and can be handled as so much water. Put a bar of steel into it and it will burn as if it were tinder, in spite of the fact that the steel and the air have been intensely cold.

Hard by is another room where they go to the opposite extreme, to the point where we begin to realize the meaning of the expression "fervent heat." Here the hardest metals that exist melt as a pile of snow before an April sun. Yet they have to devise heat-measuring instruments as sturdy as the bolometer is delicate, so that they can endure it and register its temperature.

In general, the work of the Bureau of Standards is, in large measure, designed to increase the safety, to decrease the percentage of accident. Tests are made as to the strength of materials and the power of fuels and explosive substances. There is no possible calculation of the value to the people of this country of these experiments and tests. Buildings and all other structures are stronger and more durable because of them. Industrial processes are safer and more efficient, and the general welfare of a great body of people has been increased.

Stauary Hall

Works of art in the Capitol have been acquired by gift from private individuals interested in the preservation of the historical, biographical, or pictorial art of the nation, or by gift from states, as instanced by the statues of distinguished citizens, forming the collection in Statuary Hall, and by purchase by the Government.

Statuary Hall was established by Act of Congress of July 2, 1864. By this legislation a National Hall of Statuary was created, and the President was authorized to invite each State to contribute to the collection to be formed, two statues, in either marble or bronze, of deceased citizens of the State whom "for historic renown or from cival or military services" the State should consider as worthy of commemoration in this National Hall of Statuary. Under the legislation creating Statuary Hall the selection of the citizens to be commemorated is matter for the respective states.

This Statuary Hall is one of the show places of the Capitol. Apart from its being the mausoleum wherein are deposited replicas of the dead and distinguished men and women who have made an impress upon our country's history, it is of historic interest, from the fact that it is the old Hall of Represenatives, wherein

Adams, Clay, Webster, Calhoun and others in the early days of the republic fought some of those great forensic battles which made them famous.

It was in this Hall John Quincy Adams rounded out fifty years of public service, spending the last fourteen years of his life there, and while in the discharge of his duties being stricken with paralysis. The spot where he fell, a little southwest of the center of the hall, is marked by a plate set in the marble floor. He was taken to a room just off from the Hall, where he breathed his last. This spot is marked by a memorial bust.

This Hall is semi-circular in shape, and is one of the most beautiful and imposing rooms of the Capitol. The north side has a colonnade of marble with white capitals, and a screen of similar columns on the south side. The ceiling is dome shaped and was patterned after the Pantheon of Rome. It is 57 feet high, and is surmounted by a cupola, by which the room is lighted. Over the door leading from the rotunda, is a massive historical clock representing History with recording tablets, carried in the winged car of time, its wheels supported on a globe circled by the Zodiac. Above the other door, on the north side, is a figure of Liberty proclaiming peace, beneath is an eagle poised as about to fly. Ranged around the Hall are the marble or bronze statues of men and women contributed by the different states.

The first contribution was from Rhode Island. It presented the statues of Rogers Williams and Nathaniel Greene, one of the great apostles of religious liberty, and the other the revolutionary soldier. They were erected there in 1869-70. Since then more than half of the states have contributed statues.

There are nearly 50 statues in this Hall of American fame. But two Presidents have thus honored, Washington and Garfield. Washington's statue is of bronze, and was modeled after the original in Richmond, Va., and was erected in 1908, at which time a statue of Virginia's other distinguished son, Robert E. Lee, was also erected.

The statue of President Garfield was erected in 1885. The bronze piece at base of pedestal—sword, wreath and palm, is symbolical of War, Victory and Peace.

The distinguished Vice-Presidents who have attained to a place in this modern Valhalla, are John C. Calhoun and George Clinton. The statue of the former was erected in 1909, and the latter in 1878. The other New York representative is Robert R. Livingston, the man who completed the Louisiana Purchase, which gave to the United States, for $16,000,000 all the French possessions from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian line, and from the Mississippi to the Rockies. He is represented with that document in his hands. New York spent more money for their contributions to this collection than any other state, the two bronze statues costing $25,000.

Illinois has the honor of presenting the first statue of a woman to the collection in Statuary Hall. This distinguished deceased citizen of that state is Frances E. Willard, the famous lecturer and author. This marble statue, designed by Hel-

en Farnsworth Mear, represents Miss Willard standing before a desk delivering a lecture.

Some of the others deemed worthy of commemoration are Roger Sherman,, Jonathan Trumbull, Oliver P. Morton, Lew Wallace, John J. Ingalls, Samuel Houston, Ethan Allen and James Marquette.

Much has been said in criticism of the art displayed in Statuary Hall. The late Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, once called it the chamber of horrors. It has been asserted that no statue, with the exception of Blair's, portrays the true physical likeness of the men they are suposed to represent. The statue of Ingalls, it is said, is nothing more nor less than a good statue of that senator's son.

The majestic personal appearance of Daniel Webster was well known, yet his statue is far from majestic, being only a little over five feet in height. Sam Houston was one of the finest specimens of physical manhood that ever trod United State's soil, yet the little, diminutive work representing him, would lead one to believe otherwise.

Nothwithstanding adverse criticism, the fact remains that Statuary Hall is daily visited by thousands, from all over the country, who gaze with awe and admiration upon these likenesses of the distinguished dead.

Chewing Up Millions of Dollars

Most people have seen the animals feed at Zoos, watched them open wide their huge mouths and receive their daily portion of bread and meat, but very few people, even in Washington, have seen the great insatiate monster, known as the macerator, and kept in the Treasury building, which opens wide its great mouth once every day and receives into it its daily portion of a very different kind of food—millions of dollars in redeemed money.

This uncouth steel monster is a large sperical receptacle, which contains water, and is fitted in the interior with closely set knives, which as they revolve, grind the contents exceedingly fine. It has a massive lid secured by three locks, each with its own individual key. The key of one lock is held by the Treasurer, of another by the Secretary, and the third by the Comptroller of the Currency. Every day at one o'clock these three officials or their deputies, with a fourth one designated by the secretary to represent the banks and the people, assemble at the macerator to deposit in it the money which is to be destroyed.

Each key-holder unlocks his respective lock; the lid is lifted; the packages of halved bank notes are brought and the macerator receives its million-dollar tribute. The lid is then closed. The keys are turned in the locks, the machinery is put in motion, the macerater begins its revolution, and the 156 steel knives within are put to their work. Each batch of material is ground fine and finer until its maceration is complete.

The same committee of four then unlocks a valve and the liquid pulp flows out, is screened into a pit below, and is thence transferred to the Bureau of ngraving and Printing, to be rolled out into sheets of bookbinders' board and sold for a good sum per ton.

To facilitate destruction a com-

pound of soda ash and lime is added to the water in the machine, which destroys the fiber and takes out the coloring matter in the notes.

The capacity of the macerator is one ton of pulp. The average amount destroyed daily is a million dollars. The largest sum ever deposited in the machine by the committee in one day was $151,000,00 destroyed on June 27, 1894. It consisted of national bank notes and United States bonds. As pulp 150 pounds might be worth about $8. In its original form as currency it would have been worth about $2,500,000.

Most of the money destroyed is greasy and dirty and without trace of the crisp crackle of its youth. All of it is worn-out money. All of it has reached the stage where it must be withdrawn from circulation. The bills have served their purpose and must be destroyed.

The career of this rejected money after redemption and prior to its entering the macerater is interesting. It comes in sealed packages which are counted and then put up in new packages, each containing 100 bills. Four big holes are then punched in each package. A huge knife cuts the packages lengthwise and the sections are sent to two different officials for verification.

From beginning to end the process is like all those relating to the handling of money at the treasury and bureau of engraving and printing; one of checking and counter checking by different officials in order that absolute accuracy may be established. The experts are constantly on the lookout for counterfeits, and with all supervision by trained eyes, it is rare indeed that a counterfeit or raised note is missed. When all the halves have been identified and checked, the mass of condemned money is ready for the macerater.

This macerated money has long been used for the purpose of making busts and medallions of prominent persons and objects, much as a sculptor might cast a figure in bronze. Formerly it was obtained, in large quantities, direct from the treasury, and delivered to the man who obtained this concession through the intervention of several senators, as occasion required, half a ton at a time.

Before the process of modeling begins, the pulp is subjected to a thorough bath, a long and tedious operation, from which it emerges several shades lighter in tint. After a severe pressure to remove as much of the water as possible, it is hammered and pounded into plater of paris molds, and then after another interval for drying, the completed mold is smoothed and finished by hand. They were then placed on sale, and eagerly bought by the thousands who visited Washington, as souvenirs.

During twenty years, while this way of using the pulp was in vogue, there was turned out on an average a hundred statuettes a day. It is estimated that about 3,000,000 of these productions were manufactured and sold during that time.

The objects which have been modeled include busts and medallions of almost every man who has been prominent in the nation's history in past half of a century, miniature reproductions of the Washington mon-

ument, and the public buildings at the national capital, and innumerable fanciful creations.

What makes these articles especially striking is the apparent discrepancy between the values placed upon each article. The pulp in a miniature bust of President Roosevelt was worth before maceration $10,000, but it is sold for 15 cents. In a bust of Lincoln of diminutive size there is pulp representing $20,000. A small figure of a kitten contains $2,000. A tiny jug is estimated to hold $2,000. A Cinderella slipper is valued at $5,000. Al lof these can be bought for 15 cents. Then there is a good-sized bust of Grant containing $200,000 worth of the once-prized paper, and a bust of Gen. Logan, half life-size, which embodies half a million dollars worth of transformed greenbacks.

THE MOTHER OF SHAKESPEARE

By Clara Louise Dentler

"He was gentle and honorable, qualities he inherited from his mother." In these lines, quoted from the life of the greatest of all dramatists, William Shakespeare, we have a character picture of the lovely Mary Arden Shakespeare, who exerted such a profound influence on her eldest son, William.

Of the poet's father much has been written and told, but for some unknown reason, until recent years, not very much has been gleaned about the sweet and devoted mother of the eight Shakespeare children living in Statford-on-Avon.

During the past twelve months a renewed interest in this good lady has been aroused by the fact that her ancestral home at Wilmcote has been purchased by the English Government, and only last June was opened to the Public. England has numberless homes of its illustrious men and women made into museums for the pleasure and enlightment of the visitor, but few have greater appeal than this most recent acquisition. It was our privilege to wander about this Wilmcote homestead but a few weeks after its opening. Of it we shall speak a little later.

The Arden family was an illustrious one in the district from the very earliest times. The name dates back, not only to Norman times, but to the days of the hardy Saxons. In nearly all the wars recorded, some member of the family distinguished himself for valor in the country's cause. As early as 1501 we find the record of an Arden in a real estate transaction. Mary Arden's father, Robert, jointly with his father, Thomas, purchased a homestead at Snitterfield. This litte village is on the road between Stratford and Wilmcote. Later we find him purchasing the estate now referred to above, and known by the name of the Asbies, in the parish of Aston Canlowe.

Robert Arden and his wife had seven daughters, the youngest, and the father's favorite, being Mary. After the death of Mary's mother, he married a widow, Mrs. Webbe Hill. At the time of this marriage it was agreed that, upon the death

of Robert Arden, his property was to go to the youngest child, the new wife to retain only a life interest in one of the country homes. That she was a good step-mother and made a happy home for the children seems to be well known.

At the death of Grandfather Arden, Mary's father inherited all of his property, which gave him the title of a wealthy man in the community. On the two Snitterfield estates he placed tenant farmers, being particularly fortunate in securing the good services of Richard Shakespeare and his hard-working son, John, to take full charge of one of them. It was not long before a well-beaten path was noticed from the Snitterfield farm to the fifty-acre farm at Wilmcote, for John Shakespeare liked to spend the evening hours talking to pretty, rosy-cheeked Mary Arden. She enjoyed young John's visits, and both fathers looked with approving eyes on the fast-ripening friendship of their children. In the latter part of the year 1556, shortly after making a will, Robert Arden died. Mary inherited the property as provided in the will. Although her father's possessions now would not seem large, in those days they were considered of such value as to give her the title of an heiress.

Let us pause for a moment to examine her father's will. We read: "I bequeath to my youngest daughter, Mary, all my land at Wilmcote, called Asbies, and the crop upon the grounds sown and tythed as it is . . thirteen shillings and four pence to be paid her ere my goods be divided." Among the articles he left were a feather bed, two mattresses, a coverlet, three bolsters, one pillow, five board cloths, three towels—one a colored one. The kitchen outfit consisted of four pans, four pots, thrree candlesticks, a chafing dish, a frying pan, a gridiron, an ax, two hatchets, four casks, four pails, a baking trough, and a hand saw. Of the livestock there were eight oxen, two bulls, seven cows and four calves, four horses, three colts, five sheep, nine pigs, bees and chickens. The wife was to have the use of some of the farms during her life, after which they would go to Mary.

The furnishings of the home do not impress us as being very lavish, yet they were far above those of the average farmer in the neighborhood. The home contained no luxuries, except eleven painted cloths, decorated with Bible scenes and hung on the wall in the place of the tapestries used in the homes of the nobility. Two of these adorned the hall, five the great chamber, and four were used elsewhere through the house. It must have been an odd sight, these Bible scenes on the walls, contrasted by the winter supply of bacon dangling in rows from the ceiling.

Wooden trenchers served the family for plates. These were boards about twelve inches square and two inches thick. One side was slightly scooped out. It would be used on one side for the meat and the vegetables, then turned upside down for the pudding or tart. It mattered not if scraps fell on the rough board table, for this scrubbed after each meal; no forks or spoons were used at this period, knives doing duty for all courses.

John Shakespeare, shortly before

the death of Robert Arden, had removed from the Snitterfield farm to engage in business in Stratford. In 1557 he claimed the lovely Mary as his bride, and took her proudly to the house in Henly Street,, which he had purchased to serve as his residence and also to house his glover's shop. In those days a glover did all kinds of leather work, particularly harness making.

To have married an "heiress" soon gave John a standing in the community that might well be envied. He rapidly rose in popularity and power, until after some years we find him honored with the highest position in the town: that of mayor, and his wife having the title—as is even now the custom—of mayoress.

The family was a happy one, blessed with eight little Shakespeares: Joan and Margaret, who died young, William, Anne, Gilbert, a second Joan, Richard and Edmund.

John Shakespeare did not possess great financial ability, a lack which often caused the family deep distress. When one of the children died, we find him paying far more than he could afford to have the village church bell tolled in memory of her passing. This must be done to keep up the appearance of people in their social standing in the community; but the debt incurred brought much added grief to the family.

Her opportunities for book education had not been great. That was not accounted necessary for girls of that day, yet in practical matters of household management she excelled, and it is said that her mind was well stored with religious knowledge and the lore of the district, as well as the stirring tales of her country's history. Doubtless from this knowledge she entertained and instructed her little William, who always looked back with delight to his childhood days, and the hours spent in his mother's presence.

As the boy grew and his rare genius developed, her mother heart swelled with pride. No words of praise from anyone were as welcome to him as were those of his mother. She lived to see him win many laurels, for she enjoyed a long and useful life. Not only did she live to see her grandchildren, but she welcomed a great-grandchild before she died, in 1608. Shakespeare was summoned from London for her last illness and death. He was deeply moved by the passing of his mother, yet there was no bitterness because of his loss. On the other hand, it seemed to have a calming, tranquilizing effect upon his mind and soul. As he watched her laid away in the cemetery at Stratford, he is said to have realized afresh what her influence had meant to him all through life, and his whole being was filled with gratitude for the joyous childhood she had made posisble for him. He rejoiced that she had been spared to share with him the honors and rewards bestowed upon him. As long as he lived he never ceased to talk of the influence she had been in his eventful life.

With these thoughts in mind, we gained a keen delight in wandering through her early home. The house is one of the rambling frame and mortar type of the Elzabethan period. Its stone floors are uneven, and its rough-hewn beams irregular, but there is a homely sturdiness about

it all. A stone wall surrounds the garden. There is a distinct feeling of calmness and peace when one enters through the cumbersome wooden gate. Much of the furniture within is the original Arden furniture, while some of it dates from the period, coming from other families.

One of the most interesting pieces is the huge baking trough. It is a chest large enough to hold a month's supply of bread, for it was baked in quantities sufficient to last the family that length of time. The lid is half round, like the old-fashioned trunk lids, and simply rests on the chest, being in no way attached to it. In it were grooves which could be rested on two long poles to serve as a mixing trough, or supported on the shoulders of two men, it could be used on the farm for the purpose of carrying dirt, produce, or any other commodity for which it might be needed. If necessary, it could be used as a bed for a baby.

The husk or rush mattress on the family bed was made by braiding the material tightly. When used on a support of leather lacings in lieu of springs, it could not have been the most comfortable bed imaginable. However, the pretty carving on the bedstead may have atoned for any lack of comfort.

Under each window facing the back yard we observed, in the wall, a hole about an inch and a half in diameter. The custodian, who is a well-known antiquarian of England, told us that on the candlesticks in the time of Mary Arden was a horizontal spike. This was thrust into the hole, and was just the right height for the candle to throw its feeble light out into the yard to illumine the paths as the men went about their chores. An iron rod by the fireplace also aroused our curiosity. We were shown how it could be swung out in front of the fire, and a candlestick fastened to it by means of a ring on the latter. This made it possible for the housewife to look into the boiling kettle, or to see if the loaves of bread were done.

The Arden household had many pigeons, although nothing is said of them in Robert Arden's will. It was the only fresh meat the family had during the winter months. In the back yard is a dove cote, with accomodations for about six hundred pigeons, so doubtless pigeon pie adorned the family board frequently during this season. To lend atmosphere to the place today, some birds are kept by the custodian. They are so tame that they gladly ate from our hands, as do the famed pigeons on St. Mark's Square in Venice.

Shakespeare's birthplace, in Stratford, and the garden of his latter residence, known as New Place, have always fascinated us, but almost outranking them in interest is this historic homestead of the great poet's mother. It has been opend so recently that it has not acquired anything of the museum air that pervades the many historic or literary shrines of the Old World. The extreme narrowness of the roads to Wilmcote make it impossible for the sightseeing buses to travel them. The result is that we do not encounter the crowds that are to be found in other places. Even our seven-passenger car had difficulty at times in threading its way down some of the country lanes in the vicinity.

In time, probably, the roads will

be widened to make way for the unwieldy bus. This is a fact to be regretted, for its very remoteness from the beaten highway adds much charm to "Arden Land."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Jackson Langley, of Lexington, who was allowed to go home in June, 1929, called on us last Monday. He reports that he is working in a cotton mill in that city, is living with his mother and getting along nicely. He was on his way back from Greenville, S. C., bringing with him a sister who had been attending a Bible School. Jack expressed the hope that he might be able to take such a course, and was very enthusiastic as to the value of training received in such a school.

—o—

One might not think it was much of a task to keep the boys' hair even in fair condition, but with other duties and obligations coming up to be attended to, the time for haircutting slips up on us rapidly. The matter of cutting five hundred heads of hair is no small job, and it seems that just about the time each boy's hair is put in condition, it is almost time to start over again. Mr. Johnson and his group of youthful tonsorial artists have again completed this job, requiring more than a week, resulting in a marked improvement in the appearance of our boys.

—o—

The farm forces have been cutting oats, vetch and Austrian peas. Quite a number of acres have been gone over and for the past few days many loads of hay could be seen passing through the grounds on the way to the dairy barn. Truly "it's an ill wind that blows no good," for as the other crops have been suffering because of lack of rain, the extreme dry and fair weather enabled us to house this fine hay in excellent condition. This calls to mind an expression by the celebrated Ruskin, who said, "We have no bad weather, just different kinds of good weather."

—o—

Rev. J. Frank Davis, pastor of Calvary Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. After reading the Scripture lesson, telling of the raising of Lazarus from the dead, Rev. Davis talked to the boys on "The Tragedies of Life." In the course of his remarks the speaker stressed the fact that the loss of material things, considered by many as great tragedies, were not to be compared with the failure to so conduct our lives that we might enjoy the glory of the life hereafter. Rev. Davis' talk was enjoyed by all present.

—o—

The end of the strawberry season is here, the last of the crop being picked Tuesday morning. The quantity obtained at this time was very small in comparison with former pickings. The dry weather was responsible for a considerable decrease in the production of our berry patch and early gardens. We should not complain, however, as we have had an abundance of fine strawberries

this season, more than 8,000 quarts having been gathered. In addition to supplying our tables with plenty of delicious fresh berries, large quantities have been preserved for Winter use.

—o—

According to the last report coming from the Dairy Extension News, the Training School herd once more leads the association composed of Mecklenburg, Cabarrus and Iordell counties in average milk production per cow and average production of butter fat per cow. We were fifth in the State in average butter fat, and fourth in average milk production. The Pinehurst Ayrshire herd led the State with an average butter fat production of 40.6 pounds. Pomona Dairy, Guilford County, led in average milk production with 1080 pounds. The latter is a remarkable record, being a little more than an average milk production of four gallons per cow daily. The leading thought in the Dairy Extension News for the month was to urge all dairy farmers to build a silo, as a well-constructed silo provides one of the most economical sources of dairy feed available for the herd. One acre of corn in the form of silage has the milk producing value equivalent to that of approximately one and one-half acres fed in the form of corn and stover.

—o—

The Training School boys won their third straight game of the season last Saturday afternoon, defeating Franklin Mill by the score of 6 to 2. Lisk, the local hurler, turned in another good game, keeping the visitors' nine hits well scattered and causing nine enemy batters to retire via the old strike-out route. While the local lads were only able to secure the same number of bingles off H. Lefler, they managed to bunch these with men on bases. The Training School boys got away to a two-run lead in the third inning on Crowson's double, a single by Lisk and a couple of infield outs. The Franklin team tied the score in the sixth when Christenbury and S. Ford singled, both scoring when Harold Ford ramed a double down along the left field foul line. The school lads added two more runs in the seventh as Whitley drew a pass, Weatherly and Hamilton singled and Crowson hoisted a sacrifice fly to right field. Two more were added in the next frame on singles by Cleaver and Helms, and a two-base blow by Whitley. On several occasions the Franklin lads were in a position to score but were prevented from doing so by some fast fielding on the part of the school boys. The Training School players showed a marked improvement in fielding, Helms' work in the center garden being particularly noticeable; in the third inning this boy made all three put-outs. Cleaver and Vogler made a fast double play in the seventh. Christenbury, H. Lefler and E. Mooney, with two hits each, led the visitors at bat, and Cleaver with a double and single was the only Training School player to receive more than one hit. The score:

		R.	H.	E.
Franklin	0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0	2	9	0
J. T. S.	0 0 2 0 0 0 2 2 x	6	9	0

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 3, 1933 No. 21

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KIND WORDS

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make oth- people good-natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is.—Pascal.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A PRAYER FOR CHILDREN WHO WORK

O Thou great Father of the weak, lay Thy hand tenderly on all the little children on earth and bless them. Bless our own children, who are life of our life, and who have become the heart of our heart.

Bless every little child-friend that has leaned against our knee and refresehd our soul by its smiling trustfulness. Be good to all children who long in vain for human love, or for flowers and water, and the sweet breast of Nature. But bless with a sevenfold blessing the young lives whose slender shoulders are already bowed beneath the yoke of toil, and whose glad growth is being stunted forever. Suffer not their little bodies to be utterly sapped, and their minds to be given over to stupidity and the vices of an empty soul.

We have all jointly deserved the millstone of Thy wrath for making these little ones to stumble and fall. Grant all employers of labor stout hearts to refuse enrichment at such a price. Grant to all the citizens and officers of states which now permit this wrong the grace of holy anger.

Help us to realize that every child of our nation is in very truth our child, a member of our great family. By the Holy Child that nestled in Mary's bosom; by the memories of our own childhood joys and sorrows; by the sacred possibilities that slumber in every child, we beseech Thee to save us from killing the sweetness of young life by the greed of gain.

—Walter Rauschenbuch.

SHE MEANT NO OFFENCE

Miss Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, thinks the South is shoeless. That is surely a sweeping statement and could be termed a "faux-pas" if made in the midst of the South's socially elite. In fact she advances the idea that the South offers a fine opportunity to the industrial interest by setting up shoe factories,

thereby hastening a "social revolution that would take place if you put shoes on the people of the South."

We are not shoeless, Miss Perkins, but many of our young people are stockingless and sockless, a style advanced by some one, we know not who, or neither care to know, and with this environment, in the midst of the hosiery mills running full time, and making all grades of hose, does not in the least influence the youth who wishes to follow the fashion "czars."

Distance today is not measured by miles, but hours and minutes. The time required for shipping merchandise from the markets throughout the land is no stumbling block to the South's progress and enlightenment. However, we welcome any industrial interest wishing to come in our midst and set-up for business. Miss Perkins has not had sufficient experience and time to become seasoned. In her remarks later she will become more judicious.
wishingto come in our midst and set-up for business. Miss Perkins ha not had sufficient experience and time to become seasoned. In her remraks later she will become more judicious.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A FINE CITIZEN PASSES

No man in our midst has passed leaving a finer record of humanitarian service, promoting the cause of Christian education and the science of better living, than Mr. J. W. B. Long, who held the principalship of "The Long School" for one quarter of a century. The value of service rendered to the community by this estimable citizen can only be visualized by drawing a pen picture, if possible, of conditions in homes of twenty-five years ago, in which he first labored, and contrast the same with the improved home life of the same people today.

In this way only a true estimate of the man, obsessed with a Christian welfare spirit, can be obtained. The chief objective of Mr. Long was not to make a living alone, but to create an ambition to make a life.

He did not boast of the many college degrees, emphasizing standardization, but instead possessed the elements of true Christian manhood, a love of service combined with a high sense of honor and

integrity in dealing with his fellowman. He had a high conception of the duties of citizenship and moral living, guarding them as he did the high standard of ethics that gave him poise in his social ambition.

This fine citizen, by precept and example, in his daily walks, presented a practical demonstration of Christian religion. His ultimate aim at all times seemed to be to mould character, an element of manhood that should hold priority over the process of standardizing the army of teachers, wielding an influence over childhood second only to that of the parents. We, as citizens of Concord, for the influence of such a life should feel grateful, knowing the impress of Mr. Long's continued service has been felt through three generations in the course of his twenty-five year's teaching career. His influence will continue to live in the minds and hearts of the hundreds of students he taught long after the crumbling of the building bearing his name.

It may be possible to find in his successor finer educational attainments, but impossible to find a finer spirit, and one who will demonstrate by practice the true interpretation of the Golden Rule as Mr. Long did.

The passing of citizens of this type is a community loss and we feel that Mr. Long's place was one that can not be so easily filled.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD BUILT IN 1881

It was in 1881, more than fifty years ago, that James Calder Turner, planned and supervised building the Western North Carolina Railroad, that gave that part of the country known as the "Land of the Sky," connection with the outside of the world.

The growth, development and interest in Asheville, previously a small village in the mountains, famed for its scenic beauty and salubrious climate has been marvelous. It has become a national playground for pleasure seekers as well as a most delightful spot for those in quest of good health and restful sights to build homes far removed, if so desired, from the noise and rush of the city life.

Despite the many financial disturbances that part of the State

has experienced, there remains the same natural resources that previously contributed to Asheville's rapid growth, attracting people from every part of the land and from other lands as well. After every cycle of depression there follows an era of prosperity so there is nothing to do but await and see the natural trend of the affairs of life.

* * * * * * * * * *

WE APPRECIATE RECOGNITION

A kind word or a gentle recognition serves as a tonic many times to tired nerves, and the despairing spirits of those who in a feeble way, are endeavoring to render a service in the reclamation of the wayward boys of the State.

The way at times is anything but attractive and alluring, but comments such as the following, especially when coming from one of the leading newspapers of the State, the Charlotte Observer, gives an impetus to continue in the good work:

> After an absence of many months from The Observer's table, an old favorite, The Uplift, fine paper published by the Jackson Training School young people, makes reappearance. And this reminds that hope yet lingers that good old Archibald Johnson will shortly do the same with another popular favorite in this office—Charity and Children.

* * * * * * * * * *

PROF. SELBY SPEAKS

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary, Charlotte Y. M. C. A., conducted the devotional in the school auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Following the opening exercises, Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. Forrest T. Selby, principal of Tech High School, Charlotte, who spoke to the boys on the subject, "Essentials For Success In Life," emphasizing purity and preparedness.

He emphasized purity by showing a cake of Ivory soap, the purchase price six cents per cake—but its name is worth a million of dollars, from the fact the ingredients are 99 per cent pure. Thus we have the application of purity of ideals and habits, the elements of a fine character.

In order to be prepared, continued Mr. Selby, it is wisdom to de-

velop in the right channels. It is wrong to try to make an agriculturist of a boy who has talent as a mechanic, or a professional man when a boy has talent for any other calling.

This was a timely and thoughtful line, especially so since we have boys with varied talents, but on account of the lack of funds our Trades Building is not used for the mission it was intended.

Two delightful vocal numbers were rendered by Messrs Roy Russell and Mindle Wallace, with piano accompaniments by Misses Anna and Essie Davis, all students of Tech High School.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE RURAL HIGH SCHOOLS OF CABARRUS

The only way in the world to achieve results is to work for the same. And this is just what Cabarrus county has done. It is a known fact that Cabarrus has received state-wide publicity for being the banner county in payment of taxes.

But, we have greater achievements than things of money value to boast of. Such reports show that business has been good here despite the era of depression.

But, our most valuable interests are our schools wherein our dividends are realized in trained childhood, making it possible for the children of all classes to receive training and become an asset to the community.

It is with pride that we announce that Cabarrus county has seven rural high schools, with 1,300 in the student body, and from this number one hundred and eighty-five have received diplomas of graduation this commencement season, 1933.

This county is not marking time educationally, but is moving to the front under the finest leadership in all issues relative to school development.

We abide our time when publicity for good schools in Cabarrus county will gain recognition throughout the state. The finest publicity for the growth and development of any community is the public school system with the advantages offered.

In this issue of the Uplift is an article telling the meaning of high school graduation on page 10.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Laugh a bit and sing a song,
Where they are there's nothing wrong;
Joy will dance the whole world through—
But it must begin with you."

—o—

Fee males. Lawyers and doctors.

—o—

They ought to pay us to listen to some radio programs.

—o—

All the world loves a lover until he monopolizes the telephone.

—o—

Everybody is warned by the U. S. Treasury to look out for new counterfeit $20 bills. Bless you, Mr. Woodin, it takes all of my time looking out for the good ones.

—o—

An optimist is one who sees opportunity in difficulties; a pessimist is one who sees difficulties in opportunities.

—o—

You can not get many people to do much by coertion. But a great deal is accomplished by self exertion.

—o—

When you're feeling so blue that no sunshine breaks through—and you have not the ghost of a smile—then hunt up a few who are bluer than you—and try cheering them for a while.

—o—

There is always success for the merchant who meets the situation, revises his plans to meet conditions, who offers honest values at fair prices and who uses newspaper space to tell his patrons about the store and his merchandise.

—o—

A newspaper headline announces "35,057,699 Telephones in Use in the Entire World." That's interesting, of course. But how many of that number begin a conversation with "Who's this?" The statistics are silent on this very important point, but I'll venture to say it is about 34,142,457.

—o—

The newspapers not long ago made this announcement: "Congress Gets Roosevelt Bill to Revive Work." It was hailed with joy in certain quarters. There are many hungry Democrats all over this great country who are asking about the possibility of working as postmaster, either first, second or third class. Or what have you, Mr. President?

—o—

It is reported that a Chinese gentleman recently died at the age of 215 years, who had been married sixty-three times. That announcement, no doubt, cast an awful gloom over Hollywood. Very few in the cinema city can beat that record, or even tie it. But you can't say they don't try it.

—o—

Washington, D. C.,—it used to be said, during the Credit Mobilizer days, and the Tea Pot Dome regime, that D. C. stood for DeCeivers—is a very wonderful town. There's always something exciting. Whenever it

looks as though there was going to become a dull spot, they convict Gaston B. Means, or give parson Cannon a hearing on his celebrated misappropriation case, or pry into the manner big financiers spend money.

—o—

One or more places have reported recently a temperature of 101 in the past week. I fail to see anything very strange about that, for southern temperatures are likely to go up when the season becomes sudoriferous. But what is weird, uncanny, and most unusual is that no newspaper or correspondent has reported whole fields of popcorn popping and and falling all over the place, and the cattle and chickens, thinking it was snow, were freezing to death. Journalism isn't what it used to be.

—o—

"Five year old hog weighing 1,129 pounds comes to town," a newspaper reports. This reminds me of the city man who went into the country, and was watching a farmer feed his pigs. "How long," asked the city man, "will it take to get one of those pigs fat?' "Oh, five or six years," said the farmer. "Great Scott!" gasped the city man, "that's an awful long time!" "I know it is," said the farmer, "but shucks! what's time to a hog.

—o—

The nation is already better off because of the President's reforestation scheme, with a great many thousands of young men at work in the camps, holding their heads higher than they have for many months. They have a chance now to do some honest and constructive work. The finest kind of charity is that in which one is permitted to help himself, and nothing like earning his own way was ever invented for putting the right kind of stiffening in one's neck, so he can hold his head up and look the whole world in the face. Honest toil is one of earth's grandest blessings, and every person has the right to enjoy this heritage.

—o—

These are the rare days of June, the poets like to sing about. When the calling of the thrushes sound like silver bells; the roses in their blowing, and the harebells and daffodils in all their beauty; and the blithe and gay humming-birds going a-hunting with the bees from flower to flower. It is the month of June brides, June apples, June bugs, and various other humbugs. It is the month when the seventeen-year locusts comes to visit us again. They have got that cryptic "W" on their wings as they had on all of their former appearances. The superstitious say that "W" means a big war starting and ending nobody knows where and when. People who are always thinking and talking about war are all upset when they see a W and will almost double-you up with their dire fore-bodings. But no war this time, with things sizzling upwards the way they are. This time the W on the locust's wings stands for WORK.

It's the very essence of love to be willing to make sacrifices on behalf of others.—Exchange.

THE MEANING OF HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION

ONE HUNDRED EIGHTY-FIVE RURAL GRADUATES IN CABARRUS COUNTY

High school diplomas were awarded to one hundred eighty-five graduates in the seven high schools of Cabarrus county in the recent graduating exercises. Out of an enrollment of over thirteen hundred these graduates are those who through perseverance, industry, foresight and proficiency have successfully traversed the pathways of knowledge encompassed in the high school curriculum. In the so called process of education these boys and girls have had many experiences which have left their impress; they have acquired varying amounts of knowledge ,and they have acquired and developed certain habits and attitudes, which are bound to affect the future of their lives very materially. Some of these students have had higher aspirations in life than others; some have been more inquisitive than others; some have had more natural ability than others; and some entered the high school with better preparation than others. Some have had better chances for doing their work unhampered than others, and some, no doubt, nave had better instruction than others.

The factors in education which tend to ultimately differentiate between persons have ushered upon the stage of life a group of students widely varying in composite equipment. It is for each high school graduate in his own right and in his own power to answer for himself this question: How shall I, as a high school graduate, utilize my acquisitions?

At the outset it should be established positively that his acquisitions in knowlege, skill, habits and experiences shall forever be tools in his hands for the promotion of a better, fairer and happier civilization than the world has heretofore known. Certainly the world today is peering across the horizon for those who will have a part in freeing mankind from the unhappiness and insecurity in which it has been so deeply engulfed. Let us each declare that his acquisitions are his his servants, and that while it is true that all that he has met has become a part of him, he is still Lord of all that he surveys.

Likewise each should clearly recognize that "Life is real, life is earnest." Most assuredly life is not one grand frolicking joy-party. The sooner this fact is comprehended, the better. Real advancement in human welfare can never be purchased at the price of ease or frivolity, but is only bought at the price of sacrifice and worthy endeavor. High school graduation is something that is serious, yea, it is sacred. As one steps out into the arena of life, he should tread with solemn footsteps as he traverses the dreams of others, as well as himself. Life is too sacred to ever be trifled with. To say that education equips one to live with-

out work is treacherous heresy. Let each engage in some noble calling, humble though it may seem to the world, and his life will be glorified with a radiance that cannot be dimmed by human sneers.

Furthermore, each high school graduate ought to feel the challenge that comes to every normal person in the knowledge of the fact that one person's life is vitally affected by the lives of others. Shall your life be an inspiration or a snare to others? The things you do and the spirit in which you do them will answer for you.

Literature tells the story of a small girl who lived with an aged uncle. With the uncle unaware of it, she learned to play on her violin the most exquisite music. Later when the uncle became seriously ill, with all hopes of life fading fast away, the child came in to play for him. She played with all of her skill and with the music of her very soul. Inspired with a new hope the aged man exclaimed, "I shall live again, for I have a new cause to live." Ah, this is the glory of life.

Finally, high school graduates should envision themselves "as workmen that need not to be ashamed." The world honors an honest workman, regardless of his station or his calling, and honest work well done begets a happiness all of its own. Many spheres of activity will beckon to the high school graduates. Each should aspire to be the artifices of a worthy life expended in worthy endeavors.

In the Revolutionary War General Washington and his men were about to be presented to General Lafayettte for their initial meeting. As Mr. Washington addressed his own men, who were dressed in rags, and who were tired and discouraged, said, "We should be embarrassed to show ourselves to a French General."

But Lafayette, who loved Liberty, said, "Ah, men who fight in Liberty's cause against such odds, should never be embarrassed."

Thus we see that it is the activity in which we engage and the spirit in which we play our part that count most, and when the great Scorer of Life comes to write against our name, He will be concerned, not with the score we make, but with how well we played the game.

Be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and fear nothing except cowardice, be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends.—Henry Van Dyke.

PEACE ON EARTH IS AIM OF PRESIDENT

This message is worthy of preservation, therefore given in the Uplift, wherein it will be kept in the library of the Jackson Training School. All issues of the Uplift are bound and kept as valuable information for the benefit of the future citizenship.

"A profound hope of the people of my country impels me as the head of their government to address you and through you the people of your nation. This hope is that peace may be assured through practical measures of disarmament and that all of us may carry to victory our common struggle against economic chaos.

"To these ends the nations have called two great world conferences. The happiness, the prosperity, and the very lives of the men, women and children who inhabit the whole world are bound up in the decisions which their government will make in the near future. The improvement of social conditions, the preservation of individual human rights, and the furtherance of social justice are dependent upon these decisions.

"The world economic conference will meet soon and must come to its conclusions quickly. The world can not await deliberations long drawn out. The conference must establish order in place of the present chaos by a stabilization of currencies, by freeing the flow of world trade, and by international action to raise price levels. It must, in short, supplement individual domestic programs for economic recovery, by wise and considered international action.

"The disarmament conference has labored for more than a year and, as yet, has been unable to reach satifactory conclusions. Confused purposes still clash dangerously. Our duty lies in the direction of bringing practical results through concerted action based upon the greatest good to the greatest number. Before the imperative call of this great duty, petty obstacles must be swept away and petty aims forgotten. A selfish victory is always destined to be an ultimate defeat. The furtherance of durable peace for our generation in every part of the world is the only goal worthy of our best efforts.

"If we ask what are the reasons for armaments which in spite of the lessons and tragedies of the world war, are today a greater burden on the peoples of the earth than ever before, it becomes clear that they are two-fold: first, the desire, disclosed or hidden, of the part of governments to enlarge their territories at the expense of a sister nation. I believe that only a small minority of governments or of peoples harbor such a purpose. Second, the fear of nations that they will be invaded. I believe that the overwhelming majority of peoples feel obliged to retain excessive armaments because they fear some act of aggression against them and not because they themselves seek to be aggressors.

"There is justification for this

fear. Modern weapons of offense are vastly stronger than modern weapons of defense. Frontier forts, trenches, wire entanglements, coast defenses—in a word, fixed fortifications—are no longer impregnable to the attack of war planes, heavy mobile artillery, land battleships called tanks, and poison gas.

"If all the nations will agree wholly to eliminate from possession and use the weapons which make possible a successful attack, defenses automatically will become impregnable, and the frontiers and independence of every nation will become secure.

"The ultimate objective of the disarmament conference must be the complete elimination of all offensive weapons. The immediate objective is a substantial reduction of some of these weapons and the elimination of many others.

This government believes that the program for immediate reduction of aggressive weapons, now under discussion at Geneva, is but a first step toward our ultimate goal. We do not believe that the proposed immediate steps go far enough. Nevertheless, this government welcomes the measures now proposed and will exert its influence toward the attainment of further successive steps of disarmament.

"Stated in the clearest way, there are three steps to be agreed upon in the present discussion:

"First, to take, at once, the first definite step toward this objective, as broadly outlined in the MacDonald plan.

"Second, to agree upon time and procedure for taking the following steps.

"Third, to agree that while the first and the following steps are being taken, no nation shall increase its existing armaments over and above the limitations of treaty obligations.

"But the peace of the world must be assured during the whole period of disarmament and I, therefore, propose a fourth step concurrent with and wholly dependent of the faithful fulfillment of these three proposals and subject to existing treaty rights:

"That all the nations of the world should enter into a solemn and definite pact of non-aggression that they should solemnly reaffirm the obligations they have assumed to limit and reduce their armaments, provided these obligations are faithfully executed by all signatory powers, individually agree that they will send no armed force of whatsoever nature across their frontiers.

"Common sense points out that if any strong nation refuses to join with genuine sincerity in these concerted efforts for political and economic place, the one at Geneva and the other at London, progress can be obstructed and ultimately blocked. In such event the civilized world, seeking both forms of peace, will know where the responsibility for failure lies. I urge that no nation assume such a responsibility, and that all the nations joined in these great conferences translate their professed policies into action. This is the way to political and economic peace.

"I trust that your government will join in the fulfillment of these hopes.

"FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT."

THE NEWSPAPER

(Young Folks)

The newspaper has been called the most powerful educational agency in America. That is probably true. I wonder if it would be possible to find many homes in this country into which some newspaper does not find its way. If so, it is a safe guess that the members of these few families have access to such a paper in one way or another.

There is a veritable army of men and women working in some capacity on the newspapers of our land. They are capable and learned and wide-awake people. They must be conversant with the subjects about which they write. They must be familiar with books and magazines, know the currents of thought in practically all fields, and interpret the movements that make a bid for popular approval. Their eyes must run to and fro in the earth, and they are expected to see all and know all in international as well as national affairs.

They are up to the minute in reporting to us the happenings of the world. Even the news broadcasts are based on what appears in the public press. The newspapers, therefore, give us our first impressions on the vast majority of subjects, and blaze the way for human opinion. Their daily appearance, and in some cases, several editions a day, leaves nothing to be desired in the freshness of the news. There are persons who purchase morning, noon, and evening papers, to be abreast of what is happening.

John Wesley once said, "I read my newspaper in order to see how God governs the world." Tumultuous as conditions over the world seem to be, we may yet believe that the nations are not bereft of the divine presence and power. God is calling us to the ways we have forsaken, and without doubt He is working out His will.

FOR A FLOWER

Wan and listless and spent with pain,
Lay he idly and wished in vain
For the sunshine and health again.
Then placed a friend beside his bed
Flower in jar, bedecked with red,
While through perfume sweet Tulip said:
"Fret not overmuch thy heart and head,
But keep thy trust in God instead,
For man shall live again even when dead."
He smiled and brushd away a tear,
And vowed to bear each day or year
Pain or duty without one fear.

—Albert Richmond Bond.

THE NEW SCHOOL LAW

(Selected)

This is a digest of the new State School law, taken from an exchange. It will be of general interest and is herewith reproduced:

1. A State-wide eight-months school term to cost $16,000,000.

2. All special and charter school districts are abolished, and the schools are divided into county and city units, the latter being required to have at least 1,000 children in school, with all such units fixed by the State agency.

3. Fiscal affairs of the schools are to be in the hands of a state school commission composed of the governor, lieutenant governor, state treasurer and state superintendent of public instruction and eleven citizens, appointed one from each congressional district.

4. Taxes for schools may be levied by local units without a new vote of the people only for necessary maintenance of buildings and to continue present vocational and agricultural education. When approved by local and state authorities, elections may be held on supplanting the eight months term and extending the term to nine months, elections of the latter question to be limited to units not in default on their indebtedness.

Other points: Teachers not required to attend summer schools 1933-'34-'35, but those who elect to attend will get credit for work completed. Another feature, and about the worst in it, is that school units may be allowed to operate long hours daily and six days the week for the purpose of crowding eight months into six of school work. Of course, it can't be done satisfactorily but it was made to take advantage of schools that may not be able to resist. It's a form of trying to cheat the children out of what rightfully is theirs.

The "city units" mentioned in No. 2 means a territory containing a minimum of 1,000 school children, whether in a municipality or around a rural cross roads. The units, which will be designated by the state school commission, will take the place of present districts. Incidentally the county school boards and county superintendents are left, but district committeemen, if any, will be designated after the new units are set up. The salaries of all teachers and officials, such as county superintendents, will be fixed by state school board and will be materially decreased. The schools will, in fact, be operated from headquartes in Raleigh under directions sent to county boards and superintendents.

School districts which have bonded indebtedness must levy sufficient taxes to maintain buildings and pay interest and principal of school debts. They are also allowed to levy, presumably at their option, sufficient taxes to continue vocational and agricultural instruction. No funds can be levied for extending the length of the term except by a vote of the people in the new units as laid out with not less than 1,000 children, and this can only be done in towns and counties that are meeting present obligations. Counties

and municipalities that are defaulting on present indebtedness must make good on that before they can add to operatng cost, which is but common honesty. The minimum requirement for number of pupils necessary to operate a high school is reduced from 80 to 60.

FORGET IT

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
  It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
  It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend
(We all have spots concealed, world without end)
Whose touching his heartstrings would play or rend,
Till the shame of its showing no grieving could mend,
  It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
  It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—Selected.

WHO SHOULD GO TO COLLEGE

(Selected)

Under the above title the Watchman-Examiner presents wise and pertinent suggestions that should be of value to every parent who has a son or daughter of college age. We quote a paragraph or so:

Not every boy or girl can profit by what is called higher education. A high school student who has shown no inclination for intellectual pursuits and no leanings toward a career that requires technical proficiency should not be encouraged to go to college or the technical school.

After boys have received a good secondary education it is often a waste of time and money for them to go further unless they give marked indications that they are fitted to profit by higher training. We know of no more hopeless incompetents than the class of men nominally educated, and unadapted to the affairs of life. They lost their place in the race of life when they were in college, and they could not make a place afterwards. It has become fashionable to go to college, but no father need feel the slightest compunction of conscience in refusing to send a boy to college who shows no inclination to apply himself, and whose purpose in life is not related to educational equipment.

There are other schools than those of books. We must get rid of the notion that it is necessary for a man to be a college man to be a man of light and learning. But those who are fitted to receive a higher education should get the best there is. Do not encourage anyone to take a "short cut" into any profession. What we have said about boys is just as true of girls, for practically all professions are now open to them. Both men and women it ought to be remembered that the highest intellectual development adds immeasurably to their usefulness and their happiness. We strongly and enthusiastically favor a college course for those who realize that, properly improved, such a course opens a new world to them.

PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST

On the bough of the rose is the prickling briar;
  The delicate lily must live in the mire;
The hues of the butterfly go at a breath;
  At the end of the road is the house of death.

Nay, nay; on the briar is the lovely rose;
  In the mire of the river the lily grows;
And is as fair as the flower of the sod;
  At the end of the road is a door to God.

—Edwin Markham.

NOAH'S ARK, AMERICAN MODEL, 1820

By Louis E. Reichard

Many years ago an observer described the early American canal boat as "a small Noah's Ark—a houseboat whose only deck was on the roof."

Millions of words have been written about canal boats as carriers of freight, but, strangely, comparatively little has been published about the canal passenger boat; and this, despite the fact that thousands of people used them as vehicles of transportation. A great many spoke of them in glowing terms. A newspaper man of the day said they were "built in the best manner and fitted up in a style of magnificence that could hardly be anticipated in the infancy of canal navigation in this country." The "Traveler's Guide" of 1824, referring to packets on the Erie Canal, reported that they had "accommodations for about thirty passengers, furnished good tables and a wholesome and rich fare."

There may have been some justification for these glowing reports, but it is safe to say that any American of today, if forced to travel on an American-made Noah's Ark of the style of 1820, would give expression to sentiments that would be highly displeasing to the owner of the craft. Merely a brief description of one of these "speed-boats" of the type used in the East, is needed to convince one that traveling by such means left much to be desired.

Almost without exception, the canal boats followed a standard design. They ranged from fifty to eighty feet in length; were eleven feet wide, somewhat pointed at bow and stern, and had rounded bottoms. They were so low that a man of middle height could not walk to and fro in the cabin "wtihout making bald spots on his head by scraping it on the roof."

Their exterior decorations made them "knock-outs." Like Conestoga wagons, they were painted gaudily, usually in solid colors, except for door panels and window frames that were done in colors selected to harmonize with the general scheme. They were floating symphonies in brown, red, yellow, white, blue, or green. At least one had a red-and-black underbody, with white upper cabin and twenty tiny windows fitted with green shutters and dressed with red curtains.

The interior arrangement was alike in nearly all of them. In the bow, partitioned off from the rest of the boat, was a small, covered cabin, in which there were five or six bunks for the crew. Nearly all the space to the rear of this cuddy was devoted to the accommodation of the public, and was divided into a number of compartments—a dressing room for women, a women's cabin, the main cabin, thirty-six to forty-five feet in length; the bar, and, finally, at the very stern, the kitchen.

The main cabin was a room that, like the weather, was subject to sudden and surprising changes without

much advance notice. It served as an assembly hall, a dining room, and as a bedroom for the male passeners. Several times during each day it was converted by some sort of legerdemain, practiced by the captain and his crew, from one to the other of these uses. If there happened to be an organ aboard, the main cabin now and again became a floating opera house.

Three times each day the captain and two members of his crew appeared suddenly, set up a system of trestle work, placed on it a number of long, wide boards, and by this method changed the cabin into a dining room, with a huge table ready to groan under its burden of food. Upon completion of the meal, the table noisily disappeared, and the great room again became merely an assembly hall.

However, the most interesting and extraordinary metamorphosis took place at night, when weary passengers were lured by Morpheus to what were charitably called beds. At about nine o'clock in the evening, two or three members of the crew began carrying adjustable berths, sheets, pillows, curtains, and other fittings into the main cabin. During the hustle and bustle, the passengers either huddled together like a flock of sheep, or went onto the "upper deck."

Each berth was a narow wooden or metal frame, with a strip of canvas fastened over it. It was secured on the inner side by projecting rods that fitted into two holes in the wall, whereas its outer edge was supported by slender pieces of wood or iron, or, sometimes, by ropes that hung from hooks fixed in the ceiling. There were at least three beds in a tier—now and again a fourth; and the safety of the occupants often depended almost entirely on the strength of a bit of rope.

The beds were so close together and so narrow that getting into one and remaining there required the agility of a monkey. Charles Dickens, who traveled on one of our early canal boats, pretended to believe that the tiers or berths were "hanging book shelves, designed apparently for volumes of the small octavo size," but later, when he discovered a "sort of microscopic sheet and blanket," he says he "began dimly to comprehend that the passengers were the library, and that they were to be arranged edgewise on the shelves until morning."

Though he was fortunate enough to have a "lower," Dickens was at a loss how to get into it, but after considerable thought, he hit upon an original way. Describing his experience in his own inimitable manner, he says, "I finally determined on lying on the floor, rolling gently in, stopping immediately I reached the mattress, and remaining for the night with that side uppermost, whatever it might be. Luckily, I came up on my back at exactly the right moment." Once he had gotten safely in, he was dismayed to see a heavy gentleman just above him, whom the slender cords seemed incapable of supporting. He began then to reflect upon the "grief of his wife and family in the event of his (the gentleman's) coming down in the night." But he decided that since he could not get up without a severe bodily struggle, and had nowhere to go anyway, "to shut his

eves upon the danger and remain there."

Even Dickens' trying experience did not compare with that of some of the less fortunate travlers, who had to do without berths altogether. One such traveler says that for want of berths, benches were used, and since he was the tallest member of his group, his bedding was put upon the longest bench, in the center of the room, with a chair as a supplement. He speaks of it as "having the appearance of a hereditary sepulchre, in which he lay as the father of the family."

Because of the "style of magnificence" characteristic of the packets, they were often so crowded that the cabin was an almost intolerable place. People lay not only on the floor, but they "covered the dinner table more thickly than the captain ever strewed it with beefsteaks." Those who were able to get places under the table considered themselves lucky, inasmuch as they were saved from the kicks of others who floundered about seeking a spot to lie down.

When berths, table and floor were all occupied by sleepers, clothes lines were strung across the cabin for discarded garments. After the passengers had divested themselves of some of their clothing, the great room strongly resembled the back yard of a modenr tenement on washday. Only the fastidious traveler took off his trouers and shoes before going to bed. Indeed, those who removed more than their hats, collars, ties and vests were regarded as "fops" and "swells."

After a night of rest (?) the travelers were told early the following morning to "clear out," so that the crew could take down the "book shelves." Some went up on "deck," while others crowded about the rusty stove, cherishing the newly-kindled fire.

The washing accommodations, according to Dickens, were primitive. "There was a tin ladle chained to the deck, with which every gentleman who thought it necessary to cleanse himself, fished the dirty water out of the canal and poured it into a tin basin secured in like manner. And hanging up before a little looking glass in the bar, in the immediate vicinity of the bread and cheese and biscuits,, was a public comb and brush."

Even though the accommodations on the "ark" of a hundred years or more ago left much to be desired, the picturesque boats had much to recommend them. There was little danger attached to such travel. Boat collisions were rarely serious. About the worst imaginable misfortune that could befall one was a knock on the head as the packet passed under a low bridge. A fall into the shallow canal meant merely getting wet and clambering aboard again. Even fire was not a serious menace, for the boat was always so close to shore that escape was almost assured. When a packet occasionally foundered and went to the bottom, the passengers had merely to wade ashore.

There is a mirth-provoking narrative in an old magazine describing a spectacular canal rescue. It seems that the Rip Van Winkle had sprung a serious leak, and was just about to go down when the Sarsey Fannie hove to alongside. All hands turned to, and by heroic measures, saved

the stove, table, bed, dishes kitchenware, feed boxes, furniture, and personal effects of the captain and his family, taking off the final articles as the ill-fated "ship" staggered and plunged into four feet of water. "Catastrophes" of this kind, were, fortunately, rare.

The names "Sarsey Fannie" and "Rip Van Winkle" do not begin to indicate the resourcefulness and originality of the captains in selecting appropriate appelations for their craft. National heroes, poets, kings, queens, and other personages were honored in this manner. Sometimes a captain was content to remain at home for a name, and dub his ark "Hattie & Mattie," or "Cynthia & Sarah," possibly giving it a double-barreled name to avoid jealousy and friction between sisters. Some of the captains drew upon vivid imaginations for inspiration, and called their boats "Lady Lightfoot," "Meteor," and "Whirlwind." Boats of others, who wished, perhaps, to assure the public of fair dealing, were known as "Honest Quaker," "Good Return," and "Fair Play." Still other boats bore devil-may-care names, such as "Bridge Smasher," "Bluddy Pirate," "Lager Bier," and "Wild Irishman."

There is the story of one man who named his boat "To and Fro," and prided himself on his originality—that it, until a practical joker came along and changed the name without the owner's knowledge or consent. Not noticing the change, the captain of this craft went happily on his way for a number of miles before he discovered, much to his annoyance and chagrin, that he was now doing business under the brand new appelation of "Toads and Frogs."

Amusements on canal boats were necessarily simple. Checkers and backgammon were favorite games. There was one form of excitement, however, that all enjoyed. That was racing, which was commonly engaged in despite the $10 fine that was levied against those who exceeded the speed limit of four miles an hour. During a race, passengers would cheer their own captain loudly, and if their boat got into a jam, would jump ashore, seize the tow lines, and assist the poor horses. Now and again, in the heat of a race, a crew member would cut the towline of the opposing boat. Then there would be a free-for-all in which the passengers sometimes joined.

William Dean Howells was one of those who was always on hand when a packet arrived at the town in which he spent his boyhood. He describes how the craft came in grandly to the dock thronged with people, the three horses in a trot, the driver sitting on the rearmost animal and doing expert things with his whip. "No steamship today," he says, "arrives from Europe with such thrilling majesty."

When we look back from the transportation pinnacle we have risen to, it seems incredible that even in bygone days anyone could have considered canal boats as "magnificent," "comfortable," "expeditious." Nevertheless, they served a very useful purpose, and were the stepping stones that led to the gigantic and palatial floating castles of today with their many comforts and conveniences.

FOLLOWING A STAR

By Clara Bernhardt

There was a hush in the auditorium as Dr. Carson's ringing tones were heard. The graduates raised expectant, young faces, for the doctor was well known and well loved in the halls of the Kingston High School, and what he had to say would be worth while. He had a life of service behind him, and their respect and admiration for the doctor made the students listen attentively.

"And never forget, my young friends,' he said, "that your lives are not yours alone to live. You who leave this school now, have a charge, a mission to fulfill. Its name is, service. Only service to your fellowmen can give you real joy, happiness, and peace." Certainly the doctor, whose life had been spent helping others, looked as though he had found the peace of which he spoke. There was a spontaneous thunder of applause.

But one of the girls, in her white commencement frock, sat silent and unresponsive, raising rebellious eyes to the stage. Service! It was all very noble and self-sacrificing. It sounded well, of course. But not for Linda Brooks. She had her plans all made, and they did not include choosing a vocation where her first concern would be helping others. She was going to enter State University, and this precious diploma in her hands was the key which would unlock the door. All through high school she had anticipated the time when she could enter college. And now, only a few months and her hopes would be realized.

What fun college would be! Sororities, proms, football games, and tea dances! She might even get in for class preident, she thought with a degree of smugness, for she had been pretty popular throughout her high school career. There would be musicals, glee clubs—her piano playing would come in nicely there. Just a summer between her and university! Already Linda could see herself swinging across the campus in her brown sports outfit; or no, she would be getting new clothes. Oh, it would be thrilling, all right! She glanced down the row to exchange an anticipatory smile with her friend, Carol Dean. But Carol was leaning forward with the expression on her face that Linda laughingly termed her "inspired look." Carol was funny. This was just the kind of thing that would appeal to her. Service! Unselfishness! Linda's rosy lip curled in contempt.

As the two friends walked home, Linda was in exhuberant spirits. The warm June night was fragrant with flowers, and hushed with the promise of more to bloom. The wind was a scented caress, stirring the young leaves on the trees to whispering life. The lights of the town glowed prettily.

"Kingston looks attractive tonight, doesn't it?" Linda broke the enmeshing silence. "I shall rather hate to leave it. But oh, doesn't commencement bring the fall close to us " Linda flourished her diploma and skipped along from pure joy of living.

Carol roused from her abstraction. "Yes, it does," Linda."

"You don't sound very enthusiastic." She and Carol were going to room together in State City; Carol to work on the Times as cub reporter.

"Dont I?" Carol laughed gently. "Dr. Carson's address has made me think."

Linda groaned in mock anguish. "I knew it! You think entirely too much, young lady."

"But didn't you think it was inspiring, Linda? Now honestly?" There was a plea in her tone. She and Linda felt so differently about some things, and that was dangerous to their friendship.

"I thought," slowly, "that this service stuff is all right for old people and young ones who have no desire for careers. I want to do things." Even as she spoke, Linda knew it was selfishness that dictated the words. Her heart agreed with Carol, but she would not admit it.

Carol shook her head. "Why, look at your brother." Although he might have had a partnership in the city with an eminent physician, Richard Brooks was practicing medicine in a northern mining town. He was on a visit home just now, and during the few times she had seen him, Carol realized that he was living what Dr. Carson had preached. "His is a life of service."

"He's the noble one in our family," Linda said lightly as they parted at Brooks' gate. But though she might dismiss the words with a careless reply, the thought was not so easily disposed of, and long after the Brooks household was in darkness, Linda tossed on a restless pillow.

"Carol is coming over this evening," Linda announced at the supper table a few nights later. "I hope you're not going out, Dick."

"I?" The quiet looking young man across the table raised an inquiring eyebrow. "Surely you don't want me to join the conference?"

"Carol wants to talk to you. About what I don't know." A slight frown marred Linda's forehead.

"The prospect displeases my sister?"

"No, but . . . Carol has been so queer these last few days! Sometimes, when I speak to her she does not even hear, and other times she answers politely, but I can see she isnt a bit interested. I feel as though I am losing her," she added in a sudden burst of confidence.

"Oh, no, Linda," her mother denied comfortingly.

"I think," the young doctor said slowly, "I know what the kid means. When you are at that age when your character and intellect, your consciousness, are developing rapidly, even two old friends are apt to feel estranged. Growth is a solitary thing, little girl, and even if you're growing together, you feel pretty much alone for a time. I think that is what happened to Carol Dean."

"But not to me."

Dick considered. "Your awakening hasn't quite come, but if I don't mistake my guess,' remembering her troubled manner of the past few days, "it's not far off."

Their father interrupted gruffly. "Looking into people's minds quite a bit, aren't you, Dick?"

"It's necessary in the medical profession Dad. Often before you can cure bodies you need an understanding of minds."

There was a fragrance of lilac and honeysuckle in the Brooks' living room that evening as the three young people sat chatting. The talk was inconsequential, and Linda began to wonder what Carol wanted to say to Dick. Carol's thoughtfulness alarmed her, as it invariably led to action; drastic action, sometimes.

The two friends were seated on the Chesterfield, where the glow from the lamp cast a rosy glow over their faces, and made a yellow nimbus of Carol's hair. Linda's dusky coloring contrasted with her fairness. Looking at them impartially, Dr. Brooks saw a contentment in Carol's face that his own sister's lacked. Linda had been spoiled, he supposed, as the only daughter. Carol had had to shoulder a good deal of responsibility at home, he knew, and her way had not been as easy materially as Linda's. Her companionship was a good thing for Linda, a steadying influence for one who was inclined to place too high a value on the purely social things. Linda would outgrow it if she were guided aright, but one misstep. . .

"Tell me some more about your work in Pineridge, Dr. Brooks," Carol asked. "I like hearing of those people who have so little, yet know how to face life courageously."

And so the young physician told of his people in the northland, their isolation from civilization. They had lacked medical attention until he came, and suffered more than one death from neglect. The nearest doctor had been fifty miles away. "Pineridge is really cut off from the rest of the world."

"Why the keen interest in it?" Linda demanded frankly.

"I have been thinking about what your brother said the other night of the great need for trained workers. Not only there, but on the prairies, and other isolated districts. Imagine people sick and dying, Linda, for want of a doctor or nurse! I have decided to enter training in a hospital." Carol's eyes shone.

"Good girl," Dr. Brooks applauded. "We need more like you in the profession."

"But Carol." Linda protested, "what about your job on the Times? They told you at school you were a born journalist, and you were so thrilled to be taken on that paper!"

"There will be many others who will be glad for that position. I was keen for newspaper work, but since digesting what Dr. Carson said, I've changed my mind. Maybe I'll be able to write of my experiences in the north, when I get there."

"Dr. Carson put my feet on the path I'm following, too," Dick responded. "I was going to be a physical training instructor until I heard him talk of service."

Linda sat in silence. This meant that she and Carol could not room together. Likely they would scarcely ever see each other, for a probationer had long hours.

"I hate to disappoint you about our rooms, Linda, but at least we'll be in the same city." Carol was ready to leave, and stood smiling penitently at her.

"Its all right," Linda tried to sound convincing. "A person should do what he wants to do, and I'm glad you're going to, Carol, even though it has shot a huge hole in my plans."

"You know, Miss Dean," Dick said as they walked home with Carol, "it

is not an R. N. that makes a nurse. Any girl with ordinary intelligence can do what she is told, and learn the lessons to pass the eaminations. It is not mental calibre that constitues the popular nurse—the kind of nurse that patients love to be tended by. The most popular nurse on the floor is the one who is kind to people. That is why I am glad you are entering the profession. You have that gift."

A happy color suffused Carol's face. "I shall work hard to be worthy of those words, Dr. Brooks. Good night."

It was such a lovely night that they decided to take a longer walk. So they left the town behind, and following a curving road into the country, where they seemed part of the night, of the drifts of stars above.

"This is what I like," Dick confided with a sweeping gesture of his hand. "You can get near to nature, to God, out in the country. That is one reason I love Pineridge."

They walked on in rhythmical silence, till Linda said, in a small, disturbed voice, "Oh I can't give up college, Dick!"

"No one said you should," gently. "I wouldn't want you to miss the fund of knowledge and experience that four years there bring."

"But it looks to be such a useless existence beside what you and Carol are doing!"

"There are many ways of service, Linda. Yours may well be in the field you have chosen if you go about it in the proper way."

"Teaching English?" derisively.

"That work has to be done, too."

"Yes, but the teaching profession is already overcrowded. But Dick, I couldn't be a nurse. I'm no good around sick people."

Dick squeezed her fingers sympathetically. "No, you wouldn't make a nurse, or a missionary, either."

Her voice was forlorn. "I hate to have you disappointed in me, Dick."

"Disappointed in you, Linda?" heartily. "On the contrary, I am beginning to be proud of you, little sister."

He left for Pineridge next day, and as he said good-bye, Dick Brooks whispered, "Cheer up, Linda. A way you don't suspect will show itself before long, and then you'll be following a star, too!"

Several days later, the two friends motored to State City, Linda at the wheel of the Brooks car. She left Carol at the hospital where she was to make arrangements, and promised to be back in an hour. Meanwhile, a drive around the city which was to be her home in a few months, might be entertaining. Linda turned the sleek nose of the coupe in the direction of the university.. The grounds were like enormous emerald green tablecloths, set with huge bouquets of peonies, roses and other blooms. In the background rose the buildings, tall, imposing and stately. Looking at them, Linda recaptured some of her earlier thrill. To be one of the chattering throngs who streamed in, out and around the dignified old halls of learning! Oh, it would be splendid, undoubtedly, but something seemed lacking now.

Almost angrily, Linda pressed her toe on the accelerator, and drove decisively away from the university. For some blocks she proceeded with more speed than discretion, when

suddenly a small child appeared from nowhere, and dashing in front of her car in pursuit of a ball. She swerved sharply to the left, and just avoided an approaching car. Then, somewhat shaken, she stopped and looked back. The child, thank goodness, was safe. His mother was picking him up, and from her aspect, Linda fancied he was in for a whipping. Noticing Linda's eye upon her the woman approached uncertainly. She looked distnctly foreign, and her words confirmed her appearance.

"I thank you, Miss, for not hitting Alphonse. He not keep off the street, and I have one bad time," shaking her dark head. The guilty Alphonse wriggled disconsolately.

"I am so thankful I missed him," fervently. "What a pretty little boy he is!"

"You think so? Ah, but you should see my Lucrezia. You come inside, see her?" The woman's tone was cordial, and Linda liked her appearance. After all, why not? She had still half an hour to put in before picking up Carol. To be sure, it was a foreign quarter of the city, but a bit of risk only added to the adventure. Linda locked the car, and accompanied the Spanish matron across the street into a dark building. They climbed two flights of stairs before reaching the Iturbi home. It was immaculate, and gay with many colorful knick-knacks from Spain. The infant Lucrezia had awakened during her mother's absence, and tottered to meet them on uncertain baby feet.

"She is adorable!" Linda exclaimed. Then, as Mrs. Iturbi seemed not to understand, she remembered her high school Spanish, and inadequate though it was, Linda translated her remark. Mrs. Iturbi's beautiful black eyes sparkled as she responded in her mother tongue.

"Oh, the young lady knows my language!"

A long, interesting conversation ensued, punctuated by English when Linda was at a loss. With each moment she became more interested in the fortunes of the Iturbi family, and asked many questions. In the back of her mind a dim plan was beginning to take form. She partook gratefully of the strange but tasty dish Mrs. Iturbi offered her, then glanced at her wrist in dismay. She was long overdue at the hospital. Lucrezia cried as Linda set her on the floor, and Alphonse tugged at her dress. Hadn't she saved him from a spanking? Two older children, about seven and eight, watched her with adoring eyes. she was such a pretty young lady, and so kind. She was coming back again, to take them away in her car, to her home in Kingston. They had never been to Kingston. With regret she said adios to the Iturbis.

"I see you are bursting with news." Carol greeted, as Linda stopped beside her waiting figure. Not a word about being an hour late. That was one of the nice things about Carol. She was never reproachful.

Linda pressed her hand apologetically, and asked for Carol's news first. The strained atmosphere of the past week seemed to have vanished completely.

"And they're the scrummiest family!" Linda enthused, after skilfully introducing Carol to the Iturbis by means of her descriptions. "You'd

love little Alphonse. I'm going to have two of them at a time for a fortnight at our summer cottage, if mother allows me. And I know she will. Mr. Iturbi hasn't much work, and his wife does the daintiest embroidery. I'm sure heaps of people in Kingston will want to buy some when I tell them about it, and show them samples. I'm going to have them all out for supper next Sunday, Carol, if you'll help me."

"Of course I will, Linda," said Carol.

"And in the fall," Linda went on as they neared Kingston, "I'm going to teach English to a whole lot of foreign youngsters in this district. It seems they can't get into public school until they're about nine, owing to language difficulties."

"Why are you doing all this?" Carol asked quietly.

Linda looked amazed. "Why, because I want to! They're the loveliest people, Carol, and they have so little."

Carol smiled joyously. Linda was justifying her faith in her. A year ago, even three months ago, Linda would no more have done this than she would have sailed on a raft to Honolulu. She was glad that Linda, too, now had a star to follow. Life was pretty dark without one.

"It will give them much pleasure, Linda."

"And me also, Carol. I shall be so happy, to feel that I am of some use in the world."

"Which is, I suspect, the true happiness," Carol Dean responded. "You give happiness to yourself by bringing joy into the lives of others."

GOD'S MASTERPIECE

God made beauty along the highways and the byways,
  The sparkling dewdrops that are kissed by the sun's rays,
The mountains where beautiful flowers grow wild,
  These cannot compare with the beauty of a little child.

The beauty of the sea with its waves rolling high,
  The twinkling stars that at night bedeck the sky,
The rose bud with its petals unfolding to the sun,
  Twilight tinting the horizon when day is done.

The forests clothed in their robes of brown and gold,
  And again—when Nature, her robes of green unfold,
But with these—the sea, the rose, the dewdrop and flowers wild,
  Still I think God's masterpiece is just a little child.

—Selected.

HONOR ROLL FOR MAY

Room No. 1

—A—

Clinton Beaver, Arnold Wingler, Clyde Kivett, and Vernell O'Neal.

—B—

Richard Mishoe, Howard Boaz, Rudolph Clements, Marshall Hollifield, Sidney Logan, Hurley Miller, Clarence McPherson, R. B. McDonald, and Brady Rackley.

—o—

Room No. 2

—A—

James Chappell, Robert Benfield, Horace Brown, Albert Crepps, John H. Cain, Randolph Elliott, Ed Hall, William Rose, and Woodrow Spruill.

—B—

Bill Jackson, Neil Lowe, Mell Russ, Shannon Broome, Glenn Connor, Lloyd Long, John Merritt, Troy Meadows, and Ben Stone.

—o—

Room No. 3

—A—

Eugene Hogan, Hubert Davis, Jas. Greer, and Eddie Lockamy.

—B—

Garland Ashburn, Daniel Rhyne, Larkin Rominger, Arthur Chatham, Robert Morris, and Robert Worthington.

—o—

Room No. 4

—A—

John Owens.

—B—

James Dunn, Henry Irby, Willie McDade, Sam Chunn, Edwin Cooper, Hubert Gray, LeRoy Janey, Loyce Long, and John Moore.

—o—

Room No. 5

Warren Holleman, Warren Medlin, Allen Barrett, Jennings Norris, and Porter Stack.

—B—

David Kirksey, Dexter Shoemaker, Fleming Collins, and Charles Smith.

—o—

Room No. 6

—A—

Ernest Anderson, Weldon Campbell, Walter Campbell, Perry Futrell, William Hames, Frank McAllister, Morris Staley, Isaac Chatham, Alton Morgan, Clarence Weadon, and Douglas Wilkes.

—B—

Roscoe Ashburn, Thomas Brown, Lee Chandler, Guy Emerson, Jack Funderburke, Harvey Hall, Dallas Hodge, Claude Hicks, James Johnson, J. T. Lovett, Ralph Mecimore, Marvin Miller, Jack Palmer, Frank Stanley, Laddie Williams, Charles Womble, Francis Case, Duke Davis, Herman Lamm, Ruben Payne, Colonel Pearce, and Ted Pittman.

—o—

Room No. 7

—A—

James Harvel, David Hodge, and Richard Sullivan.

—B—

George Carlyle, Irwin Medlin, Lewis Janey, Vernon Sheaf, Floyd Watkins, George Watts, Oscar White, and Clyde Young.

If your foot slips, you may recover your balance; but if your tongue slips, you cannot recall your words.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The motion picture, "The Parting of the Trails," was shown in our auditorium last Saturday afternoon.

—o—

Messrs Carriker and Scarboro and their groups of boys are making repairs at the septic tank recently recommended by the State Board of Health.

—o—

The boys on the barn force are putting the harvesting machinery in order and will soon start gathering the oats crop.

—o—

The group of Federal employees engaged in making the Geodetic Survey, recently dismantled the 87-foot steel tower erected on our campus, and have proceeded to another section of the State where the work of surveying will be continued.

—o—

Our poultryman reports that at present the prospects are bright for a turkey dinner next Christmas, as the young birds in the poultry yard are growing nicely. We are also glad to learn that more than a thousand little chicks are reported as doing well.

—o—

The Training School ball tossers were very much disappointed when last Saturday's game with Roberta Mill was postponed on account of wet grounds. The boys have won three straight games and have not yet been defeated this season. Such improvement as the lads have shown in the last two games, causes us to feel that had the weather man not interfered, last week's game would have resulted in the fourth successive victory for the Training School.

—o—

Little Billy Young, of Cottage No. 13, who was taken to the Concord Hospital last week, with a fractured thigh, was recently transferred to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia. Billy is rapidly improving and it is expected that his stay at the Gastonia institution will be very short.

—o—

In spite of the extreme dry weather our gardens are producing beets, squash and Irish potatoes. The latter crop however, will be much smaller than was expected, due to the extremely unfavorable weather conditions for the past six weeks.

—o—

Last Thursday afternoon Dr. D. G. Caldwell, Cabarrus County Physician, assisted by Mrs. Carl Kline, of the Health Department, administered the third and final "shot" of typhoid vaccine to 272 Training School boys. These doses were given at weekly intervals, and we are informed that very little inconvenience was caused by the treatment.

—o—

A severe electrical storm visited this section last Tuesday afternoon. Slate was blown off the roofs of several of our buildings, and in some of the cottages groups of boys armed with mops and cloths were pressed into service to dry up the water that had blown in windows and under doors. In going over the farm we noticed a number of places where the heavy downpour had caused

washouts, considerably damaging some of our crops. One group of buildings was thrown in darkness when a transformer on our electric system was put out of commission by lightning.

—o—

One of the most delightful programs of the season was presented in the Training School auditorium last Monday night by students of the Concord High School. The Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Sara Sentman, sang a group of numbers, including "Honey Town," "Everywhere," "My Wild Irish Rose," and Brahm's "Lullaby." After listening to the songs so well rendered by this group of young ladies, we were surprised to learn that the club was but a few months old, having been organized last November, and both the director and members of the organization are to be congratulated on the splendid showing made in such a short time.

The members of the Glee Club taking part are as follows: Inez West, Mary Alice Moose, Vivian Irvin, Lula Haines, Anne Elizabeth Brown, Mary Welker Crooks, Mildred Fink, Nettie Mullis, Louise Stewart, May Furr, Virginia Barbee, Helen Hudspeth, Frances Barringer, Frances Cochrane, Alice Linn Bailey, Alberta Aiken, Helen Talbirt, Alice Williams, Louise Sears, Virginia Lentz, Ethel Adams, Dorothy Honeycutt, Sara Tucker, Saleda Benfield, Virginia Kluttz, Ruth Moore, and Alena Aiken. Martha Penninger accompanied at the piano.

An additional feature of the program was a group of four readings given by Miss Caddie Willis, one of Concord High's most talented elocutionists, who simply captured the hearts of our youngsters by her recital of "On the Road to Mandalay," "Gunga Din," and two humorous selections.

Then followed several vocal selections by Erskine Stewart, another high school student, whose rendition of "Ole Man River" made a decided hit with the boys.

Following a few brief remarks by Superintendent Boger, the Training School boys sang three numbers, "America," "Ho! for Carolina," and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Miss Era Linker, chairman of the Junior Red Cross, Concord, made ing part were as follows: Inez West, closing of Concord City Schools for the Summer vacation, there would probably be no more programs sponsored by her organization, given at the Training School until next Fall, at which time she hoped they would be able to continue the monthly programs for the entertainment of our boys.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do, and you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 10, 1 No. 22

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AGE

Age is a quality of mind;
If you have left your dreams behind,
  If hope is cold,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead,
  Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the jest—
  If love you hold,
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
  You are not old.

—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE VALUE OF EXAMPLE

There is a gospel which is read in your circle a great deal more than any of the Gospels recorded by the apostles. It is the Gospel according to You; the interpretation of Jesus Christ, eiher for good or evil which glows or glowers through your personality. It is a gospel, written in a universal tongue, which can be read by all. Although a man may be so ignorant as not to be able to read the Apostolic Gospels, no man is too ignorant to be able to read yours. A number of years ago a young fellow by the name of Wray, a student at Princeton College, applied for appointment as a foreign missionary. He was a thoroughly good man, but not very quick in respect to learning and when he reached the field of his prospective labors he found it difficult to master the language. But though the simple natives could not understand his talk, they could understand his walk. One day when they, according to the custom in those countries, were seated in a circle, on the ground, listening to the instruction of one of their teachers, the question was asked, "What is it like to be a Christian?" And none could answer. But finally one pointed to where this young man sat, and replied "It is to live as Mr. Wray lives." Not one of them could read the Gospel according to Matthew, to Mark, to Luke, or to John; but everyone there could read the Gospel according to Wray.—George Thomas Dowling.

THE BOYS NEED A SWIMMING POOL

The long hot days have come, and most naturally our boys would enjoy a swim. Every provision has been made for the young people of Concord to take a dip, but our boys are left out entirely in this game of fine recreation. The Lions have made it possible for the swimming pool at the Merchants and Manufacturers Club to be opened and there are many who are thoroughly

enjoying the privilege of participating in one of the finest recreations to promote good health.

Now, remember fine friends, and they are legion, we extend an invitation to the many big hearted citizens, either in Concord or elsewhere, to come out and see the need of a swimming pool for our five hundred boys.

We wager a thousand dollars there is some big hearted philanthropist in the state who is enjoying the fruits of his life's work, and continues to think back to the old days when he would hie off to the old neighborhood swimming hole. Our Jackson Training School boys do not even have a swimming hole, but many spots offer a natural setting for a pool that would give the boys great joy. Who is the first to come forward and offer suggestions and help towards having a pool built for our boys. We feel sure this appeal will be answered by some one or some civic organization.

We told through the columns of the Uplift the need of a library and the appeal was heard. We have today over 1,500 books as the results of the efforts of interested people.

Now, just watch, some one will come forward with suggestions of ways and means for a swimming pool for the Jackson Training School. Every man who ever had the thrill of a swim when a boy will contribute towards this cause—making it possible for the wayward boys of the state to get the same kick out of life. A swimming pool for the Jackson Training School is one of the necessities of the institution.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A GLIMPSE INTO THE OXFORD ORPHANAGE

Every article that bears upon child life catches the attention of the staff of workers in the Uplift Office. We read with great interest the report of directors and superintendent of the Oxford Orphanage. The whole story reflects the interest of directors, superintendent and every official connected with the Institution.

The story is full and complete. It will be impossible to go into details here for varied activities of the institution as told in the paper, the Orphans' Friend, would consume too much space. We

will only touch the high spots. It is a story of interest and love in behalf of the benighted child. Nothing in the world is more appealing than a homeless and parentless child left to the mercy of some tender-hearted soul.

The Oxford Orphanage has passed its sixtieth birthday. So there has been placed in the archives of the Orphanage many incidents that doubtless would appeal to the hardest of hearts. There are enrolled 377 children and 127 are of Masonic parentage. The care of the children is on the basis of the cottage system, the specific reason for this plan is that each child will have the same training as received in a home; the Orphanage school is operated as part of the State system, each teacher having an A Grade certificate; the matrons have received special training, many of them college women, with an ambition to have the child surrounded all of the time with the best element of human nature; the Orphanage maintains a case worker, the duty of which is to investigate the applicants and follow up the boys and girls dismissed; a dentist is employed so as to give from two to three days weekly to look after the children's teeth; a clinic for removal of adenoids and tonsils is held annually; the health of the children under the supervision of Dr. N. C. Daniels has made the health program splendid; no worker is employed unless qualifications are of a Christian tendency; a dietitian gives daily a menu so there will be a well-balanced and the same diet for every child; a library is maintained and a love for books and the habit of reading are encouraged; church and Sunday school attendance are imperative and music is especially stressed.. The small child has different quarters from that of the older children, with teachers for primary grades.

The superintendent is not satisfied with the idea of feeding and clothing alone, but emphasizes vocational training of many kinds supervised by skilled directors of the highest character, long experience and teaching ability so that when the young people of the Orphanage step out into the great wide world they will be fully qualified to meet conditions and prove a valuable acquisition to any community. To do otherwise would increase the dependent population, thinks the superintendent. This is a resume of the inter-

esting report made to the Grand Lodge in the month of April. It is a sermon in action, showing the finest service to childhood.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE CONCORD LIONS CLUB

The youngest and most active civic organization in the city is the Concord Lions Club. There are few of us who know all of the good works this club has accomplished for the pleasure and betterment of humanity. It is just a year old, but has been functioning in a manner that would become one of maturer years.

In every sense of the word this fine body of men has proven true to the principles of Lionism by co-operating with all agencies of the city interested in welfare work, besides encouraging every interest for the betterment of humanity. There is not a piece of work too lowly neither one too hazardous for the Lions to undertake, especially so if the results of the efforts rebound for the relief of some poor suffering soul.

This organization has a membership of twenty-three members, under the leadership of Mr. Zack L. Roberts, president, but the strength of this organization is not in numbers but in the fine spirit of co-operation in putting over a program of real helpfulness to the entire community.

The first undertaking of the Lions was to reclaim the old pool at the Merchants and Manufacturers Club for the benefit of children during the extreme heated season; then followed the collection of shoes, hats and other articles of clothing, and these were given to the Salvation Army for distribution among the poor when needed; a square dance was sponsored by the Lions and the proceeds turned over to the Junior Charity League; also an essay contest was put on in rural schools, the subject, "If I Were a Lion What Would I Want My Lions Club do for the Community"—this idea inspired a fine competitive response; the Easter egg hunt, an annual affair, in which the entire city contributed most generously brought out several thousand people. The most powerful and far-reaching acitivity of this fine body of workers was that directed towards "sight conservation" among the children of destitute

families. Thirty children have been fitted with glasses as a result of the interest of this fine spirited body of men. The Lions International adopted "Blind-Work" as one of its major activities from the genesis of the organization.

We are happy to note that in the midst of the many activities the Lions included in their program of service the Jackson Training School boys—assisting in every way possible the paroled boys.

In practice the Lions of Concord have imbibed and are living up to the first article of their code of ethics—showing faith in the worthiness of the vocation of each by the industrious application so as to merit a reputation for quality of service—or words to that effect. No one could have a finer ambition than that of the Lions—making the community better in which they live.

The Lions are to be commended for their interest in indigent children, who are at all times the victim of circumstances. By such interest and activities a spirit of genuine brotherhood is cultivated among men, and the whole story reflects the Christian religion in action.

Today Concord can boast of a City Directory, the results of the efforts of the Lions. No one but a body of fearless Lions would have tackled such a stupendous undertaking. But the incentive was to raise funds to finance all expenses in having the children with defective eye sight treated and fitted with glasses. The Concord Lions are truly in our midst to stay. They are not the type of Lion that growls but the type that puts over any piece of work undertaken.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"We have got to get together
If the world is to survive,
We have got to face and weather
If we want to live and thrive;
We have got to meet tomorow
With more get-up than today,
We have got to lend and borrow,
We have got to build our way."

—o—

Teamsters have many a hitch in their business, but they drive ahead just the same.

—o—

The first thing in a shoe is the last, and the last thing is the wearer's heel.

—o—

It is well to try to get what you are looking for in this world, for you'll probably get what you are not looking for in the next.

—o—

A great deal of charity that begins at home is not able to walk down town.

—o—

The United States is getting off all kinds of standards except the high tax standard. It is high time to come down off the tax stilts.

—o—

We are told that the savage tribes of Africa pay no taxes. I'd like to know what makes them savages.

—o—

It is said that the town of Blaine, in Washington, is issuing dollars made of wood. There ought to be no trouble in floating a loan in that town.

—o—

I see it stated that a San Francisco man paid $600 for an hour's telephone conversation with his wife in New York. My, that's an exorbitant price to pay for listening an hour.

—o—

The announcement is made that railroads are planning a new high-speed train that can run 100 miles an hour. It will be hard for motorists to beat such a train to a grade crossing.

—o—

A newspaper headline has it: "Rebuke Republicans, Senator Dieterich Asks." That won't do. After what they suffered last November and since, and will suffer? No rebuke for them. Any one mean enough to rebuke the sad-eyed Republicans now would steal an all-day sucker from a baby in the park.

—o—

The general assembly of the Presbytrian church has ruled that an autoist who drives in the inner lane so that other cars can't pass him is a sinner as much as any described by the Bible. But is that going to make the road hog reform? No, a road hog is born that way. Calling him a sinner will no more change his ways than calling him a public benefactor. He's used to being called things. He's been called everything that can possibly be thought of and what of it There he is, with a cheerful smile on his face, driving happily along on the inner-lane and never batting an eyelash. I sometimes think that a rhinoceros has the thickest hide of any animal

in the world. Tut tut. A road hog has a rinoceros beat a mile.

—o—

The sedition bill, which has passed the Illinois senate and is now being excitedly discussed pro and con, seems to be faulty in one respect. While it provides that almost anything a person says that another person doesn't like can cause the offender to be haled before the courts and tried for treason, it falls short in the fact it is not nearly as funny as the Tennessee monkey law, which forbids the teaching of the descent of man from monkeys in the schools; and our own North Carolina legislature of making the chickadee the official State bird, and then recinding their action. If Illinois, like North Carolina, and Tennessee, must have ridiculous laws, they ought to be funny, so that we can get a good laugh as we are burned at the stake or boiled in oil.

—o—

Mrs. Hurrygraph and myself have had our first spat in a good many years. It happened the other day. She said to me: "That new couple next door seems very devoted to each other. He kisses her (the new neighbor) every time they meet. Why don't you do that?" I replied that I did not know her well enough yet. That remark lit the fireworks.

—o—

It doesn't cost money to have a good time on this earth. Its pleasures are as free as the air you breathe. The sweetest of music is furnished by the birds. Loveliest of flowers grow wild. The finest drink gushes from sparkling springs. No money can purchase, and no artist can pant such pictures as nature paints on earth and in the skies morning and evening. Kind words, glad looks and smiles cheer weary hearts, saints and sinners, and make souls happy. This all costs nothing —no, nothing at all. Use to advantage your eyes. All the wealth that Monte Cristo could save will give you no more pleasure. To bask in the sunshine, breathe the pure air, honest toil, the enjoyment of health, sweet slumber, these pleasures are without the expenditure of money. Communion with true friends, to love and be loved for love's sake, and in fact all that makes a life happy, with length of days, are free to all who will partake of what heaven bestows.

—o—

Why, oh, why! Why will motorists, in the early Sunday morning's dawn, when people want to take their early Sunday rest, and traffic is off the highways, not a car in sight, blast their auto horns like going to a fire—especially when they are turning corners? In traffic, people crossing streets, some of these same motorists, never give their horns a whimper, when on these occasions a horn sound is really worth while. Why? It must be pure cussedness, early in the morning.

—o—

A little bird, about as big as your thumb, comes early in the mornings to a tree near my window and sings, "Get-up! Get-up!" Mrs. Hurrygraph says she believes I hired that bird to wake her up. He wakes me up first, and I know I would not hire a bird to give me the preference over her. He is better than an alarm clock. I like to hear him sing his little song.

WAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANNEE RIVER

(The Pathfinder)

Undoubtedly the most famous river in America is the Missisippi. School-children learn who discovered and explored it, what big cities lie on its banks, and the 26 states that are drained, or partly drained by "Ole Man River." Some poeple claim it runs up hill. Engineers battle to stem its floods, which are important enough to become presidential campaign issues. But most important of all, it becomes the theme of dozens of popular songs. No wonder it's famous—it's the best known river in America.

One would naturally suppose, therefore, that the second most famous river would be the second best known. Hundreds of millions of people know, sing and love "Way Down Upon the Suwannee River" yet very few know where it is or what kind of a river it is. Still fewer people have seen it. When Stephen Foster wrote his famous song, he had never seen the Suwannee (two N's are correct) river. He wrote the music first and then started looking around for a river that would fit into the song. He tried Pee-dee river first, but that wasn't euphonious enough. Suwanne fitted in so beautifully that it stuck as soon as its name was spotted on the map.

If Foster had not been such a conscientious song-writer we'd no doubt be singing "Way Down upon the Peedee River," and Suwannee would be just as unheard of to most people as Peedee is now. Quick, now! where is the Peedee river? It's bigger than the Suwannee. Yet there are very few people outside the Carolinas (or the geography class studying those states) who are even aware of the existence of that river. It just hasn't got a press agent, and it missed a good one when Stephen Foster gave it the go-by, though their Deep river does have a song.

Euphonious as is the name "Suwannee," it seems to describe the river itself. Even if we take the conception that most kids get from the name, it fits. Taking the sound literally, Suwanne becomes "Swanny" to the child, and he unconsciously pictures it as a placid lake, set in a beautiful park, in which graceful swans are drifting lazily. That is the impression one gets when one sees the river—serenity and beauty, with only the swans missing.

If you want a good one-word description of the river, just ask a 12-year-old Georgia country girl to say "Suwannee." That's exactly the kind of a river it is—slow, smooth, delightful, beautiful, and truly Southern.

The river rises in the Okefinokee swamp of southenr Georgia, and starts its journey in a small way by being the outlet for Billy's Lake. But increases in size rapidly, since it is fed by underground springs and rivers. It flows through Florida and empties into the Gulf of Mexico.

The towns along the shore of the Suwannee are few and far between,

and those that do repose on its banks are small. The river seems to turn out of its course, on several occasions, to avoid passing the larger towns.

The general impression seems to be that the Suwannee flows through swamp land, or is swamp itself. Charles N. Elliott, who made a canoe trip the whole length of the river, in his report to the American Museum of Natural History describes the stream as appearing to flow through solid rock. The "swampy" impression is received because of the semi-tropical vegetation lining its banks. Live oak and cypress, from which are suspended long streamers of Spanish moss, rise from the very edge of the water, on banks of porous limestone. But the black water does give it a gruesome look.

One reason for the majestic loneliness of the stream is the fact that much of the land along its course is included in estates or hunting preserves. Gray squirrels, fox squirrels, rabbits, turkeys and deer are plentiful in the forests, while there are enough bear to make it interesting for the hunter. Alligators are common in the river, especially towards the mouth.

That such a river could inspire a composer to write his most famous song is easily understood, for the very air above its tranquil waters seems filled with romance. But that the spirit of the song should so happily fit the spirit of the river should be a mere accident seems almost uncanny.

NATURE STORY

Believe it or not, to borrow Mr. Ripley's trade mark, but here is a nature story reported locally and on reliable authority.

In a certain section of the city is a mocking bird who frequents a shade tree on the sidewalk. In a nearby residence dwells a dog. The pair have formed an attachment for each other, and daily the dog takes a part of his meal, usually a piece of bread and places it on the sidewalk. The bird flies down and retrieves it.

But every drama must have its villian, in this instance a tomcat of the neighborhood. Tom is fond of bird, and his alert brain had also made a note of the mocking bird's daily habits.

Several days as the bird came down for his daily meal the cat made a leap for him. But he reckoned without the dog. Result: the cat is dead and the strange friendship goes on.

Again, believe it or not.—Wilmington News.

CHICK-CHICK A DEE DEE!

(Charity & Children)

In other words our little friend tomtit or titmouse has become the official bird of North Carolina. It took the woman's vote to make him an official bird. The men of the Legislature elected him to the highest position that any bird could occupy in the state at the suggestion of the Woman's clubs. Like other measures passed by the present Legislature, many of the men did not know what they were voting for. Even the attempt of Senator John Sprunt Hill to sing like the bird threw no light on the matter. The legislators who voted again without knowing just what they were voting for were running no risk of making a mistake for they were following the suggestion of the women. We are glad that this friendly little black, white and gray fellow with a suggestion of brown has thus been honored. We like him much better than our national bird. He is innocent.

"But sovran Joves' rapacious bird, the regal
High percher on the lightning, the great eagle,
Drove down with rushing wings."

The titmouse is an optimistic little cuss. In snow or rain his cheerful voice can be heard. When other birds have become pessimistic and have sought a quiet shelter, little friend titmouse calls cheerily that things are not so bad. In summer when all birds are happy and friendly he takes himself to the deep woods but when winter comes he draws near his human friends. He is death and destruction to insects that destroy fruit and trees. He eats multiplied millions of insect eggs in North Carolina every year. He helps the orchardist by destroying the eggs of the insects that would in turn destroy his crop. We are glad that this happy, innocent and busy little friend has become the official bird of North Carolina and may his example be followed by us all.

"Piped a tiny voice nearby,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry—
Chick-Chickadeedee! Saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat
As if it said, 'Good-day, good sir!"
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places
Where January brings few faces.'"

—Emerson.

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.—Abraham Lincoln.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYHOOD DAYS DURING CIVIL WAR

By Old Hurrygraph

I was born in the quaint, staid and unique town of Orange, in Virginia, seventy-five miles south of Washington, and was ten years old when that cruel war between the states closed. My earliest education was obtained on the installment plan. Grab a little every now and then. At that time what school teaching was done, was done by women, and a few men too old to do service in the army. The imparting of knowledge to the youngsters of that day was a kind of now you take it, and now you don't.

There is no reading between the lines in this story, and there was little reading or studying between the lines of the two contending armies, first one and then the other swayed back and forth across that portion of Virginia like the pendulum of a clock. One day it would be "The Confederates are coming!" and school would be dismissed, in order that the children might get home before the town was invaded.

The next day it would be "The Yankees are coming!" and the same thing would be repeated. This was so frequent that a very few whole days at school could be obtained during a season. It was like grabbing your mental pabulum as you would a sandwich at a railroad station, when the train did not stop long enough to allow the taking of a meal in the ordinary way. This was the educational status of that community during the latter days of the conflict.

Children See Battle

On one occasion the Federal troops, a cavalry company, took the town, on the north side, before the children could reach their homes. With their entry on that side of the town, a company of Confederate cavalry charged in on the south side, and there was a fierce cavalry fight. Swords flashed and slashed, and pistols sent bullets in all directions. (Some of the marks of the bullets are to be seen on the brick houses of that town to this day.) It was a terrific hand-to-hand conflict. The school children, I among the number, scampered to the east side of the town and concealed ourselves behind fragments of fences, in gullies and laid down in sedgegrass until the battle was over, which ended in the Confederates driving their enemies northwestward beyond their reach. Several on either side were killed. The battle came on so suddenly that it was like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky. Mothers gathered their children about them, and others, with the aged, took refuge in chimney corners and cellars, from flying bullets that pattered against houses like hail stones falling on tin roofs, and whizzed through the air like mad hornets. Fortunately not a single inhabitant was injured. It left the town in turmoil.

In those horrible war days, which hung over the inhabitants, big and little, like a dreadful nightmare, the two armies, intermittingly and peri-

odically, passing back and forth across the country, tore down the fences of fields, lots and yards, and made the way clear over the face of the earth for advancing unmolested or retreating without obstruction.

Every appearance of a mountain, and every hill top was serrated with breastworks, as suitable places for a stand of advantage to the first army that reached them. All roads and approaches to the town were covered by these prominent points. Many a cannon, and roaring musketry, belched forth their death-dealing missiles from these pit-like places, and many a life was snuffed out before the positions could be taken by either side.

Boys Follow Battle

After this cavalry engagement, and the smoke of the battle had cleared, several of us boys ventured out on the field across which the retreating Federals, and the pusuing Confederates had passed, and proceeded to gather up what accoutrements we could find, as the pursued seemed to have a decided penchant for throwing away everything that would lighten their egress. I picked us a new saber, with fine trimmings, I had hardly buckled it around me before two Federals rode up looking for their command. One of them to my sorrow and disgust, relieved me of my splendid find at the point of a pistol. Looking down the barrel of that gun ,which seemed to be as big as a flour barrel, I turned the saber over to him, under protest. But the protest did no good. They casually rode off, going up the road and stopping at a negro cabin at the top of the hill. Almost simultaneously two Confederates galloped up to we boys and wanted to know if we youngsters had seen anybody pass that way. They were directed to the negro cabin. A few minutes later they came back bringing with them the two Federals as their prisoners. I saw the saber I had picked up in the hands of one of the Confederates. I yelled at my unknown Yankee friend, "See what you got for taking that saber from me!" His only reply was to nose his hand and wiggle his fingers at me.

The children of that day had constantly before them soldiers, moving armies, and deadly combats, the suffering and horrors of war, and were all the time wondering what it was all about. War is what General Sherman said it was—and more, and every one since those memorable four years of hostilities have been worse; greater in scope, and more deadly in their carnage. And after the greatest of them all, some nineteen years ago when the world was thrown into War's cataclysm to "make the world safe for democrcy" we are still no nearer universal peace than we were before this awful catastrophe befell us.

Nothing But War

Naturally, at that time, all we children saw, heard, felt, experienced, and even tasted, was war. The grimmest part of it. Our young minds became steeled to its consequences, and we fell into playing soldiers, by forming companies, camping in the woods, making tents of poles and covering them with leaves, and following out all the commands we observed from the regular armies, and used in our camps the accoutrements we would pick up on

the numerous battlefields, after an engagement had ended. We made some thrilling finds and enjoyed them until they were taken away from us by our elders, or the military authorities in command.

The town of my nativity was situated amid, and adjacent to, some of the fiercest of the conflicts of that day. Not far from the great disastrous battles of the Wilderness, Rapidan, Brandy Station, and others.

From these fields of slaughter the wounded and dying were brought to this town, which had been converted into a hospital everywhere a wounded soldier could be placed. The churches, every vacant house or room was a scene of torn and multilated humanity. The church lots, and the vacant places contained tents to supply shelter for those who had been cut down by the onslaught of the conflicts at the places named. In my young untutored mind I did not think the world was any larger than the horizon I could see around my home town. But among the wounded brought in I never saw the like of men from North Carolina, and I wondered where North Carolina was and if they had not sent their whole poulation to the army. The scenes in and around these improvised hospitals were beyond description. One large tent was used for an operating room. Men were placed on a long table in the center of the tent and their limbs were amputated in a very precipitous manner. As fast as one was operated on and removed another took his place. Frequently as many as three operations were being performed at the same time. It was more like a slaughter house than a hospital. Owing to the large number to be attended to, and immediate action taken to save lives, it had to be done with rapidity. Men were wounded in all manner of ways. One poor fellow had his eyeballs hanging down on his cheeks. The bullet that wounded him entered his head just behind the left eye and tore through his head coming out just behind his right eye, clipping out the eyeballs. Another victim was a man who had had both of his knee-caps shot away. Both of his legs had to be amputated. It was a horrible sight to see human beings torn to pieces as some of the victims were. The groans of the wounded and the dying and the calls for help, mercy, and the parting words and the messages sent to loved ones back home beggars words to depict. They live in my memory now.

Many Amputations

Of course in a situation of this kind there were innumerable amputations of legs and arms, and other operations of various kinds. The limbs were cut off and cast into barrels to be carted away. With nothing else to do a band of boys organized what you might term an amateur undertaking corps, and with boxes given us we made rude coffins, in which we placed these arms and legs and carted them off in our little wagons and buried them in the woods, which had been allotted to us for a burial place for the departed limbs.

And thus it went on day after day for weeks, and it looked to my young imagination as if the whole of humanity was being ground up and

torn in the heartless maw of war, until it became a hideous nightmare to me ,and I would unconsciously cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

Speaking personally, I venture to say that I have carried soup—both chicken and rice—enough to float a ship, but it was a pleasure to see the wounded enjoy it. We children at home scarce got a taste of chicken. My mother converted every chicken in our home into soup, and it was my daily task to carry this soup to the hospitals. The fare of us youngsters was corn pone and home-made sorghum, and when we did get a bite of chicken it was like eating a bird from paradise. For several years we children hardly knew what chicken tasted like. My parents made coffee out of toasted wheat, toasted corn, and crisped sweet potatoes. We had an abundance of sassafras tea. Lived on it, as a drink. It was made from the dried bark of the roots of that shrub. It was always my prerogative to go out to the old fields periodically and grub for sassafras roots, which were dried and the bark skinned off, and this bark was kept on hand for tea making. We drank so much of this tea that we became real fond of its taste, and thanked the Lord that He had supplied us with one thing we could obtain in abundance by only the labor of gathering it. Somehow the Lord always provides in cases of great stress and emergencies.

Boys Visit Army Camps

As a diversity from the monotony of doing nothing, when school was not in session, and I was not engaged in the task of grubbing sassafras roots, we boys would visit the camps of the Confederates, which were all around the town for miles and miles. We often saw the "bullpen," the place where they kept in confinement those soldiers who were obstreperous, or had broken, or disregarded some of the military orders. Those who were especially fractious were strung up by their thumbs, hamstring stick fashion, to the limb of a tree until their toes scarcely touched the ground and allowed to remain in that position for several hours at the time.

When taken down they were well-nigh exhausted. It was a very severe punishment, but very effective in the obeying of orders. Others, under guard, were sentenced to carry railroad ties, back and forth, across a lot, and pile them up in a corner, and then carry them back and pile them up in the place from which they first started. This was kept up for many hours daily, until the prisoners yielded willing obedience to the military orders they had broken. They also bore a large placard on their backs reading, "I violater order so-and-so."

In some of the camps, where they had a superabundance of amunition, the soldiers would trade to us boys cartridges for fruits and trinkets of all kinds. The cartridges of those days were for muzzleloading muskets. The lead bullets were backed up with a little stout paper sack containing the powder, the end of the sack being twisted very tightly. You wrung, or bit off, the end and loaded the gun. With these bullets we boys reveled in what was then called "spit-devils."

These "spit-devils" were made by wetting some of the powder and rolling up a little ball, placing it on the ground, and from this ball string a line of dry powder as far as you wished. Then touch off with a match at the far end of this line, it would blaze and sputter, like a fiery snake, creeping across the earth until it reached the little ball, which displayed for a few seconds an illuminated orb of pyrotechnics. This, to the small boy, doing it his own way, was as thrilling to him as the flashing of cannon's discharges, or the tongues of fire that leaped from the throats of the musketry when the regiments were in action.

"Hard Tacks"

I have a vivid recollection of the "hard-tacks," the emergency bread used in the last days of the war. The "hard-tack" was a cracker, or biscuit, made of just flour dough, without seasoning, and as hard as a sap shingle, about four and a half inches square, and about half an inch thick. The only way to eat it with any satisfaction was to pulverize it, or dunk it in hot coffee, or boiling water. Long train loads of these crackers frequently passed through the town, packed in barrels, and stored in crate cars like cattle cars. Many of the heads of the barrels would jostle out, and the "hard-tacks" would sift out and drop from the train, and this would give the youngsters a fine opportunity to feast on war bread, if it didn't break out their teeth.

I had one experience I shall never forget. I carry the effects of it with me now. It was the habit of sutlers to follow up the army, and they were plentiful. A sutler is a fellow with a one or two-horse wagon, packed with everything a soldier might need out of the ordinary, and a great many things he didn't need, but the object was to get all the money out of the soldiers possible especially right after pay-day. One of these two-horse wagon fellows had his team and outfit to tumble off the road and roll down an embankment, covering the ground along which he rolled with his wares and trinkets. Along the bottom of the ravine into which he tumbled ran a post rail fence. On the panel I decided to perch myself to witness the proceedings of gathering together his belongings, was capped with a crooked rail. One of my chums came up behind to seat himself beside me and grabbing the rail to climb up, it gave the rail a sudden swing which threw me over backwards. I fell, striking the right side of my head on the ground. I was unconscious for a while. This accident was followed with a case of scarlet fever which settled in my right ear, and my hearing in that ear was greatly impaired, and has been to this day.

"Fore De Wah"

Like a great many chaps in the south, "fore de wah," an old negro woman, who was known as Aunt Dinah, attended to me in my younger days, and these servants who cared for the children were called "black mammies." She never lived to rejoice over peacce being restored to the battling states, and freedom given her from bondage. She passed away just before the day dawn of the armistice, and Gen. R. E. Lee handed his sword over to Gen. U. S.

Grant, and bloodshed stopped. No people in the world ever had a more consistent and loyal race of another color to deal with than the manner in which the negroes deported themselves during the whole four years' conflict, and especially with the chains of bondage upon them. They were faithful to the truts left in their hands while their masters served in the army, and in innumerable instances it was a loyal tie that was never broken. When the shackles of slavery were broken, and the southern negroes were set free, like the Israelites coming out of bondage, many of them refused to leave their old homes and former masters and go out to work for themselves, and remained in the "old home place," serving on in the same old-fashioned capable way. But that generation of negroes has well-nigh passed away. We shall never look upon their like again.

The stress through which we have been passing for the past three years has been hard, and extended much longer than any "hard times" that preceeded it, but in its intensity it is not to be compared with the period after the Civil War closed.

THE WANDERER

Upon a mountain height, far from sea,
  I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
  Ever a song of ocean seemed to tell.

How come the shell upon that mountain height?
    Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,
Or whether there cast when Ocean swept the Land,
  Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,
  One song it sang—
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide—
  Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height
  Sings of the sea,
So do I, ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I, ever, wandering where I may—
  Sing, O my home! sing, O my home! of thee.

—Eugene Field.

THE ALLIGATOR

By William Alphonso Murrill

An alligator's nest!

Just a big pile of leaves on a sunny bank, and from three to five dozen eggs hidden away in it, to be hatched by the warmth of the summer sun and the heat of the decaying leaves. Men used to hunt the eggs regularly and sell them, before the alligators became so scarce. I found a nest recently far off in a secluded spot, but I shall keep its location a secret.

The eggs are smooth and white, about the size of a hen's egg, but longer. After they hatch, the numerous tough shells may lie around the old nest for a year or more. The nests are not hidden, but built in plain view where the sun may strike them, and always near shallow water with plenty of fish. The baby alligator must have food.

As soon as the little reptiles are out of the shells they make for the water, and in a short time become fairly exepert at catching fish, which constitute their chief food. A few frogs, tadpoles, and insects are picked up about the water's edge. When hatched, the young are about eight inches long and weigh about one and a half ounces. Captive specimens reach eigteen inches in length in a year, and weigh nine ounces, while at the age of five years they measure five feet and weigh fifty pounds.

It is reasonably certain that wild specimens grow much more rapidly than this, because they have the sunshine, exercise, plenty of food to their liking, and are contented. In four or five years, therefore the alligator becomes an adult, although continuing to grow at the same rapid rate for a number of years. When twelve feet long, it weighs about five hundred pounds.

There was a time when twelve-foot alligators were common and fourteen-foot specimens not rare, but that time has passed. I see small ones quite frequently, but have to go to the parks and "farms" to see large ones. Modern guns are too powerful even for the tough skins of an old alligator, and many have been killed for pure sport, while more have met death because of their valuable hides. It is estimated that two and a half million were killed in Florida alone between the years 1880 and 1894.

The small alligators that are sold in the North as curios soon die of starvation, if not from other causes. A few days ago a tourist had twelvve little ones in a car headed northward. At feeding he would put a dishpan on the ground with water in it and a little hamburger steak, then line the young alligators up ten feet away and let them run for it. Three of the animals could have eaten all the meat he had and still been hungry. They are voracious feeders.

The extermination of the alligator is only a matter of time. There are too many human enemies; the nests are too conspicuous; the skins are too valuable; and the hiding places are becoming fewer year by year. Alligator steaks, cut from the tail, are

often eaten, but the meat is rather coarse. The animal is very timid in the presence of man, and will flee at the first sight of him. Men could go swimming in a pond full of reptiles and never be touched by them.

If cornered, however, or kept away from the water he is trying to reach, the alligator will fight courageously, lashing about with his powerful tail and using his strong jaws, armed with their dangerous teeth. A single blow from the tail could easily knock a man down, while the bones of arms or legs could be quickly crushed by the waiting jaws.

When alligators grow up, they add various mammals and birds to their diet of fish and frogs. A large duck can be seized from below and swallowed at a single gulp. If the prey is too large to swallow, it is shaken violently until torn to pieces; or perhaps two of the reptiles will tear it up between them.

There is a peculiar valve in the alligator's throat which permits him to open his jaws without swallowing any water, so that he can catch his prey and chew it to some extent beneath the surface. But he must come to the top to swallow it. There was a large specimen at the New York Zoological Park which I used to see very often. One day a visitor's dog came too close to his tank, and in an instant he was pulled below the water, his bones were broken, and he was swallowed head first while the reptile's jaws were thrust for a moment above the surface.

The natural home of our American alligator is the low coastal region from North Carolina to southern Florida and westward to the Rio Grande in Texas. The rivers, swamps, ponds, lakes, and bayous of this region were formerly infested with the reptiles. Royal Palm Hammock, at the southern end of the state, still contains a number that are protected. Only two other species of alligator are known, one of which is found in China.

The American crocodile was discovered in the extreme southern part of Florida by Dr. Hornaday in 1875. It is common in the West Indies and Central America. I have seen specimens over twelve feet long in Jamaica, and it is known to reach fourteen feet in length. The young are greenish with black markings, while older specimens are olive to dull

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Nearly every good and great cause enlisting a multitude of adherents is likely to include under its banners a number of people who are unwise, if not fanatical or intolerant.

They do more to discredit the cause than to help it along. It is hard for good leaders to keep them in line. Indeed, they become a law unto themselves. They act on their own impulses, which are not likely to be safe and sane. The cause may be all right and their loyalty may be unquestioned, but their methods are unjustifiable and their spirit is not worthy of emulation.

It must be conceded, as Theodore Roosevelt once said, that "every great cause has its idiot fringe." Stand by the cause, therefore, and let the fringe go!—Selected.

RIVER COTTAGE

By Laura Reid Montgomery

Lorene, starry-eyed, excited and rather pale, helped her Aunt Rose from the village taxi and opened the little gate with fingers that trembled. "I can hardly realize it yet," she acknowledged. "Dear Aunt Rose, a house of our very own, a garden and a river running past our backyard!"

"There's a terrible lot to do to the cottage," observed the driver, lingering sociably. "Old Mrs. Myers hated to have anyone in to make repairs; guess she didn't like the noise. It will cost you folks a mint to get it in shape. Might be my son could help you out, he isn't working just now."

"I'll see about that later, Mr. Haven," Lorene spoke absently, her eyes darting hither and yon over the shabby place that seemed a kingdom of enchantment to her. "Send our trunks up tonight, please."

Gaily the girl put the key in the lock; the sensation of being a householder was strangely agreeable. The bequest of the acre with river frontage had been a surprise, although her aunt had sometimes hinted of such a possibility before her death.

"It's a delightful place," commented the elderly lady, pausing to look about the garden before entering the door her niece held open for her. "You can work on your illustrations out in that arbor."

Inside, however, neither of them could find anything encouraging to say. Old Mrs. Myers had lived abroad for three years before her death and the cottage had become a place of fallen plaster and cobwebs. "I guess I need a new roof the first thing. Lucky I decided not to buy a summer outfit, Aunt Rose."

"We'll have a cup of tea before we look about any more. Did the driver leave the kerosene can on the porch?"

Lorene found it and, removing her hat and gloves, proceeded to fill the stove in the dusty little kitchen. They had brought a hamper of food from the village and she prepared a luncheon which restored their spirits.

The cottage was full of surprises. There had been additions which resulted in steps going up and odd windows cut where the owner had wished more light and the result was quaintly-picturesque. There was a square tower room which Lorene decided would make a retreat for her drawing in bad weather. The east window over-looked the river and she planned to work there. There were wall cupboards and a large desk. "It is an ideal workshop, Aunt Rose."

"Yes. After getting up here. I'm thinking you'll have all the artistic solitude you require, for the stairs are too steep for me."

Lorene suppressed a chuckle. She adored this aunt of hers and spared her everything hard, for the other's frail health made petting and supervision necessary, but Rose Brown liked to chatter and she would sit relating stories of the past, bidding her neice to go right on with her drawing and not mind her.

Gradually the bleak cottage took

on the semblance of a home. Lorene engaged a stout girl from the village to scrub and whitewash and the roof was repaired. Miss Brown's room was finished first and with the sheer white curtains before the polished casement windows, looked, as the old lady remarked, like a picture.

Ethel-Maud, the assistant had argued insistently against doing any cleaning before the living room was settled. "Folks will be up to call, Miss Lorene, and they'll think you slack if this room isn't done. Now that the plaster is up again I can paint the woodwork and then the floor, and, by tomorrow, it will be ready for the furniture."

"My guests will have to sit on the porch," laughed the young mistress. "Aunt Rose is going to be made comfortable first. After her room come the kitchen and pantry. This is just camping out the way we are now."

"You don't want to have Mrs. Myers' old friends think you are slack do you?"

"Don't you worry, Ethel-Maud. I am going to be a fixture here for many years and they'll get to know us. This front room, as you call it, isn't a bit important just now. Aunt Rose has her own room to retreat to when the smell of paint and soap gets overwhelming, and her comfort is all that matters."

But when a portly, handsomely-garbed woman descended from her car and swept up the unraked path, she looked displeased when Lorene invited her to take a chair on the veranda. "Out here, did you say?"

"We are still working on the inside," explained Lorene, suddenly conscious of a tear in her pink apron.

"You have been here ten days."

Watching the kindly but observant eyes darting about at the unwashed front windows and piled-up furniture in the end of the veranda, Lorene began to doubt her own wisdom. She said briefly that she had thought it best to begin in the workrooms at the back, but she could see from the tightened lips that Ethel-Maud had voiced the concensus in village life.

The guest unbent, however, when her chat with Miss Brown was interrupted by the wheeling out of a daintily-set tea-wagon by Lorene and when she left she offered to help her young hostess the following day.

"But, you would spoil your hands. The plaster has made so much dust that even settling the book cases is going to be unpleasant," the girl protested, casting a rueful glance at her hands, which had scars and broken nails now.

"In the country we don't fret over such things. I always help my maids at house-cleaning time, they work better. I'll be up at eight o'clock. I can see now you have tried to do too much with only Ethel-Maud to help."

When the car had sped off in a cloud of dust Lorene turned to her aunt who was rocking placidly behind the trumpet vine. "It seems ridiculous for her to come up in all this disorder, but I said all I could."

Ethel-Maud, lingering within earshot, entered the conversation eagerly. "Mrs. Wolf always means what she says. She'd never offer to help if she didn't like you and, Miss, Lorene, she knows you must get that front room ready for company if you want to be well thought of here.

Rivertown ladies are very particular and you won't be asked to join the Woman's Club or the Sorosis unless they approve of you."

Lorene, just out of a great university, felt a bit like Alice-in-Wonderland. She had never visited Rivertown and had expected to live a secluded existence in the litte home by the river. She had not thought much about the folks in the village and the knowledge that they were on probation bewildered her. "You think many neighbors will call on us, Ethel-Maud?"

"Yes. They are just waiting for you to get the front curtains up. That's always a sign the house is ready for company. I have given good reports of you both and Mrs. Wolf will, else she would not come to help. She liked Mrs. Myers but, if she got the notion you were slack, it would be thumbs down," finished the rosy-cheeked one with a disconcerting candidness.

Lorene gasped. In Chicago their cleaning woman did her work and departed—that ended the transaction once the pieces of silver had changed hands. "How did you happen to give a good report of me," she asked weakly.

"Because you made me carry out the mattress from Miss Brown's bed to be beaten and sunned before I put on the clean mattress-cover. I heard once that city-folks weren't particular about airing their belongings."

In the busy days that followed Lorene's viewpoints changed materially and she expanded beneath the friendly attentions of the neighbors. If she could manage to reserve sufficient time for the illustrations she must finish in the next two months she realized that she was going to find life a pleasanter affair than she had dared hope. A publisher friend of her father's had given the book-illustrating to her and if she made good more work would follow which would make it possible to live the year round in Rivertown. This was test work.

It was a rainy day when she finally found time to arrange her tower room. It was clean and freshly-papered, but that was all. Ethel-Maud had polished the old-fashioned desk and Lorene sat down with a packing box beside her to transfer the contents.

The river was a grey strip between the vivid banks and the sheets of thin rain looked like green veils because of the spreading leaves. She had five of the casements open and sat idle a few moments enjoying the sweet, wet smells and the peace. Her mind teemed with new ideas for sketches and she cast a loving glance at her waiting easel.

Dusting out the cubby-holes she fell to dreaming again. Suppose she should come upon an envelope stuffed with bills—Mrs. Myers had been abroad a long time and she might have forgotten housekeeping money. Or there might be an antique, not that Lorene was a bit commercial, but she was worried over the way her ready money had vanished repairing the cottage. Even in the country, where prices were moderate, it cost considerable to run a home—with a little sigh she fell to work again. She must begin now on the illustrating and try to get a foothold in that work.

She came upon no forgotten treasure, but she did find a bill for gar-

den work. It was for fifteen dollars. She recalled then that Peter Blake had told her something about a small account that Mrs. Myers had evidently forgotten. And now the grounds were rough with weeds and the hedges badly in need of pruning. She had decided to let the outside work go as it was too late in the season for a vegetable garden and her rather improvident Aunt Rose enjoyed the tangle of roses and perennials that had survived the years of neglect.

She found the salient point to picture in the third chapter of the book and was fastening a fresh sheet of drawing paper in readiness when a call from below interrupted.

She attended to the ice-man, put the kettle on the stove, and went out to make sure Miss Brown required nothing.

"How I love it here, child. I do hope we shall never live any place else."

"So do I. And, as this is our sole possession, I think we are permanent," smiled the girl and hurried inside again.

In passing the hall table her frock caught in the partly-open drawer and there was a crash.

When she had replaced the drawer she saw a white square on the floor and took it upstairs with her, supposing it to be a circular.

She raised her eyebrows when she saw that it was addressed to her and that there was a stamp in the right-hand corner. "A letter for me that was never mailed," she murmured, catching her breath at sight of the writing. Mrs. Myers had written her—

"I am going to change my will, Lorene dear, and I'm writing to tell you so that if I should not return from this trip to Italy you will know in advance and not feel any disappointment. I have decided that your talent for drawing and painting will develop much better if you depend upon your own efforts. The small income left you by your father will help some, although I know it is not sufficient to maintain your Aunt Rose, too. I have never thought that pot boilers hurt real talent and I do want you to make a name for yourself.

"Don't think there is any lack of love or affection in this procedure —it is because I know how reckless youth is and I don't want you to idle away precious hours in day dreams because your actual bread does not depend upon incessant work. With your income and a home you would not be dependent upon your efforts.

"I am enclosing a letter to Jean Ramsay, child of an old friend. The cottage will be a wonderful help and I know you will not begrudge the gift I wish to make."

This was not quite all, but it was enough to bring a stricken look to the white young face. If only she had never supposed the place to be hers. How could she ever leave the quaint, homey little rooms that her hard labor had brought into cheerful beauty?

The rain beat against the screens and she got up blindly to close the casements. A cold wind had blown over the river and a bluebird flew past to the white oak tree. The blue flash caught her attention and a bitter expression tightened her pink lips. Her happiness was vanishing

on that unseasonable cold wind. How would her aunt stand the news? Her health had improved in the healthy, peaceful place and she enjoyed the neighbors who dropped in with flowers or something dainty to eat and sat knitting or sewing rug-strips on the shady veranda.

She wished she had not stumbled upon that letter. If she had not, River Cottage would still be hers. Evidently the later will had never been drawn up. She knew that Mrs. Myers had grown forgetful, careless.

Suppose the letter had been thrown out in the general cleaning? At this thought the girl's hands clenched tightly. No one knew anything about the intended bequest—no one could know unless she, Lorene, mailed the inclosure. This Jean Ramsay was unknown to her—perhaps she was a girl who did not need the house. There was Rose Brown to consider. The old lady had no one but Lorene and now there would be only the inadequate quarter's income that would be due in a week. Nearly all of Lorene's nest-egg had been used for the roof and for inexpensive wall papers and paint.

"I own nothing here except the trunks and bags we brought," muttered the girl. "We'll have to step out of this dream home and go into furnished rooms again, where the heat isn't sufficient in winter and where there is no air in summer. It simply isn't fair."

Remembering the water on the slow oil stove she got up at last and descended the steep stairs.

"You've worked too hard, Lorene. There are shadows under your eyes. Don't kill yourself over those drawings. Miss Petit was over and she says we can plant some late peas yet and there will be grapes on the arbor. It won't cost much to live."

Lorene regarded the frail features beneath the fluff of white hair. The old lady had been weeks getting over the pleasant excitement of the removal. Now, with her weak heart, how would she stand another change? Despite the chill of the rainy day there would be hot, dry weather to follow and they would be back in stuffy rooms.

"Will you spade up a bit of soil so I can plant the peas, child? Miss Petit brought me some of her choice seed-peas."

"Tell me, Aunt Rose. Do you ever think it is right to do wrong so that good will follow?"

"It sounds involved and when a body begins wrapping things up in fine words there is something wrong," returned the old lady gently. "Want to tell me what's bothering you?"

"Not just yet. But, think, Aunt Rose—this wrong would do a lot of good to someone who cannot help herself and it may not hurt the other woman a bit."

"Each person has to solve his or her own puzzle. No denying that. The only way to figure it out, child, is to consider what our Lord would do in such a case. Would He do a wrong to please someone else? Some third party who does not rightly enter the case?"

When the pretty china, with the gay flowers blooming perenially upon it, had been washed and replaced, Lorene went down to the post-office.

She felt better on the return trip, for she knew she had done the only

thing she could do. After all, she was young and she knew she could succeed if only she could win steady work in time to furnish her beloved relative with what she needed.

The following evening at dusk a car drew up at the gate and a young man jumped out.

His yellow head was bare to the warm south wind and vivid blue eyes smiled down at the girl who was tying up an American Beauty rose. "I am Jean Ramsay," he told her. "I drove right over when I got your note with the inclosure from Mrs. Myers."

A note of laughter trickled through her voice as she welcomed him. "I took it for granted that Jean was a girl. Were you surprised to be addressed as 'Miss'?"

"The postmaster had something to say," he admitted. "In small towns all one's business is well known."

"My aunt does not know yet about the change in the bequest. How soon shall yolu wish to move in? We can be ready to go in two or three days."

He stared down at the composed white face at his shoulder. She had been successful in keeping her tone casual and her lips from trembling, but her bronze eyes were troubled.

"No one but our—" she checked herself instantly. As though she could discuss a matter of religion with this stranger. "It was the only thing to do, naturally. My aunt owned this place and she wished you to have it. She either forgot to make a new will or it was lost abroad. Her intentions are all that matter."

"Say. You are a regular girl, aren't you?"

There was something in his rich young voice that thrilled her and the pink that had been lost from her cheeks when reading the letter returned.

"I rushed over to tell you that Mrs. Myers spoke to me about this cottage and I refused it. She thought dad left me pretty poor, but he didn't. I have just finished my hospital work and am ready to take a practice—somewhere. Do you think Rivertown would be a suitable place?"

There was a flutter of wings and the bluebird that had nested in a nearby tree flew past them and alighted on the rosevine that she had been fastening up on the trellis. The scents of helitrope and dew-wet grass drifted up and there seemed to be stars in the dazzled eyes she fixed upon Jean. "You can't mean you don't want this cottage? The river is right behind, in our very backyard. There is a tiny dock, too, where one could have a rowboat." Lorene knew she was babbling like a child, but the snapped tension—the relief—had unstrung her.

"What would I do with a cottage? A young doctor has to board," an unconscious sigh escaped him. "That is what I told Mrs. Myers. There must be someone to take telephone calls and all that. So she did not make a new will and I think she was glad that I refused the gift. Dad saved her husband's life once at a risk to himself and I think that was her reason for planning as she did. I happened to drop in to see her before she left here and we talked it over then. I suppose she had written the leter to you and thought

it had been destroyed."

They went up to the veranda and told the story to Miss Brown, who told him she thought Rivertown would be the very place for a young doctor.

Lorene left them to make lemonade and while she was arranging the tea wagon the two had a cosy talk.

"To think of her mailing that letter that took away the only home she had."

"Of course it was the only thing she could do," returned Miss Brown, and a silence fell between them.

"It is very soon to plan," admitted Jean Ramsay in a hushed tone, "but, Miss Brown, do you think there would be any chance of—making it up to her—some way?"

"There might be," returned the old lady equably, as the tinkle of ice sounded in the little hall within. "A man is always helpful in weeding gardens and such work."

Lorene smiled as the two laughed with an undercurrent of mutual knowledge that she did not snare—then.

WHO IS GOING TO GET RICH TODAY?

"Who is going to get rich out of this depression?" asks The Raleigh News and Observer. With so many people already poor and more getting poorer that may seem a foolish question, says the Raleigh paper, but the records of past depressions are in many instances also the records of the growth of great American fortunes.

In the panic of 1837, John Jacob Aster bought mortgages and depreciated bonds, thereby increasing to around $20,000,000 his fortune which was the greatest in America at the time of his death.

Black Friday, September 24, 1869, destroyed the fortunes and wiped away the savings of thousands of men, but Jay Gould emerged from the crisis about $12,000,000 better off.

J. P. Morgan, the elder, profited by both the hard times of 1895 when he did well on an issue of government bonds, and also in the panic of 1907 when he secured Tennessee Coal and Iron for his United States Steel.

In almost every depression while some rich men have lost their fortunes, other rich men have become richer and some men have laid the beginnings of a fortune.

Who is going to get rich out of the present depression?

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Having made good records during their stay at the institution, twelve boys were paroled during the month of May. They are as follows: Jas. O'Brien, Billy Shepherd, Garland Mangum, Elbert Price, Sam Little, Billy Keel, Franklin Beddingfield, Richard Wilder, Clyde Rhodes, Harold Horne, Frank Hatch and J. B. Wells.

—o—

Mr. Walker and his boys are on the last lap of completing the conditioning and transplanting of the long petunia border extending from the lower to the upper entrance gates. This border is approximately 2,000 feet long and with favorable weather conditions should soon be one of the most beautiful spots on the campus.

—o—

Last Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock an impressive scene was enacted in the Keenan Stadium, at the University of North Carolina, when between four and five hundred boys and girls marched from the college campus to the stadium, arrayed in caps and gowns, to receive their diplomas. In this group was William Glenn Miller, a former Training School boy, a graduate of the school of electrical engineering. Glenn is the first Training School boy to complete a course at the University. The school and all of his friends are very proud of him, as he has made outstanding grades during the entire course, which is evidenced by the fact that he is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. This young man while making this excellent record in scholarship, has earned practically all the expenses of the course by working many hours daily outside of his regular class room work. The circumstances under which his degree has been won would indicate that there are no handicaps which cannot be overcome by a boy with ability, pluck and courage. This being our first boy to graduate from the University, Superintendent Boger and W. W. Johnson, principal of school, made the trip to Chapel Hill to witness the graduation ceremonies.

—o—

A visitor from Fayetteville informed us the other day that Theodore Wallace, who was paroled in September 1925, was now his next door neighbor and has developed into a fine young man. He tells us that Theodore is married and has three children, and is employed as shipping clerk in a weaving mill in that city. We are glad to hear such a good report from this young man and hope his success may be continued.

—o—

Mrs. G. B. Lewis, of Concord recently gave ten dollars, contributed by the ladies auxiliaries of several of the city's churches, to the athletic fund. A gift of this kind and

at this season of the year is very timely, as athletics develops a side to boys' lives that a great many people do not appreciate. And yet with the spending at the school reduced to actual necessities, one is a little hesitant about using the school's funds to purchase athletic equipment. We appreciate the fact that these ladies realized this condition and helped us remove the handicap by outside contributions, and tender them our most sincere thanks.

—o—

Mr. E. C. Blair, State Agronomist, of Raleigh, in company with Mr. R. D. Goodman, Cabarrus County Farm Demonstrator, visited the Training School on Friday of last week. The purpose of this visit was to inspect the crop rotation set-up at the institution, and all sections of our farm were visited. Mr. Blair stated that Spring crops most everywhere were backward this season on account of extreme dry weather.

—o—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service in our auditorium last Sunday. After reading the Scripture lesson from the 27th chapter of Acts, telling of Paul's journey to Rome as a prisoner, Rev. Arrowood spoke to the boys on "This Voyage." The speaker stated that life is quite like an ocean voyage, there being many paths across the sea, but only one right way that will land us safely on the other side, and that we cannot cross this great body of water without proper guidance. So it is in life—unless properly guided we are lost. Rev. Arrowood called attention to the fact that in traversing the high seas the navigator depends upon three instruments that are great helps—the magnetic compass, the radio compass and the gyroscopic compass, which are indispensable in guiding pilots on an ocean voyage. The speaker concluded by naming three great helps or guides on the voyage of life. These are the Word of God, the United States Constitution and Laws, and the teaching we receive as children at home and in school, which if closely adhered to will direct us to eternal happiness. Accompanying Rev. Arrowood was a quartet from the McKimmon Church, which rendered two beautiful selections. The quartet was composed of Miss Margaret Brown, soprano; Miss Margie Goodman, alto; Harry Arrowood, tenor, and Charles Phillips, bass. Miss Walena Crooks played the piano accompaniment.

—o—

Our old rivals, the Flowe's Store boys, visited the Training School diamond last Saturday afternoon and the local ball tossers easily defeated them by the score of 14 to 2, making a perfect record so far this season of four wins and no losses. Andrews, pitching for the school, hurled a steady game, shutting the visitors out until the eigth inning, when they put across their only scores. He was relieved in the ninth inning, by Lisk who retired the side in order. The Training

School boys surely had their eyes on the ball, walloping two pitchers for a grand total of twenty-one hits, including three doubles, three triples and two home runs. "Dub" Bost started on the mound for Flowe's and the local lads got busy at the very beginning of the fray, clubbing his delivery for eight hits, which, aided by a couple of errors, shoved six runs across the platter. Another score was chalked up in the second frame when Ed Poole, who patrols the left garden, belted one of Bost's choice offerings far over the head of the right fielder for a home run. In the fourth inning Nunnery accounted for another tally by sending a four-ply smash to deep center. Two singles and a double added two more counters in the fifth, and in the next frame three more were added on two singles, a double and a triple. In the seventh, Allen Boger assumed the pitching duties for the visitors and was touched up for three hits and our final score. Each of the regular school players secured two or more hits, and in the last two innings several pinch hitters hit safely. "Hambone" Hamilton, local guardian of the hot corner, was the star of the game. This lad had a very busy day at the bat, and in five trips to the plate battered the old hoss-hide for two triples, a double and single, and was credited with two stolen bases. The visitors scored their two runs in the eighth inning when Bill Bost drew a pass, Overcash and Dorton singled and Allen Boger cracked out a double. The score:

		R.	H.	E.
Flowe's	000 000 020—	2	8	4
J. T. S.	610 123 10x—	14	21	5

Two-base hits: A. Boger, Nunnery, Cleaver, Hamilton. Three-base hits: Weatherly, Hamilton 2. Home runs: Nunnery, Poole. Stolen bases: Conner, W. Bost 2, Helms, Poole Cleaver, Weatherly, Hamilton 2. Double plays: Weatherly, Cleaver and Nunnery. Struck out: By Andrews 4; by Bost 6; by Boger 2. Base on balls: off Andrews 3; off Bost 3. Umpires—Godown and Mooney.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline
Your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink the gall.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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THE UPLIFT

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CAROLINA ROOM

Old flag you have an honored place,
  In temples where we seek for grace,
On buildings that are used for schools,
  Where young are taught life's vital rules,
In courts of justice learned, and skilled,
  You have a place with honor thrilled,
And welcomed with a greeting strong,
  Of bench and bar, and waiting throng.

William Alfred Thornburgh.

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THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly,
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state;
Weary marches and sinking ships,
Cheers of victory on dying lips.

Days of plenty and days of peace,
March of a strong land's swift increase,
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverent awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

—*Henry H. Bennett.*

THE BIRTHPLACE OF "OLD GLORY"

June 14 was Flag Day. This day was set aside for boys and girls, men and women, everywhere, to pay special honor to "Old Glory."

But just how do we happen to have the flag that we all respect and honor so highly? It all came about in this way:

While the thirteen colonies were struggling for independence

from the "mother" country through a long series of battles, a resolution was passed one day "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white," and that it contain thirteen stars, white in a blue field.

The resolution was passed all right, but where could they get such a flag made?

It so happened that on Arch Street, in the city of Philadelphia, there lived a seamstress by the name of Betsy Ross. Some one thought of her as the one who would be able to make such a flag. So it was that George Washington and his committee of men called upon Mrs. Ross and explained to her just what they wanted. A few days later Mrs. Ross presented them with a beautiful flag.

This flag was adopted by Congress as the official flag of the United States on June 14, 1777. And ever since, on this day, boys and girls have been taught to pay special honor to the "Stars and Stripes."

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE PHIFER INN AND PHIFER GRAVEYARD

There is a fascination about research work, delving into the mysteries of the past, with a hope of learning more about the customs and manners of the people during the early period of American history. There are people who revel in keeping a contact between the past and the present, and then there are others who have no interest in traditional history, but live only for the day.

We conclude if a person without a vision perishes, figuratively speaking, we feel safe in saying a person without sentiment, devoid of interest in the early traditions of our country, does not reflect that element of human nature that gives color or creates interest in the affairs of life. An interested person is always an interesting person. The city of Concord has both the interesting and interested class. This statement was verified last week, during the sweltering weather, when a group of ladies interested in Cabarrus history found their way to the old Phifer grave yard out in Poplar Tent community.

The circuitous route after leaving the highway, by way of the

old stage coach road that connected the North and the South during the early history of our country, seemed dangerous, but the lady at the wheel showed fine courage and continued the venture till the old "Phifer Inn" was reached. The building, now a tenant-farm house, with its many unrevealed mysteries, stands as a connecting link between the past and the present, besides reflects the truest type of early American architecture.

This old homestead in its day was doubtless one of the most outstanding, renowned as a meeting place, for the chivalry and beauty among the most elite of the state, to enjoy the hospitality of the home of that date.

What would have happened if the "Phifer Inn" with all its interesting history by chance had been in Wiliamsburg, Virginia? The answer is it would have been reclaimed with all facts of the past recorded for the sake of perpetuating history. And that George Washington spent the night there when passing through the state in 1791 would have been specially emphasized. It seems all but a lost opportunity the "Phifer Inn" can not be reclaimed in some way so as to keep the traditions of the state intact for the benefit of future generations.

After looking around the terribly dilapidated structure the next objective was the old graveyard. By following a trail made by the farm hands and the beasts of the field, over hills and gulleys, the graveyard with its many markers, broken and defaced by time, enclosed by a rock wall with the same iron gate in a fine state of preservation, was finally located and proved to be a most fitting place for the patriots and pioneers to rest after the most desperate struggles in the early history of our country for liberty.

This sequestered spot is covered with a dense growth of trees, a veritable bower for the song birds and a thick undergrowth that is a fine hiding place for creeping reptiles.

However, taking the place as a whole it presents a weird picture around which clusters many incidents, if written would make a splendid contribution to local history.

In the burying ground are other markers than the Phifer's, bearing familiar Cbarrus county names, all of which are proof of

the fine communty spirit, the spirit of genuine neighborliness, which at that time prevailed in every southern home. It is a noble ambition upon the part of the patriotic organizations in the country to keep alive interest in the part our men and women played in blazing the way for the blessings we are enjoying today.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE USED FIFTY YEARS

When the Brooklyn Bridge was thrown open to traffic fifty years ago—to be exact the date of the opening was May 24, 1883—it was considered one of the wonders of the world. But since that date similar bridges are serving New York City, besides the tubes and ferries to carry the traffic that has reached colossal proportions. The additional highways are accepted as necessities to meet the demands of the times. Altogether there are sixteen outlets to Long Island, as well as well as six to New Jerey—making a total of twenty-two to one in 1883.

The Brooklyn Bridge was the creation of John A. Roebling as far back as 1867. After his death the project was finished by his son, Colonel Washington A. Roebling, who was an expert engineer of that date.

One can conjecture that it required much time to mold public sentiment in favor of this suspension bridge so as to meet the demands of the tidal flow and ebb of the population of the metropolis. This suspension bridge, one-and-a-seventh mile long traffic way, and swung 135 feet in the air from its 272 feet granite towers. ushered in a new era of transportation, besides gives the American engineers priority in structural steel building. One interesting fact as to this bridge is that a dog trotting over the bridge causes a very perceptable vibration. That fact when first related was the occasion of many comments, from the fact it seemed impossible.

It is accepted that Brooklyn Bridge of John A. Roebling and his son, Colonel Washington A. Roebling, constitutes a landmark in metropolitan transportation. And the congested tides of humanity in New York City still utilize it and other such structures.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE CHEROKEE INDIANS

The Indians were firm believers that their diet had much to do with the physical development of mankind. To a certain extent their practices were founded upon superstitions, but they were in advance of their era of history.

For instance, that "man is what he eats" is verified:

A Cherokee chieftain never ate the flesh of clumsy bear, slow-footed cattle, or wallowing swine for fear he would become awkward and stupid. On the other hand the flesh of deer made one swift and wise. Adair, Buttrick, and others observed that a certain sinew was cut from the hams of all animals in the belief that those who ate it would have cramp or that they would tire easily when traveling. Because milk and butter were the products of stupid cattle they were often not eaten.

Then too, another superstition was that

Meat roasted on sourwood stakes kept witches away. Smaller varieties of frog were eaten. Water dog was rarely eaten in the belief that if one has eaten its meat then goes into the field immediately afterward, the crop will be ruined.

Corn was the most important vegetable crop among all Indians. Its origin reaches back to prehistoric times. There are evidences of its cultivation by the Mound Builders and the Cliff Dwellers. It is the Indian's greatest gift to the human race.

The Cherokees planted and tended their corn crops with much ceremony. After the last working of the crop the priest sang songs of invocation to the spirit of the corn. This ceremony was repeated on four successive nights after which no one entered the field for seven other nights. Then the priest went to the field and found young ears upon the stalks.

A clear trail was kept from the field to the house so that the corn might not wander elsewhere. The Green-Corn dance (or annual thanksgiving ceremony) took place preliminary to eating the first new corn.

According to Cherokee lore the Milky Way—that galaxy of the bluest of stars—originated from corn meal. It happened so: There were once two hunters. One lived in the south, the other in the north. The latter stole the wife of the former as she was grinding corn one day and carried her across the sky to his home in the north. Her dog ate the meal she had left, then followed the pair across the sky. As particles of meal fell from his mouth they formed the Milky Way.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears;
Where in spite of coward doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown today in tears."

—o—

The world will make a path to your door, if you buy on credit or the installment plan.

—o—

Promise yourself to be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

—o—

There are any number of people who can go the Paramount News two better. They hear all; see all; know all, and tell all.

—o—

When a man's word is as good as his bond, why should he worry about the gold clause in bonds being stricken out?

—o—

You can't keep the wheels of your city greased with the oil of progress with the money you spend away from home.

—o—

If a man thinks everyone is against him, and he treats them so, they soon will be. But if he thinks everyone is his friend, and he will treat them as such, he will soon find that they are his friends.

—o—

After reading the long lists of preferred friends, which the big papers print, I have about come to the conclusion that there is no Santa Claus—that it is just J. P. Morgan.

—o—

The Southern Railway is now offering summer rates at one cent a mile. It makes you smile a mile. Such a price is so cheap that it almost dignifies walking.

—o—

A writer says "Depression teaches us a lesson that can be used to advantage in the future." That reminds me of the man who taught his cow to eat sawdust, but when she got the lesson learned she died.

—o—

Congress is getting ready to adjourn but it hasn't yet received a name. Every Congress is given some sort of appropriate appellation because of some great event connected with it or because of its strong characteristics. I suggest that this Congress be called the "'All-for-One-and-One-for-All" Congress.

—o—

Poets seem to be faring badly. The papers are printing an item about a "Poet tells court how he lost his fortune." Poets lose their fortunes because they are poets. Another paper says, "Poet Markham goes broke at 81." He lasted pretty well. Most poets go broke before they are 21.

—o—

The seven modern sins have been catalogued as follows: Policies without principles; pleasure without conscience; wealth without work; knowledge without character; industry without morality; science with-

out humanity; worship without sacrifice. In each case, erase the word "without" and substitute "and" to get the answers to questions troubling mankind today.

—o—

The lowest down, onerriest thief I ever heard of has stolen 150 "stylish stout" corsets from a Chicago dressmaker. Laugh, you mere men, if you will, but if you only knew how much it means to a lady to preserve her girlish figger you would arm yourselves with shotguns and swords and turn out with bloodhounds to chase this scoundrelly thief to earth.

—o—

A rural reader writes me: "Please let me know something about the standing of the Ameircan Seating Company." If the American Seating Company is standing, I know little about its seating capacity. You should sit in on one of its meetings, and there you would find out whether it is standing or able to sit down.

—o—

Postmaster-General Farley says that very soon we shall have two-cent postage again. Courage, Democrats, there is hope. If he talks about two-cent postage it shows his mind is on postoffices and some day he'll come right smack up to the question of who's going to cancel those two-cents postage stamps. Republican postmasters or Democratic postmasters. The world do move.

—o—

In Holy Writ—Matthew 7-12—are the words of the Great Prince of Peace: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." Here is the solution of our depression problem, and peace problem, for all time. If America will practice the principal of this text and dedicate herself to the task of going over the top with it, the battle is won and real victory is ours. The man of the street and the merchant call it the 50-50 rule. The preacher says it is loving one's neighbor as one's self. The economist says it is balanced co-operation. The banker says it is equivalent exchange and then proceeds to violate it. The Sunday School teacher says it is the Golden Rule. The Saviour of Mankind says it is the "law and the prophets." Whatever anyone calls it, it is the eternal, the unchangeable, the ever-essential rule of life without which human affairs can never be handled unless somebody bears an undue and unfair burden. It is this undue and unfair burden which has been put on the many by the powerful and selfish few that is at the bottom of all our world economic troubles today. Adherence to the principles of the philosophic Sermon on the Mount would result in a perfect adjustment of the machinery of life for all of us. It is not exclusively a rule for the people as a whole, but rather a rule for each individual. It is a definite rule of conduct for you and for me, no matter what the other fellow may do. Come on! Let's have your shoulder to this wheel of life!

The measure of a man is his willingness to wait. It is an essential part of power; a decisive test of character.

THE STORY OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

By Jane A. Stewart

At the mouth of the Patapsco, within a few miles of Baltimore, there stands a modest old fort—Fort McHenry. From its grass-grown parapets the visitor looks over the scene which, at the time of the "War of 1812" was for forty-eight hours the center of a fierce conflict on land and water.

It was during this battle that the famous national song, the "Star-Spangled Banner," was written by Francis Scott Key.

Today the long cannon happily repose on the green ramparts in a long sleep which should "know no waking." For Fort McHenry, as a public park and recreation center, has long had a different mission from that of repelling attacks of enemies. And because of its connection with the production of the "Star Spangled Banner" it is of greater historical interest than as a battle-ground. American patriots everywhere, both young and old, like to know the story of this noted fort.

The first account we have of this site dates back to the establishment of Baltimore County, Maryland, in 1659, when the population of the whole state was only twelve thousand people.

Charles Gorsuch (of the Society of Friends), the first settler on the tract, patented in 1661 fifty acres of land, lying between the branches of the Patapsco river, at whose extremity For McHenry stands. For this, it is recorded, he paid at St. Mary's the annual rent of one pound sterling, in equal half-yearly installments.

Forty years later, when Mr. Gorsuch vacated, a patent was granted for the same tract to Mr. James Carroll, who named the property "Whetstone Point." Not long after, an act was passed calling Whetstone Point a "town."

In 1781 Whetstone Point, then called "Upton Court" and belonging to the Principio Company, was confiscated and sold by the Colonial Government. Before that, as "Whetstone Point" the place had been crudely fortified by the establishment of a water battery. That was in 1775, at the opening of the Revolutionary War. Three massive chains of wrought iron, pasisng through floating blocks were stretched across the river, leaving a small passage next the fort, and the channel was protected by sunken vessels.

The Baltimoreans added to these defences a "war ship," above which was floated a new American flag sent by Commodore Hopkins from Philadelphia.

This flag was the first "Star Spangled Banner", seen in Maryland and "nothing could have been more opportune or acceptable," it was recorded. Great ethusiasm greeted this beautiful flag when it was first unfurled to the stirring music of fifes drums. And recruits flocked to the standard.

After the Revolutionary War, in 1794, the enlarged fort and the ground were ceded by the State of Maryland to the United States Government. It was then named Fort McHenry. This title honored an early patriot, Colonel James McHenry of Baltimore, then Secretary of War. He was a veteran of the Revolutionary War, private secretary on the staff of General Washington, a United States senator in 1781-6 and was one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States of America in 1787.

The whole world knows the story of the bombardment in 1814 of Fort McHenry, whose reinfoced and extended batteries successfully repelled the invading foces and preserved the precious "Star Spangled Banner" floating from its ramparts, so splendidly described in the national hymn of Francis Scott Key.

At the anniversary of this historic event for many years special exercises were annually held in the world-famous fort. General Lafayette of France, great benefactor of America, was received there during his notable visit in Baltimore, in 1824, being welcomed at the platform of the fort by prominent veterans and citizens, passing through a long line of the garrison troops. A tent exhibit contained part of the camp equipage of General Washington, and French and American cannon used at Yorktown.

During the Civil War, 1861-65, Fort McHenry served as a prison and suffered no attack.

The centennial anniversary of the writing of the "Star Spangled Banner," in 1914, brought Fort McHenry again into the limelight. On September 12, 1914, the "Star Spangled Banner Day" of the week's festivities, there was given a spectacular reproduction of the bombardment of Fort McHenry with fireworks from floating craft and from the fortifications. And the "Star Spangled Banner" of 1914 with its forty-eight stars waved from a steel staff on the original site of that historic, inspiring flag of 1814.

The same day witnessed a heartening and important event—the final dismantling of the century-old fort. As a center of war equipmet it ceased to exist. But its usefulness was extended and continued with its formal adaptation to communtiy service. And, during its happy dedication as a public recreation park there was a stirirng and appropriate address by the United States Secretary of State, Hon. William Jennings Bryan, in which he eloquently emphasized the tremendous need of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.—Sir Thomas Overby.

OUR MANY FLAGS

By Herbert S. Hollander

On June 14, in the year 1777, the Continental congress adopted a resolution which provided the basis for the Stars and Stripes. In recognition of that momentous occasion the nation today celebrates Flag Day. Throughout the country, in every state and in every city and town, fitting and special tribute is paid to Old Glory.

Flag Day Exercises

It is probable that many of those participating in these Flag Day exercises will take part in the controversy as to whether Betsy Ross, pretty Philadelphia Quakeress, really did make the first flag of the thirteen United States. The question never has been settled to the satisfaction of all, and probably never will be.

However, regardless of whether one views the Betsy Ross story as sheer legend or incontrovertible historic fact, there can be little question that authentic records of the first flag to be raised by white men in America go back to the landing of its discoverer, Christopher Columbus.

The record of the great voyager's son tells precisely the appearance of those first flags in America. His chronicle reads:

"Columbus, dressed in scarlet, first stepped on shore from the little boat which bore him from his vessels, bearing the royal standards of Spain, emblazoned with the arms of Castile and Leon, in his own hand, followed by the Pinzons, in their own boats, each bearing the banner of the expedition, which was a white flag, with a green cross, having on each side the leters F and Y, surmounted by golden crowns."

Some Early Flags

The initials on this flag stood for Ferdinand and Ysabel. The banner had been presented to Columbus by the Spanish queen as his own personal flag. The flag of Spain in the year 1492 was in four sections, with two golden castles on red backgrounds and two red dragons on white fields.

It was on June 14, just 156 years ago, that the continental congress provided that "the flag of the thirteen United States of America be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The "new constellation" was established by the war toward which the energies of that continental congress of 1777 were directed, and by separation from the mother country, England. That nation's flag first was brought to this country in 1497 by John Cabot, a Venetian explorer. Cabot bore letters patent from Henry VII "to set up the royal banners and ensigns in the countries, places, or mainland, newly found by him," and to "conquer and possess the same."

Cabot set up those "royal banners and ensigns" on the Newfoundland coast and gave England the basis upon which she laid claim to the vast regions of North America. There is a letter written by Lorenzo

Pacqualigo, dated August 23, 1497, which says that "Cabot planted in his new found land a large cross, with a flag of England and another of St. Mark, by reason of his being a Venetian, so that our banner has floated very far afield."

Cross of St. George

It is pointed out by Harlan Hoyt Horner, who has done valuable research work in connection with flags in America, that the flag of England used by Cabot and succeeding English navigators probably was the cross of St. George, a white flag with a rectangular red cross covering its entire length and breadth. The Mayflower is believed to have flown the cross of St. George on that historic voyage to these shores in 1620 because although England and Scotland were united in 1603 under James I and their flags joined, each country continued to use its own banner on many occasions. The Mayflower being an English ship is presumed to have departed the homeland with the cross of St. George whipping in the breeze.

It was not until 1707 that a united flag of England, Scotland and Wales came into use, and the cross of St. Patrick was not included until 1801.

Jacques Cartier, daring French explorer, is believed to have been the first to raise the colors of that country on American soil. Shortly after his landing at Cape Bonavista, Newfoundland, on May 10, 1534, he reared a cross at Gaspe, and a year later established the arms of France near what is now the city of Quebec. The French flag is said probably to have been blue with three golden fleurde-lis.

"Over the forts and trading posts and in battle in the vast region of New France, stretching southwest from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, it is probable that the Bourbon flag floated during the greater portion of the French occupancy," Horner points out.

English Flags Popular

The flag of the Dutch East India company was brought into the great harbor of New York in the year 1609 by Henry Hudson in the Half Moon, and in 1638 the flag of Sweden flew over a settlement of Swedish and Finnish colonists which had been established on the banks of the Delaware river. The flag held sway there from 1638 to 1655, when the Dutch brought it down in battle.

But the colonies were chiefly English and it was only natural that English flags should be used or adapted by them. The record shows the Masachusetts Bay colony as early as 1634 used the cross of St. George, while with the founding of the United Colonies of New England in 1686 a common banner was adopted which included the cross of St. George, a gilt crown, and the monogram of James II.

It was about the turn of the eighteenth century, however, that the colonies began to fashion their own flags. These emblems differed among themselves and also from the banner of the mother country. A plain pine tree flag appeared in New England in the first years of the new century. The most famous variant of this flag was that which

included in addition to a green pine tree on a white field, the legend "An Appeal to Heaven" printed above the tree. This is one of the flags that best reflects the temper of the times and the increasingly marked tendency toward independence of thought and action.

Concord Battle Flag

Among the oldest American flags still in existence is one said to have been carried by the minute men of Bedford, Massachusetts, at the battle of Concord. Against a maroon backgorund is emblazoned a silver armored arm, outstretched and grasping a sword. A gold scroll shows the words "Vince aut Morrie," ("Conquer or Die.")

Now one comes to a group of flags that symbolize even more definitely the stirring of the colonies against the continued oppressions of the mother country. The rattlesnake flag was a favorite. South Carolina adopted a form of it showing a rattlesnake, coiled and about to strike, with the legend "Don't Tread on Me" boldly printed below against the yellow background.

There were numerous flags among the various colonies bearing such words as "Liberty or Death." "Liberty and Union," "Hope," and the like.

As the eighteenth century wore on, colonial flags increased in number and apparently each colony wanted to find something as distinctive as possible. For example, South Carolina had a blue flag with three white crescents strewn across it; New York's banner bore a beaver on its center; the Culpeper minute men carried a rattlesnake flag which gave their name and included the legends "Liberty or Death" and "Don't Tread on Me." In 1776 a flag of thirteen states was fashioned; thirteen white stars in a circle against a blue field.

John Paul Jones' Flag

John Paul Jones, who is supposed to have been the first to fly the Stars and Stripes from an American naval vessel, used a combined pine tree-rattlesnake flag in 1775. In 1776 Commodore Hopkins flew from his ships a white flag edged top and bottom with blue, a pine tree in the center, and with the legends "Liberty Tree" and "An appeal to God" at the top and bottom, respectively. The flag carried by Washington's Life Guard was a colorful affair. The device upon it showed a guard holding a horse and receiving a flag from the Goddess of Liberty. The ground was blue and above the device was the legend "Conquer or Die."

It will be noted that despite the many flags which sprang into being as the colonists' desire for independence waxed, there was little in them to hint of the flag finally adopted by Congressional resolution as the banner of the United States.

"The design of stars and stripes was not original with us," Horner explains. "As early as 1704 the ships of the English East India company bore flags with thirteen red and white stripes with the cross of St. George in the canton. Still a century earlier, the national flag of the Netherlands consisted of three equal horizontal stripes. It is frequently suggested, though without tangible evidence, that the stars and

stripes in Washington's coat of arms may have determined the original design of our flag. The celebrated standard of the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse, the first known use of stripes, was made in 1775.

Betsy Ross Version

"Its stripes may have in turn suggested the flag which Washington raised at Cambridge on January 2, 1776. This was the first distinctive American flag indicating a union of the colonies. It consisted of thirteen alternate red and white stripes with the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the canton. It was a peculiar flag, the thirteen stripes standing for the union of the colonies and their revolt against the mother country, and the subjoined crosses representing allegiance to her which was yet partially acknowledged. It was variously designated as the Union Flag, the Grand Union Flag, and the Great Union Flag, and is now frequently referred to as the Cambridge Flag."

Whether Betsy Ross made first versions of the flag that came next as the flag of the united colonies, and which by resolution of the Continental Congress formed the basis of the flag today, remains shrouded in doubt. There are those who assert staunchly that she did; and there are equally as many who say that the tale is but a pleasant fantasy.

Another controversial question centers upon where the new flag first was displayed. The best claim seems to be in behalf of Fort Schuyler, site of the present city of Rome, N. Y. However, a strong bid for honors is entered for Coochs'c Bridge, near Wilmington, Del., a scene of a battle September 3, 1777. According to a majority of authorities the Fort Schuler flag raising took place about a month earlier than the Delaware event.

Development of Idea

With the year 1777 one can trace the development of the flag more easily, although it went through another stage of development in addition, of course, to the numerous changes necessitated by the addition of stars as new states came into the union. Vermont entered the union in 1791, and Kentucky in 1792. In 1794 an act was passed by congress which provided that the flag "be 15 stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union be 15 stars, white in a blue field." The stars were placed in three rows of five each. It was this flag which inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star Spangled Banner" during the bombardment of Fort McHenry in the War of 1812.

Incidentally, after many years of controversy the 71st congress passed an act making that song the national anthem of the United States.

As the country expanded and new states applied for and received admission into the Union, it became evident that it would not be practicable to continue adding stripes to the flag. As a result of a special congressional study, an act was passed, and signed by President Monroe, which established once and for all the design of the flag. The act read:

"That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the

United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

"Be it further enacted, That on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeding such admission."

Admission of States

Following is the list of states admitted to the Union after the flag of twenty stars was creoted:

Illinois, December 3, 1818; Alabama, December 14, 1819; Maine, March 15, 1820; Missouri, August 10, 1821; Arkansas, June 15, 1836; Michigan, January 26, 1837; Florida, March 3, 1845; Texas, December 29, 1845; Iowa, December 28, 1846; Wisconsin, May 29, 1848; California, September 9, 1850; Minnesota, May 11, 1858; Oregon, February 14, 1859; Kansas, January 29, 1861; West Virginia, June 20, 1862; Nevada, October 31, 1864; Nebraska, March 1, 1867; Colorado, August 1, 1876; North Dakota, November 2, 1889; South Dakota, November 2, 1889; Montana, November 8, 1889; Washington, November 11, 1889; Idaho, July 3, 1810; Wyoming, July 11, 1890; Utah, January 4, 1896; Oklahoma, November 16, 1907; New Mexico, January 6, 1912; and Arizon, February 14, 1912.

Troops of the Confederate States of America carried at least four different and outstandingly important flags into battle during the course of the Civil War. These included the most famous Stars and Bars; there also was the Beauregard flag; and finally distinctive flags adopted in 1863 and 1865.

Many special flags have been evolved and now are in use for government officials, departments, and services. Among them may be cited the President's flag, which has a dark blue field, a white star in each corner, and the President's seal in the center; the commission pennant of the navy; the flags of the various federal secretares, including state, treasury, war, navy, interior, commerce, and labor; immigration service, custom house, and the like. There are state flags, regimental colors, and countless others.

Code of the FLAG

The National Flag Conference held in Washington on June 14 and 15, 1923, adopted a "Code of the Flag" for use by civilians which covers in detail what might be termed flag etiquette. To check various missues of the Flag, the conference adopted the following list of things to avoid:

Do not dip the Flag of the United States to any person or any thing.

The regimental color, state flag, organization or institutional flag will render this honor. At sea the flag may be dipped in acknowledgement of the salute of the flag of another nation.

Do not display the flag of the United States with the union down, except as a signal of distress.

Do not place any other flag or pennant above or to the right of the flag of the United States.

Do not let the flag of the United States touch the gorund or trail in the water.

Do not place any object or emblem of any kind on or above the flag of

the United States.

Do not use the flag as drapery; use bunting.

Do not fasten the flag in such manner as will permit it to be easily torn.

Do Not Drape Flag

Do not darpe the flag over the hood, top, or sides of a vehicle or of a raildoad train or boat. If it is desired to display the flag on a motor car, affix the staff firmly to the chassis or clamp it to the radiator cap.

Do not use the flag to cover a speaker's desk or to drape over front of a platform or over chairs or benches.

Do not display the flag on a float in a parade except on a staff.

Do not use the flag as a ceiling covering.

Do not use the flag of the United States as a portion of costume or of an athletic uniform. Do not embroider it upon cushions or handkerchiefs or print it on paper napkins or boxes.

Do not put lettering upon the flag.

Do not use the flag of the United States in any form of advertising nor fasten an advertising sign to a flagpole.

Do not display, use, or store the flag in such a manner as will permit it to be easily soiled or damaged.

Old Glory has come through many a crisis, at home and abroad, since that fourteenth of June in 1777 when it was officially created by the continental congress. Through war and peace it has floated gallantly, protestingly, above the homes and firesides of America. That it shall continue to do so, and that those who find peace and contentment beneath its folds shall ever revere and defend it, will be the keynote of the exercises to be held today throughout the length and breadth of the land.

OLD FRIENDSHIPS

Many years ago John Wanamaker, the great Philadelphia and New York merchant, said: "Don't let old friendships be easily broken. Try to cement them more and closer as time goes. Neither prosperity nor poverty should alter the relation of old friends. It is human for us all to make mistakes. We have all to cross the same bridge sooner or later if we expect to be forgiven." Shaken down, as we have been by the economic depression, we perhaps realize as never before that there are only a few things that count, vitally and forever. One of those things is a continuing friendship. No man has too many friends, if they are of the right variety. And just now when everything else vanishes like the morning dew before a rising sun, it is a wise citizen who puts a high value on his friendships, and who takes care to see that none of those friendships are broken.—Selected.

THE EVOLUTION OF OUR FLAG

By Evelyn Thorp

When in 1777 Congress officially adopted the Stars and Stripes as our national emblem, it was necessary to make only a slight change in the flag of the United Colonies. They already had the thirteen stripes, red and white, and needed merely to change the symbol in the blue canton. For more than a year the Colonists had been using a striped flag, but in the canton was the familiar combination of the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George which had long been the national emblem of Great Britain. This "flag of America," as John Paul Jones called it, signified the unity of the colonies but there remained an obvious acknowledgement of their allegiance to the mother country.

It was but natural that their flag, even at tihs period, should acknowledge British rule, for the war, which we now term the War of Independence, was not begun with any concerted idea of independence. That was not the thing for which the colonists entered war. They desired merely to obtain from England as favorable terms as possible for managing their own affairs within the Empire; it was not their intention to leave it. Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts declared in 1779 that at the outbreak of the war not one-fifth of the people had independence in view.

But when in 1777 we definitely adopted the stars and stripes as the flag of our nation, independence was a declared intent. No longer would we make any show of allegiance to England even in the flag that floated over our forts and ships. The English symbol must go and an American one must take its place. The suggestion of white stars seems alomst inspirational for there is no tangible reason for making stars rather than circles or crosses or any other shape that one might conceive.

We were a new nation, a "new constellation," the resolution said, in the firmament of nations and the siutability of the star occured to somebody's mind and this symbol was selected at the time of the adoption of the resolution, George Washington is reputed to have said, "We take the star from heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty."

The matter of a national flag was now a reality and settled for everybody; a great step had been taken. Hitherto there had been no recognized national flag but a galaxy of sectional ones had appeared among the colonies. The English flag prevailed for the most pair until there was manifest a growing restlessness among the people which became apparent in local banners, each interpreting it own ideas of politics and degree of loyalty.

One of the early departures from the English flag was the use of a red flag with a pine tree or globe substituted for the familiar crosses; then came the pine tree flag of New Eng-

land, a green pine tree upon a white field with the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven" above the tree. The rattlesnake was another favorite emblem, South Carolina displaying a yellow flag with a rattlesnake in an attitude ready to strike with the warning, "Don' tread on me," underneath.

When the troops from various states came to the aid of General Washington, the banners were many and varied. Connecticut troops bore banners of solid color, a different hue for each regiment, having on one side a Latin motto, which freely translated would read something like "Who transplanted sustains" and on the other side, "An Appeal to Heaven." New York's flag was a white field with a black beaver upon it. Rhode Island's was white with a blue anchor and the word "Hope" above it and a bloue canton with thirteen white stars. A blue flag with white crescent in the upper left croner was raised in Charlestonw, South Carolina. Later the word "Liberty" in white letters was placed across the center. And so it went.

But these flags pertained to land forces and were state or troop flags. There was still nothing to designate the colony ships. This was important in order to exempt them from the charge of piracy. Feeling this need to be imperative, through the necessities of war, General Washington wrote to a committee of authority to "please fix on some flag by which our vessels may know each other." This is the point at which the flag of thirteen stripes with the English sign in the canton emerged and became the American flag established because of the needs of the navy. It was known as the Grand Union Flag though the English called it the flag of the "thirteen rebellious stripes." This was the flag which General Washington raised over his headquarters at Cambridge, January 2, 1776, a month after its adoption by the navy, of which he says, "We hoisted the Union flag in compliment to the United Colonies and saluted it with thirteen guns."

In another eighteen months we had the stars and stripes and the stars and stripes it has remained. This flag was first used in military service at Fort Stanwix, renamed Fort Schuyler, near Rome, New York, on August 6, 1777, and was first carried in battle at a skirmish near Wimington, Delaware, September 3, 1777.

On February 14, 1778, Captain John Paul Jones had the great satisfaction of seeing the stars and stripes recognized "for the first time and in the fullest manner" by the flag of France "by salutes first to the Ranger and later to the Independence" of Jones' fleet. Presumably this was the first recognition by any foreign power of the colors of the United States of America.

Everyone now knows that it is our custom to add one star to the blue field for each new state admitted to he union of states. With this in mind it is interesting to note that during the War of the Revolution the number of stars was thirteen; in the War of 1812, it was fifteen; Mexican War, twenty-nine; Civil War, thirty-five; Spanish War, forty-five; the World War, forty-eight, which presumably is the limit of increase.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF OLD GLORY

By Maud Wood Henry

The birthday of the "Stars and Stripes falls on June fourteenth. On this day the flag of our country was six years more than a century and a half old—a pretty good age even for a flag. Every boy and girl knows that the first flag used by the United States was made for General George Washington by Mistress Betsy Ross, and that it had thirteen stars and thirteen sripes to represent the thirteen original colonies that were declared independent of Great Britain in that famous document called "The Declaration of Independence." But not every boy and girl knows that the birthplace of "Old Glory" is still standing—the very house in which Betsy stitched her flag for the great general.

"A quiet house, a quiet street,
A needle and a thread,
A scissors and a square of blue,
Some strips of white and red,
And slender hands that deftly stitched
The shining stars across—
'Twas thus the Flag of Liberty
Was made by Betsy Ross."

Betsy was a Quaker girl, born in Philadelphia, on New Year's Day of 1752. Her parents were members of the Society of Friends. Her father, who was a builder, helped to erect the great Independence Hall. Betsy grew to young womanhood possessed of all the grace and accomplishments of her day. She had a genuine talent for sewing and embroidering. One of her admirers was John Ross, whose uncle was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Young Ross was an upholsterer and induced Betsy to learn the business. In 1773 John and Betsy were married. Shortly afterward they moved their shop to 239 Arch Street, which is the very same building which may be seen in Philadelphia today, tucked away between other buildings, but with an arresting sign upon it—"Birthplace of Old Glory." A Betsy Ross flag of thirteen stars and thirteen stripes flies from an upper window.

It is a quaint little building—the Betsy Ross House—just two stories high, with a gabled roof and a dormer window set in the shingles. This is the window from which the old flag of liberty flies. The house is more than two hundred years old. William Penn himself superintended its construction. The bricks that went into it came over as ballast in the Welcome. Much history has been made since it was built. It was in the little back parlor with its heavy oak floor that Betsy Ross sat and stitched the first flag of the nation. Inside and out the little old house is the same as it was in Revolutionary times. The Betsy Ross Memorial Association is responsible for this, for this organization bought the building in order to save "The Old Flag House" for posterity. More than a million people contributed nickels, dimes and dollars to the fund which keeps it before the public and always open, to show just where and how our flag was

born. The old fireplace with its blue tiles, which show English castles and pastorals; the old corner cupboard; the many paned little windows are the same as they were in Betsy'c day. It is a solidly-built old house, as were all the Colonial houses, built to last for centuries and good for a long time yet. Its heavy shutters show hand-made hinges and nails and are as strong as they were when first hung in 1682.

Visitors to this old house can easily imagine the scene when General Washington and his committee called upon Betsy to get her to make them a flag for the new Republic. It was her husband's uncle who had recommended her for the work. Washington had a pencil sketch of the flag as he wished it, but his stars were drawn with six points. Noting this, Betsy suggested that they be five-pointed and when told that six-pointed stars were easier to make, she speedily cut out a five-pointed star and won her argument. Her flag of thirteen stars and thirteen stripes was soon made and was adopted by Congress on June 14, 1777. Its birthday is called "Flag Day" and is celebrated by all true patriots.

LAND JUST WILL GROW SOMETHING!

Nature will not let any land lie idle. Gravel a road and keep traffic off it for a few weeks and it will be green.

Take a field and plant it and how long is it empty? When the crops are coming up in cultivated fields the unplanted one is growing mustard, thistles, and a heavy crop of weeds. Land just insists on growing something. And if it is not a good crop it is sure to be weeds.

Good crops do not sow or plant themselves. Corn and wheat and cotton don't sow themselves.

Well, what of it? Just this—each of us is a field or garden. You do grow something. Do you plant good seed? You will never grow better than you plan and plant.

Millions of folks are just fields in which the wind has blown the seeds. Wind blown seeds are always weeds.

Idleness whether forced or voluntary is a calamity. Three hundred thousand young men are hitch-hiking and bumming their way over the country. Five times that many are loafing around because there is no employment. Their gardens are being filled with seeds.

Determine to plant good seed in your garden for it is still true—"Whatsoever is planted in your garden that same shall be harvested."—Selected.

ROBERT QUILLEN'S EDITORIAL

(Reprint from Agenda)

Bill Jones labored hard and shrewdly, accumulated properties worth a million dollars, and died. At once he stood before the gates of the Eternal City and was greeted by the keeper.

"Glad to see you, Bill," the celestial doorman said. "What luck did you have?"

"Fair," said Bill modestly. "I managed to accumulate properties worth a million. Not so good as some of the big fellows, but better than most."

"Are you trying to be funny?" asked the keeper, "or did you misunderstand my question? I wish to know how successful you were."

"That's what I am telling you," said Bill with some heat. "I was worth a cool million when I passed out—had that much in good paying property."

The keeper eyed him coldly and gave a short, unpleasant laugh.

"So you 'accumulated' a few stones and bits of metal and called a little of the earth's surface your own! How wonderful! If you look down from here your bit of property will resemble a fly-speck on a mountain. And you spent your life earning the right to call that yours?"

Bill fidgeted uneasily. "It looked pretty big down there," he murmured, "and I enjoyed knowing it was mine."

"Yours" scoffed the keeper. "Why didn't you bring it with you? You poor simp it wasn't yours except to use. That same bit of acreage has been owned by a thousand generations of men, and now another claims it. You owned it like you own the air you breathe; you used it for a moment that was all. What I want to know is, did you achieve any success?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Bill sullenly.

"You wouldn't," said the keeper. "When you began life, were you given a bit of property to improve and multiply?"

"Not a foot," said Jones. "Not a cent; I began with nothing."

"Well," said the keeper, "you were not expected to make something from nothing. You were expected to improve the property you were given."

"But—" Bill began.

"But me no buts," said the keeper. "You were given a life and raw material of character. Can't you see that your sole business was to improve the properties placed in your care? The property you worked for is gone. The life you were given to use and glorify and improve to the utmost is all that remains in your possession, and you have made a sorry thing of it."

"I didn't understand." Bill muttered.

"Few do," said the keeper, dryly. He motioned toward the open gates and sighed wearily.

"Tell them to start you in the kindergarten," said he.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S SUCCESSORS

(The Sanatorium Sun)

With the completion of the two-year course in the theory and practice of tuberculosis nursing by the eight young ladies comprising the 1933 class of the Sanatorium Training School, the thoughts of patients who have been benefited by their ministrations, and those of their associates in teh art of casing for the sick, turn at this time of the year to the profession which, in a sense, they joined when they entered the school two years ago.

When one comtemplates the high state of efficiency which the profession of nursing has attained and thinks of the sorry condition into which it had sunk two centuries and a half ago, one cannot fail to feel amazement. Such a comparison brings a sense of shock even to a people who have ceased to respond readily to surprise in an age of miracles in many fields.

The so-called dark ages of nursing began about 1675 and continued until relatively recent times. There was "a complete and lasting stagsociates in the art of caring for the sick, according to a writer who discussed that phase of the development of the healing art. It was forgotten, that writer pointed out, "that a refined woman could be a nurse, except in her own family." Nursing in a real sense ceased during those dark years to exist; and, had it not been for the work of religious orders whatever technique the profession might have acquired prior to that time would probably have been lost to the world.

"One wonders why people put up with such service," wrote Minnie Goodnow, R. N., directress of nurses, Hospital of the Graduate School of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, in her "Outlines of Nursing History." "One finds the answer in certain conditions of our own time which are equally irrational and inexplicable. Our own calm acceptance of political graft in public institutions, of the social evil, of imprisonment without labor, and of other practices which are as stupid as they are wrong, show how slightly removed we are from the Dark Ages."

There seems to be, however, another answer to this riddle than the one offered by this writer. The profession of nursing is not the only one that fell to a low estate in the last two decades of the seventeenth century. In Engladn and elsewhere the condition of the workingman was utterly miserable. Poverty was rampant, and so was disease. Wars were taken a matter of course, and those who looked forward to a day when the nations of the world might live in peace and understanding—if they were indiscreet enough to express their hopes in public—were looked upon with suspicion and ridicule. Many years after the Sairy Gamp type of nurse had made her ineffaceable imprint upon her age, England was to de-

velop a factory system that regarded human beings as little more than human sacrifices to the greed of the rich and powerful. It was not until much later that anything approaching universal male suffrage became possible, and not until our own time was the right to participate in the affairs of government extended to women. Schools seeking to provide an education for the poor as well as the rich are a product of the twentieth century, and it was only a few years ago that society as a whole began to recognize its obligations to the sick and unfortunate and exerted itself to discharge that responsibility.

So, perhaps, we should not turn our eyes too scornfully toward the time of Sairy Gamp and her sisters of the seventeenth century. No doubt she was a product of her age, just as miserable working conditions, widespread poverty, and political injustice were, and unfortunately still are in large measure.

But it is evident that the profession of nursing has definitely turned its back on its rather discreditable past. It is indebted in large measure to the advance in medical science for the progress it has made and the high rank it has assumed among the professions now open to women. But its greatest debt, it would seem, is to itself and those among its members who have labored untiringly to build its structure of usefulness ever higher and higher. In that way lies its greatest claim upon the gratitude and good wishes of the whole world.

FRIENDS

One of life's choicest blessings is friendship. It is unfortunate when this relation is strained. Things often happen that have a tendency to make us doubtful of those who have been loudest in their protestations of affection for us. Let us put these doubts behind us as something unworthy of us. Rouchefoucauld declared: "It is more shameful to be distrustful of our friends than to be deceived by them." He was quite right. Few who call themselves friends will deceive us. Our suffering at their hands will not be great. On the other hand, our loss will be irreparable if we allow suspicion to reign in our hearts. It will make us unjust to our fellowmen. It will curse our lives. There will be no more quiet times and holy places for us. Better be simple minded and let people take advantage of you than to have a doubting mind and to believe nobody worthy of confidence. Many times we have been deceived by people, but we have had a good time severing them. We do not plan to be skeptical about the next man who calls on us simply because the last man who called was a rascal.—Watchman Examiner.

WHATSOEVER

By Emma Florence Bush

Rosa put her golden textbook down on the tiny washstand in her room and gazed out of the window, frowning.

"Each text is worse than the one the day before," she said as the line between her eyes deepened. "If I hadn't promised Miss Jones I would read a text every day, I never would open the book again. 'Whatsoever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might.' A nice text to live up to here in this dreary place and among such stupid people."

She threw the sewing she had in her lap to the floor, and, snatching her hat, hurried out of the house and away up the mountain until she was on a little plateau, where she could look over the valley, with its few tiny houses, to where other mountains rose still higher than the one she had climbed.

How she did hate this life! These endless days among people who could hardly read and write, where the mail only came once a week, and each day stretched forward like a month. Was it only three months ago she was teaching in her pretty little kindergarten, with its plants and flowers, its dear little children who came eagerly to school, and who were so sweet and cunning? When she arose then, each day was a pleasure to look forward to, each week went by like lightning. Then came the bad attack of "flu," the weakened condition and the doctor's orders, "Six months in the mountains in the open air."

Where should she go? She had been working such a little while, she had not much money saved, and daddy, with four girls to clothe and educate, could not do much. She had told Dr. Parker she could not afford it. Then he remembered a former patient who had a mission school for mountain girls in North Carolina, and, through her, board at a moderate price had been secured for Rosa for the six months, a trunk hurriedly packed, and here she was, homesick, lonesome; but, in spite of all that, getting stronger and better every day.

Miss Bronson had been kindness itself, and the girl had shyly tried to make acquaintance, but Rosa had held herself haughtily aloof from them all. Why should she try, she thought angrily, to be civil to ignorant girls who were supported by missions?

A sudden sound of sobbing brought her to her feet. Behind a large rock, a little to her left, she found Myra Birch, one of Miss Bronson's oldest girls, face down on the turf, sobbing as if her heart would break. She sat up quickly as she heard Rosa's footsteps, and began to wipe her eyes. She was not going to let this city girl see her crying.

"What is the matter?" asked Rosa, not unkindly, as she saw there was other misery in the world besides her own.

At first Myra was shy of telling her trouble but, once persuaded, it poured out in a torrent of words.

"It's not for myself, Miss Rosa," she concluded, as the story came out of how her hope to go away to nor-

mal school to train to be a teacher could not come true. "The class of girls promised Miss Bronson the church would raise the money to send me, but, no doubt, the little girl in India needed it more, or they would not have decided to support her instead. But it' the children I am thinking of. I did so want to learn how to teach them—the little children who have had no chance here in the mountains."

Myra's tears being dried, the girls talked for some time, and finally went down the mountain together, parting in the tiny hamlet, Myra to go back to the school and Rosa to her room to rest.

She did not take her usual nap, however. In spite of herself, over and over she kept thinking of Myra's tear-stained face and her pitiful, "It is the children I am thinking of. The little children who have had no chance."

Idly she let the thoughts run through her mind—Myra and the children, her own disappointment, the Golden Text. All at once she sat up straight. "The very thng!" she cried, "and it is mail day, too. If I hurry, I can catch the mail," and, springing from her bed, she hurried to the tiny table where she kept her writing materials, and dashed off three letters. "There," she remarked with satisfaction, as she finished the last one, "I just guess that will finish you, Mr. Whatsoever. Now for Myra."

Hastily posting the leters, she hurried on to school to see Myra and Miss Bronson, and laid her plan before them.

"A kindergarten school! Here!" exclaimed Miss Bronson, "with Myra to help. It would be lovely, but there is no room for it, dear."

"Out of doors," answered Rosa; "I have thought it all out. Every pleasant morning we can meet on the lawn. I know all the songs and games so well, and I have a few kindergarten things I packed in my trunk, thinking I might look them over when I was better, so as not to lose touch."

Two weeks flew by. The time that had seemed to drag so heavily now had rosy wings and flew before them. Twenty little children, at first so timid and shy that, had it not been for Myra, Rosa could not have held them, came daily, when it was pleasant, to the large school lawn, where they learned to sing the kindergarten songs and play the games, and listened to the kindergarten stories.

In her trunk Rosa found many sewing card patterns and materials she had brought to arrange when she was well enough to do so, and she and Myra collected all the thick, tough paper they could find and made the holes of the patterns with darning needles, and the children learned to sew the designs while they waited for the mail Rosa was expecting.

"Real cards, Myra," she said, giving her a happy hug. "And real floss to work them with. And lots and lots of other kindergarten things. I asked dad to send them for my birthday gift, and they will surely come."

The mail at last brought a big box of materials and two letters. Rosa snatched them in delight, and rushed away to her favorite nook while she read them. The package for-

gotten, she flew to the school and called for Myra.

"See, dear," she said. "I wrote to our Sunday school and to my class. It is all arranged. Our school will pay for your tuition in a kindergarten training school, and you are to live with us and help be a daughter. Ruth goes to college this fall, Martha is to be married, and Edith goes to New York to study designing. With my kindergarten work, that would leave mother alone too much, so you are to come with me. You can help me in the kindergarten, too, for experience. Come over to my house; the girls have sent you a bundle with their love, and you are to be a member of our class from this time on."

The bundle contained a whole pretty girlish oufitt for Myra to wear to her new home, and she was too happy for words.

The summer flew by, and the first of September saw Rosa and Myra starting for Rosa's home, with promises to be back next summer.

Myra fitted right into her new environment, and was soon happily studying and fitting herself for the work she loved, and the other girls began to prepare a trunk for her to take home, filled with things she could use in the school, supplies of all kinds, even a folding blackboard found its way into the trunk before the bright June day that saw the girls starting for the mountain village again.

Miss Jones and the girls came to the station to see them off, with many promises of writing and of wonderful plans for the fall when they returned; but, just before the train came, Rosa drew Miss Jones aside. "I shall read a Golden Text every day forever," she said; "It was my promise to you that made me stumble on through them, day after day, when I felt so discouraged, until that glorious day when I stumbled upon that 'whatsoever.' I think that day I took it for my life text."

And as Miss Jones, smiling through her tears, watched the train depart, she said to herself: "I like to think the day will come when Rosa will realize that she did not stumble on that 'whatsoever,' but that she was tenderly led to find it."

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love. As memory scans the past, above and beyond all the transitory pleasures of life, there leap forward those supreme hours when you have been enabled to do unnoticed kindness to those round about you, things too trifling to speak about, but which you feel have entered into your eternal life.

—Henry Drummond.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture lesson, Rev. Hughes read the 34th Psalm, after which he made a most interesting talk to the boys on "Sunshine versus Darkness.' In the course of his remarks, the speaker told the boys briefly, some of the scientific features of the sun. He also called attention to that race of people over in one of the Eastern countries, known as "Sun-Worshippers," how these people must have realized the power of the sunshine in bringing life to all things, from the fact that they had prayers to the sun at its rising and setting. In commenting on how the sun affected both animal and plant life, Rev. Hughes cited the fact that the birds sing very little at night or on cloudy days; how certain flowers open up their petals towards the sun. He then told of the long periods of darkness in Arctic countries, where there is no sunshine for six months. According to missionaries, the spirits of the people of those countries droop during the dark periods and every one would talk of when the sun would shine again. And even the dogs would whine and howl, longing for the appearance of the sun. People who live in darkness long for light, and are gloomy, and missionaries would import various musical instruments in an effort to keep their minds occupied and make them happy. The speaker then told the boys that the Bible spoke of Jesus as the Sun of Righteousness, and that as the sun meant so much to people, so did He mean so much to their souls, that those who believed on Him, recognized Him as the "Light of the World." Rev. Hughes stated further that darkness comes into the lives of people by some awful deeds or carelessness and they are unhappy. By doing things we should not do causes darkness to come into our souls, then by the power of Christ we overcome this darkness, and we speak of Him as being the Sun of Righteousness, because He brings light into our lives. In conclusion, Rev. Hughes called attention to the inscription on a sun-dial, "I only mark the hours that shine," and that people were at their best when looking bright and sunshiny. When people think of others they have sunshine in their lives, but if they are selfish, they live in darkness. Nothing is worth living for unless we can bring joy and light into lives of others. God loves us more when we try to let our light shine by trying to live for others, thus scattering sunshine as we go through life.

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The Franklin Mill Team visited the local ball orchard last Saturday afternoon, and handed the Training School boys their first defeat of the season by the score of 8 to 7. Lisk and Andrews did the pitching for the school and H. Lefler for the visitors. It was a free-hitting affair, the local boys securing sixteen hits and Franklin fourteen, many of

them going for extra bases. The school boys took an early lead, scoring three runs on successive singles by Nunnery, Cleaver and Helms, and a double by Poole. The visitors tied the score in the fourth, on a triple by Overcash, H. Ford's single, and a home run by J. Mooney. In their half of the same frame the local lads regained the lead, marking up two counters on an error, a base on balls, and singles by Weatherly and Nunnery. The Franklin batters got busy in the fifth inning, putting five runs over when six successive batters secured singles. and J. Mooney contributed his second long distance clout of the day, a triple. Our boys added two more in the seventh as two received passes and Hamilton poled out a triple. Andrews did some nice relief pitching for the school. He did not allow a single enemy run in the last four innings and fanned nine batters. With three hits each, W. Lefler and Overcash led the visitors at bat, and Cleaver, with three hits, headed the local batters. The score:

		R.	H.	E.
Franklin	000 350 000	8	14	5
J. T. S.	300 200 200	7	16	2

Two-base hits: Poole. Three-base hits, Overcash, J. Mooney, Hamilton. Home-run, J. Mooney. Stolen bases: W. Lefler, Overcash, L. Mooney, Ramer, Helms Poole, Whitley. Struck out: by Lisk 1; by Andrews 9; by Lefler 13. Umpire—Russell.

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Frank Lett returned from the Concord Hospital last Tuesday, where he had been undergoing treatment for severe lacerations of the tendons in his leg, just above the ankle. We are glad to report that while he is still confined to the "little white house," the leg is healing nicely. This was a rather unusual accident. About two weeks ago, during a severe storm, in going on an urgent call for the lowering of windows in one of the cottages, Frank stepped in a drain pipe that was partially broken. When his foot caught, he reëled, and the edges of the break in the pipe cut his leg almost half way around. It was a severe and unusual hurt and bled profusely, and we are glad the doctor states that the wound will heal without any serious results.

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Last Wednesday was the regular visiting day and the number of visitors present was unusually small, and we noticed a vast difference in the appearance of the grounds the following day. A large number of people visiting their children at the school sometimes causes a great deal of apprehensiveness and annoyance to the officials, as they scatter paper, bottles, discarded foods, boxes and other rubbish on the campus, and sometimes unconsciously, and at times wilfully, cause the boys to violate important regulations of the school.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank Armfield, of Concord, recently donated a number of books to the King's Daughters Library. These are mostly books for young people, among them being the "Life and Speeches of Chas.

B. Aycock," and the dedicatory exercises of the unveiling of the monument to Zebulon Baird Vance. All of these books are of a character that will add much to the value of the library and the instruction of those who read them. It is needless to say that this gift is highly appreciated.

—o—

Nobel Lauth, who was paroled August 29, 1931, called on us last Tuesday. This lad has just finished his junior year at Mitchell High School, near Misenheimer Springs, where he made a very good record. This is the same high school that Glenn Miller attended before entering the University of North Carolina, and it is not too much to hope that Nobel will continue his course, as he seems interested and enthusiastic in his school work.

—o—

Vernon Lauder, one of our old boys, who has held a responsible position at the Kannapolis Bakery for several years, called on friends at the school last Tuesday afternoon. During his stay at the institution Vernon was the regular second baseman for our baseball team, and the fact that most of his brief visit was spent in working out with this year's crop of ball tossers, shows that he loves the game as well as ever.

—o—

We are now supplementing the daily menus for the cottages with a generous supply of vegetables from our gardens, including snap beans, beets, squash, cabbage, lettuce, onions salads, and new Irish potatoes. Some fine dew berries and a few peaches have also been issued to the cottages.

—o—

The second cutting of alfalfa hay is now being put in the barn. This is much lighter than the first cutting, due to its slow growth during the extremely dry weather but the quality of the hay is certainly fine, perhaps more nutritious than if it had been grown in wet weather.

A BUILDING

Life is a building. It rises slowly day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days, add something to the invisible building.—Exchange.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N 1933 No. 24

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JEFFERSON'S SEVEN RULES

1. Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have earned it.
4. Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A PACKAGE OF SEED

I paid a dime for a package of seed,
And the clerk tossed them out with a flip,
"We've got 'em assorted for every man's needs," L L L
He said with a smile on his lips,
"Pansies and poppies and asters and peas.

Ten cents a package, and pick as you please."
Now seeds are just dimes to the man in the store,
And the dimes are the things that he needs
And I've been to buy them in seasons before
But have thought of them merely as seeds;
But it flashed through my mind as I bought them this time,
"You have purchased a miracle here for a dime."

"You've a dime's worth of power which no man can create,
You've a dime's worth of life in your hand!
You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny, fate,
Which the wisest cannot understand.
In this bright little package, now isn't it odd?
You've a dime's worth of mystery, known only to God."

—Edgar A. Guest.

Under the auspices of the County Health Department of Cabarrus County, a tonsil clinic for the Jackson Training School begun Monday at the Central Primary School in Concord, and will continue for four days until one hundred boys have been operated upon.

The same official set-up that conducted the County and City Clinic last week have charge of this clinic. Dr. R. B. Rankin,

Concord, is the operating specialist, and Dr. Lois Boyd Gaw passes upon the boys' physical condition and administers the anesthetic.

We are happy to have this much needed work done. No boy can be himself or take any great interest in the worth-while things around him when he is handicapped by the effects of bad fussy tonsils. We sometimes wonder if a high nervous tension caused by a bad, physical condition is not the chief contributing cause to the increase in crime that is so much deplored by all. Keep well, keep fit is a good slogan for those who have trails to blaze or lives to build. Tonsil, dental and health clinics should be a yearly feature of the work of the Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE GOVERNOR IS IN FINE SHAPE

The health of Governor Ehringhaus has been a matter of great concern to his many friends throughout the state. It is a pleasing piece of information to know that after submitting to a physical examination at Duke Hospital, Governor Ehringhaus was pronounced physically fit. This news is gratifying.

With a physically fit Governor and a balanced budget we have every assurance the old Ship of State is fully able to cope with the conditions as fast as they come.

In normal times it requires all of the physical reserve a man may muster to rise to every emergency in managing the affairs of the state, therefore, during this period of unsettled conditions people were apprehensive, fearing the mental and physical strain would prove too great a tax for the Governor.

This good news brings a hope that the Governor from way down the eastern part of the state will soon pay the Jackson Training School a visit, and look over the institution and the boys—the products of many broken homes in the old North State.

The work of reclaiming wayward boys is one of the finest demonstrations of the Master's work—ministering to those who crave a tender compassion.

Come to see us Governor, and we will feast you on a menu of home-grown products.

ACTIVITIES OF A KINDRED SCHOOL

In this issue of the Uplift is a lucid article, taken from the "Boys' Banner," the official organ of the school in Birmingham, Alabama, for wayward boys—giving a perspective of the varied activities of that institution.

This little magazine carries a fine message. Giving proof of the fact Alabama, like the Old North State, is interested in the youths of the state, to the point of giving our wayward boys and girls the very best advantages.

* * * * * * * * * *

ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S GREATEST CITIZENS CYRUS H. K. CURTIS

The success of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who died last week in Philadelphia at the advanced age of 82, is just another proof that America is the land of boasted opportunities for any one who has the courage to try and then push on till the last rung in the ladder is reached. The fellow who says "it can't be done" is the fellow who vegetates and finally rusts out. In fact he is a parasite marking time and often bluffing his way through life.

The life of Curtis reads like a romance, having started with the small capital of three cents in 1862 at the age of twelve, and at his death he was listed as among the one-half dozen largest tax payers in America. He possessed the courage and stick-to-it-iveness that made impossibilities possibilities.

At the time of his death he was at the head of the Curtis Publishing Company, that publishes the Saturday Evening Post, the Ladies Home Journal, and the Country Gentleman, besides was president of the publishing company that produces the Morning and Evening Ledger of Philadelphia, and other publications.

The story of his life reveals that his wealth was put in circulation for good accunt. As a benefactor he gave liberally to most worthy causes. His name will continue to live, because his contributions were to make the life of others sweeter and happier. In fact he understood that the mission of money was to make living conditions better and was guided and directed in his wonder-

ful donations for the betterment of humanity by the combination of a fine spirit and splendid mentality that made him the peer of any American citizen. He followed out the injunction "not to trade too close with the Lord's money," therefore he never failed to give most generously to countless charitable institutions and yet he passed over to the great beyond a very rich man.

When Curtis died the city of Philadelphia paid tribute to his memory—one of America's greatest philanthropists—by placing all city flags at half mast.

* * * * * * * * * *

"THE THREE K's"

After contributing to the election of the new German Chancellor, Adolf Hitler, the women see the hand-writing on the wall—their political mission is at an end. Hitler uses the three K's, "kinder, kneche and kirche," standing for children, kitchen and church to express himself as to the sphere of women.

If success follows his efforts and intentions to bring women back to the customs of "ye olden times"—remain by the fireside—there will be other countries to seek for imformation as to the methods of bringing about the change.

Hereafter, the Nazi women are expected to become and remain good "hausfraus," and leave matters of state to the lordly males. Really it is refreshing to retrospect upon the days when mother was always found at home to settle all questions, and minister to the needs of the family. That was the era of history when real homes existed.

It is a noble venture upon the part of Hitler to attempt to induce the women grace the homes with an understanding heart as to their mission in life, and as to their influence in rearing children. He will doubtless prove to be the "man of the hour" in the Fatherland if success follows his efforts.

We do not know how such a move would take in this country. There would likely be a strong reaction for our women have enjoyed equal privileges politically and with their brothers in the business world till it would be a hard matter to make them retire. But the country would be better off if women gave attention to

their homes and children instead of to so many activities on the outside.

The lack of a sweet home life with the influence of a mother has been a strong contributing factor to the over-crowded orphanages and schools of correction. Our homes today are nothing more than filling stations—a place to remain long enough just to eat and sleep. This kind of a home life creates a restless influence that is felt by the child.

* * * * * * * * * * *

HE IS A BRICK

The expression, "he is a brick," is often used to express the qualities of man seasoned to meet conditions, and playing at all times a fair and square game in dealing with his fellowman. The origin and significance of such terms are seldom known, but used in a stereotyped, flippant manner to put over forcefully an idea. A short selection giving the ingredients or elements of a brick, made square and plumb, seasoned by the alchemy of fire and then holding a place in the creation of buildings, both strong and mighty, gives a higher appreciation of the praise or compliment implied in the term, "he is a brick":

A brick is made of clay. A brick is square, and plumb and true. A brick is soft and useless until the magic alchemy of fire has transformed its muddy texture into adamant. A brick is not so showy as marble, but is far more easy to obtain and is much more useful. A brick may occupy a humble place, but it does its share in the creation of the mighty building.

A man is made of clay. If he be a real man he is square and plumb and true. Man is usually soft and flabby until the hot fires of adversity have hardened his will-power and developed his capacity for resistance. The average man is not so showy as the genius, but there are many more of him and he is much more useful. A man may occupy a humble place, but he does his part in sustaining the vast superstructure that we call civilization. If a man deserves the compliment he is sometimes called a brick.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"During all the years since time began,
Today has been the friend of man;
But in his blindness and his sorrow
He looks to yesterday, tomorrow.
Forget the past that brought you sorrow,
There was, but is, no yesterday,
And there may be no tomorrow."

—o—

Make use of today. It is all the time you can count on as yours.

—o—

It is just as essential for motor drivers to know right from left as it is right from wrong.

—o—

The universities in various places have conferred many degrees this month. But the weatherman has them beat in the degrees he has given, both up and down.

—o—

If you will only wait long enough things will come out all right. The bond market is arousing from its three years' nap and getting lively just as the graduates come out of the colleges.

—o—

Drivers are the real hazard in motor car driving. We are going to continue filling our cemeteries just as long as we permit to sit behind steering wheels persons who are not fit to care for themselves, let alone be entrusted with the safety of others.

—o—

It is told that Miss Perkins, secretary of labor in President Roosevelt's cabinet, is a wizard at thinking up ways for putting men to work. Get out. Women have been noted for that ever since Mother Eve's time.

—o—

The American Telegraph and Telephone Company estimates that there are 35,057,669 telephones in use throughout the world. I'll bet it is the wrong number.

—o—

It is told that the deficit of the Republican party as the result of the last presidential campaign is $208,044. Why don't they pay it? They've got all the postoffice jobs yet.

—o—

There are beauty shops all over the country, and women patronize them very liberally, to improve on what nature has given them. But it appears that a great many are not anyways near getting their money's worth.

—o—

It is the opinion of Secretary Woodin that Americans need music to give them courage. The Secretary is the one to give us the notes. A lot of people have been whistling for three years to keep their courage up.

—o—

People talk about getting kicks out of this, that and the other. But

some kicks are not what they are cracked up to be, like decayed nuts. For instance, a Michigan woman sprained her ankle when she kicked her husband. There's a moral in this somewhere if I could find it. But I must say she was a Michigoose for kicking at that Michigander.

—o—

Young men in the reforestation camps can reflect with pleasure that they are being paid thirty dollars a month, with board and keep, for being in the woods, while the rest of us have to pay five bucks a day for the privilege and find out at the end of the week there's no fiish in that lake anyhow. There are innumerable scores of people in this world who do not know when they are well off.

—o—

I attended a fashionable swell reception a few nights ago, and wore the traditional dress suit—swallowtail coat, standing collar, stiff shirt front, (I may say that on this occasion I put on a pretty bold front) and all the rest of the required costume for a function of this kind. I never did have much love for these swallowtail coats, and cut-away vests. I had no place to put my hands and had to carry them along out in the open, and they hung by my side like a listless arm of a windmill. When I reached for a side pocket to get a handkerchief, I forgot it was on the inside of my swallowtail, near round at my back. The flaps of the coat tails would strike me on the lower limbs and I'd imagine some one was touching me to call attention to some defect in my appearance. The collar stood up around my neck like the sideboards on a wheelbarrow. If I looked around I had to turn my whole body. My chin seemed to rest on the top of a paling fence, and kept my head in the air, and wouldn't allow me to bow a recognition to a friend, who appeared to be doubtful whether or not it was me. I felt like an old hat in a bran-new bandbox. There were other men there who appeared to be just as miserable as I—but we all had a lovely time and chatted pretty gaily, as far as choking collars would allow. These fashionable dress suits are a binding restraint fashion has placed on poor man to make him look like a bird. I never can fall deeply in love with a conventional dress suit.

—o—

Bishop Cannon said some time ago that "the real test comes in Indiana." That was previous to the election in that state. And then Indiana rose up and swatted the 18th amendment all over the place. Then the Bishop said, "The real test comes in Alabama at the election in July." Don't be impatient with the Bishop, who is not an expert at guessing. Suppose you had a nice meal ticket good for twenty-four meals at your favorite cafe and you dropped it on the floor and some great big bozo wearing hobnailed shoes came along and stepped on your meal ticket and punched out the whole twenty-four meals. You'd be sore, too. The voters have put on their hobnailed shoes and they are jumping up and down on his meal ticket.

JUDGE OGLESBY'S SENSIBLE POLICY

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Julian Miller several days ago had this to say concerning a policy of Judge John M. Oglesby:

"Judge Oglesby is one jurist who believes in following the technic of the law, the hard, cold, unfeeling and rigid rules laid down in the decisions and precedents, but not one who believes in adopting this course to the total exclusion of everything else—even common sense.

"That's a quality that he makes generous use of—the quality of ordinary, backlot intelligence—not the college kind, not the law school kind, not the kind that one gets out of the archives of jurisprudence, but that sort sometimes named as horse-sense.

"Judge Oglesby was saying the other day that negro crap-shooters in his court seldom get the compensation that jurists generally dish out to them.

"These negroes, he said, are made to serve the white folks in all the hard places, make their fires for them, cook their meals, run all their errands. do all the dirty work, and yet the white folks leave them after the chores have been done to find for themselves what recreation and diversion they can dig up out of their own resources.

"And usually a crap game is about the limit of their pleasurable relaxation.

"Hence, his reasoning goes, so long as the superior race is so inattentive toward giving the negroes something better, and leaving them only to their worse, he does not feel it to be the mandate of justice to punish them for an amusement which in itself is trivial compared to what the white people themselves do of the same general classification."

Such a policy, we think, is based on both reason and common sense. We have been too prone, as a people, to soothe our legal conscience with the tid-bits such as negro crap games, when we permitted some more serious crime to be smoothed over for various reasons.

STICK TO YOUR WORK

"Stick to your work. If you are taking music lessons, if you are wielding a sledge-hammer, if you are trying to learn the manual of arms, if you are studying trigonometry, stick to your work. That is what brings results, and results are what the world is looking for.

"Results mean accomplishment and growth. Results are not chance happenings, nor are they rewards which are lightly won. There is just one formula for producing results, and that is—stick to your work."—Exchange.

TRADES TAUGHT AT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

(The Boys' Banner)

The visitor today in viewing the military contest sees only one of the many activities in progress daily at the Alabama Boys' Industrial School. As the military department is a branch, functioning as a unit, so do a score more departments of the School. In order to give the visitor an insight into these other branches of the school, each conducting scheduled courses of study in which is combined both theory and practice, the folowing brief synopsis is given:

As an example of the practical nature of the work taught in these trades departments of the school, this extra edition is offered. All work necessary to the production is done by the boys in the printing department.

Auto Shop

In the auto shop a full course in auto mechanics is taught, from the patching and mounting of a tire to the reboring of engine blocks. The boys in this shop, in addition to the theoretical lessons on auto repairing, have sufficient opportunity to acquire the practical side by actual work on the upkeep of the school's truck and passenger cars. Mr. William J. Moore is the instructor in charge.

Bakery

A regularly equipped bakery, turning out buns, rolls, pies, bread, cakes, etc., to supply the wants of 450 hungry boys guarantees that the students selecting this trade for their vocation will be supplied with sufficient experience, if under a competent instructor. To settle any question that may arise let us say the boys who do the consuming fully testify to the fact that the bakery products are appetizing by leaving the bins empty after each meal. Mr. B. L. Self is the directing head.

Band

The Alabama Boys' Industrial School has a reputation so well established as a musical organization, that it is useless for this paper to call attention to this branch of the school. Constant demands for concerts, parades, and other engagements are being received. Owing to the fact many of the band boys are in other classes also many of the requests have to be denied. The band takes an active part in the drill today, and in their summer uniforms of white make quite a pleasing contrast, fully in keeping with the idea of comfort in summer. Capt. Eugene C. Jordan is band instructor, and incidentally this is his fifteenth anniversay as bandmaster at the school.

Barber Shop

As long as hair trims and shaved faces are the proper things in masculine appearance, the barber has his place. Here a well-equipped shop with four chairs, situated in the

shop building, keeps four students busy both morning and afternoon keeping up with the necessary work. This shop averages a thousand haircuts each month, which affords plenty of practice for the boys who are learning this trade. Mr. W. B. Lingo is the instructor.

Boys' Dining Hall

Probably the most important department of the school, from the boys' viewpoint, is the dining room, where they are wont to congregate three times each day. Mrs. Dora Fitzsimmons is matron here, and has a dozen boys in her crew who perform efficient service waiting on the large number of students.

Cement Work

While not much new work in cement construction is done at the school, owing to limited appropriation, necessary repair work to walks, floors, and the like gives the boys much practical experience in cement work. The casting, from homemade forms, of cement posts, urns, and flower pots gives the workers in this trade an insight in this branch of cement products. Plastering of walls and ceilings also is a part of the work of this crew, and many of the buildings being old, quite a bit of this work is required. Major F. T. Sorey looks after this work.

Chicken Farm

Across the fields beyond the superintendent's cottage is located the poultry farm, where a large number of hens are kept to supply eggs for the use of the school. Several boys receive practical training in the care and raising of chickens under the supervision of Mr. F. A. W. Smith.

Dairy

A dairy herd of twenty-five cows is kept to supply milk for the boys. Five or six boys morning and afternoon are required to look after this department, doing the feeding and milking and seeing that the milk pans and bottles are sterilized. Mr. F. A. W. Smith divides his time between the dairy and poultry farm.

Farm

Looking around the drill ground one sees growing vegetable on every side. About ninety acres are in cul- one sees growing vegetabels on every tables for the use of the boys and employees. Practically all of the food crops are consumed as fresh vegetables, which the farm produces almost the year 'round. Mr. Joe Walden is the instructor, and "knows his onions."

Hospital

To keep the boys physically fit and to give them proper care in case of illness, a hospital is maintained at the school, with a physician in daily attendance and on call and a registered nurse on duty both night and day, and an attending dentist to care for the boys' teeth. The hospital equipment is of approved apparatus for making examinations, tests, treatments and surgical operations. Boy assistants gain valuable experience in first-aid, the care of the sick, and treating the ordinary cuts and abrasions which are the lot of active boys. Dr. R. A. Hamrick is the attending physician, Dr. A. Sidney Page is the attending

dentist, and Mrs. Alma Burns the nurse in charge.

Kitchen

An essential to the feeding of growing boys is a kitchen. Here the meals are prepared three times a day, the food not being measured by spoonfuls and cupfuls as in the average home, but by gallons and sometimes bushels. Big steam pots, holding thirty to fifty gallons, are used for cooking the food. Two shifts of five boys each do the work in this department under the instruction from Mr. B. L. Self.

Laundry

A laundry, equipped with washers, wringers, dryers, and large ironing machines is kept busy keeping the boys clothing, the bed linen, table cloths, napkins, towels and other articles cleaned and pressed. This job keeps a force of twelve boys busy morning and aftenoon, under the supervision of Mrs. F. T. Sorey.

Landscape Gardening

Around a school as large as the Alabama Boys' Industrial School should be a lot of flowers and shrubbery, which need constant care to keep them in good condition, and lawns need mowing and replanting. This work is the means of furnishing a number of boys with the valuable experience in landscaping and the care of flowers, and adds so much to the general appearance of the school. Mr. R. S. Fitch spends a big part of his time in overseeing this work.

Literary Department

While the school is called an industrial school, there is a literary department with twelve grades, and each boy attends this department one-half day spending the other half day in one of the trade departments. The Literary department is run on the six-three-three plan provided by the state department of education. A principal and nine teachers are regularly employed, all licensed by the state department of education. They are: Prof. H. H. West, principal; Miss Virginia Stoval, Miss Mae Snuggs, Mrs. John A. Selman, Mrs. L. E. Vincent, Miss Virginia Frazier, Miss Bernice Routh, Mr. C. C. Pierson, Mrs. Gladys Wright, and Mr. Owen Williams.

Machine Shop

In addition to being the means of teaching a number of boys an interesting and well-paying vocation, the machine shop has the duty of keeping the machinery of the school in up-to-date shape. Drill presses, lathes, shapers, milling machines, power hack saws, grinders, and other machines constitute the equipment in this shop together with a supply of smaller hand tools. Col. H. C. Wood is the instructor.

Officers' Dining Hall

About fifty officers, matrons, instructors and teachers are connected with the school, and to supply them with food a separate dining-room is operated, presided over by Mrs. Kate Ball. She has four boys to serve the tables, and they are kept in a constant rush during meal hours. In connection with the dining-room is a serving room, where the food is "dished out." Here also the steam dishwasher is located in

which all dishes for both dining-rooms are washed.

Painting Department

Keeping the buildings painted, inside and out, falls to the lot of the painting crew, under the skillful supervision of Mr. M. L. Weakley. Many beautiful jobs of interior decorating have been done by the paint boys. Recently this crew refinished the floors walls, and the ceiling in the main dining-room, where the banquet for the winning company was held, and it is a job well to be proud of.

Print Shop

This is the shop which produced this paper, which is different to the regular magazine-form monthly publication issued for the boys—The Boys' Banner. All the stationery, such as letter-heads, envelopes, food sheets, report cards, office blanks, and the various other forms used about the institution are printed in the print shop. Dozens of boys who received their training in this department are now working in various shops in Birmingham and other towns. G. B. Jordan has been the instructor for the past eleven years.

Sewing Room

Mothers know how many rips and tears are to be mended in the boys' clothes. Take the total produced by over four hundred boys and one can get the idea of the amount of mending necessary in this school. Miss Mary Brooks has a crew of boys constantly busy at this work, and the average person is surprised at the way these boys learn to mend.

Sheet Metal Work

Sheet metal work is taught among the vocations, where pots, pans, buckets, stove pipes, guttering, down pipes, and other articles of sheet metal are made. The shop has a metal slitter, cornice brake, square shears, different kinds of forming stakes, mandrels, and other tools used in sheet metal work. Many beautiful articles of hammered brass and copper, flower vases, mail boxes, and such have been turned out by the boys here, under the guidance of Mr. E. C. Jordan.

Shoe Shop

The boys who work in the shoe shop have won the sobriquet of "sole savers" among their comrades, but they might more properly be called shoe savers, for they almost make new ones out of the old ones. And these boys are kept busy day after day, under the capable handling of Mr. Don H. Smith, who has many years' experience in this line of work.

Steamfitting and Plumbing

The boys in this crew generally have their hands full keeping up with the work in their departments. And besides looking after the steam lines and plumbing they also make the repairs and new installation in electric work and look after the heating. These boys are "hot stuff" in the winter time, keeping the boilers sizzling with steam. Mr. L. E. Vincent is the engineer with the outfit.

Tailor Shop

Boys must be clothed, therefore the school has a tailor shop in which

most of the clothing, shirts, caps, and ties are made. The boys in this shop learn to be creditable tailors after taking several months in this shop. Mrs. Anne Parson directs the work in the tailor shop.

Woodworking Shop

One of the first ambitions of a boy is to make something with saw, hammer and nails but few have the opportunity presented the boys in the woodworking department of the Alabama Boys' Industrial School. Here the boys have modern equipment—power saws, both band and circular, not to mention a jig saw, planers, mortisers, jointers, tenoning machine, and shaper, in addition to a supply of hand tools. Jewelry boxes, elaborately carved inlaid table lamps and book ends, taborets, foot stools, tables, reading-lamp stands, chairs, desks and other articles are the daily output of the boys. Everything is taught from the primary lesson in squaring a block of wood to fine furniture finishing and cabinet work. And, as a side line, the boys in this shop do all the repair work to the buildings, such as replacing windows, stairs, flooring, screen doors and so on. Mr. J. O. Dawsey is the head.

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

Could we but draw back the curtains
That suround each others lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives.
Often we would find it better,
Purer than we judge we would;
We would love each other better,
If we only understood.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointments,
Understood the loss and gain,
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help, where now we hinder?
Would we pity where now we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil,
All the golden grains of good;
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood!

—Selected.

TEACH MORE SPANISH

(Lexington Dispatch)

The Gastonia Gazette related a few days ago that some of the dealers in textile machinery and devices in that city had been accustomed to throwing orders or inquiries written in Spanish into waste baskets, because there was no one in town proficient enough in that language to translate them. Now the city has a man who is familiar with Spanish and his services are much in demand.

Our high schools in North Carolina require diploma students to take at least one year of study in one modern language. It is understood that a very considerable majority of them take French. Perhaps this is because more of the college students who prepare for teaching study French rather than Spanish.

In the western world in which we live two languages and only two are generally used, English and Spanish. English is in general use from the Artic Circle to the Rio Grande. From the latter line clear across three of the five zones into which the earth is divided Spanish is the prevailing language. In Mexico, all of Central America, South America and the numerous Caribbean islands the Spanish language prevails. Between these countries and our Southern states there is a very considerable exchange of commerce. Their great areas, tremendous undeveloped resources and climatic situation give promise of a growing exchange of products and peoples. The South is the next door neighbor to this great Latin-American empire. Its people ought to know more about those living next to us. A study of the language of Latin-America would tend greatly to stimulate friendly and intelligent relations. A knowledge of that language might prove most valuable to the Southern student, more valuable perhaps than an acquaintance with the French tongue.

When stamps are issued without any holes or perforations between them, they are said to be imperforate. At first, of course, all stamps were imperforate, and even today they are occasionally issued this way. Do you know how perforation came to be used? Have you ever seen those little wheels with teeth like a miniature buzz saw and fixed to a handle which ladies used years ago to mark off dress patterns? According to one story, an enterprising southern gentleman became tired of cutting stamps apart with scissors and on a sudden inspiration he picked up his wife s pattern marker and ran it down the rows between the stamps. He found that they would then tear apart easily. The idea spread until governments took it up. Today we find most stamps perforated for us.—Selected.

HOW A FAMOUS WAR SONG WAS WRITTEN

(Reidsville Review)

Had Stoddard King, just dead at 43, not been working his way through colege, "There's a Long, Long Trail," the song that made him famous, would probably never have been written.

The song became, in the war years, the rival of "Tipperary" in its world-wide popularity in English-speaking countries; but it was not written as a war song.

King and his fraternity mate, Alonzo Elliott, were at Yale. They wanted to go to Boston to a national convenion of their fraternity, but they had no money. The fraternity to which they belonged offered to send them on the trip if they would write an acceptable song for the smoker that was to be given in Boston.

"There's a Long, Long Trail" was the song. King wrote the words, Elliot the music. They started out to produce a rousing "hobo song." They were themselves surprised at what they finally produced. But it went over well at the smoker, which was in 1913, and the next year, 1914, they sold the song to an English publisher.

At once it became a prime favorite with the British soldiers and in 1917, when the United States entered the war, it soon became a prime favorite in this country. King and Elliott are said to have made something like $100,000 from its sale.

Josephus Daniels, about the time the war closed, was quoted as saying that "There's a Long, Long Trail" had been the most widely popular of all war songs. It had a swing and a rhythm to it that made it fine for mass singing, fine as a marching song. The words had just the right touch of sentimentality.

All of us like that when we are in the mood for singing, and soldiers like it especially. Bayard Taylor, in his "Song of the Camp," has drawn the picture:

"They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Lawrie."

King, who had been a newspaper reporter before he went to Yale, and who continued his work as a reporter during his vacations, went back after his graduation to the Spokane Spokesman-Review and for years has conducted for that newspaper a column which was widely quoted.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all other virtues.—Cicero.

JUNE HAS PEARL AND MOONSTONE AS NATAL GEMS

(Selected)

What is so rare as a day in June, unless it be a pearl of great price? Hence, June's birthstone is appropriately the pearl, known as the queen of gems, of which ancient legend says that after the God of the Mines created the matchelss diamond for himself by blending the beauty of all other gems in one, he made a campanion gem, the pearl, as a gift for his goddess. And ever after a pearl, given in love to a bride became the symbol of a happy marriage.

The Orient pearl, which is formed by a substance secreted by a patient little bivalve chiefly in the waters along the coast of Ceylon, has been cherished for its rarity and beauty by the people of all ages. The early Egyptians and Hebrews gave it first place among precious gems; the Chinese valued it equally with their beloved jade; the Greeks set pearls in the eyes of their marble goddesses, and the Christians gave their choice pearls for the glorification of their altars.

And when the Spanish first reached this country, they found the Indian natives wearing pearls and setting them in their ornaments of religious worship. Incidently, it is chiefly to the pearl that Americans owe the discovery of this continent, since it was to find a northwest passage to India and its great treasure chest of pearls that Columbus planned his voyage.

Pearls have always been symbolical of wealth. A Mohammedan version of paradise is a place where "the stones are pearls and jacinths; the fruit of the trees are pearls and emeralds, and each person admitted to the delights of the celestial kingdom is provided with a tent of pearls, jacinths and emeralds; is crowned with pearls of incomparable lustre, and is attended by beautiful maidens resembling hidden pearls."

An alternate birthstone for June, for those who prefer it, is the mystical moonstone, which has always been regarded as a harbinger of good luck. Of both the moonstone and the pearl it was held that when these gems were worn by right of birth, they had a profound effect upon the intuitive faculties of the wearers, so that they could not only sense the thoughts of others, but actually envision events in the future. This was because both were believed to be under the planetary influence of the moon, and hence possessed powerful psychic vibrations.

Since we determine our destiny by our choices, we should be very careful what choices we make.—Exchange.

CARE OF FLOWERS IN JUNE

By John T. Timmons

This is the month that all forms of vegetation in the latitude of the United States and Canada grows the greatest amount of wood and foliage, and, naturally, the forms of vegetation must have at their disposal as much of what is required to produce the growth as possible.

If we only try, we can render many forms of plant life a valuable aid by understanding what they need, and when and how to apply the same.

Moisture is needed, and, if there is a marked absence of rainfall at this season of the year, it would be well to try to try to find some successful method of applying the needed moisture.

If plants need water, apply it during the evening, so it can go into the soil farther and reach the vital points, before evaporation can remove a goodly portion of the applied moisture.

Use means of retaining the moisture in cases where certain kinds of flowers or vegetables need more dampness than other plants.

Use a mulch made of lawn grass or old hay. Scatter these mulching materials between the rows or groups of plants, and wet the mulching freely, and at a time when the heat of the sun will not cause a rapid evaporation.

The use of well-decayed stable manure devoid of heat, and a liberal quantity of water, will aid wonderfully.

Those plants such as large caladiums, castor-bean plants, and others having heavy stalks as well as dense or very large foliage, will need more water than lighter forms of vegetation.

Provide the moisture by sinking a flower-pot or a discarded pail in the ground only a short distance from the plants, and, if there is any slope to the ground, place the receptacles on the upper side of the plants.

Fill the vessels with manure. Be sure there are openings in the bottom that will let moisture through slowly.

Fill with manure, and keep pouring water in the vessels two or three times each day, and observe the rapid and permanent development of the plants so treated.

Moonflower and other vines need some such provision to induce the vines to put forth their utmost in growth. It will be astonishing to many who have not been familiar with the rapid growth of some plants.

Dahlias need lots of water. Apply a mulch after the plants are up nicely and tied to stakes. If the mulching of manure or lawn clippings is not sufficient, sink a flower-pot of considerable size close by the large, thrifty plant, and fill with manure, and keep pouring water in the flower-pot twice a day. The plants will soon show us they appreciate their care.

Cannas need moisture, and, curiously enough, it is much better to apply the moisture more direct to the roots, and it should be done early in the morning. So far as possible, keep the foliage of cannas

free from a heavy application of water. A hose can be stuck down close to the roots of these plants, and water applied quite freely, and with such an arrangement the plants will not need watering as often as some others.

A liquid fertilizer, made from manure soaking in water, can be used two or three times in a season on such plants.

Salvia, verbenas, petunias and geraniums, and many other plants we find in most of our flower gardens, do not need so much moisture, and if such plants are kept thoroughly soaked, as we have described for certain plants, it will be found the last list of plants are being damaged.

Porch boxes and hanging baskets and pots and vases kept on porches and verandas, and in other very hot places, should be kept well supplied with water, to prevent the roots of the plants used in such places from drying out and causing the death of the plants we had hoped to make a fine showing before the season had passed.

Stir the earth about the smaller plants in beds or pots or vases.

The soil will become baked if moisture is steadily applied, and not broken in some manner. Cultivate in some manner to prevent the air from being shut out from the roots.

Air as well as moisture is needed by most plants, but some much more than others.

To have a neat home, with a splendid floral display, we should make every effort fully to understand the different plants, and fully to comprehend their every need at all times.

This is Gypsy Smith's life line story and you cannot miss the point: "Throw out the life line! When I was a young Salvation Army officer at Whitby I used to go down and hear the sea beating on the rocks. An old fisherman told me of a wreck which had taken place. The lifeboat was launched and brought in all the crew except one man, who refused to leave the rigging. The life boatmen risked their lives in the storm and landed in a state of exhaustion, but when it was reported that one man remained a young fisherman sprang into the lifeboat and said, 'Who will volunteer to get the last man?' His mother cried, 'You cannot go. Remember your father was drowend, and your brother has not been heard of for years, and you are all I have left.' He said, 'Mother, there's a man there to be saved.' The volunteers went out. The women and children waited, and at last they saw the boat coming with a tremendous struggle against the heavy seas. When it came near they shouted, 'Have you got the last man?' 'Aye, aye,' cried the young fisherman. 'We've got him. And tell mother it was brother Bill.' Throw out the life line! Throw it out in London, for somebody's brother whom someone must save!"—Selected.

IDENTIFYING THE SHRIKE

(Lexington Dispatch)

During the past winter some of the Linwood folks were introduced to a bird somewhat new to this section, a bird that makes its living by catching mice and bugs on days when the catching is easy, impales them on thorns and feasts at leisure moments. The bird was identified by some nature students as the shrike, or French mocking bird. Although plenty of evidence was furnished about the visitor, there remained those who maintained their skepticism.

The More Game Birds Foundation of America has issued a very interesting pamphlet that lists and describes many of the natural enemies of game birds, and the migrant shrike is among these. It is also known as the grasshopper hawk, or butcher bird. The artist's illustration shows Madame Shrike perched on the edge of her nest with and impaled mouse within easy pecking distance.

Although it is listed among game bird enemies, the pamphlet says that a few of them may prove useful by keeping away larger birds of prey. Its habitat is given as anywhere from southestern Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and east of the Mississippi. Its name identifies it as a rover.

The same pamphlet, by the way, has a chapter on owls that is of local interest. In the past year or so several barn owls, also known as monkey-faced owls, have been taken in this county and caused some mystification. This bird, like the shrike, has been known to take small birds for food but its principal food includes rats, mice and insects and it is considered more beneficial than harmful, it is stated.

THE BIBLE IS A BEST SELLER

Many of us take the Bible as such a matter of course that it is hard for us to realize that every body, even in our so-called Christian America does not have access to the Scriptures. It is far easier to conceive that many who have access do not read and practice the precepts of the Scriptures. The American Bible Society in a recent communication states that one of its colporteurs found 1,270 families, out of 8,028 families visited, without the Bible. This visitation did not take place in foreign lands, but in seven counties around Rochester, N. Y.

The American Bible Society does a wonderful work in the distribution of Bibles at a nominal cost. In 1932, 8,067,156 volumes of Scripture were issued in 176 languages and dialects. These figures bring the total for the 117 years the Society has been operating, to over 246,000,000 volumes.

—Smithfield Herald.

"TO THINE OWN SELF—"

By J. Raymond Elderdice

"Bob" Kent — Earlham College Senior, anchor man of the Red and Gold one-mile relay four—gasped as if ice water had suddenly been dashed into his face. Fists clenched, breathing hard, he stood gazing in sheer amazement at his teammate, Roger Karlton.

"You, you mean, Kip—" he stammered, unbelieving. "Wait, let me get this straight. You are actually suggesting that I lay down in the quarter-mile today in the inter-class meet? Deliberately throw the race by letting you beat me.

The two track stars faced each other in the Junior's luxuriously furnished suite in Dorman Hall, the third year dormitory. To Bob Kent, toiling early and late to earn his college expenses, everything in these rooms bespoke wealth.

Instinctively, he visioned his own plain, almost bare room in Wentworth Hall, the Senior dormitory. Cold, austere—like the whitewashed cell of an acolyte! Then, realizing what the Junior had just suggested to him, Bob's anger rose.

"I suppose you'd like to buy that race," he said tensely, eyes blazing. "Yes, you—Kip Karlton, son of the famous 'Katsup King' of New York, think money can buy anything. We are team-mates on the Red and Gold mile relay team; you know I am faster than you. But the pampered son of the millionaire wants to win the inter-class quarter . . .so he will make me an offer."

The lead-off runner of the Earlham 'Varsity mile relay four, flushing a bit under the stinging lash of Bob's sarcasm, held himself in check. Despite his indignation, Bob Kent felt drawn to this handsome collegian, with his black hair and eyes and flashing smile.

"Don't blow up old man," begged Kip quietly. "I can't blame you for getting hot at what I insinuated. But give me a chance to explain, will you? Please believe this. . . I don't want to buy a victory in the quarter-mile today; I don't offer you one cent. Furthermore, I have no thought of my own glory.

"I am asking this of you, for our college. Listen, Bob—if you make this sacrifice you will be doing it, not for Kip Karlton, but the alma mater we both love . . . for dear old Earlham!"

Just then, from a group of collegians sprawled on the grass of the Quadrangle, drifted a rich harmony of song:

"'Hail to Earlham!'—is our cry
Loyal shall we ever be.
For the Red and Gold we'll try—
Sacrificing all for thee!"

Roger Karlton, sliding his arm across the shoulders of the big, earnest Senior, pointed out at the scenes of the campus.

"Hear that song, Bob?" he asked softly. "'Sacrificing all for thee!' Forgetting your own glory for the sake of your college, that's what I mean. Now, will you listen while I make you see how it will help our alma mater if I win the inter-class

quarter today?"

Kent nodded. Queer, he reflected, how little acquainted he was, after three years, with this wealthy Earlham student.

"Sure, I know him—" Bob, in his home town on vacation, would reply to queries. "A good fellow; democratic, not a bit spoiled for all of his dad's millions. Kip Karlton is the most popular student on the campus, and not on account of his money, either.

"I haven't time to get friendly with Kip. I am working my way through college; tending furnaces, delivering newspapers morning and night, waiting on tables; class and college activities—athletics. So, even if Roger Karlton wanted to offer me his friendship, I wouldn't have time to be with him."

Two weeks ago, returning in the big bus from the State Intercollegiate Track meet, Kent had sat beside Roger Karlton. For the first time the hard-working Senior had really talked with the Katsup King's son

"Why, he is a real fellow," marveled, Bob as they chatted. "Talks sense—splendid ideas about business. Here I have run on the mile relay with Kip for three seasons . . . and never knew him!"

The rich Junior, in turn, had liked the big, serious Kent. Questioning his team-mate, he felt admiration as he heard Bob—reluctantly talking of himself—relate the toil and study he had kept up for nearly four years. "Hustling" through college; yet standing high in his classes; a 'Varsity football and track star. Kip had asked his team-mates ambitions after graduation.

"I want a business career, Kip," said Bob slowly. "If I could just get with some big manufacturing corporation when I leave old Earlham. Start at the bottom and work up to success. You know what I am trying to say. . . . I want a position with opportunity.

"A concern where hard work, honest effort, and loyalty count for everything. Where the more I try in the interests of my employers, the more I shall be appreciated. Big business—that is the field that lures me, Kip."

Now, this beautiful spring morning, as Bob Kent hurried through the dormitories with the students' newspapers, Roger Karlton, standing in the doorway of his luxurious suite in Dorman Hall, had said to the big Senior,

"Come in a moment, Kent, will you? I—that is, I've got something to ask of you, if you will do it. Now, when I make my suggestion, don't explode with anger. . . . hold yourself until you hear everything, please."

In the suite the agitated Junior, closing and locking the door opening on the third floor corridor of the dormitory, had waved the puzzled Kent to one of the deep easy chairs. For several seconds the son of the Katsup King, as if uncertain how to begin, paced up and down the soft, deep carpet. Then, abruptly, he turned to face his team-mate of the mile relay team.

"Kent—" he put in bluntly, "you and I will race this afternoon in the Inter-Class Meet, in the quarter-mile event. No doubt as to who is faster . . . you are anchor man on the Varsity Relay Four, and I lead off. Neither the Sophomores nor

the Frosh runners can beat either of us. So it will lie between you and me.

"Bob, this is only a class meet. This may sound queer, but—well, I'd like to break the tape in the quarter-mile today . . . and I can win, if you let me."

Bob Kent, sudden anger in his soul, had leaped to his feet. Unable to credit the testimony of his ears, he stood, breathing hard, as he stared bewilderedly at Earlham's second fastest quarter-miler.

"You, you mean, Kip—" he had stammered, "you are actually suggesting that I deliberately throw the race to you . . . . let you beat me?"

Now, as he thrilled to the song of the collegians down in the Quad, the Senior waited. How could the speedy Kent, by letting his Junior rival break the tape, benefit old Earlham?

"I'll explain, old man." Kip, more at ease now, picked up the Herald. "Look, Kent—on the front page: 'Katsup King To Visit Alma Mater: Henry T. Karlton On Way To Earlham College.' That is his picture, my dad. His first visit to the campus for five years.

"You see, Bob, he is a member of the Board of Governors and Visitors of Earlham College. The Board meets tonight, after the Inter-Class Meet.

"Briefly, Old Earlham needs badly a new and modern chemical and scientific laboratory building, with equipment. Dad has millions. Get the idea? At this board meeting the project will be outlined, the urgent need shown. Every member will be hoping that the Katsup King will make our new lab building possible!"

Kip doggedly kept on with his explanation. He was, he pointed out, the only child of Henry T. Karlton, millionaire katsup manufacturer of New York. On Kip the father had built all his dreams . . . every ambition was for his son. He was inordinately proud of the boy's success in any line—studies, campus activities . . . athletics.

"Dad is more tickled," said Kip, laughing, "if I score the winning touchdown or knock a home-run that busts up the game, than if Karlton Katsup has put over a big contract. At a football battle he roots for 'Kip!' first; for Earlham next, Bob. And say, dad has never seen me win a track event."

Hesitating, he finished quickly.

"Psychology," he told Bob, "I know dad. Tackle him after I have just won a gridiron game, or been elected class president, or, say—broken the tape in a track event. Then he is easy to handle! You know, Bob, like your mother cooks your dad's favorite dishes, gets him up a swell dinner, before she asks him to do something for her.

"Gets him in a good humor, see? Well, understand dad? His favorite dish is his son's success. . . victory in a contest. Tonight the Board of Governors and Visitors will try to get him to make a gift to Earlham of a new lab building.

"If I win the quarter-mile event this afternoon—"

All at once Bob knew why Kip hesitated, was so different.

"It's his heel of Achilles, I suppose," Kip smiled; "his blind side . . . love for me. Frankly, if I win the quarter this afternoon, our col-

lege has a much better chance of getting that new lab building from dad, as a gift.

"But that is going to be up to you to decide, Bob."

Kent was silent. He studied the handsome Junior who, he felt sure, had spoken the truth. The Senior was still hearing the Earlham song —"For the Red and Gold we'll try . . . sacrificing all for thee!"

"I can't decide right now, Kip," he said at last. "I believe you when you say that you are not suggesting this because you want to win the quarter for your own glory. To help your college, well, I can understand that. I see the idea about your dad . . . psychology.

"'For Dear Old Earlham,' isn't it? It is up to me to decide, Kip. I—well, I'll think it over between now and the quarter-mile event; before the race starts, Kip, I shall give you my decision. Either that I shall try my best to beat you, or—do as you suggest."

Kent paused, then smiled eagerly.

"Say, it would be swell for your dad to give our college that splendid new lab building—"

Worried, puzzled, all morning, Bob Kent thought it over. For himself, it would be easy enough to make this sacrifice of personal glory, for the sake of his alma mater.

"But I can't let my class down," he told himself. "Why, first place in the quarter may win the Inter-Class Meet for the Seniors. To deliberately let Kip win it, even for old Earlham, would be to betray my classmates. Yet, Kip was in earnest; the Katsup King would be so happy, proud of his son if he broke the tape that he might—"

Alone in his room, an hour after the Inter-Class Meet had been won by the jubilant Sophomores, Bob Kent was studying when a peremptory knock was sounded. Arising to open the door, he saw a smiling Kip Karlton in the corridor; behind him, a big, square-shouldered man; he was stern of expression, with steely blue eyes that bored into Bob—an air of authority.

"Say, Kent—" spoke the Junior, embarrassedly. "Why, this is my dad. Meet Bob Kent, Dad . . . he —that is, well—you tell him!"

Dominant, Henry T. Karlton strode into the room, to stand before young Kent. For a time he studied the Senior silently; Bob, puzzled, met his gaze squarely.

"Kent," said the Katsup King gruffly, diving at once into his mission, "my son is going to disappoint me, his old dad; shatter the big dreams I had for him to enter the business; take my place, some day, at its head. Radio and television—to become a leader in their development, intrigue Kip.

"I want him to be happy in his work. So I am giving up my ambition for Kip to follow in my footsteps, Kent. We both have hoped to find some young college graduate with the right stuff in him, who would—"

"That's it Bob!" chimed in Kip, slapping his back. "Someone to take my place with dad; for him to train, as he planned for me, to climb with Karlton Katsup. And, after awhile, to take dad's place when he retires."

For some time, Kip explained, he had greatly admired Bob Kent; his character, the fight he made for an education—his class standing, and

athletic prowess. Then had come their talk on the bus, in which he had drawn from the Senior his ambition.

"Big business," reminded Kip. "It grips you, eh, Kent? Well, I have told dad how I suggested that, for your alma mater, you let me win the quarter-mile in the Inter-Class Meet today. Say, how he did lay me out! Showed how wrong it was for me to test you. I am sorry, Bob. Honest, if I had stopped to think it out—"

Henry T. Karlton held out his hand to the surprised Senior.

"This boy of mine," he boomed, "owes you an apology, young fellow. Oh, Roger meant well—thought he was putting you to a test. But get this; he wouldn't have gone through with it under any conditions. I mean, before the race he would have heard your decision.

"Then, whether you agreed, or determined to win, he would have explained his purpose. Told you to beat him out, if you could . . . that he had been testing you and that you had failed—or passed his test—as the case might be."

"A test, Mr. Karlton?" asked Bob, slowly, "I don't understand, sir. Kip said that if he won, you—Earlham's chances of a new lab building . . . I mean, you would be in a good humor, and—"

Smiling at him, Kip Karlton interposed.

"I am wholly to blame, Bob," he said humbly. "Dad didn't know what I was doing, honest. I didn't stop to think that I had no right to put you to a test . . . all I thought of was that I wanted to try you out. To see if you were worthy to take my place with dad, with Karlton Katsup.

"Great work, Bob!" Kip held out his hand, "And I don't mean just your sprinting, understand? Say, do you know that today I ran my quarter two seconds faster than I ever did . . . I made you beat your best record, to break the tape ahead of me!"

The Katsup King laid his hand on Kent's shoulder.

"You passed the test, my boy," he rumbled, "with flying colors. Now, Kip was telling the truth, understand—about my great love for him being my heel of Achilles. But he had no right to test you, even though he would have told you, before the race, that it was a test.

"Still, he tested you, and you decided for the right. Told him you would run with all you had to lick him—and you did! Say, Kent, what made you decide to defeat my son in that event and, er—not get Henry T. Karlton in a great good humor for your college's sake by letting Kip win it? Tell me, what was it?"

Bob Kent laughed.

"'Bill' Shakespeare helped me, Mr. Karlton," he said softly. "After dinner I was studying Hamlet for my English Literature. I saw the advice of Polonious to his son: 'To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.'

"Shakespeare made me decide to beat Kip. Even though it might mean you wouldn't give Old Earlham the new lab building, sir. I knew that if I purposely betrayed my class by letting your son win, I would not be true to myself, or to my classmates. But if I proved

true to myself, it must follow, as the night the day—I couldn't do wrong to anyone."

The Katsup King, in his abrupt way, wheeled and marched to the door. He stopped, his hand on the knob, to turn and smile back at the Senior.

"Kent," he said crisply, "report to my office, Karlton Building, Broadway, New York, at once after you graduate from Earlham. Karlton Katsup will offer you the chance you want . . . to start at the bottom and climb; where your loyal efforts will be appreciated. You will make good, but how you will sweat!"

A humorous twinkle appeared in the hard, blue eyes of Henry T. Karlton.

"Son, Earlham College gets that new lab building," he announced. "Maybe I have been a bit stubborn, trying to boss the Board, I reckon. But faugh! I get sick of everybody trying to bow and scrape to me—fawning, and 'yessing' me. Trying to get me in a good humor . . . so I will make a generous gift to some good cause.

"Bob Kent didn't. Not even for his college would he prove false to himself, his class. That is why, Kent, your alma mater is going to get a new lab building, and you a chance with Karlton Katsup. Because you 'to thine own self' were true."

LEARNING TO LIVE TO TOGETHER

A welfare worker was saying the other day that she was encouraged by what she saw as she went through a section of a great city, learning what she could of conditions. There is still much poverty and suffering, she said. Here and there she found some improvement. She could not report that she discovered many signs of returning prosperity; but she said she did discover that people were learning how to live together better. Families that lived as neighbors, or within the same city block, were helping one another as they did not seem able to do at first. Perhaps, several years ago, they had little more than a speaking acquaintance. Each family had its own source of income and was not dependent on anyone else. But with the coming of unemployment and diminished resources, these same people were brought into a closer relationship. They came to know the needs of one another, and help of a very tangible character began to flow between them. They are learning how to assume larger social responsibility. Though they have little to go on themselves, they are interested in how it fares with their neighbors. This is a valuable lesson, and if the spirit of human kindness is developed, we have gained something anyhow.—Young Folks.

PLANTS PROTECT THEMSELVES

By T. Chambers Atkinson

You may stick a pin in a potato and nothing will happen. But if you stick a pin in a cat, or pull a donkey's tail too hard, something is likely to happen at once. Comparing the two, we say plants are helpless. This is not always true. Many plants have remarkable powers for protecting themselves.

To lead a healthy, normal existence plants must have light. However, too strong a light is injurious to some plants, and they must protect themselves or perish. So it happens that while many plants' leaves are exposed to the direct rays of the sun others turn edgewise in order to escape the sun's rays. Such plants are commonly called compass plants, because in their attempt to escape the direct rays of the sun they turn their faces north or south. It is said that "prairie schooners," crossing the unmapped Great Plains, took advantage of these remarkable natural compasses.

Sensitive plants—to be found in dry, hot regions—expose their leaves to the sun and follow it from east to west. During the terrific heat and drought of mid-summer, these plants press their leaves lightly against the stem, and thus shield themselves from the scorching heat.

Another group of plants which have an interesting manner of protecting themselves is scattered widely throughout the Temperate Zone. They are to be found wherever the days are warm and the nights are cold. At sundown they fold their leaves and petals very carefully, much as you would draw up another cover when a cold night slipped up on you!

One of the greatest marvels of nature has received very little attention from man, probably because it is so near to each of us that we simply "take it for granted." Autumn leaves do not merely fall from the trees because Jack Frost has nipped their edges, or an early blast of winter wind has treated them roughly. Their going is part of a protecting process by which trees are enabled to withstand the severe cold of winter. Each leaf literally grows off, and the tiny wounds where leaf stems have been, are completely healed over in such a manner that the tree is better protected without the leaves.

"Difficulties are used by some people to build windows in their souls through which they radiate understanding and sympathy on those about them. Difficulties are used by some people to build thick walls of complaint and self-pity about their spirits, walls so high that their builders cannot see over them into the pleasant, busy world outside. What are you building with your difficulties?"—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

In the absence of Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Paris Kidd, of Concord, played the piano at both the morning and afternoon services last Sunday.

—o—

For the last few days our threshing machine has been running constantly, threshing the crop of oats. More than five hundred bushels have been threshed so far. This season's crop is not nearly so large as in former years.

—o—

Dr. L. E. Bnie, a member of the staff of the dental department of the State Board of Health, has been at the school for several days, making a final check-up on the condition of the boys' teeth. He reports that the boys' mouths are in fine condition.

—o—

Mr. K. W. Daivs, Boys' Commissioner of Winston-Salem, reports that Charles Nelson, who was paroled September 1, 1932, is getting along fine. Charles lives in Kernersville and has been attending school. He will enter the eighth grade next Fall. Charles recently accompanied Mr. Davis, to renew old acquaintances at the school.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. In addition to making a most interesting talk to the boys, Rev. Baumgarner, who is one of Concord's most talented singers, sang "Oh Love That Will Not Let me Go," in a most impressive manner.

We have been and are having a bountiful supply of all kinds of vegetables from our gardens, but each day's blistering heat and lack of rain are rapidly eliminating the prospects we all had when these vegetables were being planted. Unless this dry, hot period is broken by showers we fear our supply of canned vegetables for Winter use will be much smaller than was anticipated.

—o—

We recently received a card from Howard Keenan, one of our boys, who is in the Civilian Conservation Corps, at Smokemont, N. C., stating that he is getting along well with his new work. Howard tells us he is employed as clerk in the orderly room and likes his work. He worked as a linotype operator in our printing department while at the school, and requests that the Uplift be sent him, as he is anxious to get the news from the institution.

—o—

All of the activities of the school have been very much interrupted during the past week because of so many of our boys being away on account of the tonsil clinic held in Concord. In addition to the boys who are operated on, a number of boys go to Concord each morning and evening to act as assistant nurses. It is also necessary for one or more of our officers to have charge of each group of boys. When the boys are returned to the school after the operations, another group of boys and officers are detailed to care for them in their respective

cottages. We are glad to report that all the boys returned, following operations, are getting along nicely.

—o—

Kirby Stafford, who was paroled from the Training School about 19 years ago, visited us last week. Kirby was high in his praises of what he called his alma mater, and what it had done for him. He noted with pleasure the many improvements here, especially in addition of buildings, the improved appearance and enlargement of the campus, and the many opportunities offered the boys placed in our care. Kirby informs us he is a salesman for a Baltimore concern manufacturing hospital supplies and has been with them for several years. He lives with his mother at Denham and is now about 38 years old. While at the school he was in Cottage No. 2, and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best debaters here.

—o—

The Flowe's Store team visited the local diamond last Saturday afernoon and handed the Training School boys their second defeat of the season, by the score of 11 to 7. The visitors pounded both Lisk and Andrews for twenty hits, many of them for extra bases. The boys from down in the country got busy right at the start, scoring twice in the first inning as Overcash singled and Conner hammered a home run to deep center. Five successive hits, including a triple and double, added four more counters in the next frame. Horton's triple and a single by Bill Bost added one more in the third. After being held scoreless for two innings, the local lads chalked up three counters in the third as Andrews led off with a triple to center, and Nunnery, Cleaver and Helms followed with singles. Hits by Nunnery, Cleaver and Poole produced two more local tallies in the fifth inning. For the visitors in the seventh, Sullivan tripled and P. Bost singled to score another run. In the same frame, hits by Poole, Whitley and Hamilton, marked up two scores for the Training School. The visitors added three runs in the eigth when Bill Bost singled, Overcash drew a pass, and John Boger, Conner and Sullivan hit safely. Conner, crashing out two singles, a double and a home run; Bill Bost, with four singles, and Sullivan, with a triple and two singles, were the big guns in the attack on our pitchers. The school lads secured fourteen hits, Poole leading with three singles. The score:

		R	H	E
Flowe's	241 000 130	11	20	4
J. T. S.	003 020 200	7	14	4

Two-base hits: Conner, Hartsell 2, Weatherly. Three-base hits: Overcash, Sullivan, Andrews. Home run: Conner. Stolen bases: Sullivan, Nunnery, Cleaver 2, Whitley 3, Hamilton, Weatherly. Struck out: by Lisk 2; by Andrews 7; by Bost 11. Base on balls: off Andrews 1.—Umpires—Hanna and Barrier.

"Greatness consists, not in being strong, but in using the strength God has given us in right and good ways."

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 1, 1933 No. 25

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UNION AND LIBERTY

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us—who shall divide us?
Keep us. oh, keep us the many in one!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry,
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

—Holmes.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

AMERICA FOR ME

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean's bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly Western woodland where nature has her way

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's Westward bound to plow the rolling sea;
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

—Henry Van Dyke.

OUR EXPANDED NATION

July 4, 1776, is recorded as the birthday of our nation. What a small nation it was then! What a large nation it is today! Then we had a few colonies scattered along the eastern seaboard; now we have a vast domain, with extended seacoasts on two great oceans. Then we had but few people in comparison with our many

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mililons today. Then our wealth was trivial; today it is almost incalculable. Then our farmed acres were few; today our farms could feed the world, if given a chance. Then we had but insignificant mining products; now our mines yield iron and silver and coal and gold and other ores, in enormous quantities, worth countless thousands. Then we had but little power among the world's people; today the nations of the world do homage to our power. Ours has been an expanding country. Our territory has been enlarged, and everything we do has reached a colossal scale.

But the liberty we fought for and gained, the principles of government we laid down and have endeavored to evolve into practical, profitable procedures for every citizen, so that liberty may not become a snare and privileges may not become a temptation, was for people and has always been dependent on people. Truly we have expanded nationally, but have we as a people kept up with this expansion? It is bad if we have failed to advance with our expansion, but we have not failed. Ideas and ideals, plans and practices have been changing to meet the demands and opportunities of our expansion. But it is all the worse for us if we have sought to expand the fundamentals on which our nation started, and, in the expansion, have thinned out the fundamentals until they are no longer basic.

Our fathers stood for honesty always, in officials of government. Have we expanded beyond that to our hurt? They advocated equity and justice for all. Have we outgrown that? They planned for "the right of his chance" for each citizen. Does this still obtain? Maybe in some ways we have expanded to our detriment. They had a place for God, the Bible, and the Church as basic for life and for government. What a sad comment on our expansion, if we have left these behind, as we have agonized to keep pace with our material expansion! Our expanded nation—have we outgrown some of the common essentials of a great people?

—Young Folks

* * * * * * * * * * *

COT'S COLUMN

Really Cot's column, "Taking It Lying Down," reflects a fine spirit of humor and goodwill. This fact is especially noticeable

since knowing that the columnist has been a "shut-in" since early girlhood. If she had been blessed with good health like any normal girl doubtless this young lady would have proven herself the equal of other columnists of the country. Like her big brother, she has talent.

One of her contributions to the Concord Tribune, introducing her little friends of Marsh street with all of their charm of childhood, was especially fine, portraying child life in its innocence. She entered into the spirit of the childish sports with such earnestness till we almost felt like bowing to each little boy and girl just as presented to the many readers of the Concord Daily Tribune.

Miss Sherrill could not have written so lucidly about her little friends, she misses, without that innate love for children. No one can truly know anything without sympathy, without getting out of self and entering into others. Therefore, we can not know the ways of children unless we love them. Love is the key that unlocks the secret chambers of life and lends interest to things and people. Through Cot's column we know she loves children, that fact she has proven in her few contributions to her own town paper.

This is wishing that she may be permitted to continue the column that so many of her friends in her home town have read with interest. To love children is one of the finest graces that can be bestowed.

* * * * * * * * * *

A HEROINE

There has been little comment in the newspapers as to the heroic effort upon the part of Miss Alice Smith, Morganton, who gave her life to save three other victims from a burning building. This inmate of the burning structure had made a safe escape, but realizing that three other roomers, possibly asleep, were trapped she rushed back without a thought of her own safety.

Now, the sum and substance of the story is if this fine woman had been a check-flasher, or steeped in crime of some kind, her

picture and the story in glaring head lines would have been featured in every paper of the state. The papers have educated the masses to look for crime or fatal accidents on the highways for the first thing every day. The daring act of this woman of the humble walks of life did not create a ripple of interest. It is enough to say not a finer tribute can be paid any one than "she gave her life for another."

We agree with the editor of the Morganton News-Herald that if "the life of local heroes or heroines should ever be compiled her name, Alice Smith, should rank very high among the first.

* * * * * * * * * *

OH, SHUCKS THAT'S NOTHING NEW

That there is nothing "new under the sun" we are inclined to believe is true. Every day what apparently seems a new thought when brought forth is soon proven to have been practiced or at least known by some one of the previous generations.

Last week an article in the Charlotte Observer relative to making "shuck-hats" from corn shucks by the Home Demonstrator of Richmond county was instantly accepted as a new idea. The article was read aloud to Mrs. B. F. Rogers, Concord, as she sat on the spacious veranda of her beautiful home nestled in the midst of handsome shade trees, with a lovely background of flower beds showing up a riot of colors.

This delightful and interesting octogenarian listened to the article attentively, then tilted her head to the one side, and remarked, "oh, shucks that is nothing new, I made shuck-hats during the War," meaning the struggle of the 60's, "and they were pretty, too."

So the modern Home Demonstrator has nothing on the girls of the 60's. Those girls knew how to rise to every emergency. After this struggle there were no funds for rehabilitation, neither money to help the unemployed, but these fine women of the South, many of whom had lived in the lap of luxury, had the spirit of loyalty combined with grit and good common sense and they soon converted the devastated spots into livable homes with the same old time southern hospitality.

We had heard of corn-shuck door-mats, in fact had seen many of them in Tide-Water Virginia, but the shuck-hats were something new to the writer. But, to use a common expression, the southern girl of that period was hard to lose. They had sense and poise, and their philosophy served them well, making two blades of grass grow where one only grew previously.

* * * * * * * * * * *

MADAME SCHUMAN-HEINK IS NOT A MODERNIST

Madame Ernistine Schuman-Heink continues to be young in spirit and hopeful at the age of 72 years. She is a fine example for those much younger who emphasize age and misfortune, instead of using the time spent in self pity towards overcoming conditions.

She is hopeful because she is physically strong. Having lived in a manner to add to her degrees of usefulness. Her rules as to correct living are rather antiquated, but truth will right itself, so there is reason for thinking that it is only a question of time when there will be considerable reaction about the modern customs of today, and the masses will sooner or later revert to Madame Schuman-Heink's way of living:

"I never drink or smoke or go to bridge parties."

She regards bridge as "nothing but cheating—trying to be slick." Women who are not forced to become breadwinners, she said, should stay at home to take care of their children.

After more than fifty years of grand opera and concert singing, Mme. Schuman-Heink is not worried about engagements. She said she will sing until nobody will listen and "then go out in the desert and yodel."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"When you feel like saying something
That you know you will regret,
Or keenly feel an insult
Not quite easy to forget.
That's the time to curb resentment
And maintain a mental peace,
For when your mind is tranquil
All your ill-thoughts simply cease."

—o—

From a survey of the present outlook over the country, everything is going up. And the thermometers seem to be leading the procession.

—o—

I see it stated that a man 74 years of age is learning to play the saxophone. That is a good age to learn, and even older would be better.

—o—

All of us have been told from our youth up that "Truth is stranger than fiction." But there are so many people who will have nothing to do with strangers.

—o—

Newspaper headlines inform the reading world that an "Indiana Farmer Plows up $7,000 in Field." Well, glory be, here's one man who made farming pay.

—o—

A historian says women used cosmetics in the Middle Ages. Not only the Middle Ages, but the young ages and the old ages, and for ages whereof I am not competent to say.

—o—

All cannot be famous or wealthy. That is not necessary. But all can learn how to live right. Be sound of heart and virtuous, and treat their neighbors as they would have their neighbors treat them.

—o—

It is a true saying that "too many of us go chasing at top speed after everything in sight. Makes no difference whether the end sought is essential or non-essential." Many people would be better off if they took more time and did a little more quiet thinking.

—o—

They are telling about a pig at Baltimore making a parachute drop from an airplane. I doubt if this thrills farmers to any perceptible extent. They have seen pork drop so much that they are hard to enthuse over this Baltimore porker.

—o—

The London Economic Conference is supposed to do what it can, primarily, to bring about peace in this old troubled world, and the marriages in June, this year, if anything, were larger than for several years past.

—o—

It is announced that a street car has been perfected which is as quiet as an automobile, and is to be placed in service experimentally in Chicago this year. We have no street cars now, but if these folks can construct a noiseless truck, to take the place of the present heavy truck-vehicles that roll along the streets,

in the early morning hours, before the sun hardly gets up, and thunders along like the world has collapsed, or about to be shaken to pieces, they will confer a great blessing upon suffering humanity.

—o—

The newspapers are speculating on the name of the wedding march played when that Irish broker married Ruth Kresge, daughter of the rich chain store magnate. The High Point Enterprise suggested that the most appropriate tune would have been "I Found a Million-Dollar Baby in a Five-and-Ten Cent Store." Happy thought!

—o—

Not long ago Judge Isaac Avery, of Morganton, was in Charlotte attending a matter of bankruptcy, and during a lull in the business affairs, he passed the following story to the men who were assembled with him: It so happened in a town in Tennessee there were three churches of different denominations, one, the Baptist, being at the foot of the hill, the Methodist coming next on a higher plateau, and the Presbyterian being near the top of the hill. On a certain Sunday at the close of the services, in each of the churches the following hymns were sung: The Baptist broke forth with "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown," the Methodist responded with, "No, Not One," and the Presbyterians acclaimed, "O That Will Be Glory for Me."

—o—

A stranger, an unknown friend, a man with an outlandish name—Cipriani, Frank J. Cipriani, on the editorial staff of the Chicago Tribune—having read my recent war time story of Recollections of Boyhood Days, has become deeply interested in the same and writes me most graciously about those stirring times. He has a strong hobby for collecting papers, data and articles associated with the Civil War. Says he has quite a few things, but much of it has to do with the North, and now he wants some material dealing with the South's side. If any of my 30,000 readers have any relics of the war, a sword, gun, part of a uniform, bullets, or anything of that sort, if they will correspond with Mr. Cipriani, address given above, he will be glad to negotiate with them for the purchase of such articles as they will part with. I am hunting around for a few which I shall send him. Colonel Cipriani, you shall know something about the South in that four-years' struggle.

There is something in inspiration.
There is more in perspiration.
Work is life's greatest gift.
You were not born for idleness,
So, therefore, do not shirk
The task that is assigned you—
Life's greatest gift is work.

—Selected.

ROMANCE OF THE LIBERTY BELL

By Harry Van Demark

No relic in America is more revered than the Liberty Bell, and "its prophetic inscription; its appeal to the people to assemble for the redress of their grievances; its defiant clangour that memorable day of the proclamation of our independence; its joyous pealing over the completed work of the American Revolution, and its last tolling over the dead of the nation, gives its story an abiding interest to the nation and the world."

Since its birthday, in London, in 1752, this famous bell has traveled more than half way around the globe—across the Atlantic in its initial journey, and later, as an object of veneration, has been taken from its home in Philadelphia on ten different occasions, to appear at expositions and other gatherings, from Boston to San Francisco, and from Chicago to New Orleans. But of all these ten journeys none was of such moment and historical interest as its first pilgrimage in America, when it was hauled fifty miles on a farmer's wagon and hidden in the cellar of a church, to prevent its capture by the British.

No defeat of the American Revolution was more disastrous than that of the Battle of The Brandywine, Pennsylvania, September 11, 1777, when 1,000 out of Washington's 14,000 men fell. This catastrophe took place thirty-five miles, as the crow flies, west of Philadelphia. General Howe, the British commander, having lost 600 of his 18,000 men, moved on Philadelphia, causing consternation. The Continental Congress, in session there, hastily adjourned on September 18th, to meet in Lancaster, a few miles west of Brandywine, and, to circumvent the victorious British, took their departure by way of Bethlehem, Allentown, Kutztown, and Reading, traveling on horse-back fifty miles due north and thence 100 miles southwest, establishing the new capital at Lancaster on the 27th, and, three days later, took up their position at York, fifty miles west of Brandywine, where, for many months, the affairs of the nation were conducted.

Meanwhile, in Philadelphia, all was astir. An immediate movement of the Continental Army, including the sick and wounded, was begun northward from French Creek and Philadelphia to Bethlehem and its vicinity. The State house, or Liberty, Bell and other bells, were taken down and hurried to hiding. On September 19, 1777, according to the diary of Jacob Hiltzheimer, an official of the Quartermaster's Department, the public money, books, and papers were sent to the home of Abraham Hunt, in New Jersey, for temporary safekeeping. From the diary of the Moravian Bishop, at Bethlehem, we know that on Monday, September 22nd, the archives and other papers of Congress arrived there from Trenton by way of Easton, under a convoy of fifty troopers and fifty infantrymen. On Tuesday, September 23rd, the heavy baggage of the Continental Army began arriving at Bethlehem, "in a continuous train of 700 wagons, di-

rect from camp, under escort of 200 men, commanded by Colonel William Polk of North Carolina," and went into camp. The Liberty Bell was on one of these wagons.

At the time of the Liberty Bell's disappearance from Philadelphia, rumor was rife that its sacred and patriotic tongue had forever been silenced in a watery grave in the Delaware. Some historians have said that Congress took it to Lancaster and York, making their deductions, probably, from the fact that Congress and the bell left and returned to Philadelphia almost simultaneously.

The fact was, that in September, 1777, by order of the Executive Council, the State House, or Liberty Bell, the bells of Christ Church and St. Peter's Church, eleven in all, were removed to Allentown by way of Bethlehem. To the victor belong the spoils, and history furnished instances where the bells of captured cities and towns have been melted down and recast as cannon, or run into bullets. Obviously, this was the reason for the removal of the Philadelphia bells.

Under the date of September 23, 1777, the following entry is found in the diary of the Bethlehem Moravian Church: "The bells from Philadelphia brought in wagons. The wagon with the State House bell broke down here, so it had to be unloaded; the other bells went on." It was transferred to another wagon, that of Frederick Leaser, a teamster in the Revolution, and, on September 24th, followed the others to Allentown. The Liberty Bell and the chimes of Christ Church were there secreted beneath the floor of Zion's Reformed Church, where they remained for almost a year. This church is as old as the city of Allentown itself, dating from 1762, when a building of logs was erected on the site of the present edifice. The second church, of stone, was built in 1773, and was the one which shielded the bell. In 1838, it gave way to a new building of brick, superseded in 1886 by the present stone edifice.

Its first pastor was the Rev. J. Daniel Gross, who served from 1762 to 1770, and was followed by the Rev. Abraham Blumer, who held the pastorate from 1771 to 1801. He it was who assisted in the work of concealing the bells. His son, Henry Blumer, was married to Sarah, a daughter of John Jacob Mickley, who had charge of the bells from Philadelphia to Allentown, using his farm horse and wagons. His son, John Jacob Mickley, Jr., then a boy of eleven years, rode on the wagon that conveyed the Liberty Bell, and was occasionally permitted to drive. The description, as he gave it, of his first visit and ride to and from Philadelphia, as told to his grandchildren, is an interesting story. He died on April 1, 1857.

The entire operation of removing the bells from their towers, loading them on wagons, and removing them from Philadelphia, was accomplished under cover of darkness. The loaded farm wagons were piled high with barnyard refuse, a piece of strategy to foil the enemy. What must have been the experience of the men who hauled this great, old bell from Philadelphia to Allentown! Imagine how their hearts must have thrilled at the excitement, as

they traveled along in the darkness, expectant of attack any minute. Could they forsee that the world was to witness a new era, opening wide opportunity? The shot fired at Lexington, and heard around the the world, was not so loud nor has it re-echoed so far as the voice of liberty from the now mute lips of the grand, old bell.

John Jacob Mickley, who had charge of the Liberty Bell, was born on December 17, 1737, in Whitehall Township, Lehigh County, Pa., the son of Jean Jacques Michelet, a Huguenot refugee of the Michelet family in Metz, Lorraine. The family fled to Deux Ponts, then a German province, when the son left for Rotterdam, and came to America on the good ship Hope, which sailed out of London, by way of Rotterdam, for Philadelphia. On the ship his name was registered Mueckli. Arriving in Philadelphia, he took the oath of allegiance on August 27, 1733, and settled in White Hall, Lehigh County, where many of his descendants still live. The name has undergone many changes. In various deeds and other documents in the possession of his great-great-great-granddaughter, Miss Minnie F. Mickley of Washington, and Mickleys, Pa., the name is written Michelet, Miquelet, Mueckli, and Michley. It finally assumed the present form of Mickley. Michelet Chapter, D. A. R., Philadelphia, consists only of descendants of John Jacob Mickley. It was organized by Minnie F. Mickley, on March 12, 1913, the organization taking place in Independence Hall.

John Jacob Mickley, the Huguenot immigrant, married Elizabeth Barbara Burghalter, whose brother, Peter Burghalter, became a Colonel in the American Revolution, and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1776. They had four sons and three daughters. The eldest son, John Jacob Mickley, 2d, with large means, aided in every way he could the cause of the Continental Army. He gave horses and wagons for its use, and his personal assistance in secreting the bells of Philadelphia. John Martin Mickley, his brother, was a soldier in the American Revolution, and was in the Battle of Germantown. John Peter Mickley, the third brother, served in the capacity of fifer, was in the Battle of Germantown, and served during the entire period of the Revolution. The fourth brother, Henry and his sister, Barbara, 9 and 7 years old, respectively, while hunting chestnuts near Mickleys, Pa., were scalped by the Indians on October 8, 1763, the little girl surviving until the following morning.

John Jacob Mickley, of Liberty Bell fame, married Susanne Catherine Miller. Ten children were born to them, the eldest, John Jacob Mickley, 3d, being the boy who rode on his father's wagon when it hauled the bell, and Catherine, next to the youngest child, who married Captain John Balliet of the Revolution, brother of Colonel Stephen Balliet, and son of Paulus Balliet, the Huguenot immigrant, who also settled in White Hall Township. Lehigh (then Northampton) County, Pa.

During the period that the old bell, then young, reposed beneath the floor of a church, hymns of faith and prayers for victory re-

sounding faintly above its resting place. the Battle of Germantown, fifty miles away, was fought to a draw on October 4, 1777. Three days later, at Saratoga, N. Y., a smashing victory was achieved by Arnold and Gates, when Burgoyne surrendered. On December 17th, Valley Forge, thirty-five miles due south of the Liberty Bell's place of hiding, became the camp of Washington and his troops, where many of those who had responded to the Bell's call to arms the summer before, died from exposure. When the British withdrew from Philadelphia, the Liberty Bell was brought back, and, in the latter part of 1778, rehung in its former place.

"John Marshall, then Chief Justice of the United States, died in Philadelphia on July 6, 1835," says one account. "On July 8th, exactly fifty-nine years to the day of the anniversary of the Proclamation of the Declaration of Independence to the people, his remains were borne from Philadelphia to his native state, Virginia, for burial. During the funeral solemnities, the Liberty Bell, while slowly tolling, cracked through its side, forever silenced, but not less eloquent in its mute patriotic appeal. I had lived out its life (82 years) of usefulness as men live out their lives. Its active work was done; it had called the people together to preserve their right under the British crown; it had rung out its clamorous defiance on the great day of the Proclamation of the Declaration of their Independence; it had glorified all anniversaries of that independence. Henceforth, it remains in its ancient place, the silent symbol of not only 'Liberty throughout all the land,' but throughout the world."

MUSIC

It was only a few years ago when a large number of our people advanced the argument that time and money spent in giving a child a musical education was wasted. The number of children studying music reached a low ebb about four or five years ago, but it is encouraging to note that there has been a decided change in sentiment regarding music. Several music teachers in Albemarle have the largest number of pupils in history, and now the American Legion is sponsoring the organization of a junior band. The bands which have been made possible throughout the past fifteen or twenty years, or longer, by the mills continue to render a fine service in the field of music. At the present time, baby bands are being organized in various parts of the country, and it would appear that the growing interest in music will develop to such a point that the youth in the future who does not play some type of musical instrument will be an exception rather than the rule.—Stanly News and Press.

A BOY SCOUT STORY

(Asheville Citizen)

When Bob Davis, the famous newspaper writer, was in Asheville some months ago, gathering material for the Western North Carolina articles which are now appearing in the New York Sun and numerous other newspapers, and which The Citizen is publishing, he told a story which we wish we could give in his own words.

Mr. Davis had gone off on a hunting trip and just before he reached his destination on a small coastwise boat he fell and broke his leg. It was a bad break. The nearest doctor was many miles away.

The boat had been tied to the remote wharf and the captain was trying to attend to the fracture when a young boy, some twelve or thirteen years of age, appeared on the scene. He had been sent by his father from the latter's hunting lodge some miles away to invite Mr. Davis to be his guest. The boy viewed the boat captain's bungling efforts.

"Excuse me. sir," he said, "but I don't think you should do that."

"What do you know about it?" demanded the captain, gruffly. "I reckon I ought to know a lot more about fixing a busted leg than you."

"Maybe so, sir," answered the boy, "but this is a compound fracture and I'm afraid that what you are trying to do is going to make it very much worse."

"Well, I don't care what you're afraid of," said the captain. "I'm running this boat and I'm going to do this my way."

But at that moment Mr. Davis who, despite his suffering, had been listening very closely, took a hand in the discussion.

"Wait a minute, captain," he said. "Now, boy, what is it you have in mind?"

"I don't think, sir, that the captain can set this fracture. I think what he is doing is going to be bad for you."

"What do you know about broken legs?"

"Only what I have learned in the Boy Scouts, sir, but I'm sure that what the captain is doing is not the way to go about it."

"What do you think should be done?"

"Keep down the swelling, sir, and get you to a doctor as quickly as possible."

"How are you going to keep down the swelling?"

"By using ice packs if there is any ice on the boat."

Mr. Davis turned to the captain. "Captain," he said, "I think we'll take this young man's adivce. It sounds good to me."

Take it they did. There was ice on the boat, the boy sent a message home to his father and went along with Mr. Davis, looking after his leg until they reached a hospital; and the doctor who attended Mr. Davis told him that if it had not been for that boy he would almost certainly have lost his leg, and perhaps his life.

This was only one of several stories which Bob Davis told to illus-

trate why he has such a tremendous admiration for the Boy Scouts. He was not making any speech about them. He belongs to a type which is not naturally inclined to take much stock in the average organized movement. But he had seen for himself, he said, that membership in the Boy Scouts does something for a boy.

It does. That is why the Boy Scout movement has enjoyed such a growing favor. That is why it has the enthusiastic support of so many different kinds of people in every part of the land. That is why Dr. Barker, the celebrated Rotary lecturer, said in Asheville, when he was here two or three years ago, that he was almost tempted to measure a city's future by the interest it took in its Boy Scout organizations. That is why the sponsors of the Boy Scouts in Asheville are confident that they will continue to get from this community the support which the the Boy Scouts need.

FLOWERS

Just a bed of nature's flowers
  By the roadside, in the lane,
Nodding gently in the sunshine
  As the day begins to wane.

Darkened red and blue and violet,
  Tinted gold and purest white,
Each one lifts its flaming beauty
  To the dim fast-fading light.

And the red sun, sinking slowly,
  Seems to burnish, white and gold,
Each nodding, waving flower
  Like a goddess of the wold.

The world may have its sunshine,
  Its joys and sorows too;
But without a perfumed flower,
  What would this wide world do?

Just a bed of colored flowers,
  Pure as the whitest dove,
Giving free their perfumed beauty
  To a Master whom they love.

—William J. Bartholomew.

BIRTHDAY OF NATION IS ALSO NATAL DAY OF IMMORTAL BARD

By Mabel Ivey Seay

On the Fourth of July, when the nation is celebrating the Glorious Fourth, southerners will pause to honor the memory of Stephen Collins Foster, writer of the immortal "My Old Kentucky Home," "Sewanee River," "Old Black Joe," and other songs which touch a responsive chord not only in the hearts of southerners, but in the heart of universal man.

Sharing honors with others of Dixie's immortal dead in the Open-Air Westminster Abbey of the south, at Fletcher, North Carolina, is a monument to the great composer—testifying the reverence with which he is held in the southland.

No one who is familiar with any of the 83 songs Foster wrote need be told why they are the most widely sung ballads of all lands and of all times and why they have commanded a response which the most spectacular arias sung by the most celebrated artists have been unable to command.

The beautiful and wholesome use of the themes of home and loved ones; the perfect fit of melody to word; and the vivid and beautiful interpretations of southern plantation life have made of Foster's songs the favorite ballads of the south and of the world.

Foster was born in a little home in Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania. His father was a prominent merchant of Pittsburgh. From his mother, who was prominent in Boston artistic circles, he inherited his musical talents.

Foster's first musical attempt was "Tioga Waltz," composed for the commencement exercises at Athens academy at Tioga Point, where he was a student. At the age of 18, he composed "Open Thy Lattice, Love." From this time on, his songs have been continually sung, whether around a camp fire in a secluded corner of the United States or in a large American or European city.

"My Old Kentucky Home" is no doubt the most widely known and loved of Foster's songs.

During the World War, American soldiers went wild with excitement when a band swung into "My Old Kentucky Home" as the boat docked at Boston harbor. Foster's popular strains kept the feet of many an American soldier in step during the late war.

Though there are few people who are not familiar with at least the most popular of Foster's songs, there are few who know that in the historic little city of Bardstown, Kentucky, is the house in which he wrote "My Old Kentucky Home." This house, which is preserved as a shrine, attracts people from far and near is second only to Mount Vernon in popularity.

Bardstown is a picturesque little city of wide streets and lovely old Georgian and Georgian-Colonial homesteads, but there is none so lovely as "My Old Kentucky Home."

A house of dignity and grace, set among giant trees, the shrine is rich in history and would merit preservation as a shrine if Foster's song had never been written there.

The home, where four generations of the distinguished Rowan family lived, was acquired by The Old Kentucky Home Commission in 1922, "to be preserved forever as a national shrine."

After passing through a wooden gate, a driveway arched with great trees leads to Federal Hill, where the home is located. The entrance to the house is through a fan-shaped doorway around which Virginia creeper and wisteria twine.

In the entrance hall is the "secretaire" upon which Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home." The many names on the register in the hall testify the love the world holds for Foster. Many royal and distinguished names grace the pages of the register. There is the name of Marie of Roumania, a prince, a princess, ambassadors, presidents, governors, senators and those from the common walks of life.

The furniture, which is considered the rarest antique furniture in America; rag rugs; and other reminders of Colonial days, grace the huge rooms.

In an upstairs room is the four-poster bed Foster occupied during his stay in Kentucky. A tufted bed-spread, the envy of antique lovers, cover the bed.

The only room not open to the public is the kitchen. The only occasion on which it has been opened was during the visit of Marie of Roumania when its doors were thrown open for a southern mammy to cook candied sweet potatoes, Virginia, ham, corn bread and other delectable southenr dishes for the queen. They made such a hit with her that she carried the recipes back with her to be tried by her own chef.

The back yard of Federal Hill is a thing of beauty with its graceful walks, inviting benches, rose trellises and lilac bushes. It is separated from the slave quarters, the orchard, the vineyards and the meadows beyond by a honeysuckle-covered fence.

In the Rowan burial ground, to the right of "My Old Kentucky Home," is a marble shaft marking the grave of the original master of Federal Hill—Colonel John Rowan. His kindness and hospitality furnished Foster with the inspiration for "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground."

In 1850 Foster married Jane McDowell, the daughter of a prominent Pittsburgh physician, and went to New York to live. After remaining there a year, they returned to Pittsburgh, where they lived until the death of Foster's parents, to whom he was intensely devoted. It was they he had in mind when he created the musical phrase, "far from the old folks at home."

Foster's marriage proved an unhappy one and his wife left him, four years before his death, because of his intemperate habits. In many respects the life of Foster was similar to that of Edgar Allen Poe, whom he greatly admired. Foster had a great weakness for drink but he could stand very little.

In 1852, Foster again returned to Kentucky, where he had visited

on his honeymoon. At the time of his second visit, his cousin, "Young John" Rowan, had returned to Federal Hill after sojourning among the cultured artistic circles of Europe. Rowan, possessing a rare appreciation of music, recognized Foster's genius as a composer and encouraged him to write more serious compositions rather than the gay tunes he had been composing. As a result of this encouragement, "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" were written.

At the age of 38, Foster took his own life in a rooming house in the Bowery, New York City. The Pennsylvania railroad and the Adams express company, transported his body, without charge, from New York to Pittsburgh. He now lies buried in the Allegheny cemetery, in Pittsburgh, beside the "old folks."

How widely and deeply Foster and his songs are loved, no southerner need be told. He has left a lyric legacy of untold value to the nation. Unlike most poular songs, those of Foster do not grow monotonous but continually haunt the memory.

His inimitable melodies have an intangible style that is captivating. He caught the very spirit of the south with wonderful fidelity and power. The blinding radiance of his songs unfolds and shuts from view all the darkness that was in his sad and strange life. They have entered the hearts of cultured and common people alike.

LAUGHTER LENGTHENS LIFE

Thackeray truly remarked that the world is for each of us much as we show ourselves to the world. If we face it with a cheery acceptance we find the world fairly full of cheerful people glad to see us. If we start at it and abuse it, we may be sure of abuse in return.

The discontented worries of a morose person may very likely shorten his days, and the general justice of nature's arrangements provides that his early departure should entail no long regrets.

On the other hand, a man who can laugh keeps his health, and his friends are glad to keep him. To the perfectly healthy laughter comes often. Too commonly, though as childhood is left behind the habit falls and a half-smile is the best that visits the thought-lined mouth of the modern man or woman.

People become more and more burdened with the accumulation of knowledge and with the weighting responsibilities of life, but they should still spare time to laugh. Let them never forget that "a smile sits ever serene upon the face of wisdom."—Exchange.

CANADA'S COAT OF ARMS

(World Friends)

We are nearing the time when the people of our northern neighbor, Canada, celebrate their country's birthday. On the first of July, sixty-six years ago, the great men of the country gave to their land a constitution and a name, and the Dominion of Canada was formed.

Eleven years ago, King George presented Canada with a birthday present—a beautiful coat of arms.

In olden times very few people could read, and it was then that coats of arms were devised and worn by the heads of families to let outsiders see at a glance the main features of their history.

In the same way, Canada's coat of arms reveals Canadian history. It tells the story of the union of four nationalities to make one dominion, ruled over by the king of the British Empire. And this is how it tells it:

On a royal helmet the crest is placed—a lion crowned, and holding in its paw a maple leaf, symbolical of the heroic way Canada helped England in the great war; above the crest is the imperial crown; below the crest and helmet is the shield bearing the arms of the four races from which Canada inherits her language, her laws, her literature and history.

In the first quarter of the shield are three lions in pale gold—the arms of England; next is a red lion, the ancient arms of Scotland; the golden harp represents Ireland; and the three fleur-de-lis stand for the part played by France in the formation of Canada. Underneath, Canada is represented by her national emblem, the maple leaf, three leaves being attached to one stem.

The shield has two supporters. At the right of the shield is the British lion holding a Union Jack; at the left is the French unicorn, bearing the ancient banner of France. Below the shield is a wreath, consisting of roses, thistles, shamrocks, and lilies—the national emblems of England, Scotland, Ireland and France. Across the wreath is the inscription: "A mari usque ad mare" —a quotation taken from the Latin version of Psalm 72:8.

When the Fathers of Confederation were drawing up the constitution of Canada sixty-five years ago, they could not agree on a name for the country. They puzzled their heads all day about it, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion. So they decided to leave the matter over till the nex day. Early the following morning, Sir Leonard Tilley, one of the great figures in that historic gathering of men, picked up the Bible, to read a chapter from it, as was his custom. He opened the Book at the seventy-second Psalm. At verse eight, he read:

"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto th eends of the earth."

He closed the Book. He felt that he had found a name for Canada; and when a few minutes later he went back to the meeting and asked the members how the word "Dominion would do, they knew at once

that it was the very word for which they had been searching. And so that day the Fathers of Confederation agreed that the land should be called the Dominion of Canada. On the new coat of arms a part of the verse in Latin formed the motto: "A mari usque ad mare." And the whole verse seems peculiarly appropriate to Canada, which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the St. Lawrence River to the Arctic Ocean—the northernmost end unto the ends of the earth."

BIRTH OF THE CONSTITUTION

(The Pathfinder)

Our Constitution—liberty's guiding light—was born of criticism of the Articles of Confederation. The latter, in effect, constituted the republic's first organic law.

Yet, even while these articles were being ratified their limitations and other defects were being pointed out by such men as Hamilton and Washington. But it remained for Washington, acting on Hamilton's suggestion five years before, to obtain a convention of the several states, ostensibly not to draw up a new form of government, but to strengthen the old one. The states, jealous of their sovereignty under the Articles of Confederation, at first were not interested. Only five sent delegates to the Annapolis convention of 1786. Congress had to plead with the state legislatures to make the Philadelphia convention of 1787 possible. Even so, the states were slow to respond.

The nature of some of the ideas advanced at this session is best explained by the types of men who framed the Constitution. Patriots all, they were nevertheless sharply divided in beliefs and sentiments. Even then rural view clashed with urban. Sectional feeling ran high. This is evidenced in the three great compromises that saved the day—namely, equal state representation in the Senate and proportional representation in the House and the custom (adhered to until the Civil war) of counting a slave as three-fifths of a man, and the right of Congress to regulate commerce. At times debate became so bitter that, to quote a delegate who insisted on calling for prayer at a particularly hectic moment, the session was "melancholy proof of the imperfection of human understanding."

Two chief schools of thought found expression at this convention. One, backed by the Articles of Confederation, regarded the states as sovereign. The other held the states in the light that Rufus King of Massachusetts did—"deaf and dumb," i.e. deaf to foreign overtures and dumb to answer. No less a person than Alexander Hamilton wanted to abolish the state government as such and have the nation govern itself as a political unity.

Perhaps the most hectic argument was over the chief executive and his powers. Edmund Randolph

of Virginia and Hugh Williamson of North Carolina wanted the executive power entrusted to three men elected from as many federal districts. They feared that a single executive might be too much like a monarchy. But the others argued that as the individual states each had a single executive there was no reason why the nation could not have one. Besides, it was contended, the administration of one man would be more vigorous and active than that of a trio with divided opinions. (Boards of directors please note!)

One of the South Carolina Pinckneys and Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts were of the opinion that the president should be elected by Congress. But Robert Morris of Pennsylvania and most of the others favored appointment by the state legislatures, inasmuch as the federal government was presumed to be in the hands of the states. It was George Mason of Virginia who said: "Congress represents the states, not the people, and the states should choose."

Few delegates favored direct election of the president. Though the convention in its last days suddenly reversed its recommendation that the chief executive be chosen by the national legislature, it continued deaf to proposals that the people directly choose their own head. Hence the electoral system. On two different occasions the popular choice of the people has been denied the presidency—Adams and Tilden—and possibly Burr, because prior to 1824 the popular vote was problematical.

It is interesting to note some of the delegates' views on this subject: Gerry bluntly said: "A popular election is radically vicious, due to the ignorance of the people. The people are uninformed and would be misled by a few designing men." According to Mercer of Maryland: "The people cannot know and judge of the character of candidates." Gouverneur Morris dreaded the rural vote because he remarked that if Western backwoods people ever got the power into their hands it would ruin the East. South Carolinians might feel some embarrassment at the remark of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of that state to the effect that the people of South Carolina are "particularly not qualified to elect anyone." Let us hope that times have changed. Senator-rejects may be dubious of the convention observation of Pierce Butler, also of South Carolina, that "There is no right of which the people are more jealous than that of suffrage," or argument by Oliver Elsworth of Connecticut that "The states are the best judges of the circumstances and temper of their own people."

Proposals of terms for president ranged from three to twenty years, the latter being the idea of Gerry because, in his words, it represents "the medium life of princes." "The longer the term the more independent of legislation the president is," Gerry argued. "If elections are too frequent the president will not be firm enough," another member reasoned, adding: "There must be duties which will make the president unpopular for the moment." Some delegates would have set the limit of service at one term, others favored three terms.

The question of copensation for

the executive proved a bitter bone of contention. Many thought that the office should be honorary, without salary. Benjamin Franklin had this to say:

"There are two passions which have a powerful influence on the affairs of men. These are ambition and avarice; the love of power, and the love of money. Place before the eyes of men a post of honor that shall be at the same time a place of profit and they will move heaven and earth to obtain it. And of what kind are the men that will strive for this profitable preeminence, through all the bustle of cabal, the heat of contention, the infinite mutual abuse of parties, tearing to pieces of the best of characters? It will not be the wise and moderate; the lovers of peace and good order, the men fitted for the trust. It will be the bold and the violent, the men of strong passions and indefatigable activity in their selfish pursuits. These will thrust themselves into your government and be your rulers.

"Though we may set out in the beginning with moderate salaries we shall find that such will not be of long continuance. Reasons will never be wanting for proposed augmentations. And there will always be a party for giving more to the rulers. that the rulers may be able in return to give more to them."

Franklin was also opposed to giving the executive the power of veto because, in his words, "it would give him control of the legislature." Madison was of the opinion that "no man would be so daring as to place a veto on a law that had passed with the assent of the legislature."

Gerry and others wanted a privy council annexed to the presidency, either to be composed of the president of the senate, the speaker of the house and the chief justice, or a special council of six members elected by the Senate—two representing the East, two the South and two the West. Randolph questioned whether such a council could check the improper views of an ambitious man as well as the national legislature could. It remained for Viscount Bryce, former British ambassador to the United States, to later explain the dual check between president and Senate thus: "The Senate can prevent the president doing what he wishes but it cannot make him do what they wish."

Madison suggested that the judiciary be associated with the chief executive as a further check on Congress. His idea was that every bill, before becoming a law, should be approved by the Supreme Court as well as by the president. Madison was a little inconsistent here because he also wanted the Supreme Court to sit in cases of impeachment. Pinckney didn't favor impeaching the president under any circumstance; he thought it would be a club over him.

Whether the legislature should consist of one or two houses was a sore question. Franklin favored continuing a single house as provided in the Articles of Confederation, the members of which were oppointed by the state legislatures. Some others thought that state legislatures were better qualified to elect national representatives than the voters.

Pinckney favored admitting only big property holders to the legislature. Rutledge and Butler argued

for representation based on money contributed by the states to federal treasury. It would go hard with some tax delinquents if Mason's idea of barring public debtors from the national legislature had been carried out. Gerry pleaded for a large legislature on the ground that "the people are accustomed and fond of numerous representation, and will consider their rights as better secured by it."

Even in that day we have one of the delegates warning: "A great vice in our system is that of legislating too much. This is especially true of the states." Probably Jefferson of parliamentary rule fame got some of his ideas from the Constitutional convention because one of the rules adopted at that meeting read: "A member shall not speak oftener than twice upon the same question, and not the second time before every other, who had been silent, shall have been heard if he choose to speak upon the subject."

The convention set out to repair imperfections in the Articles of Confederation. It ended up by drafting most of the Constitution we have today. It is remarkable that such a document emerged from this scene of divided opinions. Its framers knew that at the outset it would be bitterly resented by zealous "state righters." No wonder, then, that Mr. Martin remarked to Mr. Jenifer at the conclusion of the convention: "I'll be hanged if ever the people of Maryland agree to it. So I advise you, Mr. Jenifer, to stay in Philadelphia lest you be hanged." But to quote eGorge Washington:

The constitution that is submitted is not free from imperfections; but there are as few defects in it as could well be expected, considering the heterogeneous mass of which the convention was composed and the diversity of interests which were reconciled. That it may promote the lasting welfare of that country so dear to us all, and secure her freedom and happiness, is our most ardent wish.

BIRTHSTONES

For laundresses, the soapstone.
For architects, the cornerstone.
For taxi drivers, the milestone.
For soldiers, the bloodstone.
For Irishmen, the blarneystone.
For borrowers, the touchstone.
For pedestrians, the pavingstone.
For burglars, the keystone.
For tourists, the Yellowstone.
For beauties, the peachstone.
For editors, the grindstone.
For realtors, the hearthstone!

—A. J. Heyden.

FOURTH OF JULY FLOWERS

By Albert E. Stillman

In California the Fourth of July is heralded by the Fire Cracker Flowers, or Floral Firecrackers, which grow in great abundance in the canyons and open rocky mountain woods. They are much sought after by children living in remote localities, where it is impossible to buy fireworks as an aid to the celebration of our national holiday. These boys and girls can have a make-believe celebration with Floral Fire Crackers. A bunch of these strange little flowers, which look for all the world like small Chinese firecrackers, is really a good substitute for the crackers that explode with a loud noise. This common woodland pyrotechnic blooms from late spring to early summer.

The flowers hang in clusters of long straight blossoms on leafless stems, one to three feet tall. They resemble real firecrackers in color, being a bright red. Protruding from the green tips of the blossoms are short yellow stamens, similar to the "tails" of the crackers which to children mean very much on Independence Day. The flowers are an inch long, and the drooping way in which they hang together makes them bear a striking resemblance to the firecrackers from far away China.

The credit for the discovery of this odd plant belongs to Dr. Alphonso Wood, a noted American botanist. In the spring of 1867, he went to the Trinity Mountains to study the flora of that region. Here he met a stage-driver who pointed out the plant to him. The mountaineer explained that the flowers were fondly cherished by his small daughter Ida May, and that the family called them after her, Ida May's Firecrackers.

According to Thomas Meehan in the "Native Flowers and Ferns of the United States," Professor Wood wished to preserve the sentiment of this particular plant and named it Brevoortia Ida Maie. Years later botanists renamed the firecracker flower, and it now caries the name brodiæa coccinea.

There are other wild flowers growing in California "whose names suggest the Fouth of July, although they are not quite so much like real fireworks as are the floral firecrackers." These are the golden stars and blazing stars and shooting stars, three of the loveliest flowers of the Pacific Coast region.

Golden stars are bulbous plants which grow on the foothils and mesas of southern California in the summer. This plant bears a showy umbel of many yellow star-shaped flowers, one of the fiery colors of the "glorious fourth." The blossoms are about an inch across.

Blazing stars are showy yellow star-shaped blooms, with "conspicuous clustered stamens radiating from their centers, which give them the appearance of the starlight fireworks, which emit such lovely showers of sparks." The blossoms, which open in the late afternoon, are three inches in diameter. The plant grows two to three feet high. It is very abundant in southern California during the the summer months.

Shooting stars are delicate flowers and at a little distance are really quite pyrotechnical looking. On examing the blossoms closely one sees Mother Nature has tried to produce something resembling a shooting star when she fashioned them. The blossoms are white, lilac or pinkish. At the tip of the flower is a purple beak, formed by the violet colored pistils and stamens. Because of their shooting star appearance, these flowers give the California fields and woods a Fourth of July air, aided by the golden and blazing stars and the floral firecrackers.

HELPFUL ENEMIES

By Zelia M. Walters

Tom Borden was trying to find the silver lining to the dark cloud that enveloped him. It was indeed a dreary thing to be left here in the house, a partial invalid on the day that all the town of Calford went out to the park for the Pioneer picnic. June 22, 1805, was the day when the first settlers had stopped on the fertile ridge above the river and decided to stay there. The wagon train, that had come all the way from Connecticut, was unloaded, and the first house sites were marked out before sundown. That was 126 years ago. But many descendants of the original settlers lived about Calford yet, and the anniversary day was kept even by the more recent citizens. It came a week after school closed and before people had gone away on summer vacations. It was the town's greatest festival. Now you can see why Tom felt abused as he lounged in the hammock on the front porch that day.

Still there was a silver lining. It might have been his right arm instead of his left that was injured and that would have kept him off the ball team for another year. It might have been a bad break, instead of just the smaller bone, which had had a clean fracture, without laceration. It might have been his leg or even his back or his head, in which case he would have spent the summer in bed, whereas now he would be allowed to go about with his arm in a sling.

"I guess I've got a lot to be thankful for," said Tom soberly, when he had thought over these things, "and anyway I'll not miss the Fourth of July."

His eyes turned toward the rough shack in the field next to the house, It held all the fireworks for Calford's community Fouth. Following the example of larger, progressive cities, the Calford city fathers had decided the year before that the dangerous firecracker should no longer be used within its borders. But they wanted the young folks to have a good time on the nation's birthday, so they voted a generous sum of money for fireworks, which were to be sent up from the large park in the center of town, the same park

where the Pioneer Picnic was now being held. Tom's father had been named to take charge of the fireworks. He had selected and purchased them, and he was going to set them off—with the valued assistance of his son Tom, of course. The fireworks were at this very moment reposing in that shack. Father had brought them home the night before in his car, and not wishing to store such a quantity of explosives in the house he had thought of the shed which also stood on his land.

"It doesn't seem as if that were a safe place," thought Tom, uneasily. "Something could easily happen to them."

But father had said the shack was strong. It had been built for the valuable tools of the men who had put the bridge across the river; and father had padlocked the door. Besides no one but the Bordens knew the fireworks were in there. But the uneasy thought having got into Tom's head, it kept growing.

Just then he saw a number of heads bobbing along the rail of the bridge. Some of the boys from Babb's Hollow were coming across, probably to play ball in the big level field that lay just beyond the one Mr. Borden owned. The Babb's Hollow boys had been doing this about once a week, but for some reason their visit today seemed like a dark plot to Tom. Suppose they had designs on the fireworks!

"It would be just like them to steal our fireworks!" said Tom.

And this is why he said such a thing:

Babb's Hollow had grown up within the last twenty years. And from the start there had been an unfriendly feeling between that community and the town. The Hollow had grown and prospered as the great cereal mill on the river had grown and needed more workmen and women. The Hollow had its own school, and church and store. But the unfriendly feeling grew, too. The new bridge should have cemented a friendship, but it seemed to widen the chasm between. Every winter there would be at least one snowball battle between the boys from the Calford school, and the boys from Babb's Hollow school—not a battle that was a jolly game no matter who won, but a grim fight, where each side tried to drive the other side to cover, and in which very real blows were exchanged if any of the combatants met face to face. The Babb's Hollow folks were not invited to the Pioneer Picnic. They scoifed at the whole thing, and talked about people who never did anything themselves, but lived on what their grandfathers had done. They wouldn't be invited to the Fourth of July celebration either. But suppose they were coming to steal the fireworks!

Tom got out of the hammock and stood on the steps. He felt weak and shaky. He had had his accident only two days before, and the doctor had said he'd better stay in bed another day but had compromised on the hammock. He watched the boys as they came from the bridge. There was a workman crossing the field within hailing distance, and Tom had a thought of calling to him, as he stopped to light his pipe. But the boys went peacefully into the ball field, so Tom subsided into the hammock again, though he still kept a

sharp lookout.

"They're such mean boys, there's no telling what they'll do," he grumbled.

Now Tom didn't know even one Babb's Hollow boy, so he couldn't tell whether they were mean or not. He was doing what so many of us do, harboring a feeling of enmity for someone, simply because he did not know him. That is the kind of feeling that makes us call foreigners by ugly names. In whole nations it's the sort of feeling that makes wars. If only we could all do as Tom did that afternoon, and learn to really know our enemies, then there would not be any more enemies.

Suddenly Tom shot up out of the hammock again. Along the footpath where the workman had gone, a small spiral of smoke floated lazily above the grass. Tom remembered the pipe, and the match, of course, thrown away.

Now that tiny spiral of smoke did not look very alarming. The ground was not very dry, and the last year's dead grass, which was all that would burn, was not high. A sizeable patch might burn over the top, but there was no real danger. A stone wall separated the Borden lawn from the field. The field on the left was plowed, and on the south the meadow ran down to the river. The field on the right was the ball ground, much of it trodden bare by the many feet of the ball players. No, it wouldn't do any harm, except for the shack. It would be as dry as tinder. If that slowly widening line of fire ran up to the shack it would certainly take fire. And all the precious fireworks would be gone.

Tom tried to think what to do. There was no one at home. He was not sick enough that anyone was needed to take care of him, and he had bravely bidden them all go to the picnic. The Wardes were gone, too. There was no one within hearing except the Babb's Hollow boys. "And they wouldn't help," said Tom bitterly.

For a minute he thought the fire had died out. There wasn't smoke or flame to be seen. Then suddenly a clear, higher flame appeared, much nearer the shack. Tom thought of the fire company now. But it was too late to get them out. Whatever was done must be done in the next ten minutes at the most.

He ran in the house, and got a referee's whistle from his father's desk, and starting toward the field, he kept blowing the shrill blasts with all his might. He saw the boys in the ball field look his way, hesitate, then throw down gloves and bats and start toward him.

"Maybe they'll beat me up," he thought.

But a big boy was beside him by this time.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked, looking at the bandaged arm.

"The fire," gasped Tom.

"Shucks, that fire won't hurt anything. It'll burn out in a few minutes."

"Powder in the shack," croaked Tom.

The run had been too much for him in his weakened condition. He sagged weakly against the boy, and was lowered gently to the ground.

"Hey, fellows!" the big boy was shouting; "put out that fire quick. Powder in the shack."

Though Tom had fallen, he was

not unconscious. He saw what happened. Half the boys peeled off sweaters, and fell instantly to work smothering the flames nearest the shack. Others raced over to a clump of hazel bushes, cut off leafy boughs with their knives, and fairly flew back to beat out every spark of flame.

The big boy, whom they called Carl, was the leader. He directed everyone what to do and no one stopped to argue.

"Now, Ed and Olly, keep watch here to see that no sparks start up near the shack," he commanded when the fire was vanquished; "and the rest of you go to this kid's house, and get some buckets, and carry water up from the river to soak the grass around the shack. And Jim, you come and help me carry the kid back home. I guess he's been hurt, and he's all in. He can't make it alone."

They picked Tom up, set him upon a chair of their clasped hands, and carried him back to the porch, where Carl settled him in the hammock in a handy way, and brought him a drink of water from the kitchen.

"Thanks a lot; I'm all right now," said Tom. "Sit down, you fellows. I want to tell you about it. I was so out of breath I couldn't say anything but 'Powder.' It's our fireworks for the Fouth. My father is the committee. He brought them home last night, and put them in there. You've saved them for us. And I want all of you fellows to come over to the park on the Fourth and see them. They're dandy fireworks, rockets and set pieces and things. We'll have a lot of fun."

Carl said:

For a moment no one spoke. Then

"That's mighty nice you to ask us. But, oh, shucks! You know folks won't want us there."

"I want you," said Tom; "and we're all allowed to invite any friends we want to. I'm inviting you; and my father will want you when I tell him what happened today. I want you to come and help my father set the things off. I was going to help him, but you see my broken arm. I want all of you fellows to come and go with my family. And if you've got any sisters you might bring them along to go with my sister. She's awfully nice. The trouble with our gang is, they don't know you. If they'd seen what I saw today, they'd all be saying, 'Come on along, fellows.'"

"Well, if they were all like you, we'd like it," said Jim straight-forwardly.

"They're dandy kids," said Tom earnestly; "wait till you know them."

The boys left shortly after, having made sure that there was no spark of fire in the field.

When Tom's family came home, he told the story of the help the Babb's Hollow boys had given in the emergency.

"Why, they're regular fellows," cried Tom. You should have seen the way they carried me up here, and put pillows around me. And they carried about a hundred buckets full of water up from the river to make sure the fire was out."

Father and mother said they thought it was fine to invite the boys to see the fireworks they had saved, and Lois said she'd surely be

friendly to any of the girls that came.

"I think this Fourth of July is going to see the ending of a war," said father; "now that you know the Babb's Hollow boys, you'll introduce them to your crowd, and there'll be no more enemies."

"You couldnt be enemies with them if you knew them," said Tom, "they're a dandy lot of fellows."

It turned out as father said. The long feud was over. Tom and Lois came to the celebration with a group of new boys and girls, well-behaved, good looking youngsters. It took some time to recognize them as the Babb's Hollow crowd. But when they did recognize them, all of the Calford young folks did their best to make the strangers feel at home. The story of the fireworks flew through the assemblage. There were the beginnings of several warm friendships that evening, and many plans of joint picnics, sports and hikes.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The first roasting-ears of the season were served to our entire family last Thursday. Notwithstanding the dry weather, this was some of the finest Adam's early corn we have had for several years.

—o—

Quite a few plums and peaches have been sent to the cottages this week. While the crop of peaches is not very abundant, the plum trees are loaded, and several more dispensations to the boys will be made.

—o—

Mr. Zack L. Roberts, of Concord, sent the Training School boys a number of magazines one day last week, and they have been issued to the various cottages. We take this opportunity to thank Mr. Roberts for his kindly interest in our boys.

—o—

Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, of Charlotte, recently donated some fine varieties of Iris to be used at the school. These roots are products of the Iris Gardens located at Bennettsville, S. C. We wish to acknowledge this gift with thanks.

—o—

One of our old boys, the tenth to enter the Training School, called on us last Wednesday. He is now employed at one of the local cotton mills. The young man reports that he is married, has several children, and is getting along very well.

—o—

Messrs Carriker and Scarboro, assisted by their boys, have completed a sand trap in the main sewer line, just before the inflow at the septic tank. This improvement had been ordered by Dr. Booker, sanitary engineer, of the State Board of Health. The entire cement and iron work was done by the above named forces, and both boys and supervisors are quite proud of their achievement.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boy's Work Secretary, Charlotte, Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service in our auditorium last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Sheldon presented Rev. Wilbur Parker, of Charlotte, who made a very interesting talk to the boys on the "Prodigal Son." Rev. Parker, who has visited us on several occasions, has become a favorite with the Training School boys, and they are always glad to see him. An additional feature on the program was the rendition of two vocal numbers by Bill Senn, one of Charlotte's talented young singers. This was also Bill's second visit to the institution, and we hope it may be our privilege to hear his splendid voice many more times. The piano accompaniment was played by Mrs. Helen Foils Beard.

—o—

If some one passing through the campus at the Jackson Training School, should see one hundred boys lounging in the shade of the trees, the question would arise as to the cause of this inactivity, so rarely seen at the institution. These are the boys whose tonsils were removed last week at the clinic held in Concord. We are glad to report that all of these youngsters are recuperating nicely. While some had more serious soreness in the throat than others, all are now practically well. We have heard the expression, "pain-in-the-neck" many times, but feel sure these hundred boys could add feelingly to the truth of this more or less slang expression. The officials of the school are expecting better progress and improved dispositions among these boys, now that this aggravating condition has been remedied.

—o—

The Roberta Mill team, scheduled to play here last Saturday afternoon, was unable to make its appearance, due to the fact that the members of the team were called upon to do some extra work at the mill. Since our boys were on the field and "rarin' to go," a team composed of visitors and several of our substitute players was selected as their opponents. In a seven-inning game the Training School regulars won by the score of 18 to 3. Eddie Poole, our regular left gardener, assumed the pitching duties for the regulars and did a fine job for five innings, holding the opposition to four hits and did not allow them to score a run. Lisk pitched the last two frames and yielded three hits and three runs. Lefler and J. Lisk, pitching for the "knot-hole gang," were touched for twenty hits, many of them going for extra bases. The regulars had a merry time scampering around the bases as the boys hammered the old pill to all corners of the lot. Cleaver, with four hits, including a home run and a triple was the chief swatsmith, and Hamilton, Poole and Whitley secured three hits each. The score:

		R.	H.	E.
J. T. S.	641421x—	18	20	4
Knot-hole gang	0000030—	3	7	3

Two-base hits: Lisk, Nunnery, Whitley, Helms. Three-base hits: Cleaver, Helms. Home run: Cleaver. Stolen bases: Lisk, Wall, Cleaver, Nunnery, Hamilton, Poole 2, Whitley, Helms 2. Double play: Weatherly, Cleaver and Godown. Struck out: by Poole 3; by Lisk 1; by Lefler 2. Base on balls: off Lisk 1; off Lefler 1. Umpires—Barrier, Godown and Lisk.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 8, 1933 No. 26

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THE AFTERNOON

What will it matter, in a little while,
  That for a day
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile,
  Upon the way?
These trifles! Can they make or mar
  Human life?
Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are
  By love or strife?
Yea, yea, a look the fainting heart may
    break,
  Or make it whole,
And just one word, if said for love's sweet
    sake,
  May save a soul!

—Selected.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

JUST BE GLAD

Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so!
What we have missed of calm we couldnt' have,
You know!
What we've met of stormy pain
And of sorrow's driving rain
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone.
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content with His own.

For, we know, not every morrow can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrows we have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years just be glad.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE MINISTRY OF MERCY

Dr. Foster U. Gift in his book, "The Ministry of Love," defines our subject: "The merciful work of the church includes those activities which are designed to relieve human suffering; to provide for the physical comfort of the helpless and dependent; to minister to every kind of human need; to provide better environment

where required; and above all, to bring about the spiritual recovery of those who are prodigals wherever found. It is to be understood that always the Christian spirit is the motive, that the service is an expression of Christian love and, above all, that a spiritual ministry is the end and aim of every deed.

It is not to be inferred that the "Ministry of Mercy" is only for certain conditions and situations of life. Especially so, realizing as an aftermath of the four-year World War, we have now entered the fourth year of want and privation, unemployment and uncertainty. Wheels of industry are still. Ships lie idle at their docks. Unsalable goods fill the warehouses. Children cry for food in a land of plenty. Mothers silently weep in a land of promise. Bread lines today are longer than battle lines of yesterday. And when Siloam's waters are "troubled" there are more hindering elbows than helping hands.

We have been living through days of apprehension, which have lengthened into months of poverty and panic, discouragement and depression, unemployment and unrest, fear and failure. No one can be indifferent to the situation. Regardless of reasons or causes, the real source of all our ills is traced back to sin in the human heart.

We are suffering from misplaced emphasis. Spiritual values have become obscured and in their stead material things have been stressed. We have lived in a fool's paradise. "Sowing the wind, we have reaped the whirlwind." We have mortgaged the future, and are wondering what is the matter. Business is groping. Credits have been impaired. Banks have closed. Wages are reduced. Unemployment is acute. Fortunes have disappeared. The dark shadows of pessimism have deepened, driving many people to despond and despair.

Enough of this! Optimism is the note we need. Let us preach the Gospel of Good Cheer!

The "Ministry of Mercy" is not confined to any age. To do good is a germ and can be developed by those with an understanding heart.

For instance, there is the story of a street urchin playing at the curbstone with a piece of a broken mirror. Cuffed on the ears by an officer and asked what mischief he was up to, the child replied:

"I was only putting a bit of sunshine into the dark tenement room of my little sick brother, that window up yonder where the sun never shines."

Broken mirrors are not always "bad luck." Love finds the way. Let this be our ambition:

"Help me to know
The inmost hearts of those for whom I care,
Their secret wishes, all the loads they bear,
That I may add my courage to their own—
May I make lonely folks feel less alone."

* * * * * * * * * *

UNIFORM TRAFFIC LAWS

A conference in the interest of uniform street and highway traffic laws for the entire country has lately convened in Washington. This move is timely, for the diversity of traffic regulations now in effect, existing throughout the entire country is confusing to tourists as they pass from one state to another, or one city to another.

This move if perfected will save much time besides eliminate many serious accidents.

* * * * * * * * * *

TREES

(Greensboro Record)

"Only God can make a tree," sang the sweet singer, Joyce Kilmer. And, in the blazing sun of these last few days, how many times we have thought of man's folly in cutting down the trees—divine gifts for hot wayfarers—trees that one-time adorned nearly all of Greensboro's streets.

Many beautiful trees remain about town, 'tis true. But think of the many that have gone the way of the world "ere their time," in the name of progress!

In another era of city progress hundreds of fine trees were sacrificed to make way for overhead wires—trolley, light and phone. Many of these trees, as it was recognized later, and too late, might

have been spared.

Now we have an Elm street sans elms, and many other thoroughfares with few if any trees.

But it is not too late to make amends More trees ought to be set out along the curb lines.

While the sweet singer Joyce Kilmer gave the thought, "only God can make a tree," it is true that Beecher said, "Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." And another writer expresses God's love as follows:

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
There's not a beam that lgihts the mountain;
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain;
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying;
But in its use of beauty shows,
True love to us, and love undying.

* * * * * * * * * * *

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR GOOD HEALTH

Here are, in brief, the ten golden rules of food and drink which have been drawn up by the food education society of London:

1. Eat in moderation only when hungry.
2. Do not eat and drink at the same time.
3. Take starchy foods in a crisp and compact condition.
4. Make sure to have enough body-building and tissue-repairing material.
5. Remember fat makes for fitness, not for fatness.
6. Remember there is enough starch in normal foods without going out of one's way to make more.
7. Use little water in cooking.
8. Eat fresh rather than canned food.
9. Eat some uncooked vegetable or ripe fruit every day.
10. Eat each meal with some crust, rusk or ripe fruit so as to leave the mouth clean.—Selected.

* * * * * * * * * * *

REDUCTION OF ACREAGE

The reduction of cotton acreage is the question uppermost in the mind of the farmer. This movement is agitated because of

the big surplus in storage.

There are 90,000 cotton growers in North Carolina. The request is to reduce the acreage to 363,000 acres.

The campaign for reduction now being waged by county agents and local commissioners will extend to the fourth week in July. We will abide our time to see the co-operation of farmers.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The manner in which the laws discriminate between the rich and the poor, the high and the low, gives basis today for the complaint of the "Vicar of Wakefield" that "the laws govern the poor and the rich govern the laws." These conditions have been since the beginning of time and will continue till the end of time. The sooner we stop worrying about the inequality of things the better fitted we will be physically to meet conditions. Fair-minded leadership is the panacea for such ills, and selfishness or greed is the root of all evil.

* * * * * * * * * * *

WANT TO BE SUCCESSFUL?

Want to be successful? Here is a formula furnished by an exchange that might help:

"I will not worry.

"I will not be afraid.

"I will not give away to anger.

"I will not yield to envy, jealousy or hatred.

"I will be kind to every man, woman and child with whom I come in contact.

"I will be cheerful and hopeful.

"I will trust in God and bravely face the future."—Selected.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"It is easy to get angry
When derided or defied,
To be peeved and disappointed
If your wishes are denied;
But to win a worth-while battle
Over selfishness and spite,
You must learn to keep strict silence
Though you know you're in the right."

—o—

No town man is so poor and shiftless that he doesn't feel like he could tell a farmer how to farm and make farming pay.

—o—

They may cheapen the costs of marriage licenses as much as they please, but the brides will be as dear as they ever were.

—o—

President Roosevelt having given us beer, and then starting his vacation trip in a schooner, must be a cool draft to the drys.

—o—

The President has several times been retarded on his trip by fog. It is hard for him to determine whether the fog arises from that economic conference or the weather.

—o—

Not so many years ago one could tell by the clock whether it was safe to answer a knock at the front door, but now it is getting so that the solicitors for everything under the sun, it seems, are so numerous that one encounters a good many bill collectors whom one could have dodged completely if times were normal.

—o—

The Salvation Army has a slogan, "A man may be down but never out." There is a time when a man is glad when he is down and out. That is after he has taken his first airplane ride.

—o—

They are advising that lip reading be taught in the schools in some sections so that the hard of hearing will know what is being said to them. Deafness is reported to be growing very rapidly in this country. Especially so since the depression. I have noticed that myself. Lots of people who used to have perfect hearing can't hear at all now when the simple words are spoken to them. For instance, "Lend me four bits 'til next Saturday, will you," or "You haven't got a dollar that ain't workin', have you?"

—o—

Applying for a divorce in Cincinnati a lady, among other things gave as a reason were the frequent and bitter complaints of her husband that she did not support him in the style to which he had been accustomed. This is proof that the worm will turn. Some day a gentleman will give his wife cause for divorce by bursting into tears and going home to his father because she said the biscuits he made were not as light as those cooked by her former husband.

—o—

Out in Colorado a man is accused of killing his neighbor with a shov-

el because the latter soaked the alley with water and prevented him from going to church in his auto. The old time prohibition lecturer used to tell us it was only when men were prevented from going to demon saloons that they killed the person who tried to stop them. Things are just all upside down these days.

—o—

It is a source of amusement to me when I pick up a health bulletin which tells me how and what to eat. Vitamins and proteins should be so balanced that a pea won't make the beam go down. Then there are carbohydrates, fats and leans, minerals and organic acids, prescribing certain foods under each heading and not a darn penny to buy any of them. And then, with due regard to all experts on foods, I keep right on getting stronger and fatter and eat anything and everything I am able to lay my hands on. Yet some people die from dieting, and some because they don't. Funny world, isn't it?

—o—

Clothes do not make the man. They adorn him. I see in the papers every now and then pictures of a man, or a boy, in overalls. Sometimes a girl appears in this kind of apparel. There is an element of real interest and attractiveness about such pictures. I like to shake hands with the "man in overalls." He has a wholesome look. He at least looks like he works, and like he is trying to live within his income. You don't have to dress up in a $75 suit and look like the king of England in order to make a good and wholesome appearance in the matter of dress.

—o—

The Happy Valley

Would you believe it? Dr. Alvin Johnson, in The Yale Review, is sending out a "tracer" for the Happy Valley. Hear him: "Where the Happy Valley lies we cannot yet know. Somewhere on our beautiful rivers, lovelier than their beautiful names." It is evident Dr. Johnson has never traveled in North Carolina. If he will journey from Wilkesboro along the banks of the Yadkin river to Patterson, a distance of thirty-one miles, he will find the Happy Valley he has in mind. Around Legerwood, the school for mountain boys, and up and down the Happy Valley, he will find the sky—studded with its glittering islets—is bending its translucent arches o'er scenes as full of joy and peace and rest as that which made beautiful the sinless bowers of angel-tended Paradise. Every breeze that stirs the drooping foliage of dew-kissed trees of the forest "is heavy with the sight" of fragrant lips of dreamwood, slumbering flowers. There are scenes which awaken the lover's lute; scenes which bring about a new Spring-time feeling. Where majestic mountains, on either side, frame the Valley in an emerald wreath of beauty; where the earth and the sky meet in the most gorgeous colorings of a master hand—a hand that man cannot approach in all of its artistic touches—new loveliness is revealed with the rising and setting of the sun each day. A realm of delight to the lovers of Nature; a continual sermon and exposition of the wonderful works of

the Creator; a chalice of health to the weak and feeble, and a resort of rest from the cares and worries of business affairs. The majestic mountains calm you into a restful state of mind, and inspire you with admiration and praises to a God that has made such a beautiful world and placed so much of its grandeur in Western North Carolina, and especially in the Happy Valley of the Yadkin river. Dr. Johnson, come to North Carolina. You'll find the El Dorado you are looking for!

CROSS IT OUT

If you're feeling rather blue,
  Or distressed by foolish doubt,
There is one best thing to do—
  X

If you think you are maligned
  Promptly put the thought to rout,
Do not argue nor resent—
  X

If your neighbor talks disease,
  Asthma, backache, fever, gout,
Listen pleasantly and then—
  X

If men seem indifferent
  And your finest efforts flout,
Work away with smiling face—
  X

If the raucous noise of town
  Makes you long to scream or shout,
Seek at once an inner poise—
  X

If base slander rents the air,
  Or mean gossip stalks about,
Put a finger on your lips—
  X

If you feel that you have failed,
  That your efforts count for naught,
Do not worry—start again—
  X

X—Cross it out.

—Greenville Kleiser.

UNITED STATES CAN DEPEND ON SELF ALONE

(The Monroe Enquirer)

(The following editorial appeared in a reecnt issue of the Baltimore American, and is timely as a reminder to the people of the United States that we are independent of other naions of the world, but want their friendship.)

This is written to remind Americans that their country is independent of the rest of the world.

This nation desires the world's friendship, and will try in the future as in the past, to deserve it.

But if the worst comes to worst the United States can depend on itself alone.

Uncle Sam, typifying this country, points out to the nations of the earth that if we must "we can go it alone."

He needs the help of no man and no nation. What he has suffices him, and he has the power to take care of it and protect it.

The British Islands would starve if they did not receive wheat and supplies from across the oceans.

We have all that we want and more; our only problem is how to distribute our abundance.

The State of Texas alone, one aongm forty-eight States, could feed the entire population of our country.

And two or three factories in one city could supply that population with all the automoblies it needs for transportation, and one, among many oil producing states, can supply the nation with oil and gasoline.

It has climate, ranging from the Arctic to the tropical, from the glaciers of the far north to orange groves and hot Winter sunshine in the South.

We have unlimited iron, copper, coal, oil and electric power that are the foundation of modern industries.

We have all the metals, from gold to lead, and gold, refined and accumulated, our country has more than any other nation possess, and our mountains and streams can provide more as we need it.

America possesses an absolute monoply on the precious helium gas that makes possible great airships, safe from fire and explosion. And that precious possession, vital to our saety, should be appreciated and used.

The founders of our country on the 4th of July, almost 157 years ago, signed their names courageously to the Declaration of Independence, little dreaming how mightily independent, physically and materially, this nation was destined to be, how far it would reach to the West, North and the South, how marvelously it would find within its own borders everything necessary for the comfort, happiness, progress and protection of its great population.

Those courageous men of 1776 were mentally independent and we, their descendants, are today independent in all material things as well.

If this country should suddenly become isolated from the rest of the

world, as it was before Columbus, if no ship should ever touch our shores in the next hundred years, we should regret it, but there would be no suffering, no lack of anything necessary to a great nation.

The United States is as independent of the rest of the world as this earth is independent of the planets that travel with it through space.

The happy man, able to work well and look the future in the face, is the independent man. He need go, hat in hand to no man, and need "fear the face of no man." This is the independent nation, that need ask nothing of any other.

We have temporary reverses and depressions due to our own folly, lack of organization and co-ordination, and to individual selfishness that takes no heed of the general welfare.

But we learn from misfortune and are not conquered by it.

The attitude of foreign nations sometimes annoys this country, but while it may disappoint it should not surprise us.

One day they come begging, and next they discover that this country is a Shylock because it expects part payment of what is due.

Fortunately, we can, if necessary, do without the money owing to us, if our debtors choose to default.

We should prefer, if they must default, that they do it decently, not adding insult to dishonesty. But we know that a dog will sit on its hind legs to bek, and later on will bite, and we must take conditions as we find them.

Our strength lies in the fact that this nation is independent. It does not need the help, advice, products, or knowledge of any other country.

Within our borders we have not only everything that our people need, by the standards of today, but, infinitely more important, this nation possesses, in the genius of its people, power that will provide for all future needs.

Men and women, today unknown, will tomorrow demonstrate a resourcefulness exceeded nowhere on earth.

Our mills and factories are marvelous, and greatest of them all is our public school system in which human minds are formed.

The world needs light, and Edison, a public school product, gives it to us.

tI needs transportation, and gets it from Henry Ford, a country public school boy.

A young man flies across the ocean alone, lands on the spot more than three thousand miles away at which he aimed, and says: "I am Charles Lindbergh." Lindbergh is another American public school boy. English say Waterloo was won on the playground of Eton. Our victories are won in our public school class rooms.

Amelia Earhart flies alone across the Atlantic, quite as a matter of course. She is an American public school girl.

When this was written, a young Texan, James Mattern, was flying around the world alone, defying the need of sleep, because he thought "somebody ought to make that try by himself." Another public school boy.

Millions of young Americans, young men and women, fear nothing, are ready to risk and try any-

thing, and with intelligence. They are the strength of this nation.

Ancient warriers of Gaul, summoned before Alexander the Great, and asked what they feared, informed him, proudly, that they feared only one thing: "That the sky may fall on us."

The typical young American is free from that and all other fear. He knows that the sky will not fall, and he knows that time and the future are with this glorious country.

He knows that courage, intelligence and hard work will solve every problem, making the United States each year more than ever independent of the rest of the world.

He has no fear except that he may not do the best that is within him, and, to the fullest extent, honor his father and mother and the country of his birth.

We have weaklings, and our imitation Americans, but they are not The United States.

We are the most fortunate, most abundantly blessed, the only absolutely independent nation in the world, and all of us, with deepest gratitude, should realize it.

THE OLYMPIC OATH

Each of the 2,000 contestants representing 45 nations at the Olympic games held in Los Angeles was requred to take the traditional oath:

> We swear that we will take part in these games as loyal competitors, respectful of rules that govern them, and that our desire is to play our part in a spirit of chivalry for the honor of our countries and the glory of sport.

If sport subscribes to this oath, why wouldn't it be advisable for citizens everywhere to take a still older oath—the civic oath administered to the young men of Athens:

> We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus, in all these ways, we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

It might prove beneficial to American cities in particular!

—Selected.

TWO BILLION DOLLARS FOR MUSIC

(Reidsville Review)

Americans spend annually in excess of ten billion dollars on recreation, and more than a quarter of this huge sum is spent with enterprises which are dependent on the use of music. Such is the report set forth in a recent issue of Words and Music, official publication of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

Over six billions of the amount expended for recreation is used to finance travel and vacations, here and abroad, and about two and one half billions is spent in commercial enterprises based on the use of music.

Music plays a most important part in nearly every form of commercial recreation as well as in the home and in private forms of amusement and recreation. Moving picture theatres, legitimate stage theatres, night clubs, restaurants, country clubs, the radio industry, public entertainments of all kinds and many other of our chief forms of entertainment and recreation are based on the art of music.

It is difficult to comprehend the important part that music plays in our lives but it also is gratifying to learn that this fine art is so all important to the leading forms of recreation that prevail in this country. It is to be earnesly hoped that it will never lose its great prestige and the tremendous influence that it wields.

THE EDUCATED MAN

In view of much recent discussion of the attributes of an educated man, ten points laid down by Albert Edward Wiggam, the author and lecturer, are interesting. They are as follows:

He keeps his mind open on every question until the evidence is all in.

He always listens to the man who knows.

He never laughs at new ideas.

He cross-examines his day-dreams.

He knows his strong point and plays it.

He knows the value of good habits and how to form them.

He knows when not to think and when to call in an expert to think for him.

You can't sell him magic.

He lives a forward-looking, outward-looking life.

He cultivates a love of the beautiful.

—Reidsville Review.

THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL

By J. C. Massee

Several years ago in the little city of Wheaton, Illinois, a man named Spencer, twenty-seven years old was arrested and charged with murder. He had choked a young woman school teacher to death. When arrested and charged, he did not deny his guilt. Rather he boasted of it. He spat in the faces of the officers, he cursed them, he taunted them. "Not only," said he, "did I choke this woman to death, but in the last six years I have choked sixteen others to death." Who was this man.

Here is his history: As a little baby, he had been lifted by officers of the law out of the arms of a suicide mother. The law had committed him to an orphanage. At fourteen years of age had been farmed out by the law to a farmer who wanted a husky boy to work without wages. This boy had stolen a bathnig suit from one of the beaches of a lake in a Chicago suburb. He sold the bathing suit for five cents, and was sent to a reformatory for six years by the tender mercies of the court of law. At twenty-one he was released on his own responsibilities from the ministrations of this tender legal parent. Then for six years the law demonstrated its inability to fashion a life in virtue. During those six years, according to his own confession, he had committed seventeen murders, and by inference at least that many assaults on the virtue of women.

The newspapers of Wheaton reported his trial under the caption, "The Man Without a Soul."

In Wheaton, Mrs. Evans, the wife of a minister, received from the Holy Spirit a commission to tell this criminal youth of the love of God in Christ Jesus. She did obey the commission. But one day some time afterward, while the trial was still in progress, her little nine-year-old boy ran into the room, and said, "Mother, they lied about him. He has a soul." The mother, realizing the tremendous excitement under which he spoke, said, "How do you know, dear?" The little boy answered, "I went into the court room and saw him smile, and nobody smiles who hasn't a soul."

Again the Spirit spoke to Mrs. Evans, and this time obedient she went to the prison, but was refused admission by the jailor on the ground that it would be dangerous for her to see the prisoner. But she went away and armed herself with an order from the sheriff, requiring the jalior to admit her. She went to the cell in which Spencer was confined, and standing outside, told him through those iron bars the story of unspeakable love and mercy. He listened with an immobile, impassive, adamantine face. When she had finished telling her story and seemed to have made no impression, she dropped upon her knees there in his presence, and with streaming eyes poured out her soul in a prayer to God for the lost boy. When she arose from her knees at the end of her prayer, that hardened criminal said with at least a trace of tears, "I'll take the book." With eager

hands she thrust the Testament into his hand, and pointing to its precious promises coupled with its warnings and invitations, led him at last to accept for his own the Christ who as Saviour is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone who believes.

An unbelievable transformation immediately resulted. The most hardened criminal that prison had ever known became at once the most tender, sensitive, compassionate evangelist. Day and night he told other prisoners the story of his redemption. Christian friends gathered about him. To these he denied the privilege of making an appeal for the mitigation or commuting of his sentence of death, simply saying, "I am guilty before the law, and I should pay the penalty, as I am ready to do." But he quickly learned their songs, and sang them with them, and constantly gave his testimony to others of the wonderful grace of God in Christ.

In particular one of the evangelistic singers of the city taught him to sing with his Christian friends, "We shall see the King some day."

On Monday before he was to be executed on Friday, as they sang with him, "We shall see the King some day," his voice, rising above them all, sang, "I shall see the King Friday."

On Thursday, the warden of the prison said to him: "It is our custom to give the men who must die the next day whatever they most wish on the day before their execution. If you will tell me what you wish for dinner I will provide it for you without reference to cost." But Spencer said: "No, warden; I don't want a dinner. Just grant me the privilege of having my Christian friends present when I die."

So on Friday morning they came to his cell and walked with him to the gallows from which he was to be hanged. On the way they sang with him, "We shall see the King some day," while he sang with a lusty voice, "I shall see the King today." His friends stood with him there and saw him drop through that trap of death into eternity.

When his body was cut down, a federal judge of that district, standing by it, addressed a crowd of friends, saying: "Here lies the body of the cruelest, hardest, most malignant criminal I have ever known through the years of my legal practice or judicial service. The law had him from his infancy to his death, and the law made him an implacable monster of crime.

"But," said the judge, "grace came in—that grace which is the energy of divine holiness directed toward the sinner in an effort to recover him from his state of sin, and restore him to unbroken fellowship with God. Grace prevailed and made out of the most hardened criminal I have ever known the tenderest, most sensitive, and most effective evangelist I have ever seen."

Surely this was a fulfillment of Paul's word to the church at Rome: "And the law came in besides that that trespass might abound; but where sin abounded, grace did abound more exceedingly: that, as sin reigned in death, even so might grace reign through righteousness into eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

THIS ONE WAS BORN—THERE

By Rev. G. MacLaren Brydon, D. D.

"Of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her; the Lord shall count when He writeth up the people that this man was born there."—Psalm 87:5-6.

The devout Jew, singing the songs of Zion under alien skies must have felt keenly the meaning of these verses. He could picture the privilege of the boys born and reared in the Holy City in an atmosphere of faith and absorbing the moral standards of their religion, as contrasted with the lot of his own children, subject once they were outside the doors of their own home to the immoral and evil influences of life in a heathen city.

How widespread the application of the text is in the affairs of human life! The home in which a child has been reared, the wider circle of the community in which his formative years have been spent have inevitably placed their impress upon the growing and developing character, either for good or ill. The true Christian home with its spiritual atmosphere, its practice of the presence of God, will give to the child within its walls his most precious spiritual opportunity. If the home be godless, the child will show it in the character he takes over into his adult years.

The youth just out of school, seeking a position in business does not perhaps realize why he must give his references and the names of his parents, but any employer seeking a young man for a position of responsibility must know the boy's background, the kind of home from which he has come, that an opinion may be formed of his probable trustworthiness. The home and his associates have formed the boy's character; and the decision to accept or reject the applicant is based upon the answer to that thought: "This one was born—there."

But the boy is not responsible for the atmosphere and ideals of the home in which he is born and reared. We older ones are, and he must enter into the atmosphere and absorb the ideals which the parents and older members of the home have made. He is not responsible for the standards of conduct in the wider circle of the community outside his home doors. We older ones are, and the child must enter into and grow up in a community atmosphere which we have helped to form.

How greatly we need to realize that we must become fellow-workers with God if His children are to be brought into a knowledge and love of Him. The child's first knowledge of God comes in and through the home life, and he comes to know God as He is interpreted to him in the lives of the members of the home. The community, the world, can only learn of Christ as he is shown in the lives of His people. The home and the world alike must know that we were born there in His kingdom; they must take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, if we would do our part in bringing our children and His world to Him.

BACK TO THE FARM OUR ONLY SALVATION

By Benarr McFadden

Again and again the writer has called attention to the imperative need of sending the unemployed workers back to the farm.

All over the country at the present time demonstrations are being made as to the value of this procedure. There have been practically no failures except in occasional individual instances.

Just recently one hundred families, victims of unemployment, were placed on Georgia farms by the Forward Georgia, Inc., Committee cooperating with the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce.

These families were entirely dependent upon charity, and its is announced that today ninety per cent of them have become entirely self-supporting.

Now the writer is wondering just how many instances of successful use of this method are essential to awaken the leaders of our relief agencies to the value of this effective method of handling the unemployment problem.

The must certainly be deaf, dumb, and blind if they are unable to deduce conclusions from premises that are so unmistakable.

The cost in Georgia of sending these families to the land was from fifty to seventy-fie dollars a family. Let us say, for example, that the cost would be from five to ten times this amount—it would still be less than it would take to keep a family on a dole for six months or a year.

In other words, if those who are controlling our relief funds at the present time were to make effective use of this back-to-the-land procedure they could use an amount sufficient to cover the relief fund for a period of six months or a year and thereby relieve themselves permanently of the terrific cost associated with continuous support.

There is fertile land, millions of acres, in various parts of the country. The owners of these lands in many instances would be glad to give away every other plot merely to have it occupied. Furthermore, they could well afford to give away every other plot, because, the value of the intervening plots would increase to such an extent that they would have the price of the land ultimately more than returned to them.

Can anything really be done to awaken the executives of our relief agencies to their imperative duty under the circumstances?

Or is graft so rampant in relief work there is no possible chance of placing it on an honest basis?

The dole is a ruinous procedure. It lowers human standards; devitalizes the body, mind, and soul. Body and character become soft and flabby.

National destruction stares us in the face if something cannot be done to rid ourselves effectively of the sist on charity.

And the ony sensible way to do it

is to send the victims of unemployment back to the land where they can become self-supporting.

The agricultural industry has fought this back-to-the-land movement; but where families are sent back to the land who simply raise the food that is necessary for their own sustenance, the agricultural interests certainly cannot be affected.

Furthermore, this nation is doomed to destruction if so large a part of our population is compeled to subsist on charity.

Work, and only work, should be the means of obtaining the source of support. The back-to-the-land movement will solve the problem, and there should be a dominating demand for the adoption of this procedure. It should become a slogan that is reiterated again and again until our bread lines will be dessminated and the starving families, victims of unemployment, are given a chance to win back their self-respect out in the country in God's pure air.

Remember, the same amount of money necessary to support the dependents of unemployment relief for six months or a year will make them self-supporting indefinitely when sent to the land.

That is a statement that can be definitely proved, and it points the way to the proper and effective means of expending relief funds.

SOWING AND REAPING

Some years ago a gifted woman, the young wife of a prominent man of affairs, committed suicide in her home. It was the old story too familiar to our ears in these days of free thinking and loose living. She had been intoxicated by that false interpretation of life which teaches that restraint is wrong and unnecessary and that full self-realization is had by following one's natural desires. She had grown restless under virtue's wholesome restraints. She had gone the way of sin and was reaping the bitter harvest. A few days before she with her own hand unlatched the gates of death and walked unbidden into mysteries she said to her companions in sin: "You and I laugh sometimes at old things, written law, moral codes, and religion when they say, 'Thou shalt not!' We think they were written for the weak-spirited and old fogies; but my friends, they are right no matter what we may think or say about them. Law and moral codes and religion are right. What they say we cannot do without suffering. I have learned that. I have learned my lesson. I know that the wages of sin is death, and in many cases these wages demand more than death—hell on earth." Was she right?

—The Lutheran.

GATE OF BEAUTY

By Caroline Young

"Mother, surely you don't mean —you can't mean that it will be impossible for me to return to school for the second semester?"

Margaret Payne's eyes were wide with distress and amazement as she gazed at her mother.

"I am more sorry than I can say," replied Mrs. Payne, "but I don't see how we can possibly manage it. Business has slumped so alarmingly that your father will need his surplus to tide him over the dull season. He asked me to tell you."

Margaret made no reply just then. She was staring into space, thinking, thinking! This was a hard blow, when she had been doing such creditable work in her classes, and had been counting on obtaining a teacher's certificate in the spring.

"Your father suggested borrowing money for you, but we talked it over and decided it would be better for you to wait a half year or even longer, if necessary," continued Mrs. Payne.

"I could pay it back in a couple of years of teaching," flashed Margaret suddenly, an angry light in her eyes. "I don't see why he couldn't do it."

"It hasn't been easy to send you the past three years," said Mrs. Payne," and your father needs to devote his full strength and all of his financial ability to his business at this crucial time. He has worked very hard for a great many years, Margaret."

"But just one semester," complained Margaret, "oughtn't to cost very much. Four hundred dollars would be ample."

Four hundred dollars! Her mother did not tell the girl that the entire family expenses at home hardly equalled that in the same amount of time. She merely sighed.

"I'm just as badly disappointed as you are, but I see nothing to do save make the best of it. Next fall —"

"Next fall," interrupted Margaret scathingly, " the other girls in my class will be teaching school."

"It is unfortunate," replied Mrs. Payne, turning her head so that Margaret should not see the tears in her eyes. "As far as I am concerned, I should be glad to economize to the very limit to send you, but I must think of your father also."

Slowly Margaret climbed the stairs to her room, and slowly she began taking her school clothes from the bags in which she had brought them home for the mid-year vacation, as she had then supposed.

"I can't stand it," she said to herself vehemently as she tossed the wooly white sweater on a chair. "I just can't stand it!"

Suddenly she closed the bags and sat down on the edge of her bed, tears flooding her eyes.

"I don't understand why this had to happen to me, when all the others can go on just as if there hadn't been a depression in business at all. It's father's fault for being in the grocery business. The poor folks can't pay their bills, and of course he continues to let them have goods.

I know that's the reason he can't send me. It isn't fair!''

In her mind she reviewed the good times she had during the years that had passed—the pretty clothes she had taken with her to college—the pleasant vacations at home with nothing to do save to enjoy herself, The town was small and there were few available positions for girls; she had never looked for a vacation job, as she had thought it would hardly pay to do so, considering the small amount of money that she could earn.

It was all over, now. It would not be much fun staying at home when the other girls of her acquaintance were away at school. And Margaret had always felt a secret superiority to the girls who had not gone away to school at all.

Wiping her eyes at last, she went downstairs. Her mother had the afternoon mail in her lap, and was reading a letter. She looked up and smiled as Margaret entered the room.

"Oh, dear, I wish I had some place to go!'' sighed Margaret. ''I don't believe I can stand to stay at home."

''Well, this letter contains an invitation for you,'' commented her mother quietly. Do you think you would like to spend a few months in Royville?"

''In Royville?" repeated Margaret. ''Did you say Royville?''

''Yes—with your Aunt Emily."

Margaret laughed at the absurdity of the suggestion. ''Royville or Aunt Emily either one would be enough to frighten me away. A combination of the two would certainly prove too much for my endurance."

''She seems to want you,'' observed Mrs. Payne.

Again Margaret laughed. ''What does she say?"

For answer, her mother read the last paragraph of Aunt Emily's letter: ''What is Margaret doing now? If she is not working, why don't you let her come and spend the rest of the winter with me? I think it is your duty to spare her to me once in a while, since she is my only brother's only child."

''Of course she'd have to slip in something about duty,'' commented Margaret. ''I used to visit her sometimes when I was small, and she was always preaching duty at me. Will you please decline the invitation for me? I think I have had trouble enough lately.''

Mrs. Payne looked at her thoughtfully. "You were saying only a moment ago that you wished you had some place to go. Why not accept Aunt Emily's invitation? I'm sure it would please your father. He has long wished to visit her, and has been unable to spare the time. He would be very happy to have you go in his stead.''

''I'm sure I shouldn't be very happy," retorted Margaret, tossing her head.

But before she went to bed that night, she wrote a letter to Aunt Emily, telling her that she would be in Royville on Saturday! It was not through her own desire to go that she reached this decision. It was as a result of suggestions made by her parents. It seemed to her that they almost urged her to go, and at last, she rose to her feet, went in search of writing materials, and declared that she would go to Aunt Emily.

''It looks as if father and mother are both trying to get rid of me,''

she complained to herself when she was alone in her room. "I actually believe they don't want me at home —and I don't know where to go right now, unless I do go to Royville. But I won't stay long. I'll get a position somewhere, and earn money of my own. I am certainly surprised at my parents."

She pitied herself a great deal that night, feeling that she had been treated very shabbily by her father and mother, but when the time came for her to start for Royville, it was not very easy to leave them, and they did not seem all happy to have her go.

Her mother clung to her and kissed her tenderly.

Aunt Emily met her at the little station in Royville. With her was a small boy with an express wagon.

"Tommy will haul your bags," announced Aunt Emily, indicating the novel vehicle. "I don't have a car, but it isn't a very long walk to the house. I'm glad you decided to come, Margaret. So many young people nowadays neglect their duties toward older folks."

Margaret half smiled. She had known there would be something about duty, very soon.

They had not walked more than a block or two when a car drove up and stopped alongside them.

Aunt Emily turned her head. "Yes, we'll ride, Gordon. I presume you meant to invite us?"

Gordon Ashley smiled, displaying even white teeth, as he replied: "That is exactly what I meant to do."

Aunt Emily introduced the two young people, and she and Margaret climbed into the car, which was quite a good one.

Aunt Emily kept Margaret busy the remainder of the day answering questions, so there was no time for the girl to become lonely. She was so tired when night came that she crept into bed, determining to sleep until noon, or at the very earliest, ten o'clock.

But her plan was thwarted by the energetic Aunt Emily. At exactly seven o'clock that good lady knocked at her door.

"Margaret, it's time to get up. I have breakfast at seven, so it won't rush me to get to Sunday school at nine."

Margaret protested that she ate very little breakfast and that she didn't believe she would go to Sunday school that day, but Aunt Emily opened the door and gazed at her in amazement.

"What? Not eat any breakfast, when I've opened a jar of peach marmalade and set the table in the dining-room? We are going to have hot biscuits and eggs, too! Now, I can tell you I don't approve of the notion some young folks have adopted, of missing half their meals. It isn't healthful. I think it's a body's duty to eat three meals a day, regularly."

Margaret registered another objection or two, but Aunt Emily lighted the little gas stove in the corner of the room, and waited expectantly.

"I'll get up, but I don't care to go to Sunday school, really," said Margaret ungraciously as she threw back the covers.

"Not go to Sunday school with me, the very first Sunday you are here?" questioned her aunt reproachfully; "but I've been counting on it. Anyway, it's the duty—"

Margaret wanted to put her fingers in her ears. But she smiled instead, and replied: "I'll go Aunt Emily. And if they want me to, I'll play the piano and lead the singing."

Her sarcasm was lost on Aunt Emily, who remarked: "We have an organ instead of a piano, but I reckon you could manage it. The organist doesn't come very regularly, and I'm certainly glad you are willing to help. But it is the duty—"

"I can play an organ very well," interrupted Margaret.

"I have an organ in the back parlor," said Aunt Emily. "I never play it, for I wasn't meant for a musician. But I like organ music, and I shall probably ask you to play it now and then."

She took her departure, and Margaret sat down before the cheery gas fire.

"I foresee this isn't going to prove a very restful visit. I may as well prepare to earn my board."

Promptly at nine o'clock, Aunt Emily and Margaret seated themselves on one of the long benches in the little church. Only a few people were there. Royville's few inhabitants did not turn out very well for Sunday school. The minister was not a resident of the town, Royville being on his circuit, and he had to conruct services there at ten o'clolck in order to meet his schedule. This made it necessary to have Sunday school at nine o'clock.

"The lazy folks say nine o'clock is too early for them," Aunt Emily had told her niece that morning.

A flustered gentleman came hurrying in, and Aunt Emily stopped him as he came past the bench upon which she and Margaret were sitting.

"If Minta doesn't come, Mr. Lee, my niece will play the organ."

Aunt Emily!" gasped Margaret. "How could you?"

"Well, you said you would," rejoined her aunt. "I thought I'd tell him, so he would't start singing without the instrument."

Minta Curran, the regular organist, did not appear, so Margaret soon found herself earnestly trying to draw music from the venerable organ, while Mr. Lee led the singing, looking decidedly pleased.

Aunt Emily asked Margaret to teach a class, after the opening services were over. It seemed that one of the teachers was absent, also.

In the midst of the lesson, Margaret glanced across the aisle at a man who was teaching a class of interested boys. The teacher was Gordon Ashley, the man who had taken her and Aunt Emily home the preceding day. In the brief glance she gave him, she observed that he was built like an athlete and that his face was more than ordinarily intelligent.

The days went by, slowly at first, then less monotonously as Margaret found more and more things to do—or rather Aunt Emily found them for her. The days became weeks and the weeks became months. Margaret was busy, but her heart was not in the duties which came to her hands. She felt as if she were merely marking time until she could find a way to finish her school course. Royville, the Sunday school which she attended regularly, the class of teen-age girls, were of little interest to her. She tried to do her duty, but that was all. When the girls began talking enthusiastically about a hike into the country, she turned a deaf ear

to their suggestions. It might be her duty to teach the class, but it certainly was not her duty to put forth further effort than that.

But the girls were not easily dissuaded from their intention, and Gordon Ashley, teaching his boys just across the aisle, could not avoid overhearing some of the discussion.

After the morning services were over, he approached Margaret, and said: "Miss Payne, if you wish to bring your class of girls out to our farm, you will be very welcome. There are some pretty places on the farm which I am sure the girls will enjoy."

"Thank you," replied Margaret a little stiffly, "but I hardly think I care to go to so much trouble."

At the dinner table, she told her aunt about the occurrence.

"As if I care to go out to the Ashley farm!" she remarked somewhat scornfully. "I wonder if Gordon thinks it would thrill me to see the pigs and chickens. I think he must be decidedly lacking in ambition."

"Lacking in ambition?" repeated her aunt. "Why?"

"Yes. I have heard from several sources that he went to college and had every chance to become a great coach. But instead, he came back here and now he is working on the farm."

"His father's health gave way, and it was Gordon's duty to come home and run the farm," declared Aunt Emily.

"Not when he had such great possibilities," retorted Margaret. "It was his duty to himself to forge ahead."

"He isn't doing so badly, as it is," was the older woman's comment.

Margaret smiled pityingly. "I think it is very pathetic that he cannot see he is wasting his life on that old farm. Someone ought to wake him up—make him see that he should develop his talents."

"I reckon Royville isn't quite as benighted as the heathen islands," observed Aunt Emily a trifle snappily. She had listened to numberless slighting remarks about her town and its people, and it was no wonder she grew irritated at Margaret's criticism of Gordon Ashley. "We're going to remodel the school building this summer, and that will help the town a lot."

But Margaret made no reply. She was thinking of Gordon Ashley and the opportunity he had thrown away. Wasn't it the duty of someone, she wondered, to try to show him the course he ought to pursue? Aunt Emily had preached duty to her until she was beginning to go out of her way to find new duties. Was it her duty to talk to Gordon Ashley concerning this thing? Certainlly none of the people in Royville would urge him to leave, even for his own good. They seemed happy to have him there, proud of his accomplishments in college, and strange to say, proud of the Ashley farm.

Yes, Margaret decided, it was her duty, and she would perform it. She determined to take her class out to the farm on the hike, more in order to make an opportunity to talk to Gordon than to please the girls.

The teen-age girls, however, did not question her motive. They were delighted when she told them she would go with them, and on the first pleasant Saturday, they set forth.

It was a bright day in early

spring. The grass was showing green and the leaves were beginning to burst from their buds. Merrily the girls tripped along the road, and thoughtfully Margaret walked beside them.

Gordon Ashley was busy in the yard when they arrived, but he left his work and came to show them about the place. He was wearing khaki trousers and leather leggings, which with his closely fitting jersey, accentuated his litheness of limb.

First he showed them the barns. The excited girls scampered about, inspecting everything, and even climbing the stairs to the hayloft.

Margaret and Gordon waited for them at the door.

"There's a lot of work to do here, isn't there?" inquired Margaret reflectively.

"Plenty," he replied emphatically. "There's always work to be done around a farm.

The girls came down, then, and the journey was continued.

Through the granaries, past the pig pen, down around the big silo, and to the poultry yards Gordon led the interested group, explaining how things were done around the farm.

Drudgery! Labor! Stagnation! Margaret shuddered at the sight of the various machines in the shed, and wondered how this brilliant young man, who had almost tasted achievement, could endure it all. She must find an opportunity to remonstrate with him, before returning to Royville. It was her duty!

"Now we'll visit the fields, that is one or two of them," said Gordon. "You're hiking, so come on!"

Through a large pasture and past a pond of clear water they walked, then along the margin of a plowed field.

Before them, when they turned in the direction of the house, was a dense hedgerow. Some of the girls wished to wriggle through the hedge, but Gordon pointed to the gate not far away, and they rushed toward it. They had already passed through when Gordon and Margaret arrived.

Gordon paused at the opening and swung the iron gate wide. "Look yonder," he said, pointing. "Doesn't the place look beautiful?"

They were standing on a knoll, and before them, the big white house with its smooth, pale-green lawn, the well-kept farm buildings, and the lane to the road, made a picture of peace, contentment and beauty.

Gordon was gazing thoughtfully at the scene. "I've shown you the toil and the effort first. This is the gate of beauty—I call it that to myself."

The gate of beauty! Suddenly Margaret understood. She had walked with him over his path of duty, and now he had revealed to her the compensation at the end of the path. A wonderful, happy home, the knowledge of work well done, a domain of peace and plenty. Oh, she could not tell this man what he ought to do. He knew better than she.

All the way back to town, the girls chattered about the farm, and Margaret listened. When she parted from the girls, and their happy faces told her more eloquently than their eager words how grateful they were to her because she had taken them on the hike, she was glad she had gone with them. A gate of beauty had swung open, giving her the love and admiration of these girls, in greater measure than ever before. She walked into the house, where Aunt Emily sat sewing.

Aunt Emily looked up. "There's a paper on the hall table for you to look over, Margaret."

Margaret found the paper and sat down to read. "Why, Aunt Emily, it's a contract—for one of the school positions here!"

"I know," nodded Aunt Emily. "I've talked it over with the members of the board a time or two. You see, the requirements are not so strict in this state as in yours, and attendance at the summer school will give you enough credits to teach here."

"Aunt Emily, you had this in mind when you invited me to visit you. You knew why I had to leave school."

"Well, if I did have it in mind, I guess it was no more than my duty," began Aunt Emily. "I'll lend you the money to go to summer school."

Margaret looked at her aunt with a new expression in her eyes. "Aunt Emily, it will be wonderful to stay here with you, and work in the Sunday school.. I'm going to make you glad you did this for me."

Aunt Emily smiled back at her so happily that Margaret could not resist giving her a little hug. A gate of beauty had opened at the end of Aunt Emily's path of duty, the joyous, pleasant companionship of her only niece.

"I almost forgot," said Aunt Emily, "to tell you that you have a letter from your mother, too. It is on the desk in your room."

Margaret ran upstairs to read her letter. As she finished it, she wiped away a tear or two.

"Your father is afraid you think we didn't want you at home," ran one paragraph, "so I am going to explain why we urged you to go to Aunt Emily. We don't have a clerk in the store any more. I have been helping, instead. We were afraid you would not understand, and that you would not let me do it, if you stayed at home. Things are gradually getting better, and soon we can hire a clerk again."

Brave little mother, following the path of duty! Margaret answered the letter before she slept that night, and although she did not know it, the swmpathy and understanding which she placed on the paper, opened a gate before the vision of her parents—a gate of beauty.

OH! WORLD THY NAME IS BEAUTY

Life's a picture all the way,
Joyous, thrilling, night and day;
Better grandeur of my dreams—
Graceful builder of my schemes.
What a mystery is this world,
With its guidance 'round it curled;
Teaches us a lesson new,
From morning passing in its dew.

—Lord Van Sutton.

HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE

Room No. 1

—A—

Robert Conklin, Cecil Farr, Clyde Kivett and Vernell O'Neal.

—B—

Robt. Hill, Robt,. Jernigan, Richard Mishoe, Buford Shipman, Homer Smith, Harvard Winn, Sam Wilson, Howard Boaz, Jim Kellam, Clarence McPherson and Jesse Whitman.

—o—

Room No. 2

—A—

Charles Dagenhart, Avery Gunter, Daniel Smith and Horace Brown.

—B—

Bill Jackson, Albert Parker, Mell Russ, Albert Crepps, Randolph Elliot, Marshall Hartsell and Ed Hall.

—o—

Room No. 3

—A—

Eugene Hogan, Hubert Davis and Eddie Lockamy.

—B—

Arthur Chatham, Haywood Journigan, Robert Worthington and Ernest Stricklin.

—o—

Room No. 4

—A—

Robert Alexander.

—B—

Clifford Bowers, Raymond Nance, Wallace Anders and Hoytt Nichols.

Room No. 5

—A—

Bill Barrett, Warren Holleman and Warren Medlin.

—B—

Raleigh Akridge, Ross Biggs, Fleming Collins, Carl Hampton and Walter Newsome.

—o—

Room No. 6

—A—

Francis Case, Marvin Miller, Jack Palmer. Bynum Royal, Paul Shipes, Roscoe Ashburn, Elzie Carpenter, Jack Funderburke, Harvey Hall, Hewitt Haynes, Dobbin Murray, Ted Pittman, Pressley Sanford, Vergil Sheaf, Joe Stockton, Lee Chandler, J. T. Lovett, Alton Morgan, Duke Davis, James Johnson and Claude Hicks.

—B—

Marcellas Gurganous, Jas. Beck, Ruben Payne, Robert Rhodes, Clyde Young, Denver Beshears, Isaac Chatham, Howard Cook, Fred Dryson, Colonel Pearce, Howard Rice, James Singleton, Morris Hicks, Sam Everett, Charles Hefner, Lloyd Pettus. David Ross, Marshall Scoggins, and Vernon Sheaf.

—o—

Room No. 7

—A—

Jannis Harvill, David Hodge and Richard Sullivan.

—B—

Irwin Medlin, Levi Merrett, Tooney Poole and Leonard Watson.

No man who is profiligate in his morals or a bad member of the civil community, can possibly be a true Christian or a credit to is own religious society.—George Washington.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Several of our old boys, following the usual custom of returning to the school on holidays, were present on the Fourth of July.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. Joe McCaskill, and children, Donald and Allen, of Springfield, Mass., and Mrs. James Barnhardt, of Urbana, Va., were recent guests of Superintendent and Mrs. Charles E. Boger.

—o—

The Training School folks were quite surprised to learn of the recent marriage of Mr. D. H. Pitts, of Statesville, a former member of our staff, as we all supposed him to be a confirmed bachelor. Our best wishes are extended to this happy couple.

—o—

Our readers may become weary of reading the announcement of the continued lead of the Training School herd in milk production and percentage of butter fat, in the Dairy Association, composed of Mecklenburg, Gaston and Cabarrus counties, but it just so happens that the June report, received a few days ago, showed our herd again out in front.

—o—

The boys on the farm force have lately been seen diligently searching for stakes, strings and pieces of white cloth, for the purpose of "stringing" the watermelon patch to frighten the crows away. When this kind of work starts we can begin to guess at the size of the melons. Our farm manager reports that the prospects for watermelons and cantaloupes are very gratifying. No crop at the school is looked forward to by the boys with any more pleasure than that of melons. We might also add that our grown folks, too, are glad to know that a number of delightful feasts are "just around the corner."

—o—

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in our auditorium last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture lesson he read the last six verses of the sixth chapter of Luke and his talk to the boys was on "Building." In the course of his remarks, Rev. Hardin said that as we go through life every act of ours contributes towards the building of our characters. When we do a good deed, we contribute a good brick to this building, and when we do things that are wrong, we add bricks of inferior quality that will not last, and the building is weakened. The main thing in erecting a building, said Rev. Hardin, was to have a good foundation, and so it is with our lives, if we have the teachings of Jesus as the foundation for our spiritual building, when the final test comes, instead of being destroyed, the building will stand throughout eternity.

—o—

On the morning of July 4th, the cottage lines answered the regular detail bell as usual. Announcement was then made that the boys and officers would go to the various departments and look after necessary duties and re-assemble near the

Cannon Memorial Building at 9:30. This was done and the entire school then repaired to the lake near the dairy barn. Mr. Tom Query, one of our good neighbors, also one of the most enthusiastic fisehrmen in the county, who had been communicated with the night before, was on hand with his seine, and the sport was on. The boys lost no time in getting into the water and going after the fish in earnest. The number of fish caught, mostly carp, mounted up slowly until around 150 were bagged. This sport continued until 11:30, when the fishing ceased without having exhausted the supply. Some of our local fishermen declared that all the big ones were left in the lake. The dinner, always an important feature in the minds of youngsters, holiday or no holiday, was next in order, and a delicious repast, consisting of fried chicken and plenty of vegetables, all home-grown products, was served in the cottage homes. After resting until two o'clock, the boys assembled on the campus, where they enjoyed an abundance of lemonade. At three o'clock they assembled at the athletic field where they witnessed a ball game between the school team and a team representing Flowe's store. (An account of this game will be found elsewhere in these columns) At the close of this day's full program the boys were happy because of a most enjoyable holiday, but were eager to hear the bell announcing "Bed Time."

—o—

In one of the most exciting games of the season, the Training School defeated Harrisburg last Saturday afternoon by the score of 5 to 4. Andrews was on the mound for the local lads and kept the visitors' eight hits well scattered. Five costly errors allowed Harrisburg to score three unearned runs. Sam Davis, pitching for the visitors' was touched for thirteen hits. The school lads jumped into the lead in the opening frame, scoring twice on singles by Lefler and Weatherly, and a double by Poole. In the second inning Harrisburg scored their first run when G. Davis walked, stole second and counted on two infield outs. They tied the score in the fourth as Ed. Davis singled, stole second, went to third on a passed ball and stole home. An error and hits by Williams and V. Harris scored a run for Harrisburg in the fifth. In the same inning the local lads regained the lead, triples by Cleaver and Whitley and a single by Helms putting two runs across. In the first half of the ninth Harrisburg again knotted the count as G. Davis tripled and Bill Harris rapped out a double. In the local half of the same frame Weatherly, Whitley and Helms singled consecutively, filling the bases with none out, and Lisk, batting for Vogler, drew a base on balls, forcing over the winning run. Bill Harris, with a single and double, was the only visitor to connect with Andrews' slants for more than one hit. Weatherly, with a triple and two singles, and Helms with three singles, led the Training School batters. The score:

		R	H	E
Harrisburg	010 110 001	4	8	3
J. T. S.	200 020 001	5	13	5

Two-base hits: V. Harris, B. Harris, Poole. Three base hits: Wil-

liams, G. Davis, Cleaver, Weatherly. Stolen bases: G. Davis and J. Alexander. Double plays: Cleaver and Vogler; S. Davis and J. Alexander. Struck out: by Andrews 7; by S. Davis 3. Base on balls: off Andrews 2; off Davis 3. Hit by pitcher: by Andrews 1. Umpires—Godown and Kiser.

—o—

Following a custom of several years' standing, the Fourth of July game in the local ball orchard was between Flowe's Store and the Training School, in which the local lads were beaten by the score of 15 to 10. At the beginning the game had the appearance of a close contest, but along about the fifth inning developed into a comedy of errors, some scratchy base hits which should have been fielded, plenty of real slugging, and some weird baserunning. The local lads out-hit the boys from Flowe's, getting twenty-two hits to their seventeen, but a number of costly errors permitted several enemy runs. Each team had one big inning. In the seventh the visitors connected for seven hits, which produced six runs. The school boys scored nine runs in the last three innings, the eighth being most productive, when a hit batter and five hits registered five runs. For the visitors Dover, Deaton and C. Bost led the batting attack with three hits each; while for the Training School Vogler led the attack with four safeties out of five trips to the plate, and Lefler, Poole and Helms rapped out three hits each. The score:

		R	H	E
Flowe's	030 031 062	15	17	7
J. T. S.	100 000 351	10	22	6

Two-base hits: Dorton, Hamilton, Lisk. Three-base hits: Dover, Deaton, Lefler. Stolen bases: Dorton 2, Conner. Double play: Lisk, Weatherly and Vogler. Struck out: by Lefler 4; by Deaton 6. Base on balls: off Lefler 1; off Deaton 1. Umpires—Godown and Beaver.

WHY SHOULD NOT I?

God might have used His sunset gold
So sparingly,
He might have doled His blossoms out
Quite grudgingly,
He might have put but one wee star
In all the sky;—
But since He gave so lavishly,
Why should not I?

—A. C. H.

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September 1-2-3	September 9, 1933
October 6-7	October 14, 1933
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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

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CHARACTER

"We are building every day
In a good or evil way;
And the structure as it grows
Must our inward self disclose;
Till in every arch and line
All our hidden faults outshine.

Do you ask what building this,
That can show both pain and bliss—
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo! its name is Character.

Build it well, whate'er you do!
Build it straight, and strong, and true!
Build it clean, and high, and broad—
Build it for the eye of God!"

—Selected.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

IN GOD WE TRUST

"My friend is a nose and throat specialist, and one day a little girl was brought to his office for a small operation on her nose. For some reason he could not give the little thing an anaesthetic; so he took a fifty-cent piece out of his pocket and put it in her hand.

"That's for you to spend exactly as you like as soon as this is over,' he said cheerily. 'I am going to hurt you a little, I am afraid, but if you take a good look at the fifty cents before I begin, and then hold it tight in your hand and keep thinking of what you saw all the time I am at work, it won't hurt so very much.'

"The child went through the operation unusually well, and the doctor congratulated himself on his bright idea.

"'You are a very brave little girl,' he said, patting her on the head 'and pretty soon you can go out and spend your money. Tell me all the things you thought of while I was at work.'

"'I thought of the words,' said the little girl.

"'The words?' repeated the doctor; 'the date, you mean?' It was a long time since he had really noticed a coin and he hardly remembered that they had any words on them.

"'Why, no, those are numbers. I mean the words at the top, "In God We Trust,"' said the little girl simply. ''Twas the first half dollar I ever had, so I never saw them before, but it is lovely to have them there. So the folks that have half dollars can always think about that.'"—Selected.

IT IS POSSIBLE TO OVERCOME ENVIRONMENT

Many boys graduated this year from the High School and they are numbered with the army of the unemployed. There are different reasons for the conditions that prevail. Some want white collar jobs, others are indifferent and many times do not know

just how to go about landing a job.

We know of a boy who recently graduated from high school with first honors. At leisure time he helped his father who is a merchant. Being associated with father was not accepted by mother as best for "son." She discussed the matter pro and con. Father agreed with mother that to be out from parental control possibly would make their son more dependable.

The young man set out to find work. He succeeded and upon returning home told that he was making fine money as a sweeper in one of the mills. Neither one of the parents passed a word at the time but listened attentively. They apparently applauded their son's efforts.

After due consideration the father remarked quietly to mother, "don't you think the long hours, and the kind of work too hard for....." Perhaps she also thought of the environment, but like all sensible mothers she thought the experience the test needed before entering college this Fall. She insisted that "son" continue and show his mettle.

Fortunately for this boy, he continues to have the silent influence of Christian parents when not working, making it possible for him to develop an ideal character.

However, few have this opportunity. It is to the lasting credit of home influence that boys from Christian homes can and do withstand environment that, if left uncurbed and unresisted would destroy every ennobling ideal.

* * * * * * * * * *

WITH INCREASING CRIME COMES A UNIVERSAL RESPONSIBILITY

The question as to the basic causes of the tendency towards increasing crime continues to be discussed, but no panacea for the ill has yet been advanced. The statistics from the United States bureau show for the first three months of 1933 that the largest percentage of total number of people arrested for crime were under 21 years of age.

This statement may well give pause to every thoughtful citizen. The figures are nothing short of staggering. It is hard to conceive a child guarded in the home as to the fundamentals of cor-

rect living will show up to be a criminal at the tender age of 21. The intervening time between the home life and 21 is all too short to develop into a criminal. There muct be a loose connection in many of the homes of the country.

The fact makes it convincing that every agency employed to aid in the reclamation of the wayward youth, let it be organized charity, or any supported agency by public funds, should not place material values first, but the child and endeavor to show a big margin in the salvaging of human souls.

The birth right of every child is a home with the tender influence of loving parents. If the homes have defaulted the young people have been denied the early influences that mean so much, and consequently they are the victims of circumstances. They have no voice as to their fate.

Therefore, we, as Christian workers, are confronted with the question, "are we our brother's keeper?" If the question is taken seriously there is a conviction for every serious-minded person. We know that if given a talent there rests a responsibility—a mission in life.

The mission of mankind is summed up in the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Now, if those charged with the responsibility of caring for the waywardness of the land are obsessed with all that is implied in the Golden Rule —the broken stitches of a wasted life will be caught up and transformed into a beautiful and useful life.

The opportunities of life are varied. But, the finest opportunity of all is to be given the privilege of rendering a service to one of God's unfortunate creatures who have never been given a chance.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"HEAVENS! IT IS A LITTLE CHILD!"

At a congested corner of one of the main throughfaces of the city there was a sudden creaking of automoblie brakes, the cry of a child was heard and then the shriek, "oh, it is my baby," as the mother dashed out into the street. Some of the crowd surged

towards the accident, and others turned back fearing the worst. An elderly gentleman rushed to the scene and as soon as he saw the victim of the accident, he turned pallid and remarked with compressed lips, "my heavens, it is a little child!" The big sturdy policeman gently gathered the little form in his arms, losing no time in placing the little one under the care of skilled physicians.

The elderly gentleman voiced the sentiment of all who witnessed what came near being a tragedy, "My heavens! it is a little child!" Nothing wrings the heart of mankind like the suffering of a little child, either from accident, maltreatment or neglect. It takes the heart of adamant not to give the little child, or the neglected child, the best. There never was a truer prophesy than that "a little child shall lead them."

* * * * * * * * * * *

A MOTHER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

The following letter from Andrew Jackson's mother reflects the true type of pioneer motherhood. She specially stressed one of the finest graces of life, "gratitude," and classed those destitute of that grace as guilty of a crime. These were almost the last words of a fond mother to her distinguished son:

"Andrew, if I should not see you again, I wish you to remember and treasure up some things I have already said to you: In this world you will have to make your own way. To do that you must have friends. You can make friends by being honest, and you can keep them by being steadfast. You must keep in mind that friends worth having will in the long run expect as much from you as they give to you. To forget an obligation or to be ungrateful for a kindness is a base crime—not merely a fault or a sin, but an actual crime. Men guilty of it sooner or later must suffer the penalty. In personal conduct be always polite, but never obsequious. None will respect you more than you respect yourself. Avoid quarrels as long as you can without yielding to imposition. But sustain your manhood always. Never bring a suit in law for assault and battery or for defamation. The law affords no remedy for such outrages that can satisfy the feeling of a true man. Never wound the feelings of others. Never brook wanton outrage upon your own feelings. If you ever wish to vindicate your feelings or defend your honor, do it calmly. If angry at first, wait till your wrath cools before you proceed."

These words were repeated by General Jackson on his birthday,

March 15, 1815, at New Orleans, to three members of his military family. "Gentlemen," said General Jackson, "I wish she could have lived to see this day. There never was a woman like her. She was as gentle as a dove and as brave as a lioness. Her last words have been the law of my life."

MY CREED

To live as each day as though I may never see the morow come; to be lenient with others; to give to advantage, but never ask for it; to be strict with myself but patient and kindly to all, but kindlier to the less fortunate; to respect all honest employment; to remember always that my life is made easier and better by service of others, and to be grateful.

To be tolerant and never arrogant; to treat all men with equal courtesy; to be true to my own in all things; to make as much as I can of my strength and the day's opportunity, and to meet disappointment without resentment.

To be friendly and helpful whereever possible; to do, without display of temper or of bitterness, all that fair conduct demands; to keep my money free from cunning or the shame of hard bargain; to govern my actions so that I may fear neither reproach nor misunderstanding nor words of malice or envy, and to maintain at whatever temporary cost, my self-respect.

To keep my faith with God, my fellow men, and my country.—American Magazine.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"So keep your mental balance
When confronted by a foe,
Be it enemy in ambush
Or some danger that you know.
If you are poised and tranquil
When all around is strife,
Then you have truly mastered
The most vital thing in life."

—o—

Thank heavens! They have not taxed watermelons and cantaloupes.

—o—

Industrial control may be the thing. It may be all right, provided I had an industry to control.

—o—

When the baby's bank rattles when it is shaken, then will I believe firmly that business is getting better.

—o—

A western woman shot at her husband six times and missed him. It is very evident she did not aim to kill. Yet is probable that if hubby will stay missing he will live longer.

—o—

It is announced through the public press that a good many of the European people are praying for the success of the economic conference in London. From all I can gather about their prayers, it seems to be summed up in "Forgive us our debts."

—o—

You must have faith to accomplish anything in this world, or expect an entrance into the better land above hereafter. So be wise. Be brave. Be true. Be strong. There's something great to do in this world, and at all times. Have faith and really know that God will see you through.

—o—

Helen Moody triumphed over a British lady in the preliminary tennis games at Wimbleton and seems to be going strong. That's good. So the United States won't have to put Prof. Moley in, after all. He can go right ahead with straightening out the international financial parley, but, anyhow, it's a comfort to have him in London ready to jump in any place his country needs him.

—o—

The unexpected always happens. We are told in the newspapers that all is not banking fair with the Fairbanks. Mary and Doug are at the parting of their ways. There is much talk about a divorce. All my faith in the permanence of peace, happiness, fidelity, constancy, everything rocking on its foundations. But one star shines clear in the inky blackness of the night. I look at it and Faith creeps back upon her throne. If President Roosevelt, and Mrs. President Roosevelt ever talk of a divorce—then I'm through. In this divorce mad world they're my last hope.

—o—

The London economic conference, not being able to agree on some vital points, has decided to recess for a while and do a little serious thinking. Our foreign brethren seem to

be a trifle slow for as quick thinking and positive a man as Franklin Delano, whose mind is something like a fast train that went by a little North Carolina town. A negro who saw the train pass was trying to make his listeners understand how fast it traveled. "Why," he gasped, "that ole train went so fas' it 'ud take two people, yes suh, to tell erbout it. Hit would need one man to say, 'Dar she comes!' while de udder man was a sayin', 'Dar she goes!' "

—o—

A California newspaper has expressed the opinion that it "would not be surprised if President Roosevelt established the policy of re-appointing efficient Republican postmasters." I hardly think so. In the first place, not only is the postal service better by the taking of new postmasters from the outside frequently, thus heading off the tendency of getting that great system into a rut, and getting it bureaucraic. In the second place it also wise for the Democratic administration to have its friends in key places and on guard. To much civil service is like too much water—it may become destructive. There are plenty of capable Democrats and they should be given postoffice jobs.

—o—

There's a continual striking at men's right! At Muskegon, Mich., they let the girls wear backless bathing suits, but not the men. This is an outrage. The beach director at that particular point says men's backs are ugly. Well, suppose they are. Is that any reason why men should be deprived of the glorious rays of the sun? Let us men have the opportunity of the sun and air on our backs. Let us wear backless bathing suits on the beach and swallowtail coats cut low in the back at dinner parties and dances at night, and in time we'll have beautiful backs. Until we do it might be well for we men to have ships and mermaids and castles and landscapes tattooed on our backs. Then people who think men's backs are ugly could look at the pictures.

—o—

Rev. Stephen Paulson, D. D., in a sermon in Grit recounts that Wordsworth used to tell that his greatest inspirations had a way of coming to him in the night and that he had to teach himself to write in the dark that he might not lose them. We must also learn to note God's dealings with us and His gracious deliverances. It is a pitiful thing when people learn nothing from their experiences. They have their pains and their troubles and their bereavements for nothing. Saint Paul had his "thorn in the flesh," and prayed for its removal; but later saw that it had been to him a source of strength. "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." Paul found that trust in God works. "He delivered us from so great a death, and we have set our hope that He will deliver us still."

NORTH CAROLINA HAS DONE IT

(Asheville Citizen)

Owen D. Young may be right when he tells the educators at Chicago that culture in this country appears to be in process of transposition from the cities to the country.

"The President proposes and economic conditions seem to demand," says Mr. Young, "a redistribution of our population from congested cities to rural areas. The motor car, good roads, the telephone, the radio and motion pictures have broken down the earlier barriers, both physical and intellectual.

"We will not get this change in country life without good schools. People will not move there or even stay there if the educational facilities for their children are inadequate. The schools are the key which will unlock the country for modern living, and without which all other attractions and facilities will fail."

The new educational program in North Carolina is directly and thoroughly in line with the theory advanced by Mr. Young. It undertakes to guarantee that the rural schools will continue to be at least as good as they have been, better in many instances, than they have been. On the other hand, there is no question of the fact that in practically every North Carolina city the former standards of the city schools are going to be seriously lowered.

North Carolina has gone farther than any other State in its effort to underwrite the future of the rural schools. It has, we think, gone much farther than any other State in relieving farm property of taxation and such property in North Carolina "pays a smaller per cent of the total cost of government than in any other State."

If there is really going to be a "redistribution of our population from congested cities to rural areas," then North Carolina has already met the conditions which Mr. Young says must be met to attract people from the cities to the country and to keep them in the country when they are already there.

On this basis there should be a most substantial growth in the rural population of North Carolina and a great influx of persons seeking farm homes under conditions that conform to the ideal.

Mr. Young might well have had the example of North Carolina in mind when he was setting up his program before the educators at Chicago.

A new deal that spells progress involves not only the doing of good things that ought to be done, but the undoing of bad things that ought not to have been done.—Selected.

ORPHANAGE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Charity & Children)

There was an editorial in last week's Biblical Recorder with the above title. We would like to add that the whole question of the state's educating orphan children may be simplified by asking the question, does a child lose its right in North Carolina when it loses its parents? The state pays the salaries of all teachers. If Bapitsts allow the state to pay the salaries of those who teach their blood children, why should they not allow the state to pay the salary of those who teach their adopted children? Why should orphans be singled out of the whole mass of children of the state? Does the state law read that the state shall educate all the of the children within its borders except those who have lost father and mother? They have lost quite enough when they lose father and mother without being penalized with loss of citizenship. Children in the orphanages of North Carolina are not strange varmints that are different from every one else, but they are normal North Carolina children. Those who have made our school laws did not single out orphans to disfranchise them in the matter of school privileges. The Baptists of North Carolina are furnishing a home for more than six hundred children. They expect the state to treat these children as all other children are treated. There is nothing mysterious or sinister about orphans going to school. As for us, we are quite positive that our adopted children should and shall have the same rights and privileges as our blood children enjoy. We expect no favors from the state but will not stand for our adopted children to be singled out and put in an outcast group. The old Baptist principle of separation of church and state is good and sound and we reaffirm our allegiance to it but, like liberty, many crimes are committed in its name. The crime of ostracizing orphan children and of refusing them the rights of childhood is one that we shall oppose to the limit. The Baptists of North Carolina have provided a home, safeguarded by religious atmosphere, for a large number of children; the state has made provision for the education of all of its children. And that's that.

FAITH

In every seed to breathe a flower,
  In every drop of dew
To reverence a cloistered star
  Within the distant blue;
To wait the promise of the bow,
  Despite the clouds between,
Is Faith—the fervid evidence
  Of loveliness unseen.—John Banister Tabbs.

THE DOG NEXT DOOR

(Selected)

Tommy didn't like dogs. He was not afraid of them, exactly; of course, boys were not suposed to be afraid of anything, but he just did not like them. They were so big, and if they were friendly they jumped all over you and knocked you donw and dirtied your nice white sailor suit with their dusty or muddy paws; and if they were little they barked so sharply and snapped at your ankles.

That was the reason (says a writer in The Presbyterian of the South) why Tommy felt so unhappy when the people next door, who moved in one day while he was at school, brought a dog with them—a great big dog with a long golden and white coat and a tail like a great soft plume. He was the friendliest dog in the world, and the Brown children played with him and rode on his back and had lots of fun, which the dog seemed to enjoy as much as they did.

Tommy sat on the fence and watched them, and longed to join them, if it only had not been for "that horrid dog." In vain they called him to "come on over." Tommy only shook his head and explained that he "didn't want to," while all the time he was wanting to just as hard as he could.

One day something happened that changed Tommy's opinion. He had gone down street with mother, and while she was shopping at the counter, the little boy wandered about the store, looking at the pretty things displayed.

Before he knew it, he found himself at the door, so he thought he would stand there and wait for mother instead of going back to join her. It would have been all right, only that Tommy had wandered to the door opening on another street, and when mother was ready to go, she went back to the door by which they had come in, looking for her little boy all the time. But she did not find him, because by that time Tommy was out on the other street, thinking that moher had forgotten him and left the store; and only anxious to find her, he ran on and on, getting farther away from her all the time, and never dreaming that mother was hunting for him.

So he ran on, crying, until suddenly he saw ahead of him a big white and golden dog with a tail-like plume trotting toward him. Tommy was so glad to see something he knew, that he forgot to be afraid. He just held out his hands and cried eagerly:

"Oh, King, are you going home? Please take me along!"

The big dog seemed to understand. He stopped and looked very kindly at Tommy, as if to say: "Well, I am glad you are ready to be friends with me at last. I could not understand why you didn't like me. Come on and we'll go home together."

Tommy took hold of King's collar and they trotted along together, Tommy feeling suddenly safe and happy and comforted. When they

reached home, King stopped at Tommy's gate, and mother, who had been dreadfully frightened, ran out to meet them and threw her arms around boy and dog together and hugged them both. After that Tommy and King were the very best of friends.

NORTHERN NEIGHBORS

By Ellen Johnston

"The land of fire and ice," is the name sometimes given to the little island of Iceland, for the country is well supplied with both volcanoes and glaciers. The name Iceland suggests a frozen waste, and its proximity to the Arctic Circle would seem to indicate a frigid climate, but the Gulf Stream flows up from the south, and with warm fingers caresses its shores, giving it a climate similar to that of southern Canada.

One of the interesting natural features of Iceland is the hot springs and geysers that abound in this volcanic island. Here in midwinter a warm bath can be taken outdoors in one of these pools of hot water. The white steam arising from these springs has been the origin of many of the names bestowed on various places. The name of the capital, Reykjavik, means "Smoking Harbor." Reykjanes means "Smoking Point." In fact, the syllable Reyk, used as a prefix in the names of many places, means "smoke."

Natural, hot springs at Reykjavik provide abundant hot water for a public laundry. Drying accommodations, also, are furnished by the city and the place is very well patronized, especially by the poorer classes. Nearby, there is a swimming pool, where the children, especially, love to swim. At Reykjanes the hot springs are so near the sea that a natural swimming pool of warm, sea water, that changes with every tide, is one of the delightful attractions of the place. The abundant hot water is a great boon to Iceland as there are practically no trees, and fuel is very scarce. The hot water is now being piped into the cities to heat houses and public buildings, and in the country, the farmers who are fortunate enough to have a hot spring on their farm, use it to heat their greenhouses as well as their homes.

The scenery of Iceland is impressive, with a wierd, magnificent beauty coupled with desolation. There are several splendid waterfalls, Gulfoss being the most famous. The name means Golden Fall, and was bestowed on it because of its golden color when the sun shines on it. A mere description can give little idea of its beauty. The water descends over several steps to a depth of 150 feet. A soft, white curtain of mist rises from the gorge into which it descends, and often a rainbow hangs over it, as if to crown its beauty.

The most famous of the many volcanoes of the island is Mount Hekla. It is not the largest, but is the

best known. In the past ten centuries it has erupted twenty-two times, often enough that its destructive force and spectacular display can be recalled from one generation to another.

Great Geyser is another of Iceland's noted features. From this former pride of Iceland all other geysers in the world take their name. At the present time it is not active. Formerly reckoned one of the wonders of the world, it is now merely a pool of crystal clear, hot water. Several times in the past, earthquakes have revived it when it became inactive, and the natives hope that they will do so again. Most of us, to whom earthquakes are not commonplace, would feel that an earthquake was a large price to pay for the spectacular effect of a geyser's activity, even though it were the world's greatest.

One of the most interesting places in Iceland is he Thingvellir Plain. It is not only impressive in itself, but is famous as being the meeting-place of the Althing, the ancient government assembly. In the summer of 1930, Iceland celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the founding of this assembly, which is the oldest law-making body in the world. The Icelanders look back with pride to the glorious days of their past, and many of the great debates during those assemblies of ten centuries ago, have been preserved word for word.

The famous sagas of ancient times have, also, done much to keep alive the brave days of old. During the long winter evenings, while the women weave or sew, and the men are mending their tools, some member of the family reads or recites these sagas. The language of the people has changed little in ten centuries, so that they still can be read with understanding just as they were written. It is a rather surprising fact that this great literature of Iceland was written while the greater part of the world lay in the night of ignorance of the Dark Ages. Here, in this small island, so many centuries ago, the torch of learning was held aloft, and never since has been allowed to die out.

The cod and herring fisheries furnish employment for a good part of Iceland's population. Thousands of tons of cod are dried, salted, and shipped to Europe; cod-liver oil is made from the livers; and the waste from the fish, as well as all small and damaged fish, is converted into fertilizer. Much of the cod fishing is done with hooks, a hundred to the line. Many hooks are left in the fish's mouths, and these hooks are salvaged by small boys and girls. Older boys and girls stand all day on the wet, slimy piers, repairing the lines from which hooks have been lost. It is tiresome, monotonous work, as is, also, the cleaning and salting the fish. During the drying season, everyone down to the smallest child, helps with the work. Every sunny morning, the fish are laid out to dry, until there are great fields of these white, drying codfish. At evening, or when there is a threat of rain, the fish are gathered in heaps, piled in stacks, and covered with tarpaulins.

Most of the herring fishing is done with huge nets. The men stay out several days during a herring run, and several million fish are not

an unusual catch. When the fishermen return the women and children come swarming to the quays to clean and pickle the herring. Sometimes, so many fish are caught that they cannot be taken care of, and the surplus is sent to the fertilizer factory.

The principal farming crop of Iceland is hay. In haymaking time the whole family turn out to gather this important product, for on it depends the number of sheep and ponies that the farmer can keep during the winter. Fortunately, when this industry is in full swing, it is the season of long, sunshiny days for Iceland, lying as it does so near to the Arctic Circle, is one of the countries that has a right to the title of "Land of the Midnight Sun."

Fresh fruit and vegetables are almost unknown, although lately, some of the farmers are beginning to grow them in greenhouses. Think of growing up in a land where there are no grapevines, no apple, peach, or pear trees, and where all the delicious vegetables of our gardens are entirely unknown. Milk is much used as a food, but, strangely, the people seem to prefer it sour. The traveler who asks for a glass of sweet mlik is regarded with surprise. A favorite native dish is skyr, a kind of curdled milk, eaten with sugar and cream. Fish is, of course, a staple food, both fresh and dried.

The farms of Iceland are mainly along the coast, and are very much scattered. Most of the traveling is done by pony, although some few automobiles are driven over the rough, poorly constructed roads. Telephones and radios help to broaden the life of the country people, but mail is delivered only once a month.

The farm houses are built, usually, of turf and stone. The walls are very thick, and so low, that viewed from the outside it would seem that no one but a child could stand upright inside. However, they are really much higher than they appear, as the walls are sunk into the ground three or four feet below the level of the ground outside, in order to make the houses warmer. The principal room in the farm house is called the bathroom, but it is really the family living and sleeping room. The name is merely a reminder of the brave days when the Vikings first came to Iceland. They loved hot baths, and provided a room for them, with a sunken tub in which water was heated by throwing red-hot stones into it. This room was the favorite room, and the chief room still bears the name of bathroom, although it is no longer used for baths.

The men of Iceland do not have a national costume, but many of the women still wear the old, Icelandic dress. The full skirt, of dark, woolen material, is embroidered around the bottom with leaves and flowers in yellow silk or gold filagree. The dark bodice and jacket have silver fastenings. The belt is also of silver, with a clasp that is often adorned with an image of the Madonna. The head covering is a small, tight-fitting skullcap with a tassel hanging down on one side.

The people of Iceland are fond of sports and games, chief of which is glima, the great, national athletic

sport. Aside from the old, Greek games, glima is the oldest sport in the world. It is a form of wrestling that depends more on suppleness than on weight or even strength. Each wrestler has a strap about one thigh and the opposite hip. The two opponents take hold of these straps and try to throw each other. If they touch the ground with anything but their hands or feet, it is considered a fall. Until recently, this ancient game was kept secret from foreigners, and non-Icelanders were not permitted to see a bout. The people are very proud of this national game, as, indeed, they are of everything Icelandic. And their pride is not without reason, for the country, though small, has had a glorious past. Considering the undeveloped natural resources of the island, there is every reason to believe that its future will be even more noteworthy.

"FORGIVE ME"

Every instance that we read of hasty and unjust judgment should come to us as a warning to heed the old command, "Judge not." Such an instance is the following:

In the year 1896 an Italian general was walking along a certain road when he met a private whose buff uniform and blue cloak showed many signs of wear and tear. It was easy to guess by the worn uniform and the man's tanned face that he had recently served in the war with the Abyssinians. But the private passed the general without giving the customary salute.

The officer was offended, and turning on his heel, he said sharply. "What is the reason that you fail to salute your superior officer?"

"That is my reason, sir," he said then, as he extended his arms, showing that both hands were missing, "The Abyssinians cut them off when I was a captive in their hands."

Tears sprang to the officer's eyes, and he impulsively embraced the soldier.

"Forgive me," he said. "You have indeed suffered in your country's service, and I shall take it upon myself to see that you are taken care of through the rest of your life. I misjudged you, and I ask your forgiveness."—Selected.

THE STORY OF SUGAR

By Jack Falk

The origin and first use of sugar is lost in antiquity. India or some part of tropical Asia was probably the native soil of the sugar cane. The juices of this cane were boiled and condensed into crystals at a very early date. Therefore India's name for sugar is sarkara, which was at first the word used to signify grit or gravel. To the Hindoos, it was sweet gravel. This points to the fact that the sugar crystals were not ground or granulated, and that they were a sort of 'rock" candy.

The Latin author, Pliny, knew this kind of rock candy. He called it saccharum crystallnium or "crystal sugar. The name saccharum he got from the Greeks, and the Greek word can be traced back to the sarkara of India. Pliny's name for sugar was altered slightly down the ages in different countries. From it we get the various European names, zucchero (Italian), zucker (German), socker (Swedish), and "sugar."

In the middle Ages the Arab merchants dealt in sugar. They even brought the sugar cane plants to Egypt, Sicily and southern Spain. From Sicily, the Portugese prince, Dom Enrique, took it to Madeira, the island west of Morocco. This famous navigator, Dom Enrique lived from 1349 to 1460. As early as 1503 the plant was carried west to the Canary Islands and from there it was transplanted in Brazil. Through Brazil it got up to Mexico and Cuba. Finally, when it was carried on to the islands in the Indian Ocean it had practically completed its trip around the world.

The sugar plantations in our Southern States got their start from sugar cane brought over from Cuba and San Domingo. On his voyage of 1493-4 Columbus had brought the sugar cane to San Domingo, and the sugar trade of San Domingo was the source of much profit to Spain. In fact, Charles V was able to build his palaces in Madrid and Toledo on his income from the San Domingo sugar trade.

So sugar, which is essentially a tropical plant, made a journey around the globe and found many a home for itself in sub-tropical lands. Wherever the climate is warm and damp, there the sugar thrives.

In Europe, however, the climate is not at all fit for sugar cane. Formerly sugar had to be imported into Europe and so it was always expensive. It was highly desirable, therefore, to derive sugar from something other than sugar cane. In 1760 Margraff, a German chemist, succeeded in getting a small amount of sugar from beets. He crushed the beets as well as he knew how, but he only got a small amount of juice from them. White beets gave six and two-tenths per cent of juice and red beets four and two-tenths per cent. The rest was fiber. Today, however, the tables are turned. With the aid of nitrate of soda, we can get ninety-three per cent juice and seven per cent fiber from beets.

Margraff did not live to see his

discovery used commercially; but Franz Carl Achrd, Margraff's student and successor, built the first sugar factory that used beet juice. The factory was built in a little town near Breslau, Germany. From Germany, the sugar beet industry spread to France and finally to the United States. Recently, Sweden has come to the front as a sugar producer. Probably Sweden uses the most modern methods of refining beet sugar. They get as much from a given quantity of beets as can be got from the same quantity of cane.

Today, three-fifths of the world's sugar is manufactured from the beet. In 1923 the United States alone had 651,000 acres of sugar beets. This acreage yielded seven million bushels of beets and brought the growers more than $48,000,000. In 1931 Lompoc Valley in Santa Barbara County, California, produced 25,567 tons of beets. This crop required 1,353 freight cars to carry it to the factory, where nine million pounds of beets gave more than a million and a half pounds of sugar. The beet gave eighteen per cent of its weight in sugar, and it gave the Lompoc Valley growers $465,000.

The general process of refining sugar from sugar cane and from the beet are about the same. The stalks of cane and the beets are crushed from their juice. The juice is treated with lime and then allowed to crystallize. This crystallized product is called raw sugar. The raw sugar is refined by melting it with water and filtering it first to get sand and other foreign particles out. It then goes through a second filter of boneblack which takes out all coloring matter and remains in the lime. The perfectly white syrup that is left is cooked again in a vacuum and allowed to crystallize again. Finally, these large crystals are granulated or powdered.

Long ago, sugar was used only in medicines and in luxuries. It became a common cooking article only after coffee and tea were introduced into England. In 1700 England used 10,000 tons of sugar, but in 1885, she used 1,100,000 tons. Coffee and tea made the difference.

New York in her early history limited the occupants of one bed to five. Now two people are expected to have twin beds. Here is the whole story of "the good old days." Henry Collins Brown, an authority on New York history, tells of an old tavern here in which were posted these rules:

"Four pence a night for bed.
Six pence with supper.
No more than five to sleep in one bed.
No boots to be worn in bed.
Organ grinders to sleep in wash house.
No dogs allowed upstairs.
No beer allowed in the kitchen.
No razor grinders or tinkers taken in."—Selected.

FLOWERS OF PALESTINE

By Ina Long Perry

Palestine is a land rich in wild flowers. Of great variety and in many brilliant hues they dot the countryside with their beauty and fragrance, especially in spring. After the late rains they make their appearance, blooming in great profusion and perfection like the flowers of our western prairies. This season is usually early in March or the first of April when the rains have been delayed.

The flowers which are most common by the wayside, on the hills, and in the fields, are the "lilies of the field," mentioned by Jesus. These are the "Anemone Coronaria"—gay, beautiful flowers, in spite of their abundance. Many of them are of a glowing red color, but there are also white, blue, and purple ones. The term "lily," it is thought has been given to all flowers such as the lily, the iris, the anemone, and the tulip.

The trailing bottle gourd, grown on trellis-work arbors as a refuge from the glare and heat of the sun, is thought to be the gourd which sheltered Jonah. The white broom, probably the juniper named in the Old Testament, is claimed to be one of the most dainty and delicate plants known. Its pink and white blossoms cover whole hillsides. Another flower which is pink in color is the small rose pink wax-plant, which dots the limestone hills of Galilee. The red and blue pimpernel also grows there. In the river valleys the blue and white lupines flaunt their beauty. In the Jordan Valley, and by the Sea of Galilee, beautiful wild oleanders, with bright green leaves and pink flowers, add beauty to the green grass, and the more modest flowers. They send forth their fragrance to all who pass, and are thought by some authorities to be the "willows of the brook," used for constructing the booths for the Feast of Tabernacles.

The rose of Isaiah is thought to be the yellow and white narcissus, which grows abundantly on the Plains of Sharon. It is well loved by the natives. It has a rare and delicate perfume. It is used to decorate the homes of the people; and they also carry it with them about the streets.

Near Jerusalem is the famous Vally of Roses, or Wad-el-Ward, where roses are cultivated for the purpose of making the famous Eastern perfume, known as attar of roses.

A second flower, claimed to be the Rose of Sharon, is the cistus, which grows only in the hills. The majority of students and writers maintain that the narcissus mentioned above is the true Rose of Sharon. The Rose of Jericho, known as the resurrection flower because it expands in water, is found in various places, chiefly where its seed is blown about in the sandy stretches near the Dead Sea.

Poppies grow in Palestine in great profusion. Water lilies grow in still water and lift up their delicate white faces to the sun. Yellow ones are also found in abundance. The saffron crocus is found in abundance everywhere. Brilliant tulips

lend their beauty and color to the landscape, and are found in great profusion. Many reeds, rushes, and a great variety of beautiful grasses are found. Many herbs are also scattered in various parts of the country, some of which yield perfumes and dyes.

Although spring has the greatest profusion of flowers, summer, autumn, and even winter, yield spots of glorious beauty and coloring which catch the eye, although when the scarlet tulips, the purple iris, and the blue lupines send forth their beauty, Palestine may be said to be at her best.

STEELDUST

By Irving Crump

He was a menace to the high-flung range of the bench lands above Snake River, but to May Tuttle he was a horse hero, and by that token he was protected against the merciless wrath of the ranchers and range riders of that little corner of Idaho. May refused to sanction his extermination by a bullet, as many another obnoxious wild horse had been removed from the range, and she assured the dozen or more cowboys of the region that the man who killed Steeldust to get rid of him could no longer count her as a friend. So, because May's friendship was something to be valued by any range rider, Steeldust was left to his own devices until—but that is the story.

The silver roan had been May's birthday present. Jim Tuttle, her father, who owned the Two-dot D cow ranch, wanted to get her an especially fine horse for her eighteenth birthday, so he wrote down to his friend, Fred Verde, a horse dealer in Ogden, instructing him to pick out a first-class young horse and ship him up. He wanted one that was "all horse" and unbroken. He preferred to have his own bronc peeler, Cliff Stevens, do the "gentlin"; then he would know that May would have a safe mount to ride on.

A shipment of mixed horses had come in the day Verde got the letter. They came over from the Pinon Mountains in Nevada, and Fred saw them in the railroad corral. They were all frightened, high strung, and nervous after a long train ride, which was natural, and so it was hard to judge them for gentleness. One horse stood out above the rest, however. He was a pretty silver roan about three years old, without a saddle mark on him, and looked as if he would develop into quite a horse, with his sleek limbs and powerful chest. Fred ordered his men to cut that horse from the bunch, get him into a stall car, and ship him north to Red Fall, ticketed for Jim Tuttle. Then the horse dealer took a trip to Pocotella, so it was not until a week later that he heard from Jeff Fuller, his wrangler, just what happened; then of course it

was to late too warn Tuttle.

"Boss, that silver roan is a young outlaw," Jeff told him when he came back to Ogden. "He fit three of us to a standstill before we got a rope on him, and he near kicked the sides out of the stall car before we got him locked in for shipment. I don't know where he came from, but his daddy must have been a cross between greased lightnin' an' where it hit. I'd shore hate to be the man to try and break him."

Jeff's evaluation of Steeldust's ancestors was very nearly correct if he meant that they were as untameable as the aforesaid forces, for the silver roan was the son of a famous panther-killing wolf-fighting stallion of the Pinon Mountains. The silver roan had been born a "wild one" and had remained so until three horse-hunting Piute Indians had trapped him and several other young horses at a water hole. He had proved too much for the Indians, however, and they promptly traded him to a dealer in Lodi, who shipped him north to Fred Verde.

But the railroad journey was only a brief interruption in the wild life of Steeldust. May Tuttle and her father were at the railroad corral at Red Falls when the car arrived. Cliff Stevens and another ranch hand drove the silver roan out of the box car and down the chute into the inclosure.

"Oh, a silver roan!" exclaimed May. "What a beauty! Look at that mane and tail; and that glossy gray coat. He gleams like steel dust," she added presently, delighted with the way he stood there head up, neck arched, broad chest expanded, and powerful muscles rippling under his gray coat. Jim Tuttle was not so pleased. He saw the dilated nostrils, and the untamed light in the horse's dark eyes.

"Hum-m-m-m," he said, "pretty much hoss, May."

"When Cliff gentles him, he'll be perfect," insisted the girl.

But Cliff Stevens never got a chance to put spur to him. Leaving the box car the bronco buster went round to the buckboard and got his outfit, for he figured on partly taming the horse right there in the railroad corral while the animal was still tired from the journey. Clumping along under the weight of his saddle, he went to the gate of the corral and opened it just a little to get inside. The next thing he knew, the world seemed to turn upside down under him and he found himself sprawling on the ground, tangled in a lot of saddle, bridle, lass' line, splintered fence rails, and what have you. At the same time a gray tornado surged over him, crashed the gate, and tore down the main street, scattering the startled population of Red Falls as he disappeared in the distance, leaving a cloud of yellow dust behind him.

Cliff did not need to ask what had happened. Steeldust, nervous, irritable, and annoyed by the fact that he had been confined in box cars and inclosures far too long to suit him, saw that opening gate as a way to freedom. To be sure, Cliff had opened it only a little, but even this was Steeldust's opportunity. Like a thunderbolt he hurled himself at it, regardless of Cliff's presence, hitting it with such force that he shattered two rails as he knocked it out of Cliff's grasp, upset the

bronco buster, and, as Jim Tuttle expressed it, "just high-tailed off across the scenery."

Steeldust was gone when Cliff untangled himself, and looked off toward the northern horizon.

"Jimminy crickets, who would ever expect him to do that?" he muttered, then added: "He's some horse, May. As a sporting proposition I would like to have tried to ride him, but as a matter of common sense I reckon he saved me a broken neck by knocking me down thataway." This they all three agreed was probably the truth, though May Tuttle was greatly disappointed.

Steeldust, however, was exceedingly happy. The past month, since that morning the Indians had trapped him at the water hole, had been a veritable nightmare to him. Never in his career had he known what confinement was. Restraint of any kind was entirely new to him. He had chafed under it and become desperate, otherwise he never would have charged Cliff Stevens that way, to reach the freedom that meant so much to him.

Having once more attained this freedom he determined to keep it, nor did he once break out of a high lope until he had left the settlement of Red Falls ten miles behind and had begun to work his way up among the spruces and lodge-pole pines of the big Timber Mountains on the bench lands above the Snake River. There in that high country he practically hid out like a human outlaw, keeping clear of ranches and settlements, and frequenting only the rough mountainous country the rest of that summer and a good part of the following winter. By the time spring came he knew all the territory between the Snake River and Black Water Valley, which was a considerable area.

Occasionally the range riders saw him, usually a gray streak going over the horizon, or a majestic, statuesque animal limned against the skyline on some ridge, watching the human intruder curiously, but from a safe distance. These cowboys brought word back to May that her horse had become a beauty, fully grown now, big and powerful, but wild as an eagle. May heard about him so often that she made several attempts to locate him during the winter, she and Cliff riding together for that purpose. But it was not until the following spring that she caught sight of him, and then it was not because she found him so much as because Steeldust had become lonely and wanted companionship.

It was not human company he yearned for, however. Like his father, the wild stallion of the Pinon Mountains, Steeldust was a born leader and he wanted a band of equine followers. He proceeded to get them in the simplest way possible, which was by inducing them to quit the ranch remudas and join him in his life of wild freedom. He began to come down near the ranches then, traveling at night and of an evening or early morning he was often to be seen silhouetted against the sky on some far ridge, watching the horses in the ranch pasture. He became as much of a menace along the range as a human horse thief, inducing first one and then another horse to bolt the pasture fence and join him. By June he had a band of twenty more or less valu-

able mounts trailing him up into the timber and the high benches above the Snake River.

May Tuttle thought this was rather clever of him. After she got over yearning to possess him she liked to think of him as a wild, free spirit, an untamable thing that defied men with all their skill, nor did she feel unhappy when he lured several horses from the Two-dot D remuda, her own sorrel pony among them.

"He's an outlaw, a regular buccaneer of the range. I admire him. He's building up a regular little horse kingdom in the mountains and none of you ranchers can stop him," she teased her father.

"Oh, yes, we can, and we are likely to if he steals any more horses. We'll stop him with a bullet, the same as we'd stop any horse thief," said her father.

May became angry. "Don't you dare to. That would be most unfair, to kill a fine animal like him just because he's smarter than you are. If you can trap or catch him that's different, but to get rid of him by shooting would be mean. Promise me you won't let any of our men do it."

But Jim Tuttle and his cowboys, and the few other range riders who knew and respected May's wishes about Steeldust, were not the only ones in that section of the valley of the Snake River who were interested in the young stallion. The gray marauder had lured horses from other ranches, especially from the Crow Track outfit that was owned by Lars Sorrenson. Lars was no sentimentalist about the outlaw horse.

"By jingoes, he's took away five of my best horsese in one week now. Something got to be done about it. Just so soon as we get the round-up over we go ketch that feller; otherwise, we shoot him. You boys get ready for a big hoss hunt just so soon as your work be finished," he told his cowboys.

But news of Sorrenson's plan came to Cliff Stevens, and of course to May Tuttle.

"Oh, he must not do it, Cliff," May told the horse wrangler. "If Lars and his men hunt Steeldust they'll surely kill him. Can't we do something about it?"

"Why, we might try to trap him ourselves before Lars gets started. His round-up won't be over for ten days yet; that will give us a little time to try, anyhow."

"Let's do it," exclaimed May, "just we two. We might be lucky enough to catch him. What a mount he would make if he were gentled!"

Cliff did not tell May he was not at all optimistic. Indeed, secretly, at odd times during the winter and spring he had already tried to trap Steeldust, knowing that if he could get a rope around the gray's arching neck, and train him, it would help make up for his losing Steeldust at the railroad corral. But though he had lain in wait for hours at the stallion's favorite watering places, and had followed his trail far through the mountains, he had never even come within striking distance of the gray.

However, it was always possible to out-smart even the most sagacious wild horse, and he was willing to devote the next ten days to trying again, particularly with May's presence for encouragement, so they

saddled the two best horses of the Two-dot cavvy and started out to see if they could corner Steeldust and his band.

Cliff thought he knew about where he could find the gray and his bunch of wild ones, and at daylight they started out, quartering westward toward the high benches along the river. After a six-hour search they located him in a canyon, between two rugged, spruce and pine-clad mountains, and when from a shoulder of one of these mountains Cliff discovered the position of Steeldust and his little band he realized that luck was with him and May. The canyon, fairly broad, reached away from the open grass flats, toward the river, terminating in a narrow, deeply eroded gully down through the bench toward the river. That was the only way out at the western end, save for a shelf to the left that terminated in a sheer drop of nearly a hundred feet to the river.

Cliff figured that if one of them could enter the eastern end of the canyon and start the horses moving toward the other end the animals would have to work their slow way down the gully to get out. If he was waiting in the gully with his lariat ready he might have a chance to spread his lop over the leader's head and make him a prisoner.

He told May his plan, and asked her to give him an hour while he rode around the mountain and down through a pass to the river, to come up through the gully. Cliff left her then, and May waited in a thick growth of pines on the slope, regarding her watch, and studying the little band of grazing horses, which Steeldust guarded down there in the canyon. She had plenty of time to feast her eyes on the fine animal at a distance, and she could see that he was a nervous, high-strung creature, always suspicious, alert, and ready for trouble.

Several times he threw up his head and tested the wind, or moved off to better vantage spots where he could scan the length of the canyon. May began to get worried for fear he and his band wauld quit the place before Cliff was ready. But it was a snug hiding place and the horses stayed. An hour passed. For safety's sake she gave Cliff ten minutes longer. Then she slipped back to her horse, mounted, and, circling down the slope, reached the mouth of the canyon.

Just a moment she waited there behind some spruces, then, suddenly clapping spurs to her horse, she urged him forward and burst out into the open, swinging her looped lariat.

The moment she appeared snorts of alarm greeted her as every head came up and all the animals whirled to look at her. Then suddenly like a covey of partridges they began to scatter and pound off down the canyon toward the gully that led down to the river.

Steeldust was not stampeded so quickly as the rest of the horses. While they were fleeing he stood for a moment, staring at May coming toward him, as if he were calculating his chances of getting past her. Evidently he thought better of trying. That swinging rope must have disturbed him. The Indians had used one on him. So had the men in the railroad corral. He did not like

the idea of that settling over his head, so with a snort he turned and, mane and tail streaming, thundered off with the other horses toward the gully.

There Cliff was waiting. His horse hidden behind a big boulder, his loop ready, he heard the start of the stampede and the pounding of horses coming toward him. Soon they began to surge past him down the gully. Alert and tense, he watched for Steeldust, and a moment later he saw him, almost at the end of the herd. Cliff's lariat circled and whistled as he shot his horse forward to cut off the leader. But even as the cowboy spurred forward, and the loop left his hand, Steeldust noticed him and with a snort reared, whirled, and started back, and Cliff missed his throw. May, with rope whirling, was coming up from behind, however in a good position to snare him. For a moment it looked as if the gray was trapped. But only for a moment. Suddenly he whirled again, threw up his head, and with a magnificent display of strength and agility scrambled wildly up a sharp six-foot slope to the shelf above. Cliff saw his maneuver and shouted exultantly.

"We've got him, May! We've got him! Ride out onto the shelf! He can't get away unless he jumps, and he'll never do that."

But Cliff did not know the mettle of Steeldust, or how much freedom meant to him. Even as the cowboy put his own horse up that steep bank and May rode swiftly out onto the shelf from above, Steeldust headed at a stiff gallop for the brink, nor did he hesitate. Both riders saw his intention at the same time and were struck with horror.

"Oh, Cliff, he's going to jump." cried May. "He'll be killed. There are rocks down there on the river shore. Oh-o-o!"

She stiffened in her saddle as she saw the big gray reach the edge of the shelf and in a beautiful soaring leap, with mane and tail streaming in the wind, launch himself out into space and start swiftly downward.

Heartsick, the girl urged her mount toward the edge to look over, confident that she had seen the last of Steeldust alive. A moment later, however, she found she was happily mistaken; the animal's long jump had hurled him clear of the rocks below and out into the deepest part of the river. He struck the water a hundred feet below with a terrific splash, and went all the way under. But his gray head and rump appeared an instant afterward, and he started swimming swiftly toward the far bank of the sluggish river.

And when his little band of horses, filing out of the gully below onto the river shore, saw him departing, they waded into the water and presently were following him over.

"By jingoes, that took a lot of nerve. There goes some horse, May. No wonder he's got a following," said Cliff, admiringly, as he watched the animal breasting the current as the herd swam for the other shore.

"I hope he never comes back on this side of the river to be killed or captured by any of us," said May, happily.

GOLDEN GEESE

By Ina Long Perry

Although the fairy story about the goose which laid the golden egg has thrilled children for many years, there is no foundation for belief that such an incident ever really happened. There is, however, a land where the geese themselves are of a golden color. That land is China. Each spring, to the great delight of the children and the fascination of their elders, huge flocks of golden geese are sometimes seen in the early days, and are harbingers of a year of plenty.

About a thousand miles up the Yangtze River lies the Tung Ting Lake Valley, through which both river and lake flow. It is a fertile place noted for its vast production of rice and tea. Any sign of prosperity there is heralded with great joy by the rest of China, because such a vast number of people look to that region as a supply basis for their food.

In early spring, before the great rush of waters from the streams in the snowbound valleys farther north begin pouring their mighty rush of waters into the river and lake, the honking of wild ducks and geese is heard. These are the common wild ones found in great numbers and used as source of food supply. Just before dawn, they make their noisy flight to the islands nearby, where they build their nests among the reeds. About that time the golden geese also appear. The Chinese watch for them carefully, because, as they are birds of passage, they fear they will not see them. By stream and lake on grassy knoll, and on stretches of level plain, they keep watch for them. Suddenly, some day, they hear a swift, strong sweeping of wings, and the flock, led by a wise old gander, suddenly reels, and swoops down on a grassy bank to rest and feed on the tender grass. Sometimes they detect them first in the sky, where they appear flying in long, straight lines, which widen, narrow, and curve gracefully among the clouds. Sometimes they alight in such a sheltered valley that only a few farmer folk see their gorgeous beauty—the golden hues of back and head, the rich tan of their full crests, and the streaks and markings of black and dark brown. Sometimes, however, a trip on horseback, or an excursion to some village in a sedan chair, takes a person over low hill country surmounted by ancient graveyards and clumps of gnarled trees, and almost before he realizes it, he comes upon a fertile stretch of plain dotted with pink spring flowers and peopled by a vast army of golden geese, perched on the ground in an orderly manner like soldiers in a camp. By twos, or fours, or sixes, they graze, sometimes breaking rank in their eagerness for food, but just as often moving together, making huge bands on the plain as when grass is cut down with a mower. The sun lights their brilliant feathers until here and there spots of bright orange flash among their markings of brown and black. Their crests wave in the breeze as they snatch a

hasty meal. At the command of their leader, they rise and follow in orderly procession, making a dark, curved chain across the sky as they journey swiftly to new fields farther on their way.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the traveler, seeing these geese for the first time. The chair coolies, who hear his mutterings in a strange tongue, grin and nod in response, but there is pleasure in their hearts. They realize that, according to sayings, that are nobody knows how old, the appearance of geese indicate a year of plenty. On the other hand, if the golden geese fail to put in their appearance, they feel that suffering of some sort is in store for them. The sun's rays, they fear, will beat fiercely upon the earth and dry up the moisture before the rice has matured; or, else, the swollen Yangtze and the yellow waters of the Tung Ting Lake will spread over the land, sweeping away the houses, villages, and farms, bringing death and desolation to the inmates of the mud-brick houses.

The anxious farmer, watching the avalanche of water creep up to his housedoor, claiming the soil where his children played, his water buffalo grazed, and he flew his kite with his small son the previous spring, anchors his waiting boat and saves himself and his family, but not one of his worldly possessions.

Many stories and legends of great antiquity have been written in praise of the golden geese. Poets allude to them, classical writers gives them worthy consideration, and even the fairy tales of China are colored with the magic of their power. Always they come as a good omen, and foretell a season of freedom from flood, famine, and pestilence.

A PLACE OF DREAMS

A maple leans beside the brook
  Where sunbeams softly play
At hide-and-seek, in this cool nook,
  Just at the close of day.
Like golden lances through the trees
  They seem to swerve and dart
Among the leaves stirred by the breeze,
  Guilding them with nature's art.
A fairy place, this woodland scene,
  Where jeweled waters gleam,
When trees are washed in sunset gold;
  'Tis here I sometimes dream
Of sunny ports 'neath alien skies,
  Or rushing mountain streams,
Of deserts stained with sunset dies,
  Of romance are my dreams.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Recent rains have refreshed our gardens, and enlivened a hope that we will not only have plenty of vegetables for our tables, but will soon be able to resume canning activities.

—o—

The regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees, which was to have been held July 6th, was postponed on account of the lack of a sufficient number of members present to constitute a quorum.

—o—

Through the kindness of Mrs. Ralph Boyd, of Concord, our boys are enjoying a number of magazines, delivered the other day. We want to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Boyd for her kindly interest in the Training School boys.

—o—

George Pearson, one of our old boys, and wife, of North Wilkesboro, called on friends at the school the other day. George was driving a new Ford car, and reported that he was in the wholesale grocery business with his father. We have learned from other sources that this is one of the leading firms in that section.

—o—

The first cantaloupes of the season were issued to the cottages last Tuesday. While this issue was not very large, it was significant in reminding us that "it won't be long now" until we will receive a generous supply for all. A cantaloupe for breakfast breaks the monotony of the morning menus, and brings smiles to the faces of prospective partakers.

—o—

There was considerable activity in all departments at the Training School last week. In addition to the regular duties, both boys and instructors were busily engaged in taking inventory for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1933. While this check-up reveals that the amount of supplies on hand is somewhat below that of previous years, it does by no means indicate that we are on the road to the poor-house.

—o—

Our teachers unanimously agreed to determine the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending June 30, 1933, by an oratorical contest in each room. The school principal reports the winners and titles of the declamations as follows: Grade 1—"If I Should Die Tonight," Fred Vereen; Grade 2—"A Song of Our Flag," Clyde Young; Grade 3—"American Independence," Walter Newsome; Grade 4—"Somebody's Mother," Lewis Hanna; Grade 5—"The War Inevitable," Hugh Fesperman; Grade 6—"Warriors of the Broken Sword," Troy Meadows;

Grade 7—"The Liberty Bell," Jim Kellam.

—o—

The report comes to this office that "weinies" or "hot-dogs," will occupy a prominent place on the menu for tomorrow's dinner, and we feel sure this report will be hailed with delight by our youngsters. These "weinies" constitute another payment in exchange for the price of "King Tut," the bull sold to a packing company some time ago. It seems that the exchange should be nearing completion, from the number of times we have been served "weinies" from this deal.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Following the reading of the Scripture lesson, found in Matthew 7:13, Rev. Hughes made a most interesting talk on "Roads." He began by telling the boys that the civilization of any people can be tested by their roads. He then told how primitive people made their way through the wilderness on foot, then by use of animals, and how this method of travel was followed by the use of carts, wagons, autos and trucks. As our civilization grew, transportation in large quantities depended upon the kind of roads we have to follow. Rev. Hughes said we are indebted to the Romans for giving us the idea of building good roads, and today we find in Greece, Italy and other countries, roads built by the Romans, and they are still in good condition. The secret of good road building, said Rev. Hughes, is to have the right sort of foundation. Then they must have the correct width, must be straight, and our modern roads have straight lines in the center to guide travelers, and the traveler who observes the rules of the road, and keeps on the right side of the line, will have no trouble in reaching his destination. Rev. Hughes then called attention to the fact that the Scriptures tell us about the straight and narrow way, and we can easily understand what is meant when we observe the traveling on our own highways. The speaker continued, saying that when we travel on the right side, or on the straight and narrow way, we are safe, but when we turn from the right way we are in danger. Rev. Hughes concluded by saying that we must decide early in life as to the right path to travel, and although we sometimes make mistakes and repairs have to be made, we must never give up, but correct these mistakes, look to the teachings of the Bible for guidance and pursue the road to happiness. Christ came to show us the way and to follow Him will lead to eternal joy.

—o—

Last Saturday's ball game between the Training School and a team representing Flowe's Store, resulted in an easy victory for the former by the score of 11 to 3. Lisk was on the firing line for the school lads and kept the visitors' eight hits well scattered, no two of them coming together until the ninth inning.

While "Dub" Bost, the visiting hurler, was touched for eleven hits, his mates contributed nine costly errors which were responsible for a number of unearned runs. An error, two free tickets to first base, and two singles gave the school boys a two-run lead in the opening round. The visitors registered their first marker in the third as Utley drew a pass, swiped second, and scored on Pete Bost's single. In the same frame a double by Poole, Whitley's triple and two errors, accounted for three more Training School runs. In the fourth Cleaver singled, stole second and third, and scored when Helms hoisted a long fly to center. In the fifth Whitley's single and a couple of errors produced another local run. In the sixth Weatherly doubled and Cleaver sent a fly to the visiting right fielder, who not only muffed what should have been an easy catch, but very obligingly kicked the ball over the embankment down into the peach orchard, permitting both runners to score. In the seventh singles by Whitley and Lisk and two errors allowed two more runners to cross the platter, bringing our total to eleven. In the last frame the boys from Flowe's scored a couple when Bill Bost singled, Beaver doubled, Hartsell was safe on an error and pinch-hitter Gerald Dorton banged out a long double. Beaver, with a double and single to his credit, and Pete Bost with a pair of singles, were the only visitors to secure more than one hit. In addition to catching one of his best games, Whitley led the Training School batters, clubbing the old hoss-hide for a triple and two singles. He was also quite lively on the base paths, stealing three bases. The score:

		R	H	E
Flowe's	001 000 002—	3	8	9
J. T. S.	203 112 20x—	11	11	4

Two-base hits: Beaver, Weatherly, Mason, Poole. Three-base hits: Whitley. Stolen bases: Utley, Cleaver 2, Poole, Hamilton, Whitley 3, Lisk 2. Double play: Hamilton, Cleaver and Vogler. Struck out: by Lisk 2; by Bost 5. Base on balls: off Lisk 1; off Bost 2. Umpires—Godown and Spence.

BREVITY THE SOUL OF WIT

But who will even make an effort to cultivate brevity? Brevity makes the public speaker acceptable and gurantees the contributor to a newspaper the place that he seeks in its pages.

The little Georgia negro won the prize in school by writing the following lines, few and short:

A mule in the barnyard lazy and slick,
A boy with a pin on the end of a stick
Slips in behind him as still as a mouse,
Crape on the door of the little boy's house.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 22, 1933 No. 28

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WATCH!

Some bells require to be rung very often. As there is constant danger from certain quarters, so there must be constant warnings. When our Lord repeats an admonition five times over within the space of a dozen lines, we may be quite sure that He regarded it as one of supreme importance. If we turn to the thirteenth chapter of Mark, we discover that Jesus repeated His injunction to watchfulness several times, and then closed His solemn discourse with the sharp stroke on the alarm bell, "I say unto you all, Watch!"—Thomas Cuyler.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

UNSEEN POWER

What is it that gives the tiny seed power to expand and develop into the beautiful plant? You call it life. But what is that? The chemist has never found it. The wisest men have never found it. If you take a grain of wheat to a biologist and ask him to analyze it he will say: "I know exactly the substance in that grain of wheat—so much carbon and so much hydrogen—and I know the exact proportions of each; in fact, I can take the substances of which it is composed and make a grain of wheat precisely like this." He makes it, and it looks so like the grain of wheat which God has made that you cannot distinguish it; it has the same weight, and form and color. But plant it and it will not grow. The grain which God has made, though kept buried in the tombs of Egypt for three thousand years, if given light and heat and moisture, will develop a stalk producing its like. What is the difference? The one has life; the other has not.

So with the words of Christ. They are like other words. They sound, are spelled and printed like other words, but God has joined with them a spirit and a life which affect the heart of man. He gives to His own word an accompaniment of wonderful power. He is Himself present in His word.—Selected.

WHAT TO DO, IS THE QUESTION

The objective of every correctional institution is reformation. How to bring about the best results has been and will continue to be the question, because of the varied types of youths committed to institutions.

In the majority of instances the strictest discipline is necessary, so is punishment, but human reason should be used to determine how and when to determine the severity of the chastisement. All things should be done with the objective foremost—reformation,

for without reformation society is the loser. The state gains nothing for its investment and the offender returns to his wallow. Therefore, to get best results it is wisdom to work out a program of activities for the institutions and when the goal is reached a release should be the reward. Too long a confinement, or too much punishment or ill administered treatments are apt to have a backfire, consequently the good work is lost. Some student of animal life has said "even a dog will snap the hand that knows not leniency." The work of reformation is not a study of science, but the power to do things with an understanding heart.

* * * * * * * * * *

SUSPENSE FOR THE TEACHERS

The greatest sympathy prevails for the teachers of the state who are yet confronting uncertainties as to position and salary. This hardly seems fair, because no one can get best results if the wherewithal is not in sight to meet expenses. The teacher's mind is too absorbed in mathematical calculations, making accounts balance to the elimination of duties. And above all other callings excepting the clergy, a teacher should be a living example of dealing squarely with his fellowman, then one ought to have a salary sufficient to meet living expenses. Besides a teacher must maintain a standard of living, not extravagant, that should be emulated by every pupil. The influence of a teacher is far reaching, next to the home, and if we exact the best, surely a servant is worthy of his hire.

According to figures compiled unless the state school commission is able to perform miracles with the sixteen millions, trained teachers with four years standard college will average $55 per month on a twelve month basis. Just right here we should pause long enough to consider that teachers have made investments preparing for their profession and are really entitled to a greater consideration.

The sacrifices enforced by the state's latest school law upon those who labor for teaching wages seem rather heavy. It is accepted teachers can not pay board, buy clothes and meet other incurred expenses with such a small stipend. It is not merely the

teachers who feel the knife to the quick, but the filling of the gap, making up the deficit, between reasonable existence and stark penury that has to be met by parents or kindly friends. The whole situation is agonzing for the teachers and we have to admit they have our sympathy during this suspense, not knowing just what they are to expect.

We trust that conditions will soon be righted and the machinery of public school system in the state will not be retarded, or be the victim of a set-back.

* * * * * * * * * *

GOVERNOR EHRINHAUS IS STRONG ON SPELLING

"I hail with delight," said one of Cabarrus county's successful teachers, "that Governor Ehringhaus has expressed himself in favor of returning to the old methods of teaching wherein spelling, reading and writing are stressed." "In fact," continued the same teacher, "If I knew the Governor intimately I would pat him on the back for his public endorsement for a better foundation for our children who have no other advantages than the public school system."

It is evident the Governor has had some contact with high school graduates who as a class are pitifully deficient when it comes to spelling. To be truly educated one must know how to read understandingly, spell and write correctly. With this foundation and an inspiration to pursue a course of study there is a possibility of fitting into life with a hope of meeting conditions.

The object of the establishment of the public school system was that all classes have equal advantages. If there is a failure in stressing the basic studies, the essentials, then to a certain extent the mission of the public school system is a failure.

We should educate from the bottom, for that reason a greater emphasis should be laid upon the lower grades with most capable and conscientious instructors.

It is a high injustice to any young person to come from college, with all honors, versed in "isms," feeling the peak of high culture had been reached and then afterwards flounder about, not able to come down to the common level of real usefulness and render a

service to humanity. We need absolutely to know the rudiments, so there will be a finer adaptability to the affairs of life. To be educated one must know how to use the subjects taught in school with the same ease and grace a master mechanic can use a chest of tools.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Lindberghs are again in the air. There are few who fear for their safety, because they are not given to spectacular stunts or taking unnecessary risks.

So far they have succeeded in getting by without serious mishap, therefore, have contributed to the increase of air-mindedness. On this flight they are venturing over an unblazed trail, but if they keep up doing things as they have in the past doubtless they will have experiences similar to other aviators. Our choice though of position is to be a live landlubber to a dead aviator.

* * * * * * * * * * *

On next Monday the new textile code goes into effect. It is a radical departure from the present plans, and it remains to be seen how effective the entire code will work out.

It really sounds good for the mill operatives to know the minimum wage, and the number of hours per day. It is great satisfaction to know just how much one is to receive for services and the requirements. If this textile code means fewer unemployed we feel it has worked miracles, for a greater distribution of work means the money is more equally distributed, therefore, business in all places will increase.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The latest announcement is that a thorough study of school "repeaters" is to be undertaken by the State Board of Health. The object of the undertaking is to find out the basic causes of the "repeaters" and what this class costs the state. It may be we are "wise in our own conceit," but we are of the opinion any alert teacher can almost locate the cause of two-thirds of these "repeat-

ers." If you remain in the homes where there are students of any grade it is easy to see the outside activities hold first place with the child, and most frequently with the parents. Again it all reverts to the home. However, it is a fine thing the State Health Board is to take a hand and locate the cause. This move will doubtless save money for the state.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The High Point Enterprise gives expression to the fact that the average North Carolinian is in for a good time. There is one old expression quite true, "you cannot eat your candy and have it too." This has been proven not in spots, but is a true picture of general conditions. The same paper rates the New Englander as more thrifty than the citizens of our state. For instance in contrasting the average New Englander the inference is the Yankee makes every provision for maintaining his family before buying an automobile, but the average North Carolinian buys an automobile regardless of conditions when possible to borrow enough money to make the first payment.

There is more truth in this story than we are willing to admit but, however, quite true. To a certain extent our people have not had a complete sobering after the many years of a "good time."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

—o—

In the conferences of nations it looks as though the other countries want the United Staes to play a loan hand.

—o—

Newspaper headlines now proclaim that the American dollar is worth only 84 cents at this time. I haven't been able to buy anything at that price.

—o—

I hope the present Democratic administration, before driving the money-changers from the temple, will make them give us back our change.

—o—

What's the use? If you see into a thing, you're a darned cynic; and if you don't, you're a silly sucker. Let it go. The world will have its little flings.

—o—

I believe that some time it may happen that the woman who has achieved national prominence will admit that her success was due to her husband.

—o—

A Western dean says that this country is suffering from an overproduction of brains. This may be due to the fact that nobody has been using them much of late years.

—o—

Mars is inhabited by a race of superior beings, says a scientist. Evidently this is true, as I haven't heard of any foreign nations being able to borrow money from Mars.

—o—

The ties that "bind our hearts in mutual love"—neck-ties. I was the happy recipient of a number of lovely ones on my recent 79th natal day. Now I'm up to the neck in beautiful and fashionable colors, in a tie-dy way.

—o—

My unsolicited but infallible plan for solving the world's social and economic problems, abolishing war, and ushering in the millennium is very simple. It involves Congressional consent to an Executive decree changing human nature.

—o—

Monsieur Charles Pegram, the new and splendid addition to the staff of the Morganton News-Herald, in that album of song, tells us that on the highway between Morganton and Lenoir, a distance of 17 miles, there are 125 curves or bends. I take it that this goes to show that the people of either place, going to either town, are bent on getting there.

—o—

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has asked a woman's magazine for all the 126,000,000 in these somewhat

United States to tell her their troubles. My! What a task that woman has undertaken. The idea sounds good, anyway, and I'll get in on it right away. The thing that is worrying me right now is how to get through all the tax and not puncture my automobile tires, and not have a blow-out. Now that that's off my chest I'd like to know if Mrs. Roosevelt does not want several hundred secretaries to reply to those troublesome letters. I am considered a very good secretary, and know a good deal about trouble.

—o—

I see it stated that a hospital in Leicester has fired two of its women nurses for wearing flannel trousers in the street. As far as I am concerned I wish all women nurses would wear flnnel trousers in the sick room. When I was in a sanatorium they used to breeze in my room, and their stiff-starched, impeccable skirts made a noise like several men sharpening saws next door. Swish, swash, shurzz, swish—it sounded like someone was running a lawn mower across the room. If they would take to wearing nice, slinky flannel trousers they would be practically noiseless. Except the tap, tap, tap of their high heeled shoes. I wish Marlene Dietrich would start wearing rubber heeled shoes. Maybe the girls, including the nurses, would trail her in the rubber things as eagerly as they did in the matter of gent's trousers.

—o—

The old saying that everyone has heard often, "What you sow, so shall ye reap," comes back with leaps and bounds time and time again. We may think that we can do something today and tomorrow it will be forgotten, or that no one will find it out, but that does not work. No matter if the deed be good or bad, sometimes, I would not say everytime, it will find its way to the top, and then it is that the sting or bliss will come. In other words, what we do today makes us either happy or sad tomorrow. Many of us do things that we know are not right. We do not think that what we do will not affect us, but it affects others—love suffers with love. Our parents suffer when we do wrong; our sisters and brothers suffer when we do wrong; our friends suffer when we do wrong; in fact, it causes all those who love us to suffer when we do things that we should not do—probably more than we think for. Do we think of this? Hardly ever. Only about one out of fifty, perhaps. Of course we all have thoughts about it, but never really go deep enough so as to put it into practice until it comes home to us with a bang.

—o—

While I would love to strum my lyre as Homer did and raise my melodius voice in praise of the adminstration's knightly charge and stand on the tactics of that foreign gold bloc, still, not having paid the last three installments on the lyre, they grabbed it away from me, but at least I would like to sing a modest cante celebrating the fact that Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of these United States, did not allow them to stampede him into doing something he did not want to do, for expediency's sake.

THE VALUE OF THE FISHING WORM

(Selected)

Senator Josiah W. Bailey's dissertation in defence of the fishing worm won him a place on the Senate Committee for the Conservation of wild life. We know that the senior senator is well versed in such matters, having read articles from his pen as to the habits and life of birds, besides when Morehead City was in its zenith as a summer resort for the state's elite Senator Bailey was a familiar figure with his hook and line.

The masses of people thought the only value of the fishing worm was for fish bait, and the thought ended there, but from the argument arising because of the indignation of another senator from Tennessee about appropriating $50,000 for the study of fishing worms, we learn that using the worm for fish bait is its least value.

Senator Bailey's argument:

"If it were not for the various varieties of so-called fishing worms you would not be able to raise any crops in your state of Tennessee and my state of North Carolina, and that they would be little more than deserts. For if it were not for the lowly fishing worms, the people now living in our states could not live there, since nothing would grow and the result would be that we would not be senators.

"Their most valuable function is that of irrigating and aeriating the soil and of increasing the fertility of the topsoil by constantly bringing up fresh subsoil to mix with it. If it were not for the millions of these fishing worms, constantly burrowing down into the ground, and thus letting air and moisture down to the roots of the grass, trees and crops and making it possible for the rain to soak into the ground better, all growing things would soon wither and die. The fresh minerals they bring up from the subsoil in boring their holes, also helps to add to the fertility of the topsoil.

"Then there are the earth worms or fishnig worms that are found in the swamps. If it were not for these worms, the swamps would sour, the stench would be terrific and all animal and vegetable life would be impossible in them. But these worms, by boring their holes down into the mud in the bottoms of the swamps, keep the water and mud aeriated and prevent them from souring, so that there is no smell and so trees, vegetation and wild life thrive. So considering what the fishing worms do and the value they are to man, I think the proposed appropriation of $50,000 is a very modest one."

As a result of Senator Bailey being a member of this important committee, he is going to get the government to set aside several large game preserves and game refuges in the eastern part of the state and enlrage its conservation activities in all sections.

A CHARMING MORNING WALK

By Henry Denny

On one delightful morning in June I took a walk three miles west of Concord. Crossing that lovely stream, Irish Buffalo, I was so deeply impressed with the picturesque scenery that I composed a couplet in the beautiful French tongue:

Je suis un enfant de Le roi
Moncoeur est rempli de joie

Let my little French readers translate it.

I traveled on the Red Hill; what memories cluster around this place. This was once the home of John Phifer, one of the most brilliant of the Phifer family. He was one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. After his death his brother Martin occupied the house and conducted an inn. Here General Washington, when on his Southern tour, spent one night and part day. Here are traces of the old stage road over which Washington traveled in his handsome cream-colored coach. My father afterwards traveled the same road while teaching school in Charlotte and Steele Creek.

We visited the old Phifer graveyard which is surorunded by a stone wall. Within this enclosure are growing the following trees: cedar, white oak, black oak, copal, sweet gum, dog wood, iron wood, red bud, maple, mulberry, poplar, hawthorn, hickory, wild cherry and sassafrass.

Growing on some parts of the ground,
Boxvine and winter green are found.

Wild cherry, sassafrass and winter green make a valuable medicine. As a souvenir I took home and set out a specimen of winter green. It is growing nicely.

Passing the iron gate of the cemetery we see the graves of Martin and Margaret Phifer. A simple piece of soapstone let into a half mill-stone marks their graves with the following inscription in old English:

In Memory Of
Martin Phifer, Sr.,
Born October 18, 1720.
Died January 18, 1791.
Aged 71 years.

In Memory Of
Margaret Phifer
Born October 29, 1722.
Died January 18, 1803.
Aged 81 years.

Martin Phifer first saw the light of day amid the sublime mountain scenes of Switzerland. His lady who was Margaret Blackwelder came from Holland. Pfeifer is the German spelling of Phifer, meaning one who plays a fife. Mr. Phifer was the father of three sons, John, Caleb and Martin, who played an important role in the history of our country. Each one had the title of "Colonel" attached to his name. All three are buried here.

Martin Phifer's descendents were noted for fine intellect, rare beauty

and splendid attendance at church. We hope to meet them one day before long in the glory world.

The marble stone at the grave of a grandson bears this inscription:

John Phifer
Born September 1, 1779
Died October 18, 1845.
He was a Christian and was for
35 years a member, and
26 an elder in the
Presbyterian Church.
He was the poor man's friend,
The widow's comforter,
The orphans counsellor,
And the advocate of Temperance.

Esther
Consort of John Phifer
Born October 3, 1784
Died March 15, 1846
She was a lovely Christian

A granddaughter by the name Esther Phifer married Governor Nathaniel Alexander. They had a great granddaughter whom I considered one of the prettiest girls that ever walked the hills of Stanly.

CONFIDENCE

A rainbow arched against a storm;
Buds swathed in fur to keep them warm;
Ferns growing on a rocky ledge;
And flowers on a desert's edge;
A harvest followed by a plow;
And bird song on a barren bough;
A smile upon a bed of pain;
A robin singing in the rain;
A lighted window in the night;
Courageous struggle for the right;
Those swept by fears none understand,
Held steadfast by faith's stalwart hand;
Those bowed in sorrow oft beguiled
By laughter from a little child,
Hope that stoops down to build again;
Love that lifts up the life of men—
These promise triumph for all good
And move us on toward brotherhood;
The law of God's great universe
Still builds the better from the worse.

—Charles N. Pace.

A FAMOUS AUTHOR PASSES

(Asheville Citizen)

The news from England that Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins is dead at the age of 70, after a long illness, means very little to most of us until we learn that this was the man who, writing under the name of Anthony Hope, gave the English-speaknig people two of the most popular novels that ever were published—"The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau."

It was 41 years ago that the first of these novels appeared in 1892. The instant success which it achieved was the more remarkable because its author had previously published a number of novels none of which had taken with the public. He published probably a score of books after 1892 but only one, "Rupert of Hentzau," had a popularity approaching that of his first story of love, romance, intrigue, hate and adventure in the mythical kingdom of Ruritania.

The reception accorded these dashing romances launched a whole school of such literature and some of the novels thus inspired had a great vogue for a time. Most of them are forgotten, however, while "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau" continued to be read year after year , and were as popular as when they were new. They are, it is said, still in demand at the libraries.

Pure fiiction, these Anhony Hope novels were not to be classed in certain respects with the "Three Musketeers" of Dumas or with Stanley Weyman's stirring tales of France in the days of the Valois kings or even, we think, with Conan Doyle's "White Company" or books like Stevenson's "The Black Arrow." But every type of mind could enjoy them and the literature has produced no more perfect specimens. Anthony Hope Hawkins would probably have been only another lawyer in a land overcrowded with lawyers already, but "Anthony Hope" gave unalloyed pleasure to millions.

AS LONG WE HAVE—

—International hatreds, we are in danger of new world wars.
—Easy money, we are going to have fools spending it.
—Laughter in the world, there is a chance of reforming it.
—Faith, there is hope of progress for the race.
—A thirst for knowledge, the universe keeps opening up for us.
—Friends who will forgive us, we are under obligations to try again.
—Confidence in ourselves, we are not permanently defeated.

—Selected.

THIS IS NO MYTH

(Young Folks)

Perhaps there are those who still say that the story of the life of Jesus is nothing more than a myth. It would seem, however, that the number of them is growing less. A few years ago one of the leading Jews of the country, known from coast to coast, made the affirmation that it was no longer possible to deny the historical existence of Jesus. Jesus lived and suffered and died. It was at the Christmas season that he spoke thus. What he had to say shook Judaism to its center.

Some time before that, a Jewish rabbi of a western city in Pennsylvania was lecturing on the Chautauqua platform in the east, and declared that the greatest five Jews of all time were Abraham, Moses, Isaiah, Paul and Jesus. He took pains to point out that Jesus was the greatest teacher, and lived the best and most beautiful life of the five.

Now we have a similar declaration from another Jewish source, this information having been gathered by The Saturday Evening Post. This time it is Professor Albert Einstein, who is a Jew. When he was asked to give expression to his view of Christianity, he said that he was enthralled by the luminous figure of the Nazarene. He unhesitatingly asserted his belief that Jesus was a historical figure.

These sayings come from the highest sources. The evidence has all been sifted and weighed. If any testimony of a trustworthy character could be found that would serve as a foundation for the perpetuation of the mythical theory, these learned representatives of the Jewish race would have found it. There is but one reason for them taking the position they do, and that is, Jesus Himself. They have all been thrilled with His example, His teaching, and His life. It has never been known that a name with no other basis than that of a myth could draw men to itself as Jesus has done. That He had a historical existence is put beyond the shadow of a doubt.

EDITOR'S FAREWELL THESIS

The editor of a Kansas paper thus bids farewell to his readers: "This is the last issue of our paper. Twenty-five years ago the editor hit town with one dollar in his pocket; tomorrow he quits work with $50,000,000 in the bank. His success is the result of strict sobriety, unimpeacheable integrity, the ability to work twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and live on practically nothing—and the further fact that a wealthy aunt has just died up in Boston and left him $49,999,999.

GEORGIA AND THE SALZBURGERS

By Davenport Steward

Not without foundation has America—meaning the United States—been called "the melting pot." Representatives of the nations of the world have now, and in the past, come to call America home, and themselves Americans; their descendants have been and are native-born Americans.

Of course, all the ore from the pot is not and has not been fine steel; but much of it has. And the steel of America has been tempered and tried often. You might say that the human steel of the nations is "Damascus," or Toledo;" for these two cities are known for their fine quality steel.

Closely interwoven are the stories of the Salzburger settlers of Georgia, and the state itself; so well knitted together are they that one is incomplete without the other. They are history.

Something about the history of the Salzburgers in Georgia is fascinating. There were only seventy-eight in the band that settled in the state, but so hardy, gallant, industrious and God-fearing were they that one might well exclaim in admiration:

"What people were these!"

This year — 1933 — Georgians are celebrating the bi-centennial anniversary of the founding of the colony. Next year the Salzburger's descendants will celebrate the two hundreth anniversary of Lutheranism in Georgia. The Lutheran Salzburgers who came to Georgia were pioneers, too.

There was a time in the world when Protestants suffered, and the suffering of the Salzburgers dates, especially, between 1729 and 1732. It is hard for us today to imagine a people so bitterly persecuted that more than thirty thousand of them fled from their homes into other lands.

So, the Salzburgers had a hard row to hoe, as the old saying goes. Loving their God bravely, they suffered for Him.

In the rich valley of the Salza River, in Austria, lived the Salzburgers. In the main, they were not people of wealth or great culture, but they possessed honesty and ability. They troubled no one.

Cruel Leopold, Count of Firmian and Archbishop of Salzburg, was the chief persecutor of the Salzburgers during the three-year period of terrible hardship. What manner of man Leopold was I do not know; he was a Roman Catholic, and he may have been quite sincere in his bitter enmity toward his subjects in the Salza Valley. We are told that he was counseled against extreme measures against the Salzburgers.

I am just curious enough to wish that I could have known Leopold. That sounds like a foolish statement; perhaps it is; but I should liked to have known him personally, and studied him. Counts and archbishops are only men, after all.

In Prussia, Holland and England went the homeless Salzburgers. Families were disunited, and not always were they again united. Job

was tested, and so were the Salzburgers. Yet the Salzburgers continued to be intensely religious—not fanatically so, just very much so.

Leopold's loss became the gain of other rulers, and the exiles were, for the most part, well received. Although "broke," they were so sturdy and reliable that they were welcomed pleasantly.

Some of the homeless people were offered a home in the new American colony of Georgia, by General James Oglethorpe, founder, and the trustees. The colony had just been settled, and there was an urgent need for colonists of the right calibre. Seventy-eight of the Salzburgers—men, women and children—managed to get to England, where they swore allegiance to the crown, and then they were sent to Georgia.

If Oglethorpe lived today, he would be proud of his Salzburger settlers. From their ranks came many of the most able and stable citizens of the new state, and their descendants have "done themselves proud."

On Reminiscere Sunday, March 11, 1734, the ship bearing the exiles entered the mouth of the muddy Savannah River—that dividing line between Georgia and South Carolina. The following day, Savannah was reached.

The trustees of the colony were generous in their provision for the Salzburgers. They furnished transportation, tools, provisions, and fifty acres of land to each family. The town of Ebenezer was founded up the river some distance from Savannah. After about a year and a half, the colonists transferred a few miles, and built another Ebenezer.

Ebenezer still stands today—as does the original church, which was completed in 1764—in Effington County, Georgia; and the Georgia-Alabama Lutheran Synod will meet there March 12, 1934.

The colonists were just as industrious on this side of the Atlantic Ocean as they were at home. They were a humane people too. An orphan asylum was built before the church was erected, and a "box for the poor" was started with the little savings of the first Salzburgers to die in the colony!

Vigorous opposition was offered to the importation of negro slaves; the colonists did their own work. I have said that they were hardy. Aside from their provisions, they drew some of their sustenance from the land soon after landing at the site of the first Ebenezer. They ate honey, partridges, and parrots (the historian meant parroquets, I think, because there used to be many in the section).

The tyrannical English tax measures, that caused the cry, "Taxation without representation is tyranny!" to be heard; that made Patrick Henry, a fiery Virginian, quit stuttering long enough to deliver an immortal speech that he finished with the climactic, "If this be treason make the most of it!" and that ultimately brought about the Revolutionary War and separation from England, were imposed. The Salzburgers, persecuted before, mostly became Whigs, not Torys. Five of them attended a provincial congress, that met July 4, 1774, at Savannah.

First of Georgia's governor's after the Declaration of Independence

was a Salzburger, John Adam Treutlin, listed in at least one history as the "rebel governor." William Holsendorf was a counselor, Samuel Stirk was secretary, and John Stirk was a colonel in the American army —and all were Salzburgers. Many of the Whig Salzburgers bore arms, and fought bravely against the English.

I am a Georgian, and I know how we Georgians feel about the Salzburgers. Georgia is proud of the Salzburgers and of historic little Ebenezer.

MY PHILOSOPHY

Better never trouble trouble,
  Until trouble troubles you;
For you're sure to make your trouble
  Double-trouble if you do:
And the trouble—like a bubble—
  You are troubling about,
May be nothing but a cypher
  With the rim rubbed out.

Better never cross your bridges
  Till your bridges come in view;
For you're sure to lose your labor
  Crossing bridges if you do:
And the bridges or the ridges
  You are worrying about,
May be nothing but a cypher
  With the rim rubbed out.

Better never spread a scandal
  Till you know the story's true;
For you're sure to make your neighbors
  Needless trouble if you do;
And the matter of the chatter
  You are scattering about,
May be nothing but a cypher
  With the rim rubbed out.

Better do to everybody
  What you'd have them do to you;
Just to do so, says the Master,
  "Is the law and prophets too;"
Other rules and regulations
  People talk so much about,
May be nothing but a cypher
  With the rim rubbed out. —David Keppel.

A LONG SERVICE COMMENDED

(Concord Daily Tribune)

I found a sense of keen pleasure in the announcement that Professor A. S. Webb has again been named to head the school system of Concord. Mr. Webb has been accused by some—and this I think is his chief fault—with being too soft, too willing to take things as they are without fighting for something more, too plastic in the hands of some, and not determined enough in demanding powers that should go with his job.

I admit that at times I have wanted to see this saintly man less saintly, so that he would not be imposed upon as he has been on numerous occasions. I don't think he has been permitted to make decisions that were rightly his, and I would prefer to watch him sail into his critics with full might; but he's done a splendid job in Concord without fanfare, without extravagance, without a lot of ballyhoo and hokum, and without stifling his conscience.

That, after all, is more important than the things he might have done under a program mapped out by his enemies. Shipp Webb lives the sort of life that any youngster could emulate; he knows true values and he paramounts them; and above all he mixes his vocation and his religion seven days in the week, and for this I could overlook more faults than even his severest critics could lay against him.

Running a public school system is no easy task, and Mr. Webb's problems have been multiplied many times by the new regulations adopted by the 1933 Legislature. I believe he will continue to be a vital force for good in Concord and that he will maintain her good record of the past.

THE RAINBOW

Some friends are true,
While skies are blue
  And sunshine gilds the day;
But disappear
When skies grow drear,
  And hide themselves away.

But those are best
Who stand the test
  When tempests terrify;
Whose smile of cheer
Shines bright and clear—
  A rainbow in the sky!

—William Gustave Polack.

THE STORY OF BLUE

By Harriet Muhleman Hawkins

Is blue your favorite color? Does the blue of the sky, of the sea on certain days, of the forget-me-not or the larkspur, of a piece of shimmering silk, give you a thrill that is not associated with other colors? Then you will be interested to know that blue has a story all its own.

Blue has always stood for something steadfast and lasting. In our flag it stands for truth. The old painters used it for the garments of their Madonnas and angels, suggesting by it faith and fidelity. The knights in the days of chivalry, blazoning their shields in bright colors, took blue to represent loyalty and steadiness in battle.

"True blue," we say, using a phrase which originated in Spain. You remember that the Moors came over from Africa and held a part of Spain for a time. Naturally, the Spaniards hated the invaders, especially as they were so swarthy in complexion. They believed that the blood of the Moors was as black as their skins, and that real aristocrats must have blue blood, for did not their fine, delicate skins show blue in the veins beneath? So they would say that theirs was the true blue, meaning it was pure Spanish, not mixed with any of the Moorish race.

"True blue will never stain," was an old saying which arose from the fact that butchers, in olden days, were blue blouses and aprons so that the blood-stains on them would not be so evident.

The Scottish Covenanters, those sturdy Presbyterians who resisted Charles I when he tried to take away their religious liberty, chose blue for their color simply because it was different—more sober, perhaps—from the red used lavishly by the gay Royalists. The Bible was the constant guide of the Covenanters, and in it they read, in Numbers 15:38, "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, . . . and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue."

The Presbyterian preachers of these early days, who often had to speak out in the streets to reach the people, stood upon a tub so as to be heard above the crowd, the counterpart of our modern soap-box. Before beginning their address, they would spread a blue apron over the preaching-tub, perhaps with the idea of giving it a little diginity. Hence the nickname of the "blue Presbyterians."

As you know, the greatest honor at horse shows, flower shows, or any kind of exhibition, is the winning of the blue ribbon. Why blue for highest award, and not red? This also goes back to early history. The Order of the Garter, that most honored of England's decorations, is suspended on a blue ribbon because it happened to be a blue garter that Joan, countess of Salisbury, was wearing when it fell off while she was dancing with King Edward III. The poor lady was frightfully embarrassed, and the guests trying not to giggle at her plight, when Edward

quickly picked up the garter and put it on his own knee, saying "Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense," or "evil to him who evil thinks," which has remained the motto of the order to this day.

An equally exalted order of knights in France, that of St. Esprit, likewise wore their decoration on a blue ribbon. Have you ever heard an especially good French chef spoken of as a "cordon bleu?" That term means simply, a blue ribbon. Originally the cordons bleus were not the cooks, but the knights themselves, who, when they met, had notably good dinners. So, when one spoke of any very good dinner, he said it was the repast of a cordon bleu, which compliment became transferred to the cooks. You know there really are decorations for good cooks in France now, and they form a society all their own.

Now for the unpleasant side of the blue picture. Having the blues, of course! Blue devils, it used to be called, as if the imps of depression must be of that shade. But why choose our lovely color One explanation is that indigo dyers are subject to melancholy, a chemical effect which the dye produces on those constantly handling it. Whether or not this is authentic would be a question to ask of the chemists of modern dye works, but it is probably no longer true.

A blue stocking is a lady who is too much given to serious study. We don't hear of them in these days, when the girl honor students are likely to be also the athletic champions. But back in Jane Austen's time, or in that of George Eliot, a woman did not want to be known as a student. Let us see how this expression originated:

In Venice there was, in the year 1400, a society of ladies and gentlemen who wore blue stockings as a sort of club color. This was revived a century later in Paris, but died out as most clubs do. Then an English lady, reading about these old literary associations, founded a club in London, with blue hosiery as their distinguishing mark. Even that was not of ladies exclusively, but to feminine members the name clung as a manner of ridicule.

"Once in a blue moon," means that there never is a blue moon, so the event thus timed never takes place.

We are not going to leave disagreeable ideas about the color uppermost in our minds, however, but think of blue as ever the symbol of loyalty and truth, the true blue.

The man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain of the stupidity of his helpers, of the ingratitude of mankind, nor the appreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life, and to meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat is the final proof of power.—Elbert Hubbard.

WHEN BABY CHESTNUT WAKES

By Emma Florence Bush

Baby Chestnut was fast asleep in his little earth bed. He had been asleep a long time under the warm white blanket of snow that King Winter had spread over him to keep him warm.

Now Gentle Spring had come and swept away his white blanket and was calling to all the little baby green things to wake up and come into the warm sunshine.

She bent softly over the bed where Baby Chestnut had been sleeping ever since Sarah Squirrel had buried him with her litle paws, before she, too, went to sleep in the big tree.

"Wake up, Baby Chestnut," whispered Gentle Spring softly. But Baby Chestnut was fast asleep.

Then Gentle Spring called to the sun that was smiling down at her as she walked among the tiny leaves and buds.

"Oh, big warm sun," she cried, "come and shine on the bed where Baby Chestnut sleeps that he may wake and push his little green leaves out of the ground."

Then the big, warm sun shone on the place where Baby Chestnut was fast asleep. But although he felt the warmth gratefully in his sleep, he only stirred a little and slept on.

Gentle Spring called to the soft rain that was peeping out from behind the clouds ready to fall, "Oh, soft rain," she said, "please come and fall on the bed where Baby Chestnut sleeps that he may wake and push his little green leaves out of the ground."

Then the soft rain left the clouds and came tumbling down to earth. patter, patter, patter, but the sleepy little baby only cuddled down closer.

Gentle Spring called April Shower away from the field where she was playing with the brooks and springs. "Come, April Shower," she called softly, "come wake Baby Chestnut."

Then April Shower in her rainbow dress came dancing along the meadow. She smiled and she cried, then she smiled again, and when Baby Chestnut felt her warm smiles and her happy tears he pulled off his little winter nightcap and pushed out of the ground and began to be a tree.

THE BOOMERANG

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
  After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye,
  And yer spine is feelin' proud.
Don't forget to up and fling it
  At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
  It's a boomerang to you.

—Captain Jack Crawford.

THE MAGPIE

By Lois Snelling

When Edgar Allen Poe selected the raven out of all the members of the bird family as the garrulous hero of his famous poem, he made a wise choice from a standpoint of intelligence. For all species of the crow family are intelligent.

One of the species, and one of the smartest, is the magpie. He is a mischievous, cunning fellow, and as beautiful as he is bright. With the same deep, glossy black of the common crow, he bears markings of vivid white on the wings and breast, and his long tail gleams with irridescent colorings of purple and green. He is extremely wily about obtaining his food supply and in avoiding his enemies. He doubtless has a great many enemies, for he is not at all particular about where he gets his dinner. It may consist of the eggs from the nest of a swallow, or the young from the nest of a qual. He ruthlessly takes it where he finds it.

The magpie builds his own nest with a cautious eye towards protection. It is a very substantial affair, of course, heavy sticks and topped by a dome of interwoven twigs for a roof. In this secure nest from six to nine eggs are laid. They are a bluish-green in color and are splotched with ashen hues.

When the magpie is domesticated he makes an interesting and loyal pet. Shy at first, he becomes very friendly and playful. His quick wits render him capable of learning all sorts of funny tricks, and it is said that some species have even been taught to talk.

A HANDY TREE

Did you ever hear of a thread-and-needle tree? It must be rather a handy tree to have growing in the back yard, especially when there are boys in the house with buttons coming off about every other minute.

This strange tree grows in nearly all tropical countries, and in some places nearer home where the climate is warm. It gets it name by which we know it from the curious formation of its leaves. At the tip of the leaf there is a sharp thorn, which is the needle. If you grasp it firmly and pull it out, there you are with a needle already threaded for your sewing, This fiber thread is very strong and the Mexicans use it for weaving a coarse kind of cloth, as well as for sewing.

The leaves of the tree they use for roofing their houses, instead of tiles, and a fine roof it makes them, strong and waterproof—just the sort of roof they need when the rain comes down in sheets.—The Young Evangelist.

A GREAT RELIEF

By J. Raymond Elderdice

Barry Corson, crossing the quad toward the gym, sprinted in sheer exuberance. Tomorow the Varsity would meet the strong State Tech nine. He, brilliant relief pitcher of Old Ballard, would hurl for his alma mater.

"Of course," he checked his dash, "it isn't a big game. Not even a State Inter-collegiate contest, for Tech isn't in the league. But I'll pitch with everything I've got, to win for the Red and Blue. Next season, with Jerry graduated, I shall be the pitching star of the campus."

He paused, visioning himself bewildering—with speed and curves—the State Tech batters. Then, chuckling at his dream, he charged into the gym basement.

". . . Mac, I wouldn't pitch Barry tomorrow." The relief pitcher halted abruptly before the nearly-closed door of Coach McDonald's cubby-hole office. He glimpsed Jerry Tremayne, crack hurler of the Varsity, perched on the desk; the grizzled baseball mentor, tapping it with a letter in his fingers.

"I didn't want to say this," the senior went on, hesitatingly, "but you insisted on my opinion . . . well, I wouldn't use Barry against State Tec, Mac. My advice is to let me pitch the game tomorrow."

Ashamed to eavesdrop, Barry Corson hurried down the long rows of lockers. In the morning the squad would travel by bus to the campus of the State Institute of Technology. The sophomore's home was half way; he had faculty permission to spend the night with his parents, going by late train. He would come on to State Tech's stadium the next day in time for the game.

Savagely he jammed baseball togs and spikes into his traveling bag. Leaving the gym locker and shower room by a side door, he strode across the moonlit quad again. Once alone in his room, the collegian yielded to the hot, blind anger that swayed his fiery soul.

"Yes, I understand!" he fiercely paced up and down, "a fine display of college spirit Jerry gives. He, a senior—honor man of his class; four-letter athlete, great Red and Blue pitcher, and team captain.

"I should pitch against State Tech. It's my due—I've earned it. Why, this isn't an important game. Ballard has already won the State Inter-collegiate League championship. But Jerry, team captain, is now telling the coach that he ought to pitch. Why?"

Because a win for Tremayne against State Tech meant fresh laurels for the senior. Three days ago, shutting out Dwight 3 to 0, the Red and Blue star had won for his college the S. I. L. title; and Jerry, by this victory, had tied two long-standing records. First, he had equalled that of the famed "Speed" Sawtelle, Ballard, '22, who had won twelve games in one season.

Second, by beating Dwight, Tremayne had tied the mark of "Bob" Harley, Earlham College, '09, who had chalked up eight straight win

Now, if the Varsity team captai

could face State Tech tomorrow in the Red and Blue's last game of the season—

The senior might finish his athletic career at Old Ballard in a blaze of glory, by setting two new records for the college hurlers of the state.

"It isn't fair," Barry rebelled, "Jerry isn't thinking of his alma mater. Only of himself! No wonder he told Coach MacDonald—'I wouldn't use Barry against State Tech . . . let me pitch the game!' Sure, let him pitch and break those records."

The agitated sophomore stopped. On the study-table lay a copy of the Campus Herald, weekly student publication of Ballard College. Barry picked it up to scowl at a writeup of the Varsity nine. He saw his own name.

". . . Barry Corson, flashy sophomore, is sure to start against State Tech Saturday, in the last game of the season. He has earned this honor by his great relief work, which has helped Old Ballard to annex the S. I. L. gonfalon.

"In the last three works, the sophomore seems to have become able to go a full game without 'blowing up.' In fact, Coach MacDonald now rates Corson as only a shade less effective than Captain Jerry Tremayne, brilliant Red and Blue box star. Next season, with Jerry graduated, Barry should be—"

"All right! All right!" muttered Barry, clenching his hands, "it's up to Coach MacDonald. Mac knows I'm plenty good enough to beat State Tech. If—if he lets Jerry influence him into sending Tremayne in to start the game, why—"

The sophomore hesitated. Barry, at all times, was willing to sacrifice his own glory for that of the team, his college. His loyalty to the Red Blue made him all the more bitter against the team captain, for what he had suggested to the coach.

"Then I don't care," he whispered tensely, "if Jerry gets knocked out of the box . . . if Ballard loses the game! Yes, let the nine get licked, if the coach and the team captain of the Varsity can treat me like this—just to help Jerry make new records."

His train late, Barry, the following afternoon, reached the State Tech stadium barely in time to hustle into baseball togs, scrambling into the Ballard dugout as the umpire called, "Play ball!" His fiery soul seething at the injustice, the sophomore squirmed on the bench for nearly eight innings, watching Captain Jerry Tremayne.

"He is pitching my game," he muttered, "I should be out on that mound, winning for Old Ballard! I hope he loses . . . oh! if State Tech will just knock him out of the box—"

Then, in the last half of the eighth, Barry, every muscle tensed, stood erect in the dugout. Vainly fighting a feeling of elation, the Ballard relief pitcher stared out at the infield. To him, from the enemy's cheering section, surged a vast sound wave; "Take him out! Take—him—O-U-T! Take Tremayne OW—WOW—OUT!" Coach MacDonald hurried to the Red and Blue hurler.

Catcher "Hefty" Higgins, shook his head lugubriously, as the trainer massaged Jerry's pitching arm. Bedlam among the Tech cohorts. In the twinkling of an eye disaster

had swooped down on the Ballard senior, cruising to victory and fresh laurels!

The first hitter up had walked—then a Red and Blue error on a hot one which the shortstop fumbled, put State Tech runners on first and second. The next man up drove a terrific liner at Jerry Tremayne; impossible for him to dodge it. The ball struck the elbow of his pitching arm, caroming off toward left-field, with the third baseman recovering. Now the bases were full.

Barry, breathing hard, saw the scoreboard, its figures stating: Ballard 4, State Tech 3—last half of eighth. In a few moments, after the valiant Tremayne essayed to pitch to the fourth batter, the State Tech crowd howled. The scoreboard showed: "Strikes 0, balls 3." It was obvious to everybody that every time he wound up the effort caused Jerry torture.

Exultation swayed Barrry. What a sad climax to Jerry's athletic career at Old Ballard! Sacrificing his teammate, now—instead of finishing with nine straight victories, a total of thirteen for the season—Tremayne faced defeat, disappointment.

"—Now—" exulted Barry, "State Tech's famous 'Wrecking Crew' is coming up. Jerry is unable to pitch because of his hurt arm. He is leaving the box, with the score 4 to 3 in favor of his team. If Ballard gets beaten now, Jerry Tremayne won't be charged with the defeat, no!

"But we can't win! Tug Wharton can't hold the 'Wrecking Crew' in that situation. . . . 'Wild Bill' Bogs has a twisted ankle, Coach can't use him, so the Red and Blue can't win out, giving another victory to Jerry Tremayne and—"

A hand gripped his shoulder. Startled, the sophomore faced grizzled Coach MasDonald, "Mack" to the Ballard campus. The ex-big leaguer's eyes bored into Barry's; for a moment, forgetting, the boy thrilled to his words.

"Barry, go out there. It's your job now . . . you are at your best in saving a game in the last innings. I know, boy, it's a tough assignment; but hustle out on the mound and relieve Jerry; he can't raise his pitching arm."

The coach's arm, for a second, was flung across Barry Corson's shoulder.

"You can do it, Barry. You're just as good as Jerry Tremayne . . . . I mean that! Go in the box and save this game for Old Ballard."

In a daze, the Red and Blue relief hurler strode out to the infield, to the pitching mound. His mind in a turmoil, Barry was thinking hard.

"Save this game for Old Balard!" Suddenly, all the bitterness surged back into his soul; yes, he must win this game against great odds . . . save it for Jerry Tremayne. If he, the great relief hurler of the Red and Blue, kept Tech from winning out, Jerry's ambition would be realized.

"I am to win it," he set his jaw grimly. "Because Ballard is ahead when Jerry goes out, he gets the credit for a victory. He will hold two new records for pitchers of the state colleges . . . thanks to my relief work. Sure, Coach—after you and Jerry sidetracked me, for his glory, I'll be glad to!"

Warming up, Barry made his

plan. First, he would heave a wide one to the batter, forcing across the tying run; then, with the score 4 to 4, and the bases still full, none out—let 'em hit! No one would ever know that he hadn't tried to pitch ball . . . Barry Corson would simply have had an "off day" . . . wild, couldn't flash his relief pitching.

"I—I can't do it." All at once he knew that, after all, that meant betrayal of his alma mater. "I'm not pitching for Jerry Tremayne, no matter what a victory means to him. I am out here to fight for my team, my college. Even if Jerry did sacrifice me, if the coach did let him do it—I can't deliberately lose.

"Let him have his records, the glory . . . just so Ballard beats State Tech!"

Calm, in control, Barry pitched. Sure that the batter, with a count of three and none, would wait for a walk, the sophomore cut the plate in two. Then, with bewildering speed, he shot over a second strike, which was missed. A sharp breaking curve fooled the slugger, and one was out.

"Atta-boy, Barry!" howled the Ballard students, "we knew you could do it . . . oh-h-h—what a relief! Only two more, Corson . . . don't let 'em score, and we'll take this game yet!"

Double play. The next batter smashed a line drive straight at the Ballard shortstop; it smacked in his glove, and he threw to third, doubling the runner who had sprinted for the plate.

"Three out!" shrieked the Red and Blue rooters, in a frenzy. "Hey, Tech, you didn't score and the side is OW-WOW-OUT!"

Final score: Ballard 4, State 3. Corson, in the last half of the ninth, invincible, striking out the first two batters of the Gold and Green, forcing the third to roll weakly to first for the out. Barry, as the collegians of his alma mater charged out on the diamond, eluded them. Face set, eyes blazing, he sprinted for the dressing-room.

"Tremayne, get this straight—" he faced, in cold anger, the startled team captain, "I didn't do it for you, understand. I didn't pitch to save the game so the great Jerry Tremayne could hold two records. Why should I, after you and Coach MacDonald pushed me aside, to let you win glory!

"I wanted to let you down. I was about to let State Tech hit me hard, score a dozen runs! Walk 'em in. But I just couldn't betray my college, so I gave all I had for the Red and Blue. I'm glad I won the game for Old Ballard, so gloat over the records I helped you to gain."

Amazed, the Varsity squad, at his angry voice, hurried to the two athletes. Coach MacDonald pushed through the crowd of Ballard players to reach them.

"Barry, you're crazy!" the team captain gripped his arm, "What do you mean? Of course, you didn't pitch that marvelous relief work for me. You were in there for your team, your college; just like I was, giving your best for Ballard. Who wanted you to save the game for me . . . to help me win records?"

The wrathful sophomere explained. Goaded by the injustice, the hot-tempered Corson flung out at both team-captain and coach.

"Hold on, you young bundle of

fireworks," Coach MacDonald pushed his square bulk in front of Barry, "Easy! So you think that of Jerry and me? You believe that we—or either of us—would let anything come ahead of Old Ballard's glory? You are dead wrong, boy.

"Captain Tremayne didn't sacrifice you to gratify his personal ambition. Listen, Barry—you wronged Jerry; you owe him an apology."

Bewildered, Barry Corson stared at the gray-haired baseball coach. All but the team captain were amazed at what the diamond mentor was announcing; the squad, who had been dressing in the locker room of the visiting team, looked at the letter in his hand.

"Fellows—" his statement was like a bomb exploding, "Old Ballard has not yet won the S. I. L. championship."

Drawing out the typewritten sheet, the grizzled coach silenced the hubbub of the surprised Varsity players and subs.

"We believed," the coach said, "that by Jerry's beating Dwight we had defeated Bannister in the league race by one game's margin. Last night, however, I received this communication from the officials of the State Intercollegiate League. It states that an early season game, in which Earlham beat Bannister, has just been given to the latter.

"Earlham College, a few days ago, found out that one of its Varsity nine—he played in one game, that against Bannister, then left college to join a big league club, was a professional. He was not an amateur when he played that one S. I. L. contest."

Earlham authorities had at once notified the State Intercollegiate officials of their late discovery; the decision had just been mailed to Coach MacDonald.

"And this means, team—that Ballard and Bannister are tied for the league championship."

Team Captain Jerry Tremayne nodded agreement.

"The play-off," Barry's heart leaped at the words, "will be staged Tuesday afternoon in the stadium of Old Ballard. Fellows, it will be the biggest, most important game of the season! For, on that contest depends the S. I. L. title."

The previous night, in the Ballard College gym office, Jerry now told them, the baseball coach had showed him this letter. They had decided not to tell the Varsity squad, or the students, until after the game with State Tech, lest the news that the pennant was not yet won affect the nine's playing.

"Coach MacDonald insisted on my opinion," said Jerry quietly, "as to which pitcher of the Red and Blue would be most effective against the hard-hitting Bannister team. Our alma mater must have its best hurler in this play-off for the title. So I gave Mac my honest belief."

Now Jerry's arm was across Barry's shoulder.

"Listen, team . . . starting, and staying, in the box—to win the title for Old Ballard, Tuesday, will be the Red and Blue's greatest pitcher . . . Barry Corson!"

"Jerry did a splendid thing, Barry," said Coach MacDonald quietly. "You see, I left the decision to him, as team captain. He declared that he honestly thought you, right now, are the better hurler. He wanted

to pitch in the play-off for the title, but he felt the Red and Blue would have its best chance for victory with you.

"That, too, was my belief. Of course, we didn't know you had overhead us in the gym office. You left the campus that night and we had no chance to explain . . . you didn't get here to the State Tech stadium until the game had started."

Barry Corson faced Captain Jerry Tremayne. Ashamed of his hasty judgment, the sophomore bravely acknowledged his mistake.

"I am sorry, Jerry," the team captain gripped his hand, "I misjudged you, did you a great injustice. Why, to pitch against State Tech today was nothing compared with the honor of facing Bannister Tuesday. You had believed that by beating Dwight you won the title for Old Ballard. Naturally, you would be eager to try again—Tuesday.

"But for your college you stood aside . . . took the State Tech assignment, giving this greater glory to me. And I had accused you of pitching today's game just to satisfy your ambition to gain two records!"

Smiling at the two pitching stars of the Red and Blue, Coach MacDonald pointed out something to the sophomore.

"Get this, Barry," he said, "it didn't matter to Jerry which game he pitched. In either event, if he won it, that would have been his ninth straight victory; his thirteenth for the season . . . two records. He had nothing to gain by facing State Tech instead of Bannister.

But, by letting you pitch today, and himself waiting for the championship play-off, Tuesday, he would have had a chance for unlimited glory. In the Bannister game, if he won it, he could bring the title to his college—gain those two records, and pitch the biggest game of the season."

"I know it," Barry Corson stood erect, "I am ashamed of how I felt and acted, Jerry. I am glad I didn't yield to my impulse and deliberately lose today's game. I am glad, too, that I saved it for you and helped you to set two new records."

Captain Jerry Tyremayne thumped him on the back.

"Forget it, Barry. Listen, old man—pitch like you did today, and the Red and Blue will win that S. I. L. pennant, Tuesday. Honestly, in the eighth inning I forgot all about those records . . . I was worried only for my college.

"But when I left the box, the way you went in and kept Tech from scoring was—a great relief!"

For five minutes at day's close think of lost opportunities to help. You will miss fewer chances tomorrow.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher, and son, Jesse, Jr., spent a few days last week with relatives in Whiteville.

—o—

Our tennis courts are now in good condition, and quite a number of the youngsters enjoy this sport each afternoon.

—o—

There seems to be a little epidemic among some of our boys of what seems to be whooping cough. However, none are very sick and the ailing ones are doing nicely.

—o—

Eighteen boys have been admitted to the institution since July 1st. After spending two weeks in the Receiving Cottage, they will be placed in the other cottage homes.

—o—

Mr. Walker and his group of boys opened the canning season at the Training School last Wednesday, by canning tomatoes. It is expected that our cannery force will be quite busy for the next few weeks, as tomatoes and other vegetables are plentiful.

—o—

We recently received a note from Mr. J. A. Robinson, better known as "Old Hurrygraph," author of the "Rambling Around" columns found in each issue of our little weekly, stating that this week's copy would be the last we would receive from him for a while. This veteran newspaper correspondent is off to his beloved mountains for a well-earned vacation, and will spend most of the time in the "Happy Valley," near Legerwood, and at Morganton. We feel sure our readers will miss his weekly contributions and will be glad when he is back on the job again.

—o—

Quite a supply of watermelons and cantaloupes were gathered and served to the boys this week. This was the first watermelon feast of the season. While the melons are not as large as usual, they are of good quality and quite plentiful. The prospects for a continued supply of melons are fine, and the boys are eagerly anticipating a number of enjoyable feasts this Summer.

—o—

Having made good records during their stay at the school, twenty-three boys have been permitted to go home since July 1st. Our best wishes for success accompany these lads as they again take their places in society. They are as follows: Frank Horton, Jack Hoxit, Denzil Browning, James Battle, Marshall and Hershell Hollefield, Robt. Crowson, Clarence Ferguson, J. D. Akeridge, Charles Smith, Hugh Fesperman, Lawrence Thompson, Jack Harris, George Carlisle, William Handford, John Merritt, Robt. Hill, Russell Kincaid, Vernon Hager, Thomas Hayden, Irvin Adkinson, Charles Miller and Jack Funderburk.

—o—

Dr. P. E. Monroe, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture lesson, Dr. Monroe read of the miracle of the draught of fishes as found in Luke 5: 1-11. In his talk to the boys, the speaker

called attention to the fact that the disciples had been fishing all night and had caught nothing. After they had returned to shore, and were washing out their nets in order to have them ready for the next night, Jesus came to the sea and, entering one of the boats, pushed out a little from the shore and talked to the people. When He had finished speaking, He told the fishermen to go out into a deep place and let down their nets. They did so and the catch was so large that the nets were broken and the boat nearly sunk because it was so full of fish. The people were astonished at this great catch. Jesus then talked to the disciples, saying He was going to make them fishers of men and when they came ashore they forsook all and followed Him. Then in answer to the question, "Why should we follow Jesus?" Dr. Monroe said that as the disciples followed Him because they had seen His miraculous power, we people of today should also follow Him because He can do more for us, and has shown more love for us than any other. He is the perfect character, and in spite of our many mistakes, still loves us and never forsakes us—therefore we too should follow Him.

—o—

A group of ball players from the neighborhood of Franklin Mill, styling themselves the "Junk Yard Stars," furnished the opposition for the local ball tossers last Saturday afternoon, and were defeated by the score of 7 to 4. Eddie Poole, who usually acts as custodian of the left side of the outer garden, was assigned the pitching task by Manager Lisk, and did a good job, holding the visitors to five hits. The school lads collected only eight safeties off Helms and Lefler, but six of them were for extra bases. Our boys started out with a rush in the first frame. Lefler drew a pass, Hamilton singled, both runners scoring ahead of Poole, who blasted a home run to deep right center. Whitley then tripled and scored on an infield out. The visitors went out in one-two-three order until the fourth frame when two errors, a base on balls and doubles by Morton and Kennedy put three runs across. The local lads did not score again until the seventh, when "Shorty" Weatherly led off with a home run, Lefler singled and scored on Whitley's triple, the latter scoring on an error. The visitors added one more to their count in the last inning when Mooney poled a circuit smash to center. Austin, the only visitor to get more than one hit, drove out a double and single. Weatherly, with a homer and triple, and Whitley with two three-ply smashes, led the locals with the stick. The score:

Junk-Yard	000 300 001—4	5	2
J. T. S.	400 000 30x—7	8	3

Two-base hits: Morton, Kennedy, Thompson, Austin. Three-base hits: Weatherly, Whitley, Cox. Home runs: Mooney, Weatherly, Poole. Double Plays: Helms and Lefler; Lefler, Weatherly and Vogler. Struck out: by Poole 3; by Helms 2. Base on balls: off Poole 1; off Helms 1. Hit by pitcher: by Helms 1. Umpires—Godown and Lefler.

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THE UPLIFT

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THE MOTHER OF ART

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

REFORMATION POSSIBLE

Valentine Burke was a burglar and a thief for twenty years. His face was hardened by sin. He was converted through reading one of Moody's sermons while in prison. He prayed to God to change his locks so that he could get an honest job. Mr. Moody says the prayer was answered, for a year later he was as fine a looking man as he knew.

Burke became a deputy under the very sheriff who had been most familiar with his criminal record. Moody one day was passing through the city, and sought Burke out. He found him in a closed chamber upstairs in the courthouse serving as a trusted guard over a bag of diamonds worth sixty thousand dollars. "Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar." Later he became an evangelist, and through his efforts hundreds of hardened criminals were turned from lives of crime and shame.

—Selected.

DUE TO INSPIRATION

All students interested in "cause and effect" know that patriotic songs and other similar literature have been written under the due influence of prevailing conditions. For the same reason the high pressure of environment has given inspiration for some of the sweetest thoughts ever expressed. Not a day passes without some incident happens that if written would make good reading.

We witnessed in a church during Sunday morning services the meeting of two old friends, who for a year or more had been separated. The greeting was one of pathos but genuine joy. The harmony of the church furnishings and the warm and soft glow of the art-glass windows, reflecting beauty and restfulness to eye

and spirit, made a beautiful and impressive setting for the meeting of two fine friends.

After an exchange of greetings this remark was overheard: "I saw Mrs.———— referring to another old acquaintance, and she told me of the delightful trip she had with you." The reply was, "yes, the day was one of genuine joy for not a finer woman ever existed. In fact such characters are rare now, and when with her the influence is as sweet and lasting as the memories of an old time flower garden filled with the rarest and most pungent shrubs." Could anything sweeter be said?

The long separation of friends was the inspiration for such a sweet tribute. To make an impress upon one with the same em-emphasis as an old time garden with its rows and beds of flowers showing a riot of colors and filling the air with its delightful fragrance, is an expressive simile showing up a character of beauty and sweetness.

More frequently than otherwise it takes the most intense sorrow, or long separation to ring from our very hearts a true estimate of our loved ones. Possibly if we were to get the habit of saying nice things as we mingle daily with friends there would be a smoother and more delightful life for all of us.

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There are few people who think of President Roosevelt as a farmer. Think of it? He operates more than 2,000 acres on his Pine Mountain farm near Warm Springs, Georgia, and the report as taken from the Atlanta Constitution shows remarkable activities, both varied and extensive. He has 1,000 acres in pasture on which 150 beef cattle graze, and all of the feed which they consume is raised on the place. There is also a vineyard of 5,000 vines, supplying Atlanta and other markets with grapes. The place produces 30 bushels of corn to the acre, while adjoining places raise only 12 to 15 bushels per acre. He put into practice the rotation of crops such as tomatoes, potatoes and other products that readily find a market. It is evident from this report President Roosevelt has expelled indolence from the acreage in which he is intensely interested. Being a practical farmer lends

to the enrichment of the reputation he has already won as a superb and wise leader.

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AN ECHO OF APPRECIATION

Nothing but money will pay a financial obligation. That fact is accepted as true. One who rates a fellow only by his debt paying proclivities, is frequently destitute of the finest element of life—gratitude.

How is this for a salve that fills a niche in the heart as nothing else can? We happened to read a fine letter from an old pupil to an ex-teacher. The author of the letter said, "I visited Mary, an old pupil of yours. She played two instrumental selections very creditably. After playing the same she turned and said, 'I learned those under Miss————, my teacher of many, many years ago. She taught me all I know.' "

The author of this splendid message wrote, "I, too, join with Mary in saying you were my inspiration. I owe you much."

In conclusion will say there are few who are charitable enough to place honor where honor is due. Many feel they owe nothing to any one, but in short blazed their own way to the heights achieved. One of the finest graces of life is gratitude. Whether we consider it true or not, a debt of gratitude is just as much of an obligation as a financial debt.

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THE TEACHER'S FRIEND

Editor W. M. Sherrill, of Concord Daily Tribune, certainly has unreservedly challenged the cause of the school teacher. In the salary schedule he firmly believes in equity without discrimination, besides he advocates strongly a living wage for the teachers.

It is altogether unfortunate that conditions have cut short the teachers salary. There are in many cases teachers who have personal obligations, besides dependents in their respective homes. These conditions are not in spots but pretty general.

Since there is hope that the sales tax is going to yield a greater

revenue than first expected Editor Sherrill editorializes his view point, saying the fund ought to go to the public school teachers, especially those who are faced with the dismal prospect of teaching for less than $600 per year for the next year. Editor Sherrill has proven himself a friend to the teacher in season and out of season.

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DISCIPLINE AND CO-OPERATION

The Italians making up the crew of the Balbo armada of airplanes have made a fine impression upon the Americans. General Italo Balbo, commander of the twenty-four Italian seaplanes which flew from Italy to Chicago, a distance of 6,100 miles in about fifteen days, encountering only one casualty, stated the greatest enemy to the passage was the fog.

In answer to the question, "to what did you attribute the success of the flight?" the reply was, "to three things—first, the completeness of the organization before the flight took off; second, the fine performance of their duties by the men, resulting from discipline and last, the perfection of the seaplanes."

Discipline and organization is the last word if success is to crown the efforts of any undertaking, let it be either on land or sea.

But we are constrained to believe that the crew of the invincible armada had a faith beyond that expressed in his men and ships. General Balbo proved this when with the entire crew he attended mass and poured out thanks for the safe trip.

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There seems to be an awakening all the way down the line that "the laws govern the poor and the rich govern the laws." There is generally a way for the rich to evade the laws because of one technicality or another. Many such cases wherein justice has been delayed could be cited.

It is evident that Judge W. F. Harding, Mecklenburg county, feels that equal justice is not always rendered in our courts. This distinguished jurist in charging the members of the grand jury

stated it was their duty to see that equal justice be rendered to all regardless of social or financial standing. "The government is for the people" without discrimination. Justice should be the concern of every citizen regardless of class.

To be chosen as a member of the grand jury is suggestive of splendid confidence and carries with it a great responsibilty. In fact to serve the community in that capacity is an opportunity for service, and every piece of detail work pertaining to the office should be dispatched most conscientiously. The ultimate aim of such a mission as an investigation of institutions by the grand jury should be constructive, for a dignified visit from this body of men should be sought. Any one doing public work of any kind prefers open doors and open books at all times. That is the only way to keep a clean house. A systematic house keeper never squirms when visitors unexpectedly come. They practice and maintain preparedness.

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THE NEW DEAL

There is nothing secretive about the "New Deal" so states those who discuss the problems of the new plans now being put into effect. Well, we are willing to acknowledge our obtuseness as to the many changes now taking place, but accept every thing with fine grace since having the assurance there are no secrets. This thing of running public affairs as if they were privately owned is disgusting, to express it mildly.

This was the statement of a representative citizen who went to Washington to be informed as to certain public interests for the community—"they," meaning the different heads of departments, "who are delegated with power to attend to the affairs of the country, just lay the cards on the table and tell you what is going to be done and how it is going to be done." It is nothing more than right that a person should know just what to expect both in state as well as national affairs. As time passes faith in the New Deal grows stronger.

NEWSPAPER FOLK ON ROANOKE ISLAND

(Reidsville Review)

If old man Horace Greely were living today he would say "Go East, Young Man"—and see the birthplace of the Colonies, and the birthplace of aviation.

Here on Roanoke Island made of sand dunes and water and spindling pines, the heavens spotted with wild geese, ducks, brant, the waters alive with fish, of which channel bass, trout and "blues" predominate, the woods inhabited by deer, bear and fox.

Of course, Kill Devil Hill, where the airplane was born, and Old Fort Raleigh, where the first white child was born, are major objects of interest, but the town of Manteo, itself will be found to have its attractions. It is reached from the water by a long and rather narrow wharf, but once ashore the visitor finds himself in a municipality of modern features, the historic Tranquil Inn being among the hotels. The streets are finely paved, the stores of attractive finish, and, to be sure, the visitors admire the surroundings of the weather bureau station, with its tall flag pole, its flower brightened lawn, its handsome home finished in blazing white with green blinds, the whole surrounded by a white picket fence. From Manteo, a paved street runs to the lower tip of the island, serving the people on both sides. The state did that, but over in Dare county, proper, where the balance of the country's 5,000 people live, they have to get along on the old country roads, sometimes having to shovel off a sand hill that has moved over on the road during the night. The population is settled in eighteen communities varying in size from four or five families to a settlement of about 100. There are no farms, as our people know farms, but every community has its gardens for supplying the local needs. In this remote section, a lone house, reached by a sandy trail, bears a marker indicating the place where Wilbur and Orville Wright spent the time making aviation history. Every stretch of sand that serves as a road ends at the water's edge, except at a little point at the trail of Alligator river where a dry strip remains to give entrance into Hyde county.

Different from all vacation spots. Newly opened to tourists by four miles of bridges and modern highway costing nearly a million dollars, within a few hours of all centers of population in the east, Dare county is America's longest and finest unspoiled stretch of vacation land in the United States. Fascinating, restful, ever changing, and ever-intriguing the imagination, it is a section a visit to which, will forever dwell in the memory of all tourists.

Dare county has eighty-five miles of ocean frontage, and more than twice this amount on inlets and sounds. Ocean or inland waters everywhere, offer every appeal to the fishermen, sportsman, yachtsman, or bather. Hatteras and Oregon Inlets offer the finest surf fishing in the country.

Wild fowl hunting is at its best in Dare county waters. Dare county has a half million dollars worth of newly developed hunting club property, and boasts the state's finest hunting lodges, mostly owned by northern men. And many more acres of hunting lands are available. There is an abundance of small game birds and animals throughout the county, while bear and deer abound on the mainland and deer also at Cape Hatteras.

The beginning of English civilization in America, which may rightfully be termed the birth of these United States, took place on Roanoke Island, four miles from Manteo. In 1934 three hundred and fifty years will have passed, and for this event is planned one of the most outstanding celebrations of the kind ever staged. A joint committee of the house and senate, appointed by Congress in 1932, headed by Senator Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, co-operating with notable North Carolinians, headed by W. O. Saunders, of Elizabeth City, is now working on plans for this occasion.

The celebration will be staged on the actual site of the first colony, where was born on August 18, 1587, Virginia Dare, the first white child of English parents born on American soil. Many thousands of dollars will be spent in the preparation and setting for this great celebration. It will be brought to the attention of of English speaking people throughout the world.

A matchless history reaching down for nearly 350 years cannot be gone into at length. Destiny, however, has favored Dare county with an eceptional part in the history of the country. Beginning with the first English settlement in 1584 on Roanoke Island, there have transpired on Dare conuty soil: 1. The first settlement made by the English in America. 2. The first known celebration of a Christian Sacrament in the territory of the thirteen original United States. 3. The birth of the first child of Englsih parents on American soil. 4. The first trading or bartering between the Englishmen and American oborogines. 5. The discovery of tobacco, and possibly Irish potatoes. 6. The important Civil war events, including the battle of Roanoke Island. 7. The important experiments in wireless telegraphy by Fessenden, and others at Roanoke Island, and Hatteras, in 1902 and later. 8. The world's first airplane flight by the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk in 1903. 9. The country's part in the development of the coast guard service.

Three days of progress, with plenty of rest, recreation and opportunity to visit the many historic spots within reach, have been arranged by the press officials and announced by President John A. Clark, of Raleigh; Sheriff Victor Meekins, D. B. Ferring, I. P. Davis, John Emerson and Roy Davis, form the local committee to direct the activities and pilot the visitors.

The Fort Raleigh Hotel, Manteo, and Lerot Inn Nags Head, are headquarters, while the sessions are being held in the Dare county court house. The up-state visitors stopped for a luncheon at Edenton and visited historic spots.

Congressman Lindsey Warren, of the first district, and Capus Waynick, of High Point, are speakers,

while Capt. Bill Tate and Capt. John A. Midgett and others who knew and associated with the Wright brothers in their flying preparations thirty years ago will tell of their experiences with them.

Diversions include visits to the new Wright Memorial, the site of old Fort Raleigh, birthplace of Virginia Dare, the annual banquet Thursday evening at Kitty Hawk beach casino, operated by "Chuck" Collins, Carolina football coach, a trip on the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter "Pamlico," early and late fishing and swimming parties.

The committee of arrangements provided travel over the dunes, to introduction of the editors to the real beauties, primitive as they may be, of this historic region. A trip was arranged over Pamlico Sound to the unique locality of Ocracoke, where people live pretty much as they did in the period of Sir Walter Raleigh. The editors got another vision of the magnificent distances of the state out on the sound, for the boat goes out of sight of land, and, incidentally passes by a lone light house where the keeper and his wife "raise" everything they eat. The waters of ocean and sound squeeze in mighty close to the little strip of land on which the Ocracokers live and it is an easy matter for the visitor to lose himself in the heavily-set clump growth of woods, but, following the grassy strips that serve as roads, he will eventually be led to a house of some sort.

On Roanoke Island the editors are finding an abundance of things to write about, included in which are confidently expected remarks on the biggest scuppernong grape vine in the world, and the Meekins fig tree that spreads, arbor-like, over about an acre of ground and that, in good seasons, yields 100 bushels of figs.

The convention will adjourn its sessions Friday morning.

PRESERVE THE WILD FLOWERS

At this time of the year it behooves us to remind all true lovers of the great out-of-doors the value of preserving nature's natural beauty. Those of us who are prone to gather the beautiful wild flowers which abound in the woods and fields and along the highways must realize that once these are plucked they soon die and end their usefulness, but if they are left on the bush they flourish and their beauty enjoyed by many, finally going into their destined form of seed and berries to furnish food for many of nature's wild inhabitants. What is a few hours of home beauty compared to the many months of glory and sustenance which they will accomplish in the wild? Help nature to help herself; do not deter her endeavors.—Atlantic Sportsman.

RUBY OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO JULY-BORN

(Young Folks)

July, which feels the full power of the summer sun, has as its birthstone the sun's own gem, the ruby, and is closely connected in magic lore and legend of the past with the sun's virtues — benevolence, dignity and vitality.

In Burma, whence comes the finest rubies, it is said that this gem, symbolical of the life force, was created first, and later man was created to possess it. According to an ancient Hebrew legend, it was a ruby which Abraham wore around his neck to protect him from disease, and which, when the venerable patriarch died, God removed and placed in the sun —thus explaining to the satisfaction of the ancients the remarkable healing power of solar rays, now so widely recognized.

This association of the ruby with bodily health and well being is, in fact, notable in the folk-lore of many peoples. A fourteenth century writer assures the fortunate owner of a brilliant ruby, that in addition to possessing good health, he "will live in peace and concord with all men, and that neither his land nor his rank will be taken from him, and that he will be preserved from all perils. His house, his fruit trees, and his vineyards will be guarded from tempests." All these results would most surely be secured if the ruby, set in a ring, bracelet or brooch, were worn on the left side.

Leonardus, writing in the sixteenth century of the ruby, said that it would secure possessions to their rightful owner, reconcile quarrels, and bring peace of mind and harmony.

The Hindus divided rubies, as well as diamonds, into four castes. The Oriental ruby conferred perfect safety upon the wearer. As long as he owned this precious stone he could dwell without fear in the midst of enemies, and be shielded from adverse fortune. They believed, however, that this ruby of the first class must be preserved from contact with inferior specimens, or its power for good would be diminished.

Like other gems, the ruby had the useful faculty of turning pale in the face of evil or approaching misfortune. It is recorded, for example, that the unhappy Spanish wife of Henry VIII, Catherine of Aragon, was warned of her approaching downfall by the marked change of color in her ruby ring. And forewarned being forearmed, thereby perhaps, saved her head. As for the king's ruby ring, which was his favorite talisman, nothing that he did seems to have disturbed its color, and it certainly seems to have been efficacious as a love charm—for which purpose Henry wore it.

"Some people use a gallon of words to express a teaspoonful of thought."—Selected.

TWO BIRTHDAYS

(Reidsville Review)

Two men of widely different types, each of whom has been prominent in the world's news for a long time, will reach important milestones in their life journey this month. Benito Mussolini will be 50 years old on July 29, and Henry Ford will be 70 on July 30. Both rose from humble beginnings.

In early life Mussolini worked as a common laborer, but managed to obtain a fair education. He fought as a corporal in the World War until he was wounded in February, 1917. In 1919 he founded the Fascisti to suppress Bolshevism, and by 1922 it had 4,000,000 members. It demanded that Mussolini head the government and he was made premier by the king on October 30, 1922, since which time he has been Italy's dictator. His rule has been stern, but on the whole beneficial to the country.

Henry Ford had only a common school education and began as a machinist's helper, later becoming chief engineer of one of Edison's companies. He was a pioneer in the automobile field and employed more than 100,000 persons at the height of production before the depression, at which time he was reputed to be worth a billion dollars or more.

There is a world of inspiration in a study of these two men, who by their own efforts have arisen from obscurity to commanding places in their respective spheres of action.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR BOY AND GIRL?

Where does your boy hang out? Who are your daughter's friends? What company does she keep? Parents should not only know the whereabouts of their sons and daughters but should be acquainted with their associates. Young people, as well as the "grown-ups," are not only judged by the company they keep, but they are certain to become like their habitual associates. They continue to flock together because they are birds of a feather.

We hear no little about the young people and how bad they are. They are by nature no worse than preceding generations have been, but the neglect of parents is greater. Many, very many, boys and girls have never had half a chance in the world. We are not talking about half-fed, ignorant children. We have in mind youngsters who have enjoyed material abundance and have been to school, but at the same time have been denied lessons in truth, honor, thrift, sobriety, reverence and all those spiritual values that go into the making of men and women of high character.—Selected.

STEEL AGE

By Harry K. Hobart

Historically, we often refer to the iron age as the era directly following the stone and the bronze ages. All this because man, in his development, simply changed from a stone club to a bronze sword, and then to an iron sword, and a few other iron implements. When one considers the great and constantly increasing uses of iron and steel today, one can only marvel that a whole age in the period of man's progress should have been named for a few articles, and poor ones at that. Why, this is the iron age, right now! Or better still, the age of steel!

One of the most interesting developments in American life with its ever rising standard of living, is the fact that many of the demands which we are constantly making for greater conveniences in living are really calls to the iron and steel industry to give us more of its metal.

Twenty years ago the only businesses which employed iron and steel to any appreciable extent were the railroads, shipbuilding, and big constructions, such as schools, hotels, and apartment houses. Today, quite a different situation prevails. Railroads are not using as much steel as they did five or six years ago. All the steel required for ships is easily taken care of. But the amount of steel for houses of every description is gigantic. The demand in this field is growing very fast. Not only are our great skyscrapers being built more and more of metal, and less and less of brick and stone, but now even residential homes are being made entirely of steel. But the building trades are not the only ones which have developed an increasing demand for iron and steel. Almost every industry is clamoring for iron and steel in new forms.

The radio industry now demands large quantities of a very special kind of steel. It is called "electrical steel," and is used in very small, fine sheets that go to make a transformer. Then there are still other qualities of electrical steel, which are used for electric irons, curlers, electric toasters, waffle outfits, washing machines, and all the many implements and electrical devices which are used today; each requires a special kind of electrical steel.

Another giant industry which uses tons and tons of steel is the automobile industry. There are from twenty to thirty different kinds of iron and steel in your motor car that you ride around in every day without giving it a thought.

Think of your car in this way; almost every part and bit of it was once liquid steel, poured from a ladle. Even before that, it was all "red dirt," once. Turning this "red dirt" into exactly the sort of iron or steel for the score and more special uses in your car, is the job of a cook, yes a cook, and a special kind of cook, too. He is called a steel mill laboratory cook.

This man knows exactly what special elements to add to boiling steel in order to turn it into a tough chassis or resilient fenders. He must add still different ingredients to

make springs; another for the steel that goes into the laminations in the generator; still different steel for the motor parts, and so on almost without end.

Remember, how, back in the days of the open touring cars, when only the very rich rode in closed cars, we began to want "sedans?" We got them, too. Not the carefully built wooden sedan bodies that sheltered the rich, turned out by hand at a great price, but they were just as beautiful in line and color. Ours were pressed out by giant machines from sheets of steel.

What was the result? Well, it was soon seen that metal bodies for cars were stronger, cheaper, easier to make, made faster, just as beautiful as the hand-made wooden bodies, and, well, the rich wanted them, too! That made the building of metal bodies permanent.

This demand for auto bodies has done more to bring about the invention of the new type steel mill than any other one thing.

There was a time when gas released with the drilling of an oil well was considered a costly and dangerous nuisance. In some cases, this natural gas was diverted into mains and carried to nearby cities, for use in homes and factories. Today, this United States of ours is being laced and criss-crossed with pipe lines for natural gas. For half a century we have wasted natural gas; that day is over. It will not be long now before people in Chicago are eating meals cooked by natural gas brought from points one thousand miles distant. Here is how the change has come about.

The steel industry did not formerly make a pipe that was either large enough or strong enough to withstand necessary gas pressures for long lines.

But today it's different.

Large pipe, two feet in diameter, was needed by the gas companies, and the steel industry has recently given it to them. No matter to what extent other branches of the steel industry may have slowed down during this past year of business depression, the pipe line departments of all steel plants were taxed to the utmost. They have been turning out pipe for the gas companies by the tens of thousands of miles.

Now that we have seen some of the many new lines into which the steel industry has expanded, let us pause a moment and survey the manner in which this giant industry has met the problem of increased demands for great quantities of steel and iron.

Steel sheets have been hard to make, always. There has been no radical improvement in the principles of rolling sheets for about 150 years. The size of sheet was practically limited to the weight that a very strong man could handle with a pair of tongs.

The old-fashioned method of rolling sheet steel was this: there would be a big rolling machine, consisting chiefly of two large, powered rollers, weighing several tons each, and resembling a washing machine wringer. There would be two men to operate this machine, one stripped to the waist, his eyes shaded, and a cloth tied over his mouth. This man would draw from a furnace a forty-pound block of red-hot steel, thrust

it between the rollers, and the other man would grasp the steel with his tongs as it came through the rollers on the other side. When the steel had been run through once, it would be flattened out considerably, but not enough. Therefore, it would be juggled around by these two huskies, and run through the rollers again. This time the rollers would be screwed down smaller. The steel would come through still thinner, but it would have to be juggled around again, and run through all over again. Five times these huskies would run the ever-thinning metal through the rollers. Each time the rolls were screwed closer together. But with all their time and work and muscle, these mighty toilers were not able to produce a sheet of steel much larger than a table top.

These men were the aristocrats of the steel business in the old days. They received from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a day, but it was tough, cruel work.

It can be easily seen that this age-old method of rolling steel is no way, in this speeding age, by which to make steel sheets for thousands of acres or miles, or however you measure them, of automobile bodies, pipe lines, steel frames, and for an ever-increasing number of other purposes. The steel men had to find a better way, though for over six generations men have said there was no other way.

So, after many trials and over a year lost in experimentation, which started back about the year 1922, the steel men finally perfected an invention called "the continuous rolling process mill." It is doing away with the old hand rolling mills as fast as they can be established. Five million dollars is the approximate cost of one of these new mills, and where they are being established it entails the tearing down and scrapping of millions of dollars' worth of old style machinery and old style mills. As a practical method of manufacturing sheet steel, these new mills are only about seven years old. Most of the big steel companies are installing them as quickly as possible.

This is the way that one of these continuous process mills operates. In the first place, one of these new mills occupies about two city blocks, and is one continuous piece of machinery. Some of the newer mills are even longer, and it is reported that one company intends to build a mill one-third of a mile long.

From a giant heating furnace a block of white-hot steel is dropped onto a runway. This block is rectangular in shape, and weighs all of seven tons. It is carried along the runway by machine-driven rollers, to what is called the "blooming mill." There it is smashed down between mammoth rolls into a large, rectangular slab, still white-hot, but not hot enough. So it is run off into a reheating furnace. In time, it reemerges from this furnace dazzingly hot, and rolls along the runway again to a huge knife which cuts the slab up into chunks of about one ton size. These smaller blocks are carried along toward the first set of giant rolls. It passes through these and comes out thinner and longer, and always advancing toward another set of rolls. After each successive rolling, the blocks of steel get longer and longer, and become

united into one continuous, flowing sheet of metal. As the metal continues on through the rolling machine it gets thinner and longer, and goes faster and faster, until it is sliding along the runway at a speed of twelve hundred feet a minute. After it comes out of the last roll it is a ribbon of steel, less than a quarter of an inch thick, about four feet wide, and over two hundred feet long. It is now rolled up by another machine into barrel-shaped drums, as if it were only paper.

Now this is the secret of the invention. The man who invented this continuous process mill was a man who had been a paper manufacturer for many years before he went into the steel business. He knew how paper came from between rollers and was pressed out and rolled up into rolls. He believed that sheet steel could be treated in the same way as paper, and it was his faith in this belief which, after years of experimenting, resulted in the modern steel mill as I have just described it.

It is because of this invention that steel can be produced today in greater quantity and at a cheaper price than ever before in history, and whole car bodies are stamped out of one sheet of steel, pipes of any size are just rolled up like a tube of paper and sealed at one end by electric welding. It is even possible now to make a seamless steel pipe. Let us close with a glimpse at the near future of steel.

Already blackboards, for schoolrooms, are made from steel, coated with porcelain and enamel and any color desired; thus giving the schoolroom a pleasanter atmosphere. The blackboard no longer needs to be black.

Soon our homes will have not only steel frames, but steel walls as well. Whole bathrooms will be pressed out of steel, and will be inserted into the house with the plumbing and fittings already in place. Kitchens will be pressed out in the same way. Floors will be of wood over steel, or maybe of steel covered with mats or carpet. There may be one or two rooms in the house which are windowless, if desired. Perfect ventilation will be secured by pipes, through which either warm or cool air is blown. The steel homes will not be riveted, but welded. This is already being done with ships. The walls of our steel houses will be as smooth as our plaster walls are now, and they may be plastered or panelled inside if desired, and on the outside they may be covered with brick or wood, but they will look quite well without either, as steel may be made to resemble almost anything.

We Americans are the largest users of steel in the world. Each man, woman and child consumes three pounds of steel daily; and yet steel has been produced commercially only a little over forty-five years. Before the Bessemer process was invented, in 1885, steel was only a rare and expensive alloy. The marvel is, as I said in the beginning, that nobody has thought to call this the steel age.

NUTMEGS

By Emma Florence Bush

Not the wooden ones that, as the legend goes, the shrewd Connecticut Yankee made a fortune with, but the real nutmegs.

We all know how much this little nut is used in cooking, and what a delicious flavor it gives to many things, but how many know that when it was first imported into Europe from Arabia, where the nutmeg tree had its original home, that it was reduced to powder and burned as incense in the ceremonies of the Catholic Church? How many know that at one time it was the fashionable perfumery of England, and was so expensive that only the extremely wealthy could afford to indulge in it. It was also worn as an ornament. A nut was set in silver, often inlaid with costly stones, and this ornament was worn by both men and women. Physicians also used it as a medicine, having learned of its use for this purpose by doctors in Arabia. It was then used in cosmetics, and last of all, as a spice.

The tree on which these little, fragrant nuts grow is very beautiful. It is an evergreen tree, bearing fruit all the year, and very large, growing from twenty-five to fifty feet. The bark is pale gray, the leaves are large, oblong, and a pleasing green in color, and the flowers are small, bell-shaped, and very fragrant. The fruit is yellow in color when ripe, and splits into two parts, which cling together at the stem. Within this half-open ball hangs a single, shining nut, covered with a fringed scarlet network. And here is a peculiar thing: most trees bear but one kind of fruit or nut, but the nutmeg tree furnishes us with two spices, for this gay, scarlet covering, when pressed and dried, is called mace, and becomes another spice for our seasoning box. The oil that comes from it in the pressing is high-grade, and has a marketable value.

Another peculiarity of this tree is that, as it is ever green, the flowers and fruit, in all their various stages, may be seen on it at one time, and it is a very beautiful sight to see this stately tree, covered with white blossoms, green nuts, and the yellow and scarlet of the ripened fruit.

An ordinary tree will yield about ten pounds of nuts and a pound of mace each year. It will begin bearing when eight or nine years old, and continues to bear for seventy-five to eighty years.

Still amid life's froth and trouble
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble
Courage in one's own.

— Lord Allenby.

NEITHER PURITAN NOR CAVALIER

By George L. Rinkliff

In the plantation of Providence, now included in the state of Rhode Island, some time between the months of January and May, 1683, a squad of soldiers fired a salute over an open grave on a hillside. The echoes of the volleys, ringing across the meadows and waterways, proclaimed that the career of a notable man was ended. The mortal frame of Roger Williams lay in its tomb.

With this present year, a quarter of a millenium intervenes between our own time and the indefinite date of his death. But those two hundred fifty years have not obscured the nobility of early New England's outcast Christian gentleman.

In the year 1612, Smithfield in London swarmed for the last time with a mob that came to see the burning of a man for the offense of dissenting from the doctrines of the established church. The victim was Bartholomew Leggett, a theologian whose theology had become badly scrambled.

By the west side of Smithfield ran a thoroughfare then called Cow Lane, in which stood the well-provided home of the sober Puritan, James Williams, prosperous merchant tailor. Whether or not on that unhappy day the eight-year-old son of the household stood as if rooted with horror to the frozen earth of Smithfield we have no means of knowing. But we can be certain that at least he heard vivid accounts of the deed that disgraced England, and his gentle soul revolted. Some day he would be a man, and then he would try to do something about such cruelty.

Meanwhile, he found solace for his troubled mind and heart. His childish understanding grasped a great truth. Christ had died to save men, because He loved them. Roger Williams, aged eight, wished to become Christ's own man.

He had a boy's interest, a boy's curiosity. He attended St. Sepulchre's Church, where Captain John Smith, lately returned from Virginia, also worshiped. And at St. Sepulchre's, sometimes, there were sights to stir the heart of any boy. Noble visitors, with copper-hued complexions, were sometimes escorted to the church—the earliest American tourists to "do" London. The most famous of such visitors to London was called the Lady Rebekkah, and she was the wife of a commoner, John Rolfe, with whom King James was roundly displeased for his having presumed to marry with royalty without so much as asking his sovereign's leave. Into the mind of the boy Roger Williams came heroic dreams of far-away Virginia.

Roger was studious. In the bookstalls of the London of that time was sold a book that seems to have appealed to him as books on radio and aviation appeal to boys of today. It was John Willis' "Art of Stenographie," and young Roger Williams studied it and practiced its instructions until he was able to take down accurately long polemic

sermons, and the furious, acrid speeches in the Star Chamber, where Sir Edward Coke, standing rock-like against the theory of the divine right of British kings, presided. Mightily pleased with the youthful Roger Williams when the latter presented him with transcripts of the great jurist's pronouncements, Sir Edward resolved to give the lad opportunities his talents deserved.

As one of the governors of the Charterhouse School, Sir Edward had no difficulty in securing Roger Williams' enrollment as a student there, nor was there a barrier later to placing the young man in a college at Cambridge University, where Sir Edward was High Steward. The atmosphere at the Cambridge of that day was sober and serious, and students were encouraged to perfect themselves in one art above all others—to maintain one's views against all the world, and to yield nothing to an antagonist. He who could do so was the ideal scholar.

Ordained a clegyman of the Church of England, Roger Williams left Cambridge, and became the chaplain at Otes, in Essex, country seat of Sir Wiliam Masham. There he wedded Mary Barnard, and his life was happy, filled with the promise of preferment.

England in that age was the scene of a struggle between two powerful contending parties, the Puritans and the High Churchmen. But the twenty-six-year-old chaplain at Otes sided with neither. His sympathies were with an oppressed minority, the separatists. The Puritans and the High Churchmen were agreed on the necessity for a state church, but they disagreed as to who should control it, and how it should be conducted. The separatists claimed for themselves the right to form independent congregations, and in the exercise of that right, some of them fled to Holland. There they became acquainted with people affiliated with religious organizations that disavowed the state churches on the continent—Anabaptists, Mennonites, and others—and some of the English refugees accepted the teaching of one or another of those groups. From Holland, some of them returned to England, stout contenders for doctrines of the Anabaptists, and founded the First Baptist Church in London. Others came back to England preaching doctrines of the Mennonites, and soon afterward were called Quakers.

Still others took ship westward across the Atlantic, and landed at Plymouth Rock, thus becoming the Pilgrim Fathers. Few, if any of them, gave thought to the Lutheran or Reformed churches on the continent, further than to reject them as state churches, and therefore no more tolerable than the Church of England.

But by the time Roger Williams was twenty-six, the Pilgrim Fathers were no longer the only colonists in Massachusetts. Puritans had emigrated to that country, establishing themselves at Massachusetts Bay, and at Salem, and steadily overbearing the separatists at Plymouth, with insistence upon the establishment of the state-church doctrine throughout the land.

Four experiences in the earlier life of Roger Williams seem subconsciously to have directed him to America. His horror at the fate of

Bartholomew Leggett, the romantic appeal of the Indians he had seen in London, the convincing logic of his patron, Sir Edward Coke, that kings are but creatures of man-made law, all reinforced by the emphasis upon maintaining his convictions at all costs—the summum bonum of his years at Cambridge—made the New World not only desirable to him, they made his going to it well nigh inevitable. There, rather than in England, lay the field of appealing opportunities, and there, too, he could live and act without compromising his conscience.

But in the Massachusetts Bay settlement he found disillusionment. So, likewise, at Salem. In neither place were the colonists willing to hear his doctrines of "the independency of churches." For them, the Church of England was the church —only they insisted that it should be purged and set in order by Puritanism. At Plymouth things were more to his liking.

For two years he dwelt at Plymouth, "prophesying and teaching," at his own charges. He labored on his own plot of ground, and frequently visited the Indians, winning their friendship, and learning their language.

But even at Plymouth he could not stay the tide of Puritan influence, which had adopted the formula that even though the Pilgrim Fathers could have no fellowship with the Church of England, they should become amenable to the ecclesiastical authority that was pervading New England. From Plymouth to Salem, and at last to Boston, to face an ecclesiastical court, successive events took Roger Williams. There he was pronounced deserving of banishment on four counts—he believed and taught that the king had no right to take lands from the Indians and give them to the white settlers; that the taking of an oath and the offering of prayer were acts of worship and that the authorities could not lawfully require a wicked person to perform them; that the ministers of the established church were without the authority claimed for them; and that the authority of the civil magistrate extended only to the bodies and goods and outward state of men.

Since winter was at hand he was given until the following spring to leave New England, with the understanding that meanwhile, he should desist from proclaiming his views abroad. As well might the court have ordered the tide to cease rising and falling on the granite seashore. Roger Williams knew no authority by which men could require him to keep his convictions to himeslf. The authorities adopted two courses. His friend, John Winthrop, governor of Massachusetts Bay, secretly advised him to go to Narragansett Bay, and found a colony there. Others, not his friends invoked the strong arm to hustle him out of New England.

He took the advice of his friend, eluded his enemies, went into hiding, presumably among the Indians, and early in the following spring, with a small company of followers, he purchased from the Indians a tract of land on the Narragansett Bay, where he established the plantation of Providence. He very carefully set the bounds of civil authori-

ty in matters of religion. He founded a government in which not only "the independency of the churches," but the freedom of individual conscience was guaranteed.

The settlement grew and prospered. Roger Williams established a congregation of which he was the minister. From Boston came Richard Scott, a shoemaker with his wife, who was a sister to Mrs. Anne Hutchison, the despair of the disputatious theologians of New England. She could split hairs finer than the cleverest of them, and Mrs. Scott, who was a Baptist, was hardly less effective. Governor Winthrop recorded in his journal that "Mr. Williams was emboldened by Mrs. Scott to make open profession of Anabaptistry, and accordingly was rebaptized by Mr. Hollman, a poor man, late of Salem." But a few months later, Winthrop wrote that he had learned that Roger Williams "questioned" his second baptism, "not being able to derive the authority of it from the apostles."

From that time, for the nearly half cenury of the remainder of his life, Roger Williams was not a minister or a member of any church. He was a "seeker," a term defined by Cotton Mather as designating a sect "keeping to that one principle that everyone should have the liberty to worship God according to the light of his own conscience, but owning of no true churches or ordinances now in the world."

He continued to "prophesy," and his days abounded in works of love and mercy. For the remainder of his life, until old age prevented him, he was a missionary to the Indians. He spoke their language as did no other New Englander of his time, and actually reduced it to writing, and published an English "key" to it. On their part, the Indians recognized him as a true friend—the only Englishman they trusted without reservations.

For years, Roger Williams stood between two menacing forces, the savages and the settlers, and prevented massacres and injustices on both sides. Few civilizations stand in a more anomalous light than that of early Massachusetts as it was related to Roger Williams. They kept him busy doing them favors—making peoce for them with the Indians, and making peace between themselves. They ate at his table and slept in his house. But they would not rescind the sentence of banishment against him.

To the Puritans of New England he was at once a very dear friend and a heinous offender, a faithful Christian gentleman and a notorious heretic.

Roger Williams arrived at the last of his days still the unwavering champion of religious liberty. He wrote books defending that cause, and spoke with great kindness of his persecutors. Twice he went to England, to secure a charter for his colony and to defend its interests before the British Government. Others in his colony became wealthy, but he died a poor man.

MOST UNIQUE CAT IS NATIVE OF SIAM

By Mary Carolyn McKee

The faraway country of Siam has given the outstanding asristocrat to the feline world—the Royal Siamese cat. For hundreds of years this sleek cat, strikingly unique in appearance, has been the pet of royalty, and has been reverenced in the religious rites of his native country.

The Siamese cat is much slimmer than the ordinary cat. His short, fine body coat is a creamy fawn color with dark chocolate smudges about the eyes and nose. His legs, ears and tail are also of this same chocolate tone, and the color of his eyes is a deep, clear blue.

Siamese kittens, when first born, resemble wee white mice, for there are no markings on their bodies until they are over a week old. Then faint brownish smudges begin to appear on the face, ears, feet and tail. As the kittens grow older these markings spread and deepen, and the white fur gradually changes to fawn color.

Many Siamese kittens are born with kinks in their tails, while others have tails that are perfectly straight. And no one really knows the reason why, although a number of legends have been built up in explanation. According to one of these stories, many thousands of years ago one of the native gods wanted to remind a Siamese cat of something, so he tied a knot in its tail.

These cats are so much interested in things, and are so affectionate that they continually follow their owners about. They may easily be taught to wear collars, and to walk along wearing leads.

DON'TS FOR SWIMMERS

Don't swim on a full stomach. Wait at least two hours after eating.

Don't swim if overheated.

Don't swim until exhausted.

Don't swim if you have heart trouble.

Don't dive without accurate knowledge of the depth of the water.

Don't struggle if caught in a swift current or undertow. The force of the current will bring you to the surface.

Don't wade into the water with the arms above the head. You will not be ready to stroke if you step into a hole.

Don't lean backward when wading into water. Always be ready to fall forward.

Don't fight or struggle to swim if you swallow water. Clear the windpipe of water first.

Don't fail to learn Red Cross life-saving and resuscitation methods. Be capable of saving yourself or your companions.

DON GIBSON'S JOB

By Frank Gruber

Don Gibson scowled as his employer finished speaking.

"Ted Shaw is a good fellow, Mr. Horton, but my sales record is much better than his," he said, rather sullenly.

"I grant that, Don," replied Henry Horton. "I admit also that you are a better salesman than Ted, but —you're not as hard a worker. Ted puts in eight hours a day, every day of the week, for the Horton Supply Company. You put in five, six and seven hours. Last week at five o'clock I saw you coming out of the Palace Theater where you evidently had been for at least two hours."

"But I had completed the required eight calls," protested Don. "My sales record shows that I'm selling more than any of the four salesmen, so what harm if I did go to a show?"

Henry Horton shook his head sadly. "If you don't know yourself, there's no use of my trying to explain. But my decision is final. Ted Shaw gets the downtown territory."

Don flushed. "All right, in that case I resign."

If Don had expected Mr. Horton to protest he was mistaken, for his employer merely nodded his head in agreement.

Don was still boiling over what he considered unfair treatment on the part of Henry Horton, when he reached his home. He did not see the worried look on his mother's face when he told her that he had quit his job. His sister, Alice, said nothing at the time, but later she spoke to Don alone.

"I wish you hadn't quit your job just now, Don," Alice said. "You know, practically all of our savings went to pay for mother's operation two months ago. My fifteen dollars a week isn't enough for us to live on."

"Oh, don't worry, Sis," Don assured her. "I can get another job for just as much money. Won't take me but a day or two."

Don scanned the want ads in the paper the next morning. He hadn't looked at this section of the paper for a long time, so was somewhat surprised to see so few ads. Quickly he ran down the miscellaneous column. Nothing there for him. Next the salesman wanted ads. Real Estate Salesman Wanted. Nothing to that. House to House Salesman. There were better ways to starve than that.

However, there were one or two ads that seemed promising, so marking the paper, Don went down to call on the concerns. One place was already filled when he got there and the other turned out to be a book selling proposition, which Don flatly refused.

Don did not let up that easily, however. He made the rounds of a number of large concerns which he knew employed salesmen and inquired for a place. Then, later in the week, when he had still been unable to find anything he tried the employment agencies.

Don was naturally optimistic, so it was a full week before he really

began to worry. In that time he had applied at more than fifty places for a job, but all to no avail. At first he had looked only for a good salesman's job, with a drawing account and commissions, but later he had even been willing to try jobs without the drawing account, provided they looked promising otherwise.

The second week he tried looking for any old kind of job that paid twenty-five dollars a week or better. But it seemed that there were fifty men for every available job and poor Don was still pounding the pavement four weeks after he had quit his job at the Horton Supply Company.

He was about desperate then, when his sister spoke to him.

"Don, you've got to get some kind of a job soon," Alice told him. "My salary is hardly enough for us to buy food with. We paid the rent this month, but unless you help out some, I don't see how we're going to do it next month. Why don't you try any kind of job for a while until something better turns up?"

"I have, Alice," Don replied, despondently. "Why, just yesterday I was trying to get a job at a factory that paid only eighteen dollars a week. I admit it was a mistake to get huffy with Henry Horton, but it's no use crying over spilled milk."

"Don't you suppose Mr. Horton would take you back?" asked Alice.

"Hardly; besides my job there has been filled long ago."

The next morning Don stood before a restaurant window in one of the factory districts. There was a sign in the window, "Dishwasher Wanted." With a sigh Don entered.

"That sign in the window," he said to the man behind the counter. "Is that job still open?"

"Yes," said the other. "Who wants it?"

"I do," replied Don.

"G'wan," snorted the other. "You don't want that job."

"But I do," said Don, earnestly. "I can do the work and I need the job badly."

The man behind the counter looked at him shrewdly. "All right, I'll give you the job. But remember, you don't get any pay unless you stay at least a week. Twelve dollars a week. Get back to the kitchen."

"Thanks," said Don, and went straight back to the kitchen. There he found a fat, perspiring man of about fifty. "I'm the new dishwasher," Don announced, "Where do I start?"

The cook looked at Don without enthusiasm. "What's your name?"

"Don Gibson; what's yours?"

"Joe Mayer, but they all call me Skinny because I'm so fat."

Don grinned. "All right, Skinny, we'll get better acquainted later."

He turned to the sink which was piled high with dishes. Doffing his coat and rolling up his shirt sleeves, Don pitched in the work.

An hour later he began to find a little room in the sink, but then received a call from in front to get the dirty dishes and glasses that had accumulated meanwhile. It went on that way all day; just about when he'd get caught up with a batch of dishes there were more dirty ones in front.

Six o'clock came and he was in the midst of the rush evening dish-

washing. "Say, Skinny," he said to the cook. "How long do I work here?"

"Eight o'clock," replied the cook. "Eight in the morning until eight at night. The night cook washes dishes himself if he runs out of them."

Don sighed. Whew! twelve hours a day. But at any rate, he got his meals free, which was something. At eight o'clock Don hastily ate some meat and potatoes, swallowed a cup of coffee and started for home.

Alice greeted him at the door. "Where have you been, Don? Mother and I have both been rather worried about you."

"I got a job," said, Don, keeping his hands in his pockets. They were wrinkled from constant immersion in water.

"That's splendid, Don," cried Alice. "What kind of job is it?"

"It's with a food concern," said Don evasively. "I took it just temporarily. Pay isn't so much, but right now I have to work every night until eight o'clock, so the company gives me my meals free, too. That'll help some."

Don returned to his distasteful job again the next morning and washed dishes all day. He did not know that he could ever dislike a job as much as he did this one, but he was absolutely determined to stick at it for several weeks, until they got on their feet again at home. He didn't care to go through the worry of looking for a new job again, just yet.

Several times during the next few weeks Alice tried to pump Don about his new job, but he was evasive. He didn't care to tell his family just exactly what he was doing. They would be shocked, he knew. For that matter, his old friends would have been shocked, too. How old Henry Horton would chuckle if he knew that Don was now reduced to a dishwashing job.

Don's luck at keeping his job a secret was too good to last, however. It was a part of Don's duties to go into the front part of the restaurant whenever he ran out of dishes and get the soiled ones from beneath the counters, where the waiters deposited them. One day when he was out in front, he was startled to hear someone call to him. "Don—Don Gibson!"

Don flushed as he looked up into the face of Ted Shaw, the Horton Supply Company salesman, who had gotten the downtown territory that Don had wanted.

"For Pete's sake!" gasped Ted "What are you doing here, Don?"

"Working," replied Don, shortly. It was bad enough to be caught in this embarrassing position without having to answer questions about it.

Ted was about to ask Don the reason for his working in a restaurant, but thought better of it and merely said, "Well, I'm certainly glad to see you, Don. Haven't seen you for a long time."

He said one or two other non-essential things, then seeing that Don did not want to talk, got up and started for the cashier's stand. "Well, see you later, Don," he called back.

"Yes, sure." Don returned to the kitchen with a load of dishes, but his heart was heavy within him. Ted certainly looked prosperous. Don could have had his job right now if

he had only worked a little harder for the Horton Supply Company. The work there had been so easy compared to this—eight hours of pleasant work interviewing business people and his salary had never run less than forty dollars a week and, oftentimes, as high as sixty dollars.

Don was still thinking about Ted Shaw that evening when he quit work. He wished he hadn't been quite so huffy with Ted that day, for he and Ted had once been good friends.

"Say, Don!"

Don, coming out of the restaurant, was greeted by Ted Shaw, who had been waiting for him outside.

"Hello, Ted. I'm through for the day. Going my way?"

"Yes," replied Ted, cheerfully, getting into stride with Don.

"I'm sorry I was so snappy this morning, Ted," Don apologized. "To tell the truth I've been down on my uppers lately and I had to take this job."

"Well, what of it? It's a job and that's better than being out of work altogether. But say, Don, if you're really hard up for some money, I've got a plan for you. I got to thinking about it this afternoon and that is why I came back here."

"What is it, Ted?"

"Well, you know, after you left the Horton Supply Company I got the downtown territory," began Ted. Don remembered all right. "I'm starting on my vacation tomorrow," went on Ted. "There won't be any body to work my territory during the next two weeks, so I thought maybe you'd like to cover it for me?"

Don was surprised. "I don't think Henry Horton would want me to work for him again," he said.

"He doesn't have to know," cried Ted.

"How can he help but know? I'd have to turn over the orders and reports every day, wouldn't I?"

"Not necessarily, Don," said Ted. "It's a bit irregular, but we can work it out some way. Suppose you were to work the territory and turn over the orders to me at my home twice a week. I'll get them to the office in some way."

"Well, it might be possible," said Don, slowly. "But you see, that job would be only good for two weeks."

"Yes, but you know if you work hard, you can make a hundred dollars in those two weeks. Of course, I'll be paid the commissions, but I'll turn them over to you. I imagine a hundred is about what you get at that restuarant in two months. So you can earn the same amount of money in two weeks and have six weeks to look around for something better."

"All right, Ted, I'll take you up on it," Don decided suddenly. "When can I get your samples and order book?"

"Right now; let's go over to my house."

It was good to have a sample case in his hands again and Don started out the next morning feeling better than he had for months. His two months' absence from the Horton Company had not been enough for him to forget his selling arguments and Don tackled his first prospect with an eagerness that surprised even himself. It was five o'clock before he quit that first day and even then he hated to do so.

At eight o'clock the next morning

he was downtown again. There were more and better prospects in the downtown territory than there had been in Don's old territory on the north side and Don's sales record mounted every day. Ted Shaw whistled when Don turned over the orders to him after four days of working.

"Boy, you're certainly going some," he said.

"Watch me," laughed Don. "I'm trying to give you fellows a mark to shoot at in the future." Don's old eagerness and cockiness had all returned, but with it was something else, something new that had been instilled in him gradually during his month's unemployment and the three weeks of heartbreaking work in the restaurant.

Don's boast to Ted was not an idle one. He was really a good salesman; he knew his merchandise well and he had an enthusiasm and interest for his work. But all too soon the two weeks ended and Don regretfully went to Ted Shaw's home on that last evening to turn over his last orders and the sample case.

Ted met him at the door and led him to the living room. In the entrance Don paused. Henry Horton was inside the room.

"Go right in, Don," said Ted. "I've got to run down to the store for a minute." And Ted dashed out, leaving Don to face his former employer alone.

"Hello, Don," Henry Horton greeted him, cheerfully. "How are you?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Horton," replied Don. "Rather a surprise, meeting you here."

"Not to me," replied Mr. Horton. "Well, while Ted is gone, give me the last of your orders and let me check up on them."

"Oh, you know about that?" asked Don, in surprise.

"Yes. Ah!—You've done pretty well the last couple of days." Henry Horton was scanning the order book Don had handed to him.

"Yes, not bad," he continued. "As a matter of fact, you've set a new record for two weeks of selling and during a supposedly dull season, too. You're going to have a hard time keeping up with this record."

"Keeping up with?" said Don.

"Why, what do you mean? I don't understand, Mr. Horton."

"Why, aren't you going to continue working that downtown territory?" asked Henry Horton, in mock surprise.

"Why—why, I'd be very glad to," stammered Don, in bewilderment. "But that's Ted's territory."

"No, its yours now; you see, Ted isn't a salesman any more. He started in as sales manager three weeks ago."

"You mean Ted wasn't on his vacation now and this was just a frame-up?" asked Don slowly, beginning to see light.

Henry Horton grinned. "I guess that's about the size of it. Ted saw you at the restaurant that day and told me about it. I was just looking for a good man to cover that downtown territory and you know you used to be a pretty good salesman when you worked hard at it. I had an idea that now you were about ready to work pretty hard and this record you've just made proved that I was right!"

Good old Henry Horton!

PROOF THAT EARTH HAS SOLID CORE

(Selected)

If new discoveries reported by Dr. Akitsune Imamura, Capt. N. H. Heck of the U. S. coast survey said, they will establish that the earth is solid as a billiard ball and does not have a liquid core.

Dr. Imamura, as quoted in Tokyo dispatches, said that his study of transmission of earthquake waves through the earth showed it's interior is not liquid but two two and one half times harder than steel.

If Dr. Imamura's discoveries are borne out it helps clear up a sort of scientific paradox(Capt. Heck said. There was reason to believe that the earth's core mus be solid, but past studies indicated it was liquid.

Scientists believe that the core was liqud because one type of earthquake waves known as "S" waves whch will not pass through liquids apparently did not pass through the core. Dr. Imamura now reports that he has found that "S" waves do not pass through it.

The earth's core is about 4,000 miles thick, half the total thickness of the eath and is believed to be compressed of iron and nickel. It is under tremendous pressure, which at the center of the earth would amount to about 44,100,000 pounds to the square inch.

Earthquake experts for a long time have held that the earth's core has the same densiy as steel, but that it did not transmit the "S" wavse. Geophysicists, studying the earth's core have found evidence that it is two and one half times as rigid as steel. Therefore the core might be both rigid and liquid at the same time, just as water might be held rigid under great pressure but would still remain a liquid.

The earth originally was a liquid mass, scientists beleve, composed of both iron and silicates. These two substances would not mix, so, as the earth hardneed the iron was concates formed the outside crust of centrated in the core, and the silirock.

YOU CAN NEVER TELL

At a dinner in London, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle told of a conversation he once had with a young actor in one of his plays, who was getting ten dollars a week. The young actor laughingly suggested that he and Sir Arthur should divide their incomes with each other the rest of their lives. Sir Arthur refused. But he has said since then he has much regretted it—the poor young actor was Charlie Chaplin.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent and Mrs. Charles E. Boger have been spending a few days at Myrtle Beach.

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Home-grown peaches and grapes were gathered and issued to the cottages the other day, where they were enjoyed by the boys.

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The boys in two of the school rooms were recently pressed into service for a couple of days, to help gather the first lima beans of the season. The prospects for a fine yield of these beans are excellent.

—o—

When in Concord one day last week we met Frank Gough, who was paroled about seven years ago. Frank is now employed by a company manufacturing humidifiers and was on his way to Greenville, S. C., where he was to assist in the installation of a cooling system.

—o—

Little Billy Young, who was in the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, receiving treatment for a fractured leg, was removed to his home in Charlotte last week. Billy's leg is much improved, and he is now able to get about with the aid of crutches.

—o—

Jesse Ross, of Greenville, who was paroled in August 1926, called on friends at the school last Wednesday. Since leaving the institution Jesse spent three years in the United States Army. After leaving the army he was employed as cook in a cafe in Washington, D. C., where he stayed for over two years.

Last Monday the boys on the garden force gathered 4,600 pounds of tomatoes, the largest quantity to be gathered in one day so far this season. After our cottage kitchens were generously supplied the surplus was taken to the cannery and packed in gallon cans for Winter use.

—o—

In the absence of Mr. A. C. Sheldon, who is spending his vacation at his home in Vermont, Mr. McCachren, of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Following the opening hymn and Scripture reading, Mr. McCachren presented Mr. Guy Caswell, a Charlotte attorney, who made a splendid talk the boys, quoting Proverbs 4: 23 —"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." The speaker said he was not speaking of the physical heart, but of the soul-heart, that which keeps us above the anmial, which must feed upon certain things if it would grow. He said we must have such qualities as honesty, truthfulness, clean living, work and the art of making others happy by deeds of kindness and love, if we wanted to keep our hearts right. Mr. Caswell especially stressed the importance of work and its blessings; the satisfaction of having done something real well. He stated that Christ spent His life for others. He did not own land, bank stocks, or other material wealth, but today He is reverenced and remembered and His teachings followed while the men of wealth and power of His day are forgotten. Mr.

Caswell concluded by saying that we need not worry about death, but how we live on earth, and if we live right and follow Christ's teachings, we need have no fear of life hereafter. He closed his remraks by quoting the following verse from Grey's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard:"

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave;
Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

—o—

Last Saturday's ball game between Flowe's Store and the Training School resulted in a 9 to 6 victory for the latter. Russell, our veteran south-paw slab artist, emerged from his retirement, and held the visitors to four hits during the seven innings he stayed on the mound, proving that the old soup-bone still retains a lot of its cunning. Andrews hurled the last two innings and allowed but three hits. "Dub" Bost, pitching for the lads from Flowe's, also hurled a nice game, holding the local swatters to seven hits. Our boys scored twice in the first frame on two errors, a base on balls, and singles by Lefler and Whitley. The visitors jumped into the lead in the fourth, scoring three runs on Dorton's triple, Pete Bost's double, a base on balls and a single by Boger. The school boys marked up three counters in the fifth on a base on balls and three errors. In the sixth they added three more on singles by Russell and Hamilton, and a couple of errors. A base on balls and two errors permitted the visitors to score one in the seventh, and in the eighth, a single by Conner, Boger's triple and an error produced two more runs. In the local half of the eighth, Weatherly singled and scored on Andrews' long triple to left. Pete Bost, with a double and two singles, led the boys from Flowe's with the stick, and Lefler with two hits, was the only local player to get more than one safety. The score:

		R	H	E
Flowe's	000 300 120	6	7	6
J. T. S.	200 033 01x	9	7	4

Two-base hits: P. Bost. Three-base hits: Dorton, Boger, Andrews. Stolen bases: Weatherly 2, Cleaver 3, Whitley 2. Struck out: by Russell 3; by Andrews 2; by Bost 8. Base on balls: off Russell 2; off Andrews 1; off Bost 2. Winning pitcher—Russell. Umpires—White and Ford.

The man who says, "I run things at my home," usually refers to the lawn mower, the washing machine, the furnace, the vacuum sweeper and the errands.—Selected.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 5, 1933 No. 30

CAN YOU SING A SONG?

Can you sing a song to greet the sun,
Can you cheerily tackle the work to be done,
Can you vision it finished when only begun,
Can you sing a song
Can you sing a song when the day's half through,
When even the thought of the rest wearies you,
With so little done and so much to do,
Can you sing a song
Can you sing a song at the close of the day,
When weary and tired, the work's put away,
With the joy that it's done the best of the pay,
Can you sing a song —Joseph Morris.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE LORD'S DAY

The following quotations voice the opinion of several great men as to the importance of keeping holy the Sabbath:

Abraham Lincoln: "As we keep or break the Sabbath, we nobly save or meanly lose the last hope by which man rises."

Lloyd George: "This Sunday question is not merely a religious one; it is a question of the permanency of our free institutions and the stability of the nation."

William Blackstone: "The profanation of the Sabbath is usually followed by a flood of immorality."

Sir Walter Scott: "Give the world one half of Sunday, and you will soon find that religion has no stronghold on the other half."

Joseph Cook: "Without Sunday there can never be a successful American Republic."

Daniel Webster: "No individual or nation, habitually disregarding the Sabbath Day, has failed to fall upon disaster and grief."

—Selected.

THE COMMUNITY RADIO

It is indeed high time that some move be made to cut out the volume of noise, not music if you please, made by the community-radio. We term such as "community-radio" from the fact some owners of radios are either very generous with their radios, or do not give a "continental" as to the nerve-racking effect such constant bang-bang and pow-wow have upon a people who can discriminate between jazz and a classic, besides know there is a time for all things.

To use a common expression so as to give brevity to any argument, "it takes all kinds of people to make the country." These conditions have existed ever since the beginning of time and will continue to be. So it is conclusive that the indifferent and selfish who give not one iota as to the comfort and pleasure of the other fellow will remain with us.

It is satisfying to know a plea has been made to the representative of the Federal Radio commission, especially during the summer season when for comfort doors and windows are left open, that all radio fans keep their dials turned down.

It is further stated the commission has been besieged with complaints on the score of roaring conditions at night and in the early morning. The sounds pouring out upon the air are likened to a "swashbuckling political orator or a jazz band standing on the outside."

Any other nuisance or loud wrangling at night can be abated by the law. While the loud mouth radio can be termed a similar nuisance to any community it has not yet been so classified by effective regulations. Really, we feel the meanest person in the world is one who will turn his radio on in full blast either in the late hours of the night, or early morn and arouse a whole community from a much needed and refreshing sleep. He is as mean as the fresh air fiend who will open up a window on a freezing day for his own comfort when the person with thin blood is freezing.

The sum and substance of the whole argument is the "community-radio" is a plumb nuisance.

* * * * * * * * * *

A LOVING SERVICE RECOGNIZED

There would be no occasion for looking around for recreation for young people if we had more young girls and young men of the type and character of Miss Berry, the founder of the Berry School, Georgia, for mountain children. If one has the love of service combined with an ambition to do good innate it would be unnecessary to find funds to keep unemployed busy. There would be no unemployed. This is a resume of the service of Miss Berry. We feel sure a visit to this school would prove an inspiration to

any one especially interested in Christian welfare work. Miss Berry has been honored and deservedly so. Read this taken from Reidsville Review:

The recent award of the degree of doctor of laws to Miss Martha McChesney Berry, of Georgia, by Bates College, again calls attention to one of America's most remarkable and useful women. Her life has been devoted to the education of mountain children.

Miss Berry was born a southern aristocrat and had the advantage of the best schooling, as well as European travel. Many girls so privileged might have been satisfied with the pleasure of a purely social career, but not she. In 1902 she founded the Berry School for mountain boys and girls at Mount Berry, Georgia, of which she has been the director ever since.

Her inheritance was also devoted to the work and from a small beginning the school has grown to include nearly one hundred buildings, with a "campus" of 15,000 acres, and an attendance of nearly 1,000 students. Still there are always hundreds on the waiting list.

Among the honors bestowed upon Miss Berry for carrying on this labor of love, there may be mentioned: Voted the state's most distinguished citizen by the Georgia legislature; awarded the Roosevelt medal for services to the nation; received a national magazine award of $5,000 for outstanding service and the medal of the Town Hall club, of New York, for accomplishment of lasting merit. She has received several honorary college degrees and other tokens of recognition.

At the age of sixty-six Miss Berry is still active in the management of her great institution, and is planning for the future as always. It is surprising, therefore, that in addition to the honors enumerated above she was by popular vote in a nation-wide poll acclaimed as one the twelve greatest American women. Off-hand we can not think of one whom we consider greater.

* * * * * * * * * *

There are times when we feel like "throwing up the sponge," when confronted with the task of finding appropriate and live material for this little magazine, the official organ of the School, intended only to keep the public apprised as to the character of work in the- institution. But each time when the feeling of despair overtakes us, some good friend sends articles that are fresh and pertinent to the occasion.

Our fine friend, "Old Hurrygraph," is taking his vacation, but just at a time when we need a boost and help, another stand-by, Mr. C. W. Hunt, sends a most readable article, given in this issue.

We also carry a contribution this week, "The Gift of Music," written by Rev. Herbert Spaugh, pastor of the Moravian Church, Charlotte. No man in the state could write more convincingly as to the influence of music as an avocation, because the Moravians stress the study and practice of music in the home and church.

We are proud that the interest of Rev. Spaugh has been awakened sufficiently to write such a timely article for The Uplift.

* * * * * * * * * * *

BACK TO THE FARM

One of the finest thoughts ever projected by President Roosevelt, and surely he has given many, is back-to-the-land movement. This little magazine has always advocated that back to the farm was one of the surest and safest ways to return to the good old days when people were care free. To live under your own vine and fig tree with a store house filled with the products of the farm, and the granary filled to the point of bursting, is the richest and fullest life on earth. There is nothing that contributes to happiness like contentment of mind and a contented mind can only be realized when there is an assurance of the necessities of life. This thing of living absolutely "out of a paper poke" and dependent entirely upon the small weekly stipend was not the ideal life of our great statesmen who stressed the agricultural interest of the country. These same pioneers established country estates wherein there reigned supreme that quiet dignity peculiar to the country gentleman.

If there were more people on the farms there would be fewer people for the government to feed. It is always better to give every one an opportunity to work themselves back into better conditions, therefore, that a great sum of money is to be taken from the huge public work fund "to finance back-to-the-land movement" is a step in the right direction. This to our mind is the most sensible step towards recovery. The object of back-to-the-farm-movement will not increase the surplus, but is intended to develop the ambition to raise enough to live-at-home. When this end is reached there will be more money to spend for all of the es-

sentials that equip a modern and up-to-date home. If there is more money to spend the over production so often discussed will doubtless be consumed.

* * * * * * * * * * *

This is the story of a spirited spelling-bee in Chicago, consisting of city school officials, teachers and pupils. In this contest the United States Constitution for accuracy in spelling rated below Webster's dictionary:

In the constitution the word "tranquility" occurs, but the dictionary spells it with a double l—"tranquillity." Various contestants spelled it both ways, and after some argument the dictionary way was held to be correct.

Rose Marie Bartlett, 13-year-old country school girl, was the final winner, defeating County Superintendent Aiken by one word. That is, Rose Marie spelled "concensus" correctly, but Mr. Aiken thought it wrong, and had to concede his error when confronted with the big book.

A few of the words used in the test were: Phthisic, battalion, rarefy, irascible, liquefy, heinous, putrefy, ecstasy, aligned, curriculum, despicable, transcend, adequate and publicizing.

It would be a good thing if more such contests were held among both school children and adults, as Americans are notoriously poor spellers, including many college graduates, who often exhibit surprising originality in this line.

SUMMERTIME IN NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS

By C. W. Hunt

I find something here on this mountain top I find no where else. It is "High and lifted up." One looks not at limited horizons that seem a mile or less away, but out on vistas and views that the eye cannot reach the end of. The sky seems bluer, the sun shines brighter, the trees seem greener and the valleys deeper and it is all capped off with a quietness and serenity that gives to the weary rest, to the sick a new hope on life. A great and spreading expanse of mountains and hills and green valleys set in one continuous panorama which delights the soul of those who can see and know and understand and appreciate.

One evening last week after it had rained perhaps a dozen showers during the day and everything in nature was fresh and exhilarant, and all the family and friends had left the life mate and I alone on the front terrace, and the sun had set and the golden after-glow was at its best, we sat there and drunk it all in. The temperature was about sixty-five degrees, a gentle breeze was blowing; in front of us lay the closely cut green sward of the fairway of the golf course, the green of which seemed tinted by the golden after-glow of a mountain sunset, and the green of the white pines and spruce and hemlocks partook of the same green and golden hues as we sat there in silence, neither knowing what the other was thinking about, when I remarked: "It is such a scene as this that makes us sacrifice to come here." When the summer sun is at its zenith or when the winds are high it is not like that just described. You never get uncomfortable on account of heat while you sit, but heavy exercise in the sun will make you sweat as in lower altitudes, but the beauty and comfort of a mountain sunset and the life-giving atmosphere that accompanies such, the pleasure of a cool night during which sleep is undisturbed, and the golden dawn of day accompanied by life-giving ozone of an altitude of four thousand feet tells a wonderful story. To appreciate it you must feel it, to get its benefit you must dwell here for a season. You can see the red in the cheeks of a convalescent sick child within three days; and to the weak and the old there comes a feeling of bouyancy you cannot quite understand.

More than one-third of the area of the 600 miles of length of the state as it stretches from the Atlantic ocean more than half way to the Mississippi river is mountainous. Much of it is rolling and tenable or pastural lands, but from an eminence it looks like mountain on mountain, ridge on ridge, cove after cove with now and then or here and there a naked place, where man has cut away the trees and is digging a living from the soil made rich by the accumulation of centuries of idle existence.

Is there any wonder that those

who toil in the 1,000 and 2,000 feet altitudes seeks these comforts of nature as time and means and tastes will allow. As I sit in the early hours of a Sabbath morning and write these lines and look down upon the winding and paved highway I see auto after auto filled with people from twenty, thirty, and forty and fifty and one hundred miles away rounding the curves as they climb higher and higher to meet the exhilarating breezes of a mountain top and then drive away on what seems to be almost a level plateau, to eat a picnic dinner, see the places of intreest then descend again to the plains and to home and toil.

Many thousands have never seen a mountain nor a mountain section. People visit me here who when taken to the edge of the cliff to behold the distance to the nearest valley and the wide expanse and its deepness, they involuntarily hold on to something that seems secure, for there is a sense of danger that has no effect on you after you are accustomed to it.

Now I have told you again why those who know will sacrifice that they may live on a mountain top and in a climate that is what the temperature of the piedmont would be if you took the temperature of each day in the year, added it all together and divided by 365, which would mean a temperature with all the sting of cold and the sultriness of heat taken therefrom. Not every spot in the mountain section can boast such as is pen-pictured above, but places where there is a view both ways; places where you are on the spine of a ridge, from whence the rain water runs two ways. Blowing Rock.

THE POOR IN SPIRIT

I have found the Chinese maxim. I couldn't remember exactly the other day. It's by Lao Tse.

"He who, conscious of being his own light, is content to be obscure—he shall be the paragon of mankind.

"He who, conscious of being strong, is content to be weak—he shall be the centre of the universe."

What else shall I say? It isn't so important as they think, to produce a great deal. They've fooled us too long with their statistics and their outputs. It's something else that matters though it's difficult to define. Fidelity—one doesn't exactly know to what . . . Excellence—one doesn't exactly know of what kind . . . but all the rest's trumpery.

For when the world gets tired of being buffeted in the breakers, when the powerful have sufficiently crushed the weak, and the weak sufficiently stifled the powerful, perhaps it's our way of life that will seem the true one, and people will be astonished at having so long neglected the wisdom of our peasants.—Jean Schumberger.

THE GIFT OF MUSIC

By Herbert Spaugh

Of all the divine gifts to man, I have often thought that music was one of the greatest. From the dawn of history men have through music given expression to the soul. The evolution of music is a fascinating story. Men have always sung. The hymns of the Bible express some of the noblest ambitions of man's spirtual aspirations.

Primitive man early learned to fashion rude musical instruments. It seemed to be instinctive. From the reed growing in the marshes he made the pipe and the flute which today have grown into the king of instruments, the organ. A crude ram's horn has evolved into a brass band. The primitive lyre has grown into a whole family of string instruments, and today we have a blending of these three simple groups into the mighty symphony orchestra.

Men have loved to make their own music. When no instruments were available they could always sing, or even whistle. I have often wondered what has happened to the old fashioned whistler. Boys used to be great whistlers, but you don't hear much of it any more. I have never forgotten the story of a young minister who was a fine whistler. Once in a country church he found himself without any musical instrument to lead the singing. He pitched the hymn and commenced. Unfortunately he pitched it much too high, and in the course of the hymn it became higher and higher. Finally he was singing a solo, and then it became too high for him. Did he give it up? No, he whistled the remainder.

Perhaps the passing of the whistlers is due to the fact that we now have so many instruments upon which we can render music that whistling is no longer the fashion. And while we write of fashions, we might state that there are fashions in musical instruments as well as in clothes and automobiles. A generation ago you might hear a piano in almost any city block, now you hear the radio. Pipe organs once a church instrument only were taken over by the theater. Now they have been supplanted in the theater by mechanical music. But with it all there has grown a greater love for music. Just now it appears to be mechanical music, as we are living in a machine age. But there is constant change. Not long ago mechanical pianos were the rage. Their voice is now silent, and I believe the time is coming again when the increased musical appreciation of the people will demand musical self-expression.

The signs of a new day in music are increasingly evident. Large choruses and choirs are popular. The depression has caused paid quartets and choirs to be supplanted by larger volunteer organizations. Public school music is developing choirs, bands and orchestras of young people. The younger generation puts the older to shame in ability to sing by note.

I am very happy to learn that the Jackson Training School is in posses-

sion of a fine set of band instruments, the gift of the Concord circle of King's Daughters.

I know of nothing better to give a child than a musical instrument through which he may find self-expression. A horn is a great thing for a boy. Every natural boy likes to make a noise. A normal boy is also full of energy. With proper supervision these two instincts of boyhood can be turned into very useful channels which he and others can enjoy.

Music has always played a large part in the life of the Moravian Church. The stately chorales sung in its services and played by its church bands have ever been a distinctive feature of the denomination. At an early age the boys are given opportunity to join the church band and to learn music. I think I was ten years old when I first undertook the study of music, and it has been a deep and constant source of personal satisfaction ever since.

The well-known Moravian Easter services are noted for the rendition of the simple but dignified chorales. Each Easter morn for two centuries the sweet notes of the ancient horns have announced to a sleeping community that The Lord is Risen. The love of music implanted in the boy retains its hold upon the man, and it is not unusual to find men in these Moravian bands who have been playing each Easter for a half-century.

May I say a word here about the value of music as an avocation. Many professional musicians find music becoming simply a means of livelihood, but the man or woman who commenced its study as a child and carries it on into manhood and womanhood finds it an increasing source of happy recreation which can be retained down to old age.

But the most important phase of music is yet to be mentioned. Music nas ever been the hand-maid of religion. It opens the windows of the soul. What would divine worship be without music. The immortal epic of Creation has found beautiful expression in music. From time immemorial men have been wont to give expression to religious feeling through the channel of song. The Holy Scriptures are full of it. There are to be found two hundred and seventy-nine references to singing. One entire book, the Psalms, is given over to the stately hymns of Israel. The Bible opens with a song, The Song of Moses in Exodus, and closes with a final immortal chorus in Revelation, sung by the mighty choir of the saints of the ages, "And they sang the song of Moses, the servant of God and of the Lamb."

Verily music is one of God's choicest gifts to mankind, a gift intended for the fullest use, a gift which yields dividends which no depression can dissipate and which thieves can not break through and steal.

One does not become less patriotic by seeing the point of view of other people.—Lord Allenby.

TILL THE UNTILLED PLACES

(Marshville Home)

The thing most needed by many people is initiative—the determination to trod the untrodden paths and make things come to pass. Commenting along this line Lester B. Colby says:

"When I was a boy we had on our farm a neglected acre. It grew rank and high with weeds, sweet clover and grasses. Year after year nothing had been done with it. One day my father said.

"Plow it, plant it and you can have what it produces.'

"I did, and raised the finest crop of squashes ever grown in the whole countryside; took first prize at the county fair. That netted me more than $100.

"My father said:

"'Till the untilled places. There the land is rested and rich.'"

Bob Becker tells hunting and fishing stories over the radio; writes an out-of-doors column for a great daily; stories with thrills of the open-places in them for magazines. One day I asked Bob where I could get some unusually good fishing. With a twinkle in his eye, he replied:

"Find unfished waters."

I met a shepherd once slowly telling his sheep through clouds of dust over a narrow, winding road in the Wasatch range. I asked him where he was going. He replied:

"There's a valley over the mountain that never has been grazed."

Three men in a Pullman car were talking about Henry Ford. One of them said his success was founded on his mechanical genius. The second saw his greatness as chiefly due to financial ability.

The third spoke:

"Ford succeeded because he visioned a vast market for cars that all others overlooked.

"He tilled the untilled soil."

Bill Bunce told me this:

"One day out in Wyoming a salesman for a rival house was in the hotel. I heard him 'phone a merchant in a little town thirty miles off the beaten track and say:

"Thought I'd give you a jingle and see if you wanted anything. No use driving all the way over unless you do. Nothing today, eh? All right, I'll paddle along. Goodbye."

"It struck me that many other salesmen, perhaps, were doing the same thing—passing that man up. So I piled my trunks into my car and went. I got a $1,400 order.

"Since then I've never overlooked the out-of-way places. It pays to till the untilled ground."

Squashes, fish, grass for sheep, millions in profits from motor cars, selling merchants—

Till the untilled places. There the land is rested and rich.

We can think of splendid things we mean to do hereafter. But the life we live is now. For doing good deeds, one today is worth fifty tomorrows. —Selected.

THE WHY OF GRAND JURIES

(Lexington Dispatch)

Many of us have perhaps wondered why we have grand juries, meaning how they originated, not to mention a wonder sometimes as to why they are continued as a part of our criminal court system.

A dispatch from London a few days ago threw light upon the subject. It seems that England has had grand juries for about 700 ytars, and the rumor there is that the English inherited the system from the Normans, who came over to the tight little island more than 700 years ago and thought they would take charge of things. The Normans did take charge but it was not so long until they were absorbed, grand juries and all, and emerged as English.

Now a bill has been introduced into the English parliament to abolish grand juries as an economy measure. You see it would hardly be possible in England to abolish a tradition on any other ground than economy, and it isn't likely to be done so easily at that.

There has been some agitation in North Carolina for the abolition of grand juries, on the ground that they are no longer needed, but not as an economy measure. But the agitation hasn't made much progress. The grave committee that labored over the draft of a number of amendments designed to modernize our state constitution paid no particular attention to the suggestion that the people be permitted to vote on abolishing grand juries. You see we inherited the Norman grand jury from some early English settlers nearly 300 years ago, so it has become one of our cherished traditions. Traditions do not survive because they are useful but because they are traditions. Had the economy phase been pressed, the constitutional committee might have submitted this sacred tradition to the mercies of an economy-mad populace, and it might have been in danger indeed. But it is safe for a spell in North Carolina, reposing as it does in the modern constitution of 1868.

Its true name is Chaparral bird, but it is more often called a road runner. This bird belongs to the cuckoo family. The road runner is a queer looking but interesting bird of the desert. It runs with great speed, and does more running than flying. When the road runner battles a rattlesnake, it springs aside rapidly and avoids a stroke from the rattler, but strikes back so swiftly that Mr. Rattler has no time to recoil. The bird always aims his strong bill at the back of the snake's head, and if Mr. Rattler does not turn and flee, he is sure to lose his life before the battle ends.—By Pearl Arnold.

CHILDREN OF THE NORTHLAND

Pearl H. Campbell

In that mysterious region of Europe, ruled by the midnight sun, covering portions of Norway, Sweden, and Russia, lies the country of the Lapps. Though the term Lapp has been in use for centuries, no one knows exactly what it means or why it was chosen to designate this brave race of Nomads. Some believe it comes from the Swedish laepa, to run or leap—from their skill in sliding swiftly over the frozen snows by means of skis. Even the Lapps themselves have no explanation of it. Most of the country over which they roam lies within the Arctic Circle, so there are only two seasons in their year, a long, long winter, during which the sun never rises, yet even when lowest it is not much beneath the earth so that it makes a kind of twilight.

Yet the beauty of the northern winter is past describing. When the weather is clear, the moon shines brightly day and night for many days without setting. When the moon does not shine, the stars and the brilliancy of the northern lights are sufficient to light the way across the fields of snow.

The Lapps say these lights, which vary from flame or straw color to bluish yellow or even rose, are the shadows of departed relatives. On the 26th of January, the sun begins to peep above the horizon. To celebrate its return, the people go to the tops of hills to get the earliest glimpse. Bonfires are made, reindeer killed, and there is much fun and merriment, for the Lapps are a jolly people.

When a Lapp baby is born, it is wrapped in the skin of a reindeer calf, after its bath. Then it is placed in a cradle. This cradle the father makes of hollowed-out wood, just the size of the child. The end where the little head rests is made higher with a hood of bent wood, which holds up the cradle covering, so that the baby is not smothered. The hood is made of birch, but the rest of the cradle is made of hollowed out pine.

In the bottom of the cradle is put a layer of moss, then linen and other clothes, and then the skin of a reindeer calf. Under the little head is a featherless pillow, and the skin of a white hare, or an Arctic fox. Last of all, a tanned reindeer skin is laced together over the child. When journeys are made in the winter, it is made still warmer by a covering of white reindeer leg-skin.

From the upper and center portions of the hood are three leather thongs. These are braided into one strong band, which fastens to the foot of the cradle. In the winter they keep the thick outer coverings off the baby's face.

From this band are hung many colored beads and silver buttons, to amuse the baby. Also, the Lapps have a superstition that these things keep away the Uldas, the folk who live underground. When a Lapp mother has work to do outside her house, she often hangs the cradle from a branch of a tree. If the child is a boy, she will put a knife in his cradle; if a girl, a sewing needle, a flint and steel for making

fire, and a ring for hanging sewing things on, to prevent the Uldas from stealing her child and leaving one of their own in its place.

Sometimes, a hot stone is put in the cradle, to keep the baby warm. But there have been times when the mother forgot about the stone, or allowed it to get too hot. When she laid the baby on it, it was terribly burned.

Among the Lapps, each has his own work. The children, as they grow old enough, take their share. The eldest is the wood-cutter, the next tends the fire. The tiny ones are the pets of father and mother, and do nothing but toddle about the tent.

If a Lapp mother leaves the tent for a little while, she puts charms about the baby, to keep the fairy folk from stealing it and leaving one of their own in its place. If such a thing happens, that is, if the mother thinks her child has been changed, and one of the Uldas left instead, the thing to do is to whip the baby with burning juniper twigs, so that the Uldas will take away their child and give back the right one.

Since the life of the people depends largely on their herds of reindeer, they move about a great deal in search of fresh pastures, going north in the summer. The worst enemies of the reindeer are the wolves, and the herds must be guarded from attacks of them. The women take their turns with the men in this work, though it is cold and dangerous, at times. The older boys and girls share in it also.

An English author, who has lived among the Lapps for months at a time, says he once asked a little girl if she was afraid, watching all night over the reindeer, but she answered, "The wolves like the reindeer better than me.' The children help in many other ways, in marking, taming, and lassoing the reindeer. The governments under which they live see to it that the children spend some months in school, where they learn, besides the usual branches, many things that fit them for their wandering life.

Their dress is very picturesque. In the summertime, it is usually made of home-spun woolen. In the winter, both men and women dress alike, in clothing made from the reindeer. Almost every part goes to the making of clothes. The shirt is made from the whole hide of the deer killed in winter, when the fur is the thickest. Leggings and gloves are made from the skin covering legs and thighs of the animal, and the shoes from the skin between the horns and covering the top of the head. No stockings or socks are worn. Instead, the shoes and also the gloves are stuffed with soft, dried grass. Women and girls generally wear a white reindeer coat, and a cap of red, with blue or yellow embroidery.

The Lapps became Christians many centuries ago, and their greatest festival is Yule or Christmas. The Lapps call it Ruottaboeivve. On the eve before, they make everything ready that they will need to use during the holy days. Reindeer are killed, clothing repaired, and a great deal of wood cut. On Christmas day no work is done, except to watch the reindeer, and to keep up the fires in the tents. Lapp moth-

know how to prepare, and Lappers cook the best dinners that they can. Then the boys and girls hear the story of the Babe of Bethlehem.

The other great festival is Easter. An English author describes one which he spent with the Lapps at Karesuando, in Sweden on March 23rd. The temperature was 50 degrees below zero, but for all that, the people came to church in great numbers, some riding in pulkas (sleds), others on skis behind reindeer, and others walking. They were all dressed in what would pass for Easter finery. When seated in church, the colors and the different blends of blue, red, and yellow on their brown and white shirts and colored shawls, adorned with silver ornaments, made a picture never to be forgotten. The church, which held over a thousand, was crowded, the men and boys sitting on one side, and the women and girls sitting on the other. There were babies in their cradles and dogs lying at the feet of their masters, or running about the church.

The older Lapps, especially, sometimes fall asleep during the sermon. So, when the offering is taken, a bag with a bell attached is fastened to the end of the pole, and the bell is shaken in the ears of the sleepers, so they will wake up and give their offerings. While the serivce goes on, the babies in their cradles are rocked and fed, and little children play about with the dogs. The festival begins on the Friday before Easter, and lasts until the Tuesday following. On Easter Sunday, there were many baptisms and weddings.

Weddings are very gay affairs. The brides are generally dressed in red, with white shoes and red gloves and beautiful silk scarves and tassels. The grooms wore blue suits, which stood out at the sides, with white reindeer shoes and a square cap. The banquet was at nine the same night, and reindeer cream, marrowbones, and venison were the principal dishes, with hot coffee and cakes. Later on, the couples started away to their homes in the mountains, in reindeer pulkas, for a real honeymoon, for the full moon that once had shed its radiance over the Garden of Gethsemane and the tomb whence the Saviour arose, now shone over the wastes of snow that held no terror for these children of the north as they began their journey.

This world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You git a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet!

—Frank L. Stanton.

INSECT TOUCH-ME-NOTS

By Lewis Wayne Walker

This business of getting personal with hornets, wasps, bees, etc., has its good, bad and sharp points—many of the latter! But, without doubt, these ladies (for only the ladies can sting) that care nothing for man—and often let him know it—are among the most interesting of nature's creatures. Some that are parasitic on other insects are extremely valuable to agriculture. Those that derive their food from flowers help pollenization. Some of the social wasps were the original paper makers, and the things that happen within their paper houses, and the incidents in their lives, are almost unbelievable.

The wasps and hornets, unlike the bees, do not stay in colony form from year to year. Instead, each season is started by just a few heroines that have survived the winter. Snugly hidden in a hay pile, or rotted stump, they slept through the rigors of the cold in a dead stupor. With the thaws and succeeding warm weather, they awoke slowly, and finally emerged from their secretive hangouts. Flying, walking, and crawling, each of them pried into the queerest of places, trying to select a site for their city-to-be. If the foraging queen happens to be a member of the Polesties group, she will search in nooks and crannies, but if she is one of the Vespas, leaf-covered branches will suit her fancy. As the first mentioned insect is much the more common, its life history will come first in review.

After selecting some cranny, probably in an old barn, she flies to a fence, or broken branch, and scratches away. Gradually she scrapes off small particles of wood. These are chewed thoroughly and made into paper. With this she hurriedly constructs four or five cells, and in each lays a single egg. These hatch in a few days into tiny grubs, and they are fed by the queen, a juice made of fruits and insects. When these young have reached a certain size, and snugly fit in their cells, they spin a bottom (for they are suspended head down), which locks them in. About ten days later they nibble this away, and emerge as adult workers, ready and willing to help the founder of the colony.

From the day of their emerging, the city rapidly grows in size, as they all share and co-operate in its toils and construction. The cells they inhabited are thoroughly cleaned, and new eggs laid by the same queen, while countless other cells are under construction. Some of these paper nests will contain hundreds of these cradles, and as each one is used several times in a season, the number of inhabitants of a given insect city may be roughly gauged.

They are undoubtedly beneficial to have around, as they live to a great extent on flies and caterpillars. I have heard of several instances of people allowing them to construct their nests on outside porches, solely because of their fly-killing propensities.

The Vespa wasps are the ones

that construct the large paper bag nests, high on a tree branch, and incidentally they guard their homes well. The queen starts her home after the manner of the Polistes, and hastens the building of several cells, so that she will have much-needed help. She envelops the cluster of cells, however, with a large bag of several layers. There is usually but one small opening, situated near the bottom. As more room is needed to house her increasing brood, she enlarges her home in an unique way.

The paper material on the inside wall is attacked by her army of offsprings, rechewed, and made into an outside layer. Thus, with every wall torn down, and another built to take its place on the outside, a half inch of space is added to the city's size. This operation is done with no waste, and no cessation of labor in the home.

In the eastern states there is a large member of the wasp family of solitary habits, called the digger wasp. Her method of supplying food for her future young is particularly interesting. Perhaps, in the summer months, you have heard a cicada (commonly called locust) buzzing away merrily, only to have its notes suddenly stopped. The chances are that a digger wasp had heard the cicada and flown straight to it. Almost before the prey realized it was in danger, the wasp had used her bayonet, and paralized her victim.

Grasping the cicada in her feet, she then took off to a nearby nest hole, previously constructed. In this the prey was snugly packed, and on its thorax an egg was laid. Several days later, a few inches underground, this egg hatched, and the larva started to eat the food that the mother wasp had thoughtfully provided. When there was but a shell of the cicada left, and the grub had become very big, it spun a cocoon, partly silk, but mostly mud. In this coffin-like room it slept throughout the winter, and emerged the next year as an adult digger wasp—the cicada killer unequalled.

HIGH RESOLVE

I'll hold my candle high, and then
Perhaps, I'll see the hearts of men
About the sordidness of life,
Beyond the misunderstandings, strife.
Though many deeds that others do
Seem foolish, and sinful, too.
Were I to take another's place,
I could not fill it with such grace;
And who am I to criticize
What I perceive with my dull eyes?
I'll hold my candle high, and then
Perhaps, I'll see the hearts of men.

—Ruth M. Griffith.

THE ACCUSATION

By Jean McLean

"Down, Rover! Why do you always growl when Goodwife Bishop comes in sight? Are you Cotton Mather that you can judge people? Huh!"

Deborah Durent giggled at the words of her tall, blonde cousin, but instantly sobered. 'Hush, yourself, Adam. Mr. Borroughs, our minister, is even now in prison, his only crime being that he doesn't believe in the guilt of the six witches who were executed here in Salem. Would you join him for holding so lightly the opinions of Cotton Mather?"

Adam Stacy did not answer, for Deliverance Bishop had come within hearing distance. He clutched the dog's collar more firmly as Rover growled again. Deliverance Bishop was a tall, tight-lipped, fierce-eyed woman; her skin was baked hard and dry and brown from toiling in the sun; she was only middle-aged, but her dark hair had been prematurely whitened in streaks; she carried a spade across her shoulder; and altogether her appearance was far from womanly. She strode with swift steps till she confronted the cousins.

"Adam Stacy!" she snapped, "I am come to warn you to keep your ugly dog chained o' nights. Last night he ran out of the woods like a wild beast, and did trip me, so that I slipped and hurt my wrist."

"'Twas not Rover that tripped you," Adam declared firmly. "Rover was locked in the stable all night. I myself turned him loose this morning."

"I saw Adam let him out, Goodwife Bishop," Deborah championed eagerly. "And," she added swiftly, "Rover isn't ugly; he's beautiful."

"I have good eyesight," the woman returned sharply, "and there is but one black dog of that kind in Salem."

"I locked Rover in the stable last night, and opened the door for him this morning," persisted Adam.

The woman stepped back, obviously awed by a sudden thought. "I have never known you to tell aught but the truth. If it was not your dog, it was"—she began to walk backward slowly, looking at the dog with nervous fear—"surely, then," she half whispered, "surely, 'twas his shape! And this morning I found my heifer calf caught in a bog!"

She dropped her spade and almost ran down the road, casting frightened glances at the astonished cousins. Adam's amazement was combined with pity:

"Poor woman! I wish her son, Jabez, would not make so many hunting trips into the woods, and stay away so long. She has been alone too much. I fear that loneliness has affected her mind."

Deborah shivered, though the day was warm. "And I fear for Rover. I liked not the way she said it was Rover's shape that tripped her. Two dogs accused of witchcraft have already been shot by order of the magistrates."

Adam laughed. "If you let your thoughts dwell on such things, Deborah, you'll soon become like the children, whose delusions have sent

more than one innocent person to the scaffold. Goodwife Bishop, by this time, has forgotten her obsession. I don't fear for Rover."

The cousins parted. Deborah to go to town, and Adam to go down the lane to where the children were playing in the orchard. Although his words to Deborah had been reassuring, Adam's heart was heavy. Surely, the world had gone mad from this witchcraft belief. In the preceding three hundred years, more than 300,000 women, and even several hundred children, had been executed for witchcraft.

Sir William Phipps, the new governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, had come that May from fear-maddened Europe, bringing with him Europe's superstition. Unwilling to assume full responsibility for the execution of the supposed witches, he had asked the counsel and judgment of two of the colony's most educated scholars, Cotton Mather, a minister of Boston, and his father, Increase Mather, who was also a minister and president of Harvard College. Both Mathers had examined the persons presumed to have been bewitched, and also the accused witches; and there was no doubt in their minds but that the accused were indeed guilty. They were truly sincere in this belief.

Six unfortunates had already been executed at Salem; others were awaiting jury trials in prison; and in other cities of the New World, hundreds had been "cried out upon," and many had voluntarily confessed themselves to be witches, so had the terrors of the day affected them.

It was, therefore, small wonder that Adam's heart was heavy. He was awakened from his reverie by the shouts of his small brother, Jasper, and the boy's playmates. They crowded around Adam, begging him to make Rover do his tricks, and Rover, with what Jasper called his "laughing expression," obligingly rolled over, caught sticks, played dead, and begged, though he was a big dog, and should have been too dignified for such lap-dog accomplishments. So engrossed were they all that they did not hear Deborah's swift feet until she dashed into the circle.

"Adam!" she sobbed. "Oh, Adam, run! Deliverance Bishop—she has—accused Rover of—witchcraft! They are coming for Rover! Adam—hurry! Run! Hide him!"

Already a small crowd had appeared at the head of the lane. Adam leaped into action, and followed by the dog, sped away through the orchard and into the woods.

Momentary panic gave way to infuriated anger in Adam's thoughts. How could Deliverance Bishop have stooped to so mean a lie? And if her mind were unhinged, how could the magistrates, supposedly sensible men, believe her? Adam knew that Rover had been locked in the stable. Not for a minute did he harbor the idea of evil powers using his dog's "shape" in which to torment anybody.

Adam, however, was sure of one thing: they should not kill Rover; not if he had to spend the rest of his life in the woods with the dog, or at least stay there until the witchcraft hysteria died. As he strode through the quiet woods, his anger cooled, and reflection brought better judgement. He was needed

at home; he would be missed, and his family would worry about him. No; it were better to travel on to an Indian village he knew of, which was about ten miles away. He could leave Rover there with his Indian friends until Goodwife Bishop's obsession had died, as die it surely must.

It was night when Adam reached the village, or rather the place where the village had been, for the tepees were no longer there. The Indians, apparently, had migrated to a more productive hunting ground, and instead of a village, only one campfire glowed in the valley. Hunters, Adam surmised, and he walked wearily toward it.

One hunter lay beside the fire, his arms thrown across his face. The other, a tall, bearded man, who had been sitting looking into the flames, arose and greeted Adam kindly. Without being asked, he gave both Adam and Rover food. The man lying beside the fire was evidently asleep, for he did not move. Adam told his story as he ate.

"You believe," asked the stranger when Adam had finished, "that this woman, who accused your dog, is crazy?"

"Surely," Adam answered. "I do not hold with this witchcraft delusion. Poor woman! At first I was angry, for I love my dog, but now I'm sure her mind is unhinged, because she has been alone too much, and my feeling is but pity for her."

"Has she, then, no family?"

"Only a son, but he has no liking for farm work, and he leaves his mother to work the farm alone while he spends his time hunting in the woods. Often he is away for many weeks at a time, and now that the country is terrified by fear of witchcraft, she, being alone, has too much time for unhealthy thoughts. Yes, I believe her mind is weakened."

"What is the name of this woman?" demanded the voice of the heretofore silent figure lying by the fire. He did not raise his head.

Adam turned toward him. "Her name is Deliverance Bishop."

"My mother!" The speaker leaped to his feet, and Adam saw that though he was great in size, he was scarcely older than Adam himself. "You have been lying to us, Adam Stacy! My mother has as clear a mind as any in Salem!"

"Jabez Bishop!" exclaimed Adam, recognizing him.

"And if my mother says your dog is bewitched, then he is indeed so!" Jabez shouted. "Tomorow I'll take you and the dog back to Salem. Let your dog stand trial if he is innocent!"

Adam had arisen, and now turned to run, but Jabez snatched up his long hunting rifle and barred the way. Helplessly, Adam appealed to the other hunter, but the hunter only shrugged.

"Sorry, lad," he said tersely, "but Jabez is my friend and partner, and I can't pull against him." But he patted Rover as he tied him to a tree and then gave him some water. Adam, also, was tied. The two hunters drew apart, and there was a brief conversation between them. The stranger appeared to be trying to persuade Jabez to let Adam and the dog go, but Jabez was obdurate and finally sullen. It ended with both returning to the fire, spreading their blankets, and going to sleep.

Adam sat tied to the tree until daybreak before, he, too, slept. When he was roughly awakened by Jabez, Jabez was ready to start for Salem. The stranger had gone, and Adam's hope went, too.

Threatened by the long rifle in the ready hands of Jabez, Adam walked beside him back toward Salem. Only once in the long distance did his captor speak to him, and that abruptly:

"So I'm cruel in leaving my mother so much alone, am I?"

"I didn't say that," retorted Adam.

"Humph!" Jabez grunted. "But that's what you meant."

The long night of wakefulnees and being tied to the tree, coupled with the absence of breakfast and the menace of the rifle, began to get on Adam's nerves. He looked at Rover, who was at that moment viciously pretending, with deep growls, that the squirrel above him was a bear. The dog's happiness made Adam's heart ache and his temper shorter; so he snapped:

"It wasn't what I meant—then. My thoughts were of your mother, not the cause of her poor, unhinged mind. 'Twas your own conscience that accused you, and it spoke the truth. It's because of your neglect that your mother's hands are knotted with hard work, and her hair is turning white and her mind is—is queer."

After that, they walked in silence, but Adam could almost feel Jabez's anger. Deborah, whose home was on the outskirts of the town, saw them coming, and recognizing Adam and the dog, ran to meet them.

"Adam!" she called as she came near, "oh, Adam, we hoped you'd come." Here she noticed Jabez, who, with rough courtesy, stood off a few paces, waiting. Her voice dropped to a whisper: "Adam, the accusation of Goodwife Bishop against Rover is apt to bear no further weight, for she herself is at this minute before the magistrates, and Cotton Mather came from Boston this morning, and will help examine her. Adam, Deliverance Bishop, they say, is a witch!"

Here, thought Adam, as he glanced at his guard, was retribution indeed. But swift recollection of the woman's lonely life, of her hands, rough and red, of her courage in facing grim life without help, her certain disappointment in her son, Jabez, and her general unpopularity, which was sure to condemn her in this preliminary examination, swept over his memory, leaving in him only a sincere pity.

"What do they say?" he whispered. "Who accuses her?"

"Ann Putman, Jasper, and the other children who were with you in the orchard yesterday. She passed them later as they watched Mr. Abbott milk his cow; you know how he always gives them warm milk to drink. And the children were still angry because Goodwife Bishop had declared Rover to be possessed, and they called her names, though Mr. Abbott bade them to be still. And she shook her fist at them when they called her 'old witch,' and she cried, 'I'll show you whether I am a witch!' Very shortly after, all the children were seized with terrible cramps. Then Ann Putman screamed that Deliverance Bishop was torturing her, and then all the rest screamed,

too, and blamed her for their agony."

Adam scowled, and for a moment he forgot Jabez, and raised his voice: "Ann Putman is too imaginative, and so are others who listen to excitable children regarding such grave matters. That child has been the means of sending others to death. Surely you don't believe this nonsense, Deborah?"

"So," growled Jabez, misunderstanding the few words he heard, "there are, then, others who believe your dog capable of witchcraft. It seems I brought you back in time to have him shot before he causes further trouble."

"Oh!" exclaimed Deborah, looking from Adam to Jabez and the rifle, and at last understanding. Just then, Rover, who had been in pursuit of a rabbit, bounded up and put affectionate big paws on Deborah's chest, while he tried to lick her face. "You're mistaken, Jabez," she said across the dog's greeting. "There is but one who believes this dog bewitched. We talked not of him but of—" She stopped, remembering to whom she spoke. "Oh, I'm sorry for you, Jabez! My whole being cries out against such a belief, and yet, with my own eyes I did see that the children suffered pitiously. Jabez, the afflicted children, did not blame Rover, they accused—your mother."

"My mother! A witch! Why, she would never sign the black one's book; she has ever been a Christian. 'Tis a false accusation; where is she?" Jabez clutched his rifle tighter. His eyes blazed angrily.

"No, no, Jabez; not that!" Adam placed a steadying hand on Jabez's shoulder. "You can't do anything that way. Come; we'll go to the meeting house. It may be that there's something we can do, and she'll be comforted to see you there. But don't go armed, or they won't let you in. Let me have the gun." He took the heavy rifle from Jabez's unresisting hands.

"Give it to me, Adam," Deborah begged, "and hurry!"

She stood watching them as they tore down the dusty road, Rover barking at their heels. If Jabezs' mother is declared a witch, she thought, then such testimony as she gave concering Rover might be ignored; but if she were found innocent, then not only might Rover be shot, but Adam might be arrested as an abettor of witches, because he had tried to hide him away.

But Adam was not thinking of danger to himself, or even to Rover, as they ran. He was thinking of Jabezs' mother, and his heart swelled with pity for his former captor, who ran beside him. And Adam's retentive memory was bringing back every detail of yesterday afternoon in the orchard.

The meeting house was crowded, and so intent were the crowd on the trial of Goodwife Bishop that Jabez and Adam were unnoticed as they stood near the door, Adam could feel Jabez trembling with helpless wrath and grief as they listened to the testimony of small Ann Putman, who was, from experience, well versed in giving testimony of this nature. Deliverance Bishop stood with both arms outstretched, for every time she lowered them, a child would scream that the woman was

hurting him or her. Her eyes were no longer fierce, but bewildered and frightened, like a trapped animal's. Cotton Mather was addressing her.

"What do you think is the matter with these children?"

"I do not know. They are poor, distracted children, and not responsible for what they say. I have ever lived a virtuous life, and never have I harmed a child."

"So say all who are accused even as you are," Cotton Mather returned sternly. He turned for a brief consultation with the two magistrates, and Adam, after shoving Rover's collar into the hand of Jabez, forced his way forward. To the frowns of the authorities he paid no heed, but courteously begged leave to question the children. He caught the gaze of Deliverance Bishop, and the friendless despair in her eyes went to his heart. A murmur swept through the room, then all waited tensely, expecting further testimony, for all knew that the accused woman had issued a charge of witchcraft against Adam's beloved dog. The children stood, at Adam's request, and watched him eagerly, for they liked Adam, and wanted to please him.

"You all remember that you were drinking warm milk at the time Goodwife Bishop passed last night?" he asked them, smiling.

The children nodded in swift agreement. Adam continued: "Just before that, when you were in the orchard, what did you have to eat?"

"Apples," they answered promptly.

"But where did you get them? Those apples won't be ripe for weeks."

"We like them green," replied Ann Putman, and "They're better green," chorused the others.

"That is all," Adam answered gently. He turned to the magistrates and the minister, who had arisen. "They like them green," he said sternly, forgetting for the moment that he was only an eighteen-year-old boy, and addressing Salem's wisest men. "They like green apples, and they like warm milk. No wonder they suffered. And upon such evidence, you would have taken the life of this woman, who has ever lived a virtuous life, as she has said."

"We have been saved," Cotton Mather declared piously, "from committing a monstrous crime. 'Tis thus that Satan ever works to deceive us, for who would doubt the words of innocent children?"

One of the magistrates arose and addressed Adam: "And now that Deliverance Bishop is shown not to be the cause of the distress of these children, and she is reinstated as a Christian woman in the presence of this congregation, I charge you, Adam Stacy, to deliver up your dog which she has accused."

Rover! Jasper began to wail loudly, and was taken from the room. Adam glanced over the heads of the crowd and saw Jabez pick up Rover, big as the dog was, and leave the building. Deliverance Bishop still stood before the people, but her arms were no longer outstretched. She had lowered them when Adam was questioning the children, and so interested had they been in Adam that they had not noticed it. At the mention of the dog, her troubled gaze sought Adam as if she read his

thoughts. Adam's sane reasoning had saved her. Would she, then, retract her statement and spare his dog?

To Adam, her silence seemed intolerable. As if in a dream, he saw Jabezs' head appear at an open window. Jabez was still carrying the big dog. As Adam's eyes met his, he grinned, reddening. Adam understood. Jabez, in gratitude to him, would save Rover, would probably take him away as Adam had done. That was well; but to be without Rover! Then Adam spoke:

"Goodwife Bishop, do you truly believe my dog tripped you that night and caused your calf to be caught in the bog?"

"I wish with all my heart I had suffered from your dog in silence," she answered, while tears rolled, unheeded, down her face. "But I have ever lived a Christian life, and I cannot lie, even to help one who has been my friend when I needed one sorely."

"Rover is my dog," Adam said slowly. "He's more than a dog to me; he is my friend and companion. We've been together for three years and never have we been separated. He growls, sometimes, but that is only his way of talking. He has never killed so much as a chicken. Again I ask you, Goodwife Bishop: Do you truly believe that you saw Rover when Rover was locked in the stable?"

Her mental agony was displayed on Deliverance Bishop's face, but she could not lie. She nodded dumbly.

"The accusation, then, stands!" thundered the magistrate. "I charge you, Adam Stacy—"

"Oh, please—" a child's voice broke into his words, and Ann Putman arose timidly. "Oh, please, it —it wasn't a witch dog. 'Twas Rover himself!"

"What!"

"Yes, Adam, 'twas Rover—not a witch in his shape. Jasper and the other children and I dug a hole under the stable. It was our secret entrance, and we spread hay over it; but Rover found it and went out of the stable."

"I gladly retract my statement against Adam's dog!" swiftly declared Deliverance Bishop. "I, too," she added solemnly, "have been saved from committing a monstrous crime."

"And I!" cried a voice from the window, "in that I now realize that my place is at home taking care of you. Oh, mother, mother!"

One of the great crimes which shorten life is indifference. As one loses interest in his church, in his political party, in his club, in his acquaintances, he dries up, and the grave claims one whom no one wants nor laments. The two most fatal phrases are: "What's the use?" and "Why should I?"

—Chauncey M. Depew.

LITTLE YELLOW BILL

(The Southern Churchman)

He didn't know why he did it, but he kept jerking his head back, and with each jerk the upper part of his bill would strike something hard. After keeping this up for about half a day, all of a sudden a little crack appeared, and the light streamed through just as it does through the keyhole. While he was wondering what it all could mean, the crack got wider, and his head pushed out and buried itself in soft, warm feathers above. When his eyes got used to the light he looked around and saw a whole lot of little yellow, fuzzy creatures, about a dozen of them; some were standing up, some were sitting down, and some were trying to shake off pieces of white shelly stuff that seemed to cling to their persons. Giving his shoulders an upward hunch, and at the same time kicking out with his feet, the shell cracked in two, and there he stood, a little wild duck, very young, but very beautiful. The mother seemed real proud of the little yellow things, and she would put down her head and say, "howdy-do," in low, duck language, as she cleared up the nest of the broken shells and flew away with them, so that no one would ever suspect that there was a duck's nest anywhere about.

All of his little brothers and sisters were just exactly alike; their bills were flat, and the color of gold; and each one wore the cutest fuzzy-wuzzy jersey, that fitted just like skin, over their heads, necks and bodies clear down to their short, bare legs. All of them had black hat-pin eyes, and feet thin like postage stamps.

That afternoon their mother took them all down to the water, and she waded out and out, and when it got too deep for wading she just sat down and floated about like a chip. It was very wonderful, and they all ran out in the water to see how she did it, and before they knew what was happening, the water got too deep for their ducky legs, and there they were, floating like so many chips, too. It was the greatest fun they had ever known; just to sit on the soft, wet water, kick their feet out behind and feel themselves going wherever they wished. It was so much easier than walking, and one kick would send them a lot farther than ever so much walking. And then the water so much softer to their feet than the hard, dry sand. While they were thinking how happy they were, and wondering what new joys lay ahead of them, a curious thing happened to their mother; she soused her head and neck under, gave two or three kicks right up towards the big yellow sun—and, she wasn't there any more! They wondered what could have become of her; and each little duck began to feel lonesome and afraid, and a lump got in their throats that would not go down. Just when they thought she had left them for good, she popped up right before their eyes, and there was not a drop of water on her beautiful dress. So our little duck thought he would try stick-

ing his head under, and kicking up at the sun, and see what would happen. To his surprise, he went down and down, and saw many wonderful things that he had never dreamed of before. He passed some little fishes that were bright and shiny, just like the new shiny dimes; and some wore white, wavy whiskers, and hat-pins sticking up on their backs; and some seemed to be nearly all eyes and mouth, and he thought maybe he had better go back where his mother was; so as he looked up where the light came from he felt himself rising, and before he knew it he was floating on the surface, in the midst of his folks. When they got tired of swimming their mother would come out on the bank, stand up very straight, flap her wings a while, and then waddle away through a path in the rushes that led to an open place, where there was plenty of sunshine, and just dozens and dozens of little fat, green grasshoppers that were so young they could hardly jump at all. After eating all their little round stomachs would hold, they told themselves they never, as long as they lived, wanted anything more to eat. Their first day had been about a week long, and stuffed chuck full of surprises and delights, so now they began to grow tired, and their wings drooped down, and their feet dragged as they walked.

The sun had turned red now, and was slowly sinking behind the canebrakes; long, dark shadows crept farther and farther across the marsh; big white birds with long legs dangling behind flapped lazily towards their roosting place in the cypress swamp; a long line of buzzards made ink spots across the sky as they sailed steadily to their boarding house in the dead trees down the river. The marsh folks were going to bed. So the mother duck got in front, the thirteen children in single file behind, and waddled off to the home nest under the log. So with many soft, peeping good nights, they cuddled down under their mother's breast, and were soon dreaming of the queer, big-eyed fish they saw under the water.

THE PLAN DIVINE

A little kindness every day while we're at work or at our play; A little smile, a little song, a word of cheer when things go wrong, to help a brother on his way. It's such a little thing to do; yet means so much to me and you! Let's not forget that little smile, that little kindness all the while, which gives us joy and courage, too! A little kindness; 'twas the Plan to help us all since Time began! The only heaven that we can know along life's pathway as we go, is love bestowed by man to man!—Selected.

Not to be occupied and not to exist amount to the same thing. All people are good except those who are idle.

—Voltaire.

HONOR ROLL FOR JULY

Room No. 1

—A—

George House, Clarence McPherson, Spencer Yow, Robt. Hill, Edw. Hall, Robert Jernigan, Wm. Jackson, Clyde Kivett, Lloyd Long, Ernest Munger, Richard Mishoe, Vernell O'Neal, Homer Smith, and Sam Wilson.

—B—

Clinton Beaver, Howard Boaz, Jack Cook, Howard Falk, Hurley Miller, Jesse Whitman, David White, Dick Whitener, Robert Conklin, Albert Crepps, Orville Clark, Randolph Elliott, Cecil Farr, Graham Godfrey, Ira Johnson, Julius Perdue, Lee Shields, Woodrow Spruill, Clifford Stephens, and Harvard Winn.

—o—

Room No. 2

—A—

Robert Benfield, Charles Bowman, Robert Branch, James Clemmons, John Cain, Miller Carter, Avery Gunter, Thurman Lockamy, Frank Lett, Mell Russ, C. Tillman, Charles Wagoner, Robert Worthington and George Weatherly.

—B—

Arthur Chatham, Lewis Crabtree, Charles Everett, Bob Poole, Albert Parker, Austin Tallent, E. Lee White, M. Crissman, Eugene Hogan, Charles Hodgins, Howard Lee, and W .J. Stephenson.

—o—

Room No. 3

—A—

Clarence Ashburn, Loyse Long, Charlie Privette, Glenn Young, Jas. Fox and Edwin Grier.

—B—

Robert Alexander, James Dunn, Lloyd Wrenn and Wallace Moore.

—o—

Room No. 4

—A—

Allen Barrett and Carl Hampton.

—B—

Walter Beaver, Sammie Belk, Ross Biggs, Jereldia Blackwod, Calvin Boone, Thomas Brooks, Carlton Campbell, Floyd Causey, Fleming Collins, Clarence Deal, Carliss Evans, Dempsey Floyd, J. P. Williamson, Brevard Hall, Warern Holleman, Harding Kluttz, Warren Medlin, Latha Miller, Walter Newsome, Frank Overby, Otis Therrel, Jesse Tyndell, Melvin Walters, D. C. Winston, Robert Williams, Brown Willis, Raleigh Akeridge, William Allison, Sanford Blankenship, James Douglas, Paul Eason, Ed. Fisher, Jesse Freeman, Henry Irby, Ancil Jones, David Kirksey, Tom McCausley, Claude McLaughlin, John York, Jesse McLaughlin, Charles Mounce, Jennings Norris, Benjamin Overby, Charlie Privett, Ernest Revis, Dexter Shoemaker, Charles Smith, Melvin Solomon, Porter Stack, Ed. Stephens, Hilliard Thomas, and F. M. Younger.

—o—

Room No. 7

—A—

Arthur Ashley, Chester Duncan, Junior Hare, Edgar Merritt, James Revis, and Richard Sullivan.

—B—

Perry Harvell, David Hodge, Clinton Keen, and James Young.

INSTITUTION NOTES

During the past week quite a number of old boys visited the school.

—o—

There were more visitors at the school last Wednesday than on any visiting day during the entire Summer.

—o—

In spite of the dry weather, we are still enjoying an abundance of fresh vegetables. Tomatoes are being gathered in large quantities, several thousand having been gathered to date, and sent to the cannery, which is now running at top speed.

—o—

Superintendent Boger has been confined to his home for several days, with a badly sprained foot, the result of stepping in a hole while in bathing at Myrtle Beach, S. C., one day last week. It is expected that he will be able to be out in a few days.

—o—

For the past two or three weeks, the crops at the Training School, the lawns, flower beds and gardens, have suffered considerably because of lack of rain. Nearly every day we would hear of showers all around us, but none visited this community. About midnight last Wednesday, the heaviest rain of the season fell, accompanied by a terrific wind and plenty of thunder and lightning. Quite a noticeable improvement can be seen in the appearance of our campus and fields since this rain.

—o—

The local ball tossers won a close game from Roberta Mill last Saturday afternoon by the score of 7 to 6. Bill Mason was on the firing line for the visitors and allowed but six hits, but errors by his team mates permitted several runs to cross the plate. Lisk, doing the pitching for the school boys allowed eight hits and struck out eight batters. Errors also played an important part in the Roberta scoring. The visitors scored a run in the second inning on two errors and a single by Furr. In the third inning the school lads put across four markers on a pass to Lefler, two errors and a single by Vogler. The Roberta Boys scored four runs in the fourth frame when Brown was safe on an error, S. Hatley and A. Hatley singled, and Furr poled a long home run to deep center. In the local half the same inning, Lisk pounded one of Mason's choice offerings over the right field embankment for a home run, tying the score at five all. In the fifth inning the school boys took the lead as Vogler was safe on an error, Cox singled, both advancing on an infield out, and scored when the visiting right fielder misjudged Weatherly's fly. The boys from Roberta staged a ninth inning rally when Bill Mason was safe on an error, advanced to second on another misplay, and scored on S. Hatley's single. With the tying run on third base, Furr fanned to end the game. Furr, with two singles and a home run, led the visiting batters, while Lefler, with a pair of singles, was the only school batter to get more than one hit. The Score:

		R	H	E
Roberta	010 400 001	6	8	6
J. T. S.	004 120 00x	7	6	6

Two-base hit: Hamilton. Home runs: Furr, Lefler, Lisk. Stolen bases: Lefler 3. Struck out: by Lisk 8; by Andrews 1; by Mason 6. Base on balls: off Lisk 2; off Mason 4. Hit by pitcher: by Mason 1. Winning pitcher—Lisk.

—o—

The regular afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon was in charge of our good friend, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord. After reading the fifty-first Psalm and making a beautiful prayer, Mr. Barnhardt spoke briefly to the boys. He then presented the newly-organized Kannapolis Y. M. C. A. male quartet, under the direction of Mr. E. J. Sharpe, which rendered several numbers in a most delightful manner. We were surprised when Mr. Sharpe informed us that it was the second public appearance of these singers, but judging from their performance here we are of the opinion that they will soon enjoy a reputation equal to that of the old quartet, which was considered one of the best in the State. Mr. Barnhardt then introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Mr. W. L. McLaurin, of Charlotte, Secretary of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association, who made a highly interesting talk to the boys. Mr. McLaurin began by complimenting the boys on their reputation for good behavior, the appearance of the school and their fine singing. He told them there was great joy and happiness in singing. The speaker announced that his subject was, "Boys," and read the story of Jehu, as found in the ninth chapter of II Kings. He also spoke of the lives of Joseph, Moses, and other Biblical characters, as boys. Mr. McLaurin, speaking of the young Jehu being anointed king, said that he was appointed for three reasons—1. He was strong, having taken good care of his body. 2. He had a definite aim in life and was ready to do something. 3. He was in touch with his God. The speaker further stated that even in this day God is going to need boys, and they should ever be ready to follow Him. A boy should set up a goal—make up his mind what he is going to do—and then strive for success. After citing several instances in the history of our country where poor boys had risen to great heights, Mr. McLaurin concluded by saying that we can become great without holding high positions; we can be great in overalls as well as being dressed in the heighth of fashion, and summed it all up with the statement that a successful man is a man who lives in accordance with God's wishes; lives peaceably and constructively with his neighbors; catches a vision to try to accomplish something worthwhile in life; and lives to help others. We are indeed grateful to Mr. Barnhardt for providing such a delightful program. The splendid music rendered by the quartet and Mr. McLaurin's inspirational address were thoroughly enjoyed by both boys and officials of the school, and we trust a return visit may be arranged in the near future.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 12, 1933 No. 31

FOR EVERY DAY

Oh, one might reach heroic heights
By one strong burst of power;
He might emblaze with whitest lights
Of heaven for an hour;
But harder is the daily drag,
To smile at trials which fret and fag,
The test of sweetness is the way
One meets the eternal every day,
And not to murmur nor to lag.

—Cook.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

VALUES

Stocks, bonds, real estate, and all the things used as the basis of determining how well we are "fixed," or how pretty we sit, did not stand up at all during the depression. All who predicated their happiness and prosperity upon physical possessions surely received some hard blows on the chin. It would be difficult to sell many people the thought that the depression now coming to an end is far less disastrous than would have been a prosperity like that of 1928, endlessly pyramiding—carried on, unbroken, for a dozen or two years. "We were all crazy then," said a big banker under grilling recently. The sense of values was all wrong; the lust for gain swept all before it. When acquisition, and that to the exclusion of all else, is the criterion by which all things are judged, and becomes an obsession, how can good come out of it?

Material things are good, very good. The man who decries wealth and opportunity as such talks foolishly. But, after all, the spirtual is the actuality, and the material is the evanescent shadow. Have we not been told that riches cannot be carried beyond the veil but that, on the other hand, not one spiritual possession will be left behind!—Selected.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE BOARD

Three new members, Mrs. Robert Street, Charlotte; Mr. Roy Propst, Kannapolis and Mr. J. F. Spruill, Lexington, have been appointed to serve on the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School, taking the places of Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte; Mr. J. E. Latham, Greensboro and Mr. C. A. Cannon, Concord, the time of

each having expired with the incoming of Governor Ehringhaus.

We welcome the new members and feel sure they will serve and continue to show the same keen interest in the institution as shown by their predecessors.

Mrs. Faison has given untiringly of her energies from the genesis of the Jackson Training School. We wager to say she knows as much about the founding of the school for wayward boys as any other man or woman of the state. She really deserves a rest from her arduous duties. She served with no ultimate aim other than to help the boys. We will miss Mrs. Faison. Mr. Latham has given of his time and means. The beautiful rock pavilion that bears his name, was made possible by his most generous spirit. Mr. Cannon, one of the state's most outstanding textile men, contributed unstintingly of his talents to the development of the school.

While these three fine friends will no longer mingle on the grounds of the institution as members of the Board of Trustees, we are sure their interest in the institution for reclamation of wayward boys will never lag—a cause that carries the finest appeal.

While we extend a most cordial welcome to the incoming trustees, we bid a tender adieu to those who have served the state most faithfully. Their ability to serve has been characterized by a devotion to duty.

* * * * * * * * * *

N R A

At last we are glad to understand, or least have some lucid conception as to the true meaning of of "NRA." It is simply a blanket code agreement which all business concerns are regulated as to the number of hours of work and the minimum pay.

There have been many drives in the past for membership, but the NRA, National Recovery Act, has gained momentum till there are cards with the emblem, a blue eagle, and the insignia, NRA, written below, seen in windows of all business concerns.

The growth of the movement is attested by the wide-spread display of the Blue Eagle badge of NRA membership.

At first the schedule was not accepted without some dissenting opinions, but the program planned by the President and his co-workers, is going over with a faith of being raised from the mass opinion of a wholesale depression. In a short while all will have joined in the movement, the New Deal, and the new game of better times and contentment will prevail.

The objective is shorter hours, better pay with a hope of an equitable distribution of labor to the unemployed.

* * * * * * * * * * *

WE ARE NOT WHAT WE SEEM

Every town has this class. If you read this article there will be no difficulty in classifying the personnel of your community. That "distance lends enchantment" to landscapes can be paraphrazed to read, in the language of the comic sheet, that "hindermost sight is often better than foresight," and the outstanding thought gathered from the following lines is that it takes years to see the real value of many of our citizens.

"How many of us have a reputation to which we are not entitled? How many of us are really known by our friends and acquaintances? Time after time we are shocked to hear of the misdemeanors of some friend whom we had always thought to be the soul of honor. On the other hand, we often hear of some good work done by one whom we had always considered the meanest man in town.

"Most of us are worse than people think we are. Most of us are better than people think we are.

"There was once a man whom nobody liked. He was selfish, arrogant, and unfriendly. He was avoided by the neighbors. But few ever called at his room in college. One day a house caught fire and in a few minutes was a mass of flames. Someone shouted that a person was asleep on the top floor of the house; the man claimed to be so selfish, unhesitatingly climbed up a ladder and rushed into the house. The roof fell upon him and he perished in the flames. He was better than we knew, for while we stood by he gave his life, unselfishly, for another.

"In this same town there was another man whom everybody admired. He was generous, kind, and friendly. He moved in the best of society, served in his church, and commanded the respect of everyone. One day he was faced by his business associates and charged with embezzlement. He admitted the charge, was arrested, pleaded guilty, and was sent to prison. He was worse than we thought he was.

"The greatest teacher of all spoke words of wisdom when he said, 'One thing thou lackest.' Another great teacher, too, uttered words of wisdom when he said, 'There is good in every man.'

"The moral is plain: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'"

* * * * * * * * * *

In Charity and Children there is a lesson learned from a short editorial captioned "From Policeman to Attorney." The story reads like romance, telling that Mr. Claud Kitchen had been promoted from the job of policeman to a fat job as a high governmental attorney in Washington, D. C. His promotion was due to the fact he took the first work offered when he went to Washington and that was serving as policeman. Mr. Kitchen did not stand around and wait for work that would add class to him but jumped in and took the first thing at hand, showing his worth and good grit. That spirit never fails to win. Besides a man of that class can add dignity to any kind of work.

We have had a great deal of "enforced unemployment," to quote Charity and Children, simply because there are many who will not work unless the field for which they are intended is found.

In all seriousness there would not have been the necessity of so much dole if many of the unemployed had possessed the spirit of Mr. Kitchen and worked at the first available job.

This young man's career has set an example most worthy of consideration besides worthy of emulation.

* * * * * * * * * *

There are many of us who can look back and recall when the very thought of a divorce was looked upon as a disgrace to any family. But today divorces and annulments are so common till they do not excite a passing comment.

The statistics for the past 40 years show a startling increase in divorces. As proof of the fact in 1888 only 26,669 persons were divorced, while the highest number was reached in 1929, when not less than 201,466 couples were released from their marital bonds. The most distressing feature of the whole thing is it means that the homes, the corner-stone of any nation, are crumb-

ling and thousands of children have wrecked lives.

They are thrown out most frequently upon the compassion of humanity as victims of circumstances.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was a fine impulse that prompted Governor Ehringhaus to parole for a period of time two expectant mothers from the state prison so as to free their unborn babes from the stigma of being prison born. This act, showing a tender mercy for the unfortunate child, reflects the finest elements of Christian manhood. It is not the big things, or acts, that show true manhood, but the little, thoughtful considerations for the helpless that reflect the inner spirit of manhood.

The story is terse, but food for thought—yes, in spite of the many duties confronting the Governor he found time to give thought to the future of unfortunate childhood—a cause that cries aloud to humanity.

THE PATTERSON SCHOOL

By Old Hurrygraph

LEGERWOOD, N. C.. Patterson School—The Happy Valley is nature's picture gallery of vale, mountains, land and sky, with all the transporting beauty a benevolent Creator's hand bestows on mortals in a bewitching chamber of rest and tranquility. Luxuriant crops of corn, in martial array, nod their tasseled crowns in the breezes that fan the valley. Fields of waving wheat, oats and rye have been garnered, and given place to herbage on which the cattle contentedly feed as well as those upon a thousand hills. The tinkling bell on the old bell-weather of the fold, locate the sheep, and 'Bob White," calling to Mrs."Bob White" gives the scenes a tone of rural realism. Fruits and flowers vie with each other to produce an eden of delight to the valley husbandmen. All nature smiles in the Happy Valley, as well as the people who inhabit this happily, highly favored land. One day certifieth to another of the beauty and blessings vouchsafed Happy Valleyites.

Were Kate Smith here she could see "the moon come over the mountains" in real, natural tranquil loveliness, as fair Lunar scatters from her royal brow the softest sprays of mellow light, seemingly like Aphrodite rising from the waves and shaking the water from her dripping tresses, and blushed at the silver tintings her own mild beams had dropped upon the clouds which had drifted around her throne.

In the morn the eastern sky beams with serene and mellow radiance as the doors of day are opened, and the gorgeous drapery looks as if it had been woven in the looms of heaven, and stretched out by angel fingers, glory-tipped. The days wear on like life. Full of sunshine, showers and shadows, joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments. Huge clouds, like snow banks, float lazily across the azure sky. At eventide the sun kisses the clouds good-night, and puts on them a roseate hue, and scatters around the crimson doors of his effulgent chamber of rest a most gorgeous welcome to the oncoming night. Then the shadows creep across the green sward like gloomy phantoms. Night draws down her curtains and pins them with stars. The silent night carries you into that repose so refreshing to tired natures.

Amid this beautiful environment is situated the Patterson School, for mountain boys, the pride of the valley, and the joy of Caldwell county and the mountain section. The school opens its 24th session, and its 21st under the skillful management of Rev. H. A. Dobbin, the principal, who has built the institution up to a high standard of attainment. The Palmyra farm upon which it is located, was never in a more highly state of cultivation. The school is better equipped than it has ever been before. But there are two very urgent needs—a workshop and an assembly hall. These might be combined in one two-story building, and thus put the institution a long step forward in its mission of usefulness. What a fine opportunity for some philanthropist, or several of them, to step in and erect a worthwhile monument to their generosity, and a lasting blessing to the young

minds that will train here for life's battles, and into the ways of useful citizens.

The Educational Council, having in view the preservation of the life of the school, have ruled that boys entering here must have a scholarship of $200, either by parents or guardian, or friends. Any amount contributed, however, will be applied on the same as far as it will justify. A boy wlil be allowed $100 for his work on the farm, provided he remains on the farm during the year. The school opens on the 15th of August, and friends who desire to enter boys should lose no time in doing so to start with the beginning of the session. The old scholars who have been on a vacation are coming back now. Mrs. E. B. Simpson, and Miss Frances McNulty, both of the facuty, have returned from their vacation, and are ready for work.

Friends of the school are reminded that when making their wills, as it is the costum with similar institutions, to remember the school as many former true friends have done in the past.

HOW MONKEYS AND OTHERS USE THE AFRICAN TELEGRAPH

In portions of Africa, especially the Uganda and Kenya Colony districts, the British Government has a very hard time in keeping the telegraph lines in shape so that messages may be sent. The natives of this region love jewelry, and they think that nothing makes such lovely ornaments for their ears, necks, arms, and ankles as that made from telegraph wire. This wire is, of course, stolen from the poles. At one time the natives took over forty miles of wire in a few days' time. Men and women both adorn themselves with as much of this wire as they can get. Sometimes one person will have many pounds of such jewelry and not much else on his person. Giraffes love to play with the wire, and they quite often twist the brackets. Hippopotami and an occasional rhinoceros take it into their heads to amuse themselves by butting down the poles when they are hard up for amusement. The monkeys sometimes travel for long distances on the wire. They swing from one wire to another, and every so often have to twist two wires together, which cuts off all messages. In certain parts of the territory linemen are kept busy day after day on the same piece of line, due to the wire-twisting habits of the monkeys.—Youth's World.

GIRL EQUAL OF BOY

(Reidsville Review)

The modern girl is potentially the equal of her brother, both physically and mentally.

Such is the conclusion of a noted scientist and author. The handicaps that are responsible for the present and especially the past, inferiority of women has been due to the difference in training and environment of boys and girls.

Boys have always been taught that they are superior to girls in the worldly attributes of knowledge and might. Girls have been trained in the belief that helplesness and deference to man's mental and physical qualities are proper characteristics of femininity.

A boy's father starts making plans for his business success and to develop his qualities of leadership and competitive instinct, at a very early age. It is no wonder that he is able to step out into the world and stand on his own when he becomes of age. If a girl had the advantage of the same training and encouragement along the same lines, there is no reason why she wouldn't be just as capable in the same length of time.

Man may be able to lift a heavier load or run faster, but that is no proof that his strength is superior in the matter of practical application. It is altogether possible that women could do even these things after a few generations, if they were encouraged to develop their strength and boys were trained to play with dolls, dishes, and mud pies, and that tears and coyness would get them what they wanted in life.

Boys have been trained in the ways of their fathers and girls in the ways of their mothers for so many generations that they are, in the fundamental characteristics, replicas of their own sex. There is no reason why this order could not be reversed ecept for the dictates of conventions.

The modern girl has thrown off many of the restrictions of old fashioned conventions and now asserts herself in a much more forceful manner inasmuch as equality to the opposite sex is concerned. She is active in the business world, in sports, in leadership and in politics. She no longer sits back and watches father, brother or husband monopolize the glories of achievement. She achieves herself!

The person so self-centered that he sees life only from his own point of view and makes no allowances for the problems and burdens of others has yet to learn what true religion is.
—Exchange.

KNIGHTS OF THE WHISTLE

By W. Edwin Long

Every game has its rules, every game has its players, and every game has its officials. No personality can influence a game and the players so much as can that of an official, and I write this with all respect to the coaches and men who are directly concerned with the athletic programs in our schools and communities today. You know the sort of game which results when an incompetent official is in action; you are aware of the animosities which may arise between players and schools as a result of poor officiating. Yet with all the disadvantages which may follow in the wake of an inefficient "Knight of the Whistle," many of our schools still fail to value the services of a trained man.

Players as well as coaches have a right to demand that officials shall be competent. May I sum up the various points which characterize a competent official as follows:

1. He knows the rules.
2. He is in good physical condition.
3. He follows the ball.
4. He is consistent in everything—travels at a uniform speed and calls penalties with the same degree of severity at all times.
5. He makes his decisions in a sharp, clean-cut manner.
6. He calls fouls as he sees 'em.
7. He disregards the scoreboard and the time.
8. He has a pleasing, but "official," personality.
9. He keeps the game well in hand.
10. He is neat in his personal appearance.

Find the man who possesses the above characteristics, give him the floor with a group of competing boys, and the full spirit of the game will penetrate not only the players, but the spectators of the most rabid kind. There is health in any game which is handled by a competent man—loser or winner, you always know you worked under a real "Knight of the Whistle."

SMILING AT FAILURE

If you can get up every time you are knocked down, with more fight in you than when you went down, there is no fear about your future; but if you wilt down when you meet rebuffs; if failures dishearten you; if you let go of your determination to win; if you don't fight harder than ever every time you strike a snag, you are not made of success material.

The grit to fail and start all over again; the grit to lose all and not to lose faith; the grit to lose one's friends; the grit to endure when one is misunderstood, criticized and blamed, even by those nearest and dearest to him, that is the grit that moves the world. If you have that sort of grit, if you keep your temper and smile no matter what happens to you, you will win.

—Selected.

SIDEWALKS

(Charity & Children)

We hasten to second the motion of the Winston-Salem Journal that sidewalks be provided for pedestrians who walk our highways. Many pedestrians are killed each year by passing cars. Sometimes it is the fault of the driver, sometimes it is the fault of the pedestrian, and sometimes the death is listed as an unavoidable accident. Every one who has driven a car at night knows that he often has to pass another car stone blind. The lights of the oncoming car so blind him that he has to drive by it on faith. If a pedestrian should happen to be in front of him the driver would never know what he bumped into until he went back and discovered his dead man. We were twitted a few weeks ago for saying that there were too many people killed on our highways. The person who twitted us said that he agreed that there were too many but did not know the right number. We feel safe in saying that every pedestrian killed on the highways is one too many. Building sidewalks would not stop deaths but would reduce the number in a marked way. Many automobiles are wrecked and occupants killed because the drivers swerve to keep from running down a pedestrian. We hope that the Journal can reach the right people with word and argument and that North Carolina will soon make her highways safe for pedestrians and drivers alike by establishing a system of walks alongside her splendid highways.

God has taught in the Scriptures the lesson of a universal brotherhood, and man must not gainsay the teaching. Shivering in the ice-bound North or scorching in the tropical regions, in the lap of luxury or in the wild hardihood of the primeval forest; belting the globe in a tired search for rest, or quietly going through life in the heart of ancestral woods; gathering all the decencies around him like a garment, or battling in fierce raid of crime against a world which has disowned him, there is an inner humanness which binds me to that man by a primitive and indissoluble bond. He is my brother, and I cannot dissever the relationship. He is my brother, and I cannot release myself from the obligation to do him good.—William M. Punshon.

TOURING IN SWEDEN

By Emma Mauritz Larson

We may think we invented a new and good travel slogan when we began to say "See America First,'" but it is just a brother-slogan to one used on the Scandinavian peninsula.

The Swedish people have a national motto, "Kann ditt Land," "Know Your Own Land;" and a touring association tries to make it not too difficult for travelers to reach even the remote northern section, Lapland. Here there are no towns in the interior, so the association builds huts in those lonely mountains. Some are little sod huts with a hole in the top for smoke to escape and, perhaps, heaps of reindeer skins for beds where there is no timber. In other places there are small, crude log shelters with bunks. In charge of each hut is a young fellow who knows how to guide, too. Without these chains of huts the "roof of Sweden would be an inhospitable country for people who want to go far north to see the life of the Laplanders and the strange, rough country that is their habitat.

Most of Sweden is beautifully green and fresh and attractive with lakes and forests, and good railroads lead to pleasant little towns. It seems to the outsider the most tidy country in the world. The Swedish people take it for granted that even their railroad stations shall be as spick and span as their homes, and they expect, as a matter of course, to have not only the name of the town on the station but its altitude and the distance from Stockholm. Probably no American town has a station sign with information as to its height above sea level and its distance from Washington.

The station at Lexsand in the Dalarne county, famous for its support in the sixteenth century of Gustavus Vasa's heroic attempt to win Swedens independence from the Danes. The busy town of today has a population of about twelve thousand people, and its river carries logs and timber. The station is two stories high and has a station master's apartment upstairs. Against its side and on the fairly steep roof are the ladders requried by the government as an aid in putting out any chimney fire that might start. Even churches have these ladders in place all the time. The people do not propose to let fires get a bad start. In the early days their capital suffered many times, but now it has almost no wooden buildings left. The construction of stone and concrete apartment houses, where not even wooden stairs are allowed, has made that city almost free from fires; but all through the conutryside homes and other buildings are of wood, so the tourist sees the wall and roof ladders, as on this station of Lexsand.

Swedish trains compare well in comfort with those of the rest of Europe, and there are good lunch rooms along the railroad. Some even have smorgasbord, the bread-and-butter table with dozens of kinds of meats and fish and cheese to which the guest helps himself. An American woman after touring Sweden laugh-

ingly related her experience. "We had been having smorgasbord at several places, such delicious things of which you could eat what you would at a flat rate. But when we were changing trains one day and had a long wait we went into the lunch room for our dinner. I said 'I am treating today,' and my friends and I took as many of the varieties of food as we could eat; only to find that this place was on the plan of paying for each dish separately. My Swedish friends were aghast when they learned this ,for my bill was a good many crowns. I had to borrow from the gentleman until I could get more travelers' checks cashed, but in American money I had not spent so much after all."

Travel on boats along the Swedish coast, up the rivers, through the lakes and the Gota Canal, which runs from Gothenburg to Stockholm, tying together rivers and lakes, is clean and comfortable, and offers the same chance for good food en route. More and more autos are seen on the roads each summer.

It might be confusing to the traveler to see certain signs at the roadside, names of parishes. They do not mean that this road will take you to that place, or that this spot is so named. The Swedish people themselves know that it means that this section of road is the responsibility of the people of the parish named on the sign, and that if you find it rough or neglected in any way you must make your complaint to them. No doubt it helps to keep the parishes alert to look after their piece of road.

The Swedish people of all classes have a natural reserve and usually do not talk readily to strangers. However, this trait disappears in their eagerness to talk to Americans. By your shoes they will know you. Dress in their country is as up-to-date as among the city people of the United States, but somehow European made shoes are different. They may be glad if you ask a question or two, so that in their turn they may inquire with much courtesy if you chance to come from the part of the country to which so many of their cousins and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles have gone to live.

There is little crime in Sweden, and the people do not think of guarding their possessions constantly while they travel. Odd instances of trustfulness are to be seen. One American traveling alone was taking train for Wexio. A woman with a covered basket approached him and asked, "Are you going to Wexio on this train? If so, I should be much obliged if you will take this basket for me. Tecka will be at the station there to get it."

And what happened at Wexio? A young woman came smiling forward at sight of the basket and said, "I am Teckla. Perhaps that basket is for me. Thank you a thousand times for bringing it from Hulda."

There are interesting sights at Sweden's docks and stations when folks who "went over" twenty or thirty years before return for the first visit. Such a reunion of two who had been girlhood friends was witnessed in one Swedish station. An Amazon of a woman was looking eagerly about the station for Marie from America. A small, sweet-faced woman, with hair turning gray but

still curling about her face, was looking for Thyra who had stayed in Sweden and done dressmaking these twenty-seven years. Now Thyra's friend and former partner had been indeed a lovely girl when she went to America, and it is hard to remember that dear friends can grow older in years of absence. Marie had left behind her a very tall friend, but a slender one. Neither saw among the crowd the friend for whom sho looked, but suddenly the small graying woman began to smile. On the face of the extremely large woman was Thyra's nose. She hurried over, but the Amazon kept looking over her head until suddenly their eyes met and there was was an answering smile. The little graying woman had Marie's eyes, eyes of the fine brown that Swedish eyes can be, though most of the world thinks all Scandinavians blue-eyed. Afterward Marie said, laughingly, "I knew her only by her nose. Whoever would think that Thyra would grow so stout as well as tall!" And Thyra said, "I could not find my pretty little Marie in that station. I was so disappoined that she had not made that train from her boat. Then quite a middle-aged, short woman, plenty plump for her height, wanted to ask me a question and I could only be polite. But suddenly I forgot to be polite. She had Marie's eyes. Of all of herself that she took to America twenty-seven years ago only her eyes came back the same, though now she looks very good to me again and not strange at all."

So perhaps the most appreciative travelers of all who go about Sweden in the wonderful summer, whose clear air makes the grass a more living green and the flowers more vivid, are not the folks who have always lived there; neither are they the people who have gone to Sweden from other lands, as they would go to France and Switzerland and Italy; but those who left a loved land in their youth to make new homes in America and return middle-aged but the same at heart to visit the country once more.

HEAVEN ENOUGH

If men would love each other more,
And curse each other less,
If all would pledge theri hearts to help
The fellows in distress,
If Hindoo, Indian, Chinee,
And Christians all would love,
They'd find a taste of what they hope
To find somewhere "above,"
The hearts that love, God's secrets have
Of all that's going to be,
This world, well filled with faith and love,
Is heaven enough for me.

—Selected.

WILLIAM HENRY LORD

(Asheville Citizen)

There is a peculiar satisfaction to an architect's life. He leaves behind him in finished structures enduring monuments of his own talents and industry. His work has the elements of permanency. It ministers to the utility and the sense of beauty of mankind long after he has gone to his appointment with the Great Architect. His children can look about them and recall with affectionate pride: "He designed this building that thrives with activity. He drew the plans of this home out of whose windows shine the faces of happy children. Into them—and scores of others like them—went his conception of the practical and the beautiful. They are his handiwork, the lasting proof of his useful life usefully lived." Such satisfaction is denied those of us who labor with intangibles. We can only hope that we have left something to linger in the recollections of others and that our impermanencies will become the foundations of their achievements.

The life of William Henry Lord was singularly rich in such satisfaction. For more than thirty years he practised his profesion in this community. He drew the plans for innumerable buildings—schools, hospitals, churches, business structures and homes. Utterly incapable of jerry-built construction, he devoted to every project his best thought and energy and refused to consider his task ended until the job had been finished with scrupulous fidelity to specifications. He avoided the garish and showy. He sought always after that beauty which is a happy blending of simplicity and usefulness.

Above the remains of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is to be found one of the most famous inscriptions of the English-speaking civilization. Translated into English from the original Latin, it read: "Beneath is laid the builder of the church and city, who lived above ninety years, not for himself but for the public good. Reader, if thou seekest his monument, look around." A curious person in search of William Lord's monument needs only to look around him in Asheville.

What was said further of the great English architect can be recorded with equal appropriateness of William Lord. He lived "not for himself but for the public good." Avoiding ostentatiion of every kind, he lived his life plainly but fruitfully. His forthright honesty, professional and personal, commanded the instant and lasting respect of all who had dealings with him. He discharged his duties, civic and charitable, quietly but effectively. When others, excited by the distempers of local and national condiions, spoke ill of their fellows, he broke his silence only to speak charitably.

The primary adversities of a community are seldom economic or political. The gravest loss is the premature passing of a useful citizen. The death of William Henry Lord is such a loss to Ashevile.

PURE WATER

(Selected)

A young clerk had been sent out by his employer to examine a certain country place for rent for a summer home, and among the things which he was to do besides bringing a snap shot of the house and grounds, and a description of the orchard where the man expected his children to play, was to get a sample of water from the well. The young man took the pictures, ascertained that the brook was a safe place for little children to wade in and measured the rooms in the attractive house, but he drove off without getting the water. Five miles away he remembered and a debate took place in his mind. The water was cold, sparkling and clear as crystal, as he knew from a copious drink that had refreshed him that hot day, so why not get a can full of water from the nearest house and go on. But his conscience forbade and he turned back much against his will, as the delay would cause him to miss a picnic on which he had set his heart immediately after the store closed.

But when the chemical analysis came back from the city the youth was amazed to find that disease germs lurked in the pure, cold, sparkling water as he had described it to the employer. Of course the farm was not rented for the summer and the youth said to himself that he would rather miss all the picnics of the season, or the rest of his life, than to have put a family in peril. Years after he said he had never been able to shake off the impression that came to him as he saw that report.

All the way through life we may be fooled and misled and tempted to partake of impure waters without waiting for the great Chemist to give His report on their actual condition. The thing that looks so clean and wholesome may be poison in disguise, and the spiritual death of the individual. It is better to submit the thing to the test of God's Word and see nuder the analysis what develops. Whether it be business or pleasure or athletics or reading or companions or behavior it should all come out marked "Safe" by Him who alone is competent to tell us what should go into our lives.

CHINESE PROVERBS

If one does not learn in youth, what will one do when old?
Do not be afraid of going slowly, but of standing still.
Regard righteousness as gain.
Hurried men lack wisdom.
If you do not scale the mountain you cannot view the plain.
The instructor leads to the door, but aptitude rests with the individual.—Selected.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION"

By Mary Alice Jones

It stands out with a challenge and an appeal, this legend emblazoned over the entrance to the Hall of Religion at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago. In the midst of the brilliant towers and colorful walls of the exposition buildings, in the midst of the representations of achievements in the realm of science, in the midst of the pleasure-giving devices of the concessions, there is flashed before the eyes of the milling crowd this arresting saying, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Finding it strangely appealing, they enter the Hall of Religion.

The octagonal rotunda bears upon its eight walls mural paintings depicting the great world religions which represent mankind's search for God. Music from a pipe-organ, the pipes of which are hidden behind the murals, gives the building an atmosphere of dignity and restfulness, unique and attractive in the midst of the noise and bustle of the grounds.

In the center of the rotunda is a carefully guarded glass case, containing the famous Chalice of Antioch, the earliest known relic of the Christian church, dating, according to the testimony of most scholars, back to the first century. Looking south from the rotunda there are visible, through the south corridor, two magnificent stained glass windows, executed by the Connick studios. Moving down this corridor past significant exhibits of various religious groups, one enters the large octagonal south room, where the two windows seen from the rotunda are revealed as a part of the group of six windows representing the Creation. The glorious color and heroic figures are compellingly beautiful. The background is a velvety, deep red, the borders blue, the figures blue, gold, and white. In order to accommodate these treasures, the ceiling of the room had to be raised six feet.

This south room houses the ecclesiastical arts exhibit, a collection of rare and beautiful religious objects from foreign countries and America. Returning to the rotunda, the small Chapel of Meditation, to the right of the enrance, invites one to pause and rest. The lovely hand-carved white oak pews; the simple but impressive altar piece, designed especially for this chapel by the American Seating Company; the exquisite art windows, executed by the Schmitt studios; the remarkable painting of the Christ, all together serve to create an atmosphere suggestive of sincere worship whatever one's particular creed may be.

Entering the north corridor, one sees a co-operative exhibit, representing the work of the great Protestant churches, which are coming more and more to work together in carrying out the various aspects of their program. Dominating the room is a bas relief figure of the Christ, eleven feet high, executed by

Lorado Taft. Around the room are a series of twelve mural paintings, the work of A. C. Rindskopf, representing various aspects of the work of the churches. These include specific types of activity, evangelism, worship, schools and colleges, publishing, religious education, homes and hospitals. They also include great ideals for which the Church has worked, such as freedom, peace, justice. Below the murals are more detailed representation of these aspects of the work of the Protestant churches, and also special centers of denominational interest. Separating these exhibits are decorative pilasters, on the face of which is a plaque of some great leader of the Protestant churches of America—Roger Williams, Jonathan Edwards, Francis Asbury, etc.

The various denominational publishing houses have assembled a complete library of religious books and periodicals, arranged by subjects, which is open for examination. Brief bibliographies of recent books on several important subjects have been printed for free distribution.

The Hall of Religion is comfortably furnished with rugs, lamps, divans, tables and chairs, making it a favorite meeting place for hundreds of visitors each day.

To the north of the co-operative exhibit is the auditorium, in which programs are given on various aspects of religious life and work. Detailed schedules of these meetings, hour by hour, are available on the grounds for those who are interested.

Along the entire east side of the building facing the lagoon, there is a wide veranda, which commands one of the best views of the grounds. Across the lagoon is the very impressive electrical building, the children's enchanted island, the agricultural building, and the government group. Anchored in the lagoon, just to the south of the building, and visible from the veranda, is Admiral Byrd's ship, on which he made the famous trip to the Antarctic regions; while directly overhead sails the thrilling and spectacular sky ride.

The Hall of Religion is proving to be one of the most popular, as well as one of the most significant buildings on the grounds. It appears that people are glad to be reminded that "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

CHARTLESS

I never saw a moor,
  I never saw the sea;
Yet I know how the heather looks,
  And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
  Nor visted in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot,
  As if the chart were given.

—Emily Dickinson.

CONSIDER THE SHEEP WAGON FOR COMPACTNESS

By Frank R. Arnold

There is no better object lesson in compact housekeeping than the sheep wagon. It goes ahead of a yacht"s cabin or a French kitchen, both usually considered as the last word in domestic concentration, and until you know your sheep wagon in its working order on the range, you do not know your West, no matter how many pulp magazines you may consume, and no matter how many times you visit the Yellowstone Park.

The sheep herder's apartment follows the sheep, and as forestry laws demand that sheep never be bedded more than three nights on the same ground, the apartment is ever on the move. You will find it high up on the canyon side, dominating the roving band in every direction, or you may meet it on the highway, when the herd is on its way to or from the summer range, or you may find it out on the Nevada desert, or the Arizona strip, wherever the herd goes for winter range, or you may even light on it in the home corral, laid up for repairs, or stocking up for the season's campaign, and even on a western college campus, to reduce rent for students.

Sheep herders usually go in pairs, the herder proper, and the camp tender. The latter is a combination of blacksmith and cook. He wrangles the horses, keeps them shod, attends to wagon repairs, goes for supplies, and looks for strays, to say nothing of his every-day jobs of cooking and moving camp. He is the man to show you over his domestic kingdom. You will find it a combination bedroom, kitchenette, breakfast nook, lounging and music room. Let's go to bed first, for that is the only place where a tenderfoot does not get too much in the way. The bed takes up the back third of the wagon, over the back wheels. It has a spring, quilts, and cotton blankets, which are warmer than sheets, and do not show dirt easily. The wagon is just broad enough for your body. In the end of the wagon is a sliding window through which, as you lie in bed, you may see, as through a port hole, the sheep bedded for the night in the moonlight, the stretches of sage brush and aspen, and the horizon line of hills. Over the bedside, at the end, is a shelf for your night things and bedside hook, and above, to the wagon frame, are fastened wire frames, to hold hats. Under the bed are two bins and five drawers, and a large compartment for storing flour or clothes.

Out from under the bed, and from over the bins, pulls the table covered with oilcloth. This fills the middle center of the wagon, and on each side, between the wheels are the side seats, covered with sheep skins with the wool on. One side seat runs down to the stove at the front, and thus forms an ingle nook, while the other goes to the waterbucket stand, with soap and wash basin underneath and towel hanging above. In the middle front is the door, of-

ten a sliding one, with the lower half closed, to help the oven bake better. The stove is a special handy type, with a small firebox in which a quick fire may be made. Behind it are cupboards, with sliding doors, so as not to interfere with the stove pipe. Canvas pockets hang from the walls for letters and papers. Underneath the ingle nook is the refrigerator. Opening from outside are compartments for coal oil, and for the jockey or repair box. Back of the wagon is the boot, an adjustable rack to carry saddles or other large objects, while all around the wheels may descend a canvas curtain, to increase the warmth of the wagon in winter, and keep the dog from winter winds. Every sheep herder has music as a matter of course. He sings cowboy ballads, such as "I'm Going Back to Mexico." Sometimes he has a Victrola or a radio, but more often a mouth organ, a banjo, or an accordion.

Perhaps the greatest lesson in the sheep wagon to the compact home builder is the use of grooves instead of hinges. Sliding doors, windows, and table, all show the value of parts that slide away gradually and do not swing out into your face. The table, in a groove under the bed, may be used wholly or in part, while the table on a hinge too often takes up unnecessary room. Many are the western women who have spent their honeymoon in a sheep wagon, and have thus early in their housekeeping learned how to utilize space. The first caravaners must have learned much from the sheep herder.

THE DEPENDABIE BOY

I think oftentimes of a laddie I know
  And who lives just over the way;
His clothing is ragged, his hands stained and rough,
  For he knows more of work than of play.
He owns naught of beauty, of wit or of grace,
  Yet his presence brings comfort and joy,
For when help is needed, he's always at hand—
  This blessed, dependable boy.

Has a cog slipped it's place in the wheels of the day
  And we're puzzled and troubled the while,
He knows what to do, and he does it at once,
  With a song and a bright, cheery smile.
Then, here's to the laddie that every one loves,
  Whose presence brings comfort and joy;
Life's tangles all straighten and troubles take wing,
  For this blessed, dependable boy.

—Arthur Hamilton.

POETS AND PROSE

By Lois Snelling

"Ann." It was the third time the call had come from the back porch. In disgust, Ann threw down the book she was reading and rolled out of the hammock. She knew what that call meant. Wash day! Her mother would be wanting Ann to rinse the clothes. A fat chance anybody had of acquiring culture in this family!

"They are all ready to rinse, dear," Mrs. Brewer said when Ann appeared, frowning, in the door. "If you'll finish and get them on the line I'll start lunch right now, so we'll be through when Winnie comes."

When Mrs. Brewer had gone into the kitchen, Ann stood for a moment staring down at her hands. They were nice, little hands—soft, firm, and browned by the summer's sun. Presently, her gaze turned to the tub. When she finished with it she knew her hands would be red instead of brown.

"Work!" she cried inside of herself, half sobbing. "Humiliating, degrading tasks that ruin what good looks I have and spoil all the good things of my mind!"

The clothes were shimmering on the line, and lunch was over when Winnie Dalton arrived for the trip which she and Ann had planned to Point Splendor. It was a sultry July day, but Winnie and her father's little roadster were in high spirits. Point Splendor reared its scraggly head fifty miles beyond Silverton, and Winnie obviously intended to enjoy every mile of the fifty.

"Cheer up, old prune!" she said to Ann as they skimmed along over the country road. "What's on your mind?"

"Soon I won't have a thing," Ann replied sullenly. "Not a blessed thing!"

Winnie laughed. "Where's it going? You're bright enough now. You led us all by the nose in high, didn't you? And if I'm any judge at all, you write mighty good poetry for a begin—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Ann petulantly. "Don't ever say poetry to me again I've given that up. I've given up everything!"

Winnie became abruptly serious.

"You have talent, Ann. Several folks who know what they're talking about have said so. What's the matter with you?"

"There's nothing the matter, except that I'm simply being smothered to extinction in hateful, vulgar, unimportant, little, old, everyday things! Dishwashing, fixing the baby's cereal, mending—it's literally squelching out all the finer things in me. Just this morning, Winnie, I was completely wrapped up in that new book of poems by Rosamond Reddick when mother squeals out, 'Ann,' and I must go and plunge into a wash tub!"

Winnie did the best she could to ward off a giggle.

"But, honey," she said gently, "those things have to be done. Your mother told me that she had to squeeze her pennies pretty hard in order to come to the lake this summer, so the washing would have to

be done at home. And I know she spares you just as much as she possible can."

"Oh, mother's a darling!" Ann replied loyally "It's just the humdrumness of existence that I'm quarreling at. It seems I will never be able to drop the humdrum jobs, so I've made up my mind to drop my hopes of being a writer."

"Hm," Winnie murmured thoughtfully, and was silent for a moment. Then: "Honestly, Ann, I believe most of the folks who have done great things in the world have had these little, tiresome jobs to attend to at times. I'm sure of it."

The view from the top of Point Splendor was entrancing. In the shade of the wind-swept pines the two girls rested and absorbed the beauty of the scene far below them.

"It's—it's things like this that fire one with inspiration," Ann whispered softly.

"Sure," Winnie replied, chuckling. "I'm fired, all right, but I'm not certain it wasn't that terrific sunlight, and the temperature of the engine that did! And, Ann—will you just take a squint at that tumor on the rear casing? The heat helped do that, too."

When Ann had taken a squint at the swollen spot on the casing, she smiled wrily. "Probably blow out before we get home," she sighed.

To herself Winnie murmured, "One of the little, irksome things of life that smother poetic expression." To Ann she said, "You're still intending to go to Mrs. Grayson's tomorrow, arn't you?"

"Am I? Could I miss it? Oh, Winnie, weren't we lucky to get invitations?"

"Well, you see, mother and Mrs. Grayson were friends in school. It's to be quite an affair. A violinist, a tenor, and, of course, Rosamond Reddick."

"To think of my really getting to see her in person!" Ann cried. "How glad I am that mother decided to come to Glen Lake this summer. And that Rosamond Reddick decided to spend the summer near the lake, too. Wonder what hotel she's stopping at. Winnie, how I envy her. How romantic her life must be! Just dashing about from place to place, known to all sorts of famous people. Her verses are read all over the world. She's wonderful!"

"Well, why don't you set out with the determination to become wonderful, too? You have talent, I tell you."

The sun was sagging low when the girls started back down the mountain. The air was cooler now, and even Ann became very gay as they slid smoothly around the curves of the mountain. The curves had all been left behind, and they were soughing along at the base of the mountain when they were startled by an ominous pop-pop-pop! Pop-pop!

"The tumor!" moaned Winnie.

"And a service station—nowhere! groaned Ann. "Can we fix it?"

"We can. But it's hard.

Hard, notwithstanding, she was soon hauling out the heavy tools. After a great deal of searching and grunting she called out in disgust, "No jack!"

"Um!" cried Ann, dropping hopelessly on the running-board, "what will we do?"

"I think," said Winnie, her grey eyes peering up the road, "we will

go a-borrowing." She pointed. "Remember that lovely little cobblestone cottage we passed going out? The one with the hollyhocks? That's it yonder."

Towards the hollyhocks and the cottage the two girls tramped. As they approached the pictureque little green gate, Ann sudenly gave a tiny gurgle of merriment. "Winnie! Isn't she funny looking?"

"Sh! She'll hear you."

She was very busy spading in the flower garden among a medley of gay-blossomed plants. A short, plump, little woman, in a huge, old-fashioned gingham sunbonnet. As the gate swung behind the girls, she dropped her spade and came to meet them. Winnie explained to herself, admiringly, that she had never looked into such lovely, twinkly blue eyes, or been blessed with such an appealing smile.

"Hard luck," she said, when they had stated their mission. "My, I wish Joe hadn't gone to Silverton! Joe's my son, and he glories in tinkering with cars."

"If we might just borrow your jack," Ann said, a bit stiffly, "we will be able to fix it, all right."

"Well, I'll get it and just go along with you. I'm better with plants than machinery," she laughed, with a wave of her hand towards the flowering borders, "but perhaps I can help."

"Isn't she a darling?" Winnie whispered, when their hostess had gone away to the garage.

"Awfully common though," murmured Ann. "Her hands were perfectly grimy. And her nose was absolutely blistered in spite of that comical sunbonnet."

"As though one can work in a garden and produce things like that gorgeous hibiscus yonder, without getting grimy and blistered!"

Between the three of them the spare tire had soon replaced the disabled one, and the motorists were on their way again.

"You have been very kind," Winnie said, as they set their benefactor down at the green gate. "I hope we may see you again."

"I'd love to have you come out sometime in the afternoon," the plump little lady said. "I'm always very busy in the morning, but I do as I please in the afternoon."

"Oh, I am afraid it would be impossible!" Ann said quickly. "You see, we are just transients. We won't be in Glen Lake much longer."

The following afternoon, Mrs. Grayson's drawing room was very hot, stuffy, and full of people. But, in spite of the heat, Ann and Winnie, jammed in the very center of the crowd, were enjoying themselves immensely. What a treat, they kept congratulating themselves. Two school girls, mere strangers in a summer resort, invited to see and hear these world-famous artists. First came the violinist, and they clasped each other's hands in sheer ecstacy as the air throbbed and quivered with his playing. Then Mrs. Grayson ushered in the tenor.

"I'm dreaming. I'm positive of that," Ann heard Winnie whisper in her ear. "It can't be really true that Winnie Dalton is actually sitting here listening to such magnificence."

But Ann had grown a little impatient. Grand as the singer was, she hoped he would take his encore quickly and be through. Rosamond

Reddick would follow him, so how could she help being impatient?

Now he really was bowing himself out. Mrs. Grayson was at the libary door. Then Ann heard Winnie emit an abrupt, little sigh of delight. Ann herself gave a short chuckle of amusement.

"Looks better without her bonnet, doesn't she?" she whispered softly into Winnie's ear. "Wonder why Mrs. Grayson has her here."

"Gorgeous!" Winnie replied. "Simply gor—"

Her whisper was obliterated by a riotous applause. By Mrs. Grayson's side stood the plump, little lady of the cobblestone cottage. Though she was now perfectly costumed, her eyes were of the same deep blue, and she wore the same entrancingly friendly smile.

Things began to whirl in Ann Brewer's bewildered head. The faces in the room were swiming around her crazily. What was it Mrs. Grayson was saying? Oh, impossible——No—No—No—

When the tumult within her head and heart had subsided, she listened to her hostess' introduction. Rosamond Reddick, our fellow townsman—the home girl we are all so proud of. She sat very still, listened to her idol read some of the lyrics over which she herself had so often pored.

In a daze, she followed Winnie from the room after the applause. Our fellow-townsman—home girl—Rosamond Reddick, was not a summer visitor at Glen Lake! She lived here—in this slow, little place—

She was still in a daze as she walked down the steps and heard Mrs. Grayson's voice calling from the doorway, "Oh, Winnie! Can you wait a minute, Winnie?"

The minute of waiting proved to be much more than that, for Mrs. Grayson had to see her guests away. But, finally, the last one of them had departed.

"I happened to remember your mother speaking of your friend's talent for verse," she said when at last she came back to the girls, "and I mentioned it to Mrs. Reddick. She would like to see Ann."

Ann's heart bounded. Oh, what a moment! Then, suffused with shame, she remembered yesterday—her attitude towards the woman in the garden.

In the library, Rosamond Reddick laughed merrily. "Ah, my friends by the side of the road! And which is my fellow rhymster?"

For one whole, marvelous hour, Mrs. Reddick chatted as to two old friends. She spoke of her young son, Joe. Of the little cottage in which no servant lived. Of the garden where she spent so many happy hours.

"Joe tells me I'm crazy," she laughed. "He says no sane woman with an income as large as mine would do all her own housework and dig like a worm in a garden. But Joe's young. He hasn't learned yet that there is sheer joy in doing such things. My, my, the comfort I get out of caring for that little stone house! And the inspiration for about half of my verses are dug up out of that garden soil."

Then, impulsively, Mrs. Reddick exclaimed, "My dear, why don't you stay here with me this winter? Joe enters college in the fall, and I expect to be rather lonely. I think I could help you with your technique,

and I'm sure you could help me with my loneliness."

Such a chance! Such a chance! What better thing could an amibitious girl ask? Such a chance—

Slowly she lifted her head, and tears of gratitude welled up in her eyes. She gulped hard for a moment, trying to swallow the eager "yes" that was in her throat.

"No," she answered firmly, and suddenly, with its saying, a great happiness surged into her heart. "No, I have learned a tremendous lesson today. Now I am going home and put it into practice. I have been a fool—a selfish, lazy, intolerant fool! I thought I could never do the things I love because I have to do the things I hate. And look at you! You are doing those same hateful things, only—only you love them, too!"

Winnie stepped to her friend's side.

"She's made, Mrs. Reddick!" she cried happily. "She has talent, but she has always wanted things too slick. She's going to get busy now, bless her soul!"

"Yes," Ann declared, rising, "we must be moving along. I'm going home and get busy—helping mother iron."

LIGHTNING'S FAVORITES

The lightning seems to have its favorite victims among the trees, wrote John Burroughs, in a Century Magazine. I have known it to strike a beech tree. Hemlocks and pines are its favorites in my woods. In other regions the oak and the ash receive its attention. An oak on my father's farm was struck twice in the course of many years, the last bolt proving fatal. The hard, or sugar, maple is frequently struck, but only in one instance have I known the tree to be injured. In this case a huge tree was simply demolished. Usually the bolt comes down on the outside of the tree, making a mark as if a knife had clipped off the outer surfaces of the bark, revealing the reddish-yellow interior. But a few summers ago an unusually large and solid sugar maple in my neighbor's woods received a charge that simply reduced it to stove wood. Such a scene of utter destruction I have never before witnessed in the woods. The tree was blown to pieces as if it had been filled with dynamite. Over a radius of fifty or more feet the fragments of the huge trunk lay scattered. It was as if the bolt, baffled so long by the rough coat of mail of the maple, had at last penetrated it and had taken full satisfaction The explosive force probably came from the instantaneous vaporization of the sap of the tree by the bolt.—Selected.

ONE OF US

(Young Folks)

The name of George Stephenson is familiar to every school boy and girl. We properly associate his name with the invention of the locomotive. Two years ago we could have celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth. He was a humble boy, born of humble and hard-working parents. He assisted his father in a colliery in Wylam, England. About all the education he got was at night schools. He was of a mechanical turn of mind. While he was acting as enginewright at another colliery he built an engine that ran by steam between the colliery and the port. He continued his experiments, and has come to be known as the inventor of the locomotive, the first train being operated by steam for both passengers and "goods" on September 27, 1825.

The one hundreth anniversary of his birth was fittingly and elaborately celebrated in England. The procession of craftsmen and tradesmen was a long one. In it marched a small group of men who worked in the colliery at Wylam. On their banner they had inscribed these words, "He was one of us." How proud they were of the man who had worked where they were now working, and had since achieved greatness.

Your mind has already gone back to the time when Jesus was a lowly individual, accustoming Himself to the toil of other folk. They did not see in Him the greatness that lay there. He, too, grew to manhood, and did great things for the world, and one of the proudest thoughts we can have of Him is, "He was one of us." He was not ashamed of those with whom He toiled. He made them feel it was a natural thing for them to be associated with Him.

A LITTLE PRAYER

That I may not in blindness grope,
But that I may with vision clear
Know when to speak a word of hope
Or add a little wholesome cheer.

That tempered winds may softly blow
Where little children, thinly clad,
Sit dreaming, when the flame is low,
Of comforts they have never had.

That through the years which lie ahead
No heart shall ache, no cheek be wet,
For any word that I have said
Or profit I have tried to get.

—S. E. Kiser.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys recently repaired the porches at Cottages No. 1 and 2.

—o—

We are glad to report that Superintendent Boger resumed his duties this week, after having been absent for a week because of a badly sprained foot.

—o—

Mr. Lisk and a group of boys have been cleaning out the potatoe house and making other preparations for curing and storing the Fall crop of sweet potatoes.

—o—

The boys of two school rooms were pressed into service for several days this week for the purpose of ridding the pasture of bitter weed, a very objectionable weed for milch cows to eat.

—o—

Willard Johnson, of Statesville, paroled two years ago, visited the Training School one day last week. Willard tells us he is just getting around again, following a recent operation for appendicitis.

—o—

Bill Palmer, of Reidsville, who has been away from the school about four years, called on us the other day. Since leaving us Bill has been attending school and expects to finish high school next year. During the vacation period he is engaged in farming. We are glad to learn that this lad is getting along so nicely.

—B—

Theodore Wallace, of Fayetteville, a former member of our printing class, called on us last Friday. This lad was paroled from the Training School seven years ago and has made a good record since leaving the institution. He is now employed as shipping clerk in a rayon mill at Fayetteville, and reports that he is getting along nicely. He was accompanied by James Walden, John Marr and Kenneth Lancaster, all of Fayetteville.

—o—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. In a very interesting talk to the boys Rev. Arrowood called attention to the works of ancient master craftsmen. He told how the great artists told of the happenings of the days when people had very little literature to read, in their paintings; how others pictured events in making famous tapestries; and others wrote great books. Rev. Arrowood told the boys we are making the history of our lives today, and the sto-

ry of how we live will be known for good or evil according to our actions as we go through life.

—B—

We have been notified by the motion picture film distributors that they will be unable to furnish silent pictures after September 7th, due to the fact that the supply is exhausted. For several years the various distributing agencies furnished films for our use free of charge, and the weekly picture shows in the auditorium have been most enjoyable features of entertainment for our boys. To say they will be greatly disappointed when it becomes necessary to deprive them of this privilege, would be expressing it very mildly. At present there are no funds available for the purchase of modern talking picture equipment, but we are hoping that somewhere in the state may be found a charitably-inclined citizen, or group of citizens, who will come to our rescue, and make it possible for the boys of the Training School to continue to enjoy motion pictures.

—o—

The Training School took a closely-contested game from Flowe's Store last Saturday afternoon by the score of 5 to 4. Russell, southpaw slinger, started on the mound for the locals, but retired in the second inning after an error, two hits and some "popeyed" umpiring had permitted the visitors to score four runs. He was relieved by Andrews, who held the enemy to four hits and fanned ten batters. The school lads scored once in the first inning as Lefler walked, stole second, and scored on two infield outs. Two more were added in the third on a single by Weatherly, an infield out and an error. The winning run was scored in the fourth as Poole was safe on an error, and scored on Whitley's double, the latter crossing the plate on a single by Cox. Dorton, with two singles, led the boys from Flowe's with the stick, while Whitley, with a double and single and Cox, with a pair of singles, headed the local batting attack. The score:

		R	H	E
Flowe's	220 000 000	4	6	3
J. T. S.	102 200 00x	5	7	3

Two-base hit: Dorton. Stolen bases: W. Bost, C. Bost, Weatherly, Lefler. Struck out: by Russell 2; by Andrews 10; By C. Bost 8; by W. Bost 2. Base on balls: off Russell 2; off Andrews 1; off C. Bost 2.

—o—

In passing through this particular section, one is impressed at the sight of a number of gigantic rocks cropping out of the ground, many of them on the Training School campus. Then we pass on just a short distance, in any direction, and they are not to be seen. There has been a number of opinions expressed as to the cause of this peculiar rock formation, covering such a small area. Some experts tell us it is the deposit of a glacial period and others offer different explanations. While we do not claim to know anything about the "why's and wherefore's" concerning the presence of these great rocks, we do know that certain ones on

our campus are the center of attraction during the summer months. From the window of our linotype room we get a good view of what is known at the school as the "watermelon rock." Now there is nothing in the shape or color of this great flat-topped rock to suggest such a name, so we'll have to offer a brief explanation. As this is being written, we can see Mr. Presson and his Receiving Cottage boys cutting watermelons and placing them on this great natural serving-table, and the dull gray color of the rock is temporarily changed to pink and green. We also see hundreds of boys lined up on the campus, "rarin' to go," eagerly awaiting the arrival of all the boys from the various departments, and the blowing of the signal whistle that will start the procession towards the rock, where each lad will receive, not a small slice, but a quarter of a large melon. In order that our readers may realize what a big event a watermelon feast at the Training School really is, we will pass on the information received from Mr. Presson that from 250 to 300 melons are required for each of these occasions; that they are weekly occurrences, and quite frequently as the melons ripen more rapidly at times, our boys enjoy two such feasts in a week. Truly, the "watermelon rock" has been appropriately named.

THEN YOU'RE HARD UP

You're not hard up when your purse is flat,
  And your trousers frayed like an old door mat;
You're not hard up when your bills fall due
  And you haven't a dollar to see you through,
You're not hard up until you see the day
  That you haven't a cheerful word to say.

But you are hard up and in a sorry way
  If you haven't a cheerful word to say;
If nothing on earth appeals to you
  And you can't see charm in the skies so blue,
You are hard up if you've reached the end
  And can say in truth that you haven't a friend.

In dollars and cents don't count your wealth
  But sum it up in good friends and health;
In the little tots that call you "Dad,"
  Who, when you're coming are O, so glad;
If you haven't a soul to love or care,
  You are hard up, though a millionaire.

—Author Unknown.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 19 [illegible] No. 32

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THE BURDEN-BEARER

Are you perplexed?
  Give God a trusting hand.
Is your soul vexed?
  His heart will understand.
Out of His reach.
  No loving child can stray.
God knows and cares,
And takes and bears
  Our burdens all the way!

—Selected.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

CHIEF SINNER

There was a Scotchman who had formerly been a notable character, a prize fighter and gambler, changed by the grace of God, he became a mighty soul-winer, and on one occasion his message was being greatly blessed. Just before he arose to speak at one service, someone sent an envelope up to the platform. On opening it he found it contained a long list of sins and cirmes that he had committed in that very city.

At first he felt that he must run away, but stepping boldly to the front of the platform he said, "Friends, I am accused of crimes and sins committed in this very city. I will read them to you." One after another he read these charges, and at the conclusion of each he said, "I am guilty." When he hd finished the whole list, he paused for a moment and then said, "You ask me how I dare come to you and speak of righteousness and truth, with a list of crimes like that against my name? I will tell yous "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.'"—Moody Church News.

THE INFLUENTIAL CONE FAMILY

The public will concede that the Greensboro Record has a correct estimate of the magnanimous spirit that characterizes the Cone family, of Greensboro, in stating that the mill owners of Proximity will "blend business methods with humantarianism, generosity and foresight." Every North Carolinian who knows the Cone family takes pride in making this announcement. As proof of this

fact the Cone brothers just lately announced to the Guilford county school authorities the company would finance out of its own resources the cost of the ninth month of the school that serves the children of the Proximity school community. This is an evidence of a deep interest in child life.

It is not unusual that the mill owners, especially of the South, get wide publicity for the least discrepancy if the operatives get a suggestion of an unfair deal, but at the same time there are unheralded thousands of benefactions for the sake of the mill operatives similar to the one named.

There has been but a short period intervening between this act of fine philanthrophy and the date when these splendid gentlemen, the sons of a distinguished and generous-spirited father, posted a notice on the door of the branch bank of the mill community, giving every assurance of a guarantee against any loss of deposits. We only know a tree by its fruits.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE UNKNOWN BOY

Many of us especially interested in Christian welfare work recall that last fall a young boy about 15 years of age was found crushed to death in a box-car in Charlotte by the rolling of iron rails. Possibly the boy was hoboing for reasons no one will ever know. The body was held a sufficient length of time by one of Charlotte's undertakers to be reclaimed. The saddest thought of all was that he was the son of some fond mother. Possibly she today looks in the far distance through tear dimmed eyes for his return. The life of the unknown boy will continue to be an unsolved mystery.

There is some one who will rise to every emergency and most especially so if a child is involved. The King's Daughters of Charlotte read the publicity about the unknown boy. Instantly they also begun to search for relatives.

They would not allow that tender young form to be buried in the "potters-field." This circle of active workers is made up of many fine mothers. They were obsessed with a mother's love, and it was

the mother's love that inspired them to give him a Christian burial.

Last Sunday we were taken to the spot where rests all that is mortal of this unknown boy. His grave has a marker, reading:

Unknown Boy

Buried by the King's Daughters

September 25, 1932.

"But the very hairs of our head are numbered."
—Matthew 10:30.

The stone also carries the emblem of the King's Daughters, "I. H. N.," significant of the fact that all things are done "In His Name."

If the Charlotte King's Daughters never do another piece of work the marker at the grave of the unknown boy tells the story—love of service is the keynote of their activities.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE DAY OF ADJUSTMENTS

The "New Deal" is a wholesale agreement between employer and employees as to hours employed with a stipulated stipend. This regulation works fine, but in some instances the small merchant has to make some close cuts to make belt and buckle meet.

The entire program was given great thought by the different heads of departments in Washington with a hope of helping no particular class but every kind and condition of mankind. The plan is nation-wide. If rules incorporated are put into effect to the letter the objective will be reached, but if not then the plan will be defeated. If results are realized the New Deal will work its way into every activity of service and the most obscure person will be recognized and justice will be given.

Already the state's executives have sensed some discrepancy in the salary wage of some of her employes and have declared that perquisites not be allowed plus a good size salary. The first adjustment of this kind has taken place in the State Prison. The employes of the state prison are to receive no longer "perquisites" that

in many instances are the equivalent of $50 to $100 per month. The fairest method of dealing with state employes of every class is to allow a salary commensurate with ability and responsibilities without the extras thrown in. To eliminate the "perquisites" leaves not an iota as to misgivings neither opens up a way to speculation.

The personnel of the Budget Bureau undoubtedly realizes the responsibilty of measuring out the tax money without discriminating when declaring that the salaries paid the former State Prison employes must come down to the level paid other state employes. This is a commendable and fair minded move. Having great faith in the "majesty of little things," here is hoping the personnel of the budget bureau will continue the investigation of salaries of every employe of the state till there is an equitable adjustment as to load and salary. A man has a right to manage his personal affairs to suit himself, but public funds should be used without discrimination, given according to responsibilty and ability. The "New Deal" means a fair deal. At least we feel that way, therefore, have great hopes in the program set up.

* * * * * * * * * *

IMPLEMENTS FOR SEWING

The first thimble was made by John Lofting about 200 years ago. It was worn on the thumb and was called a "thumb-bell." Many of us recall seeing thimbles that were open on the top and the needle was pushed through the cloth with the side of the thimble. This style of thimble was used by our grandmothers.

The origin of the thimble possibly is known by few people, because it is looked upon as a necessity for the seamstress and there all interest stops. The invention of the sewing machine to a certain extent curtailed the use of the thimble. But it is used extensively where hand work is necessary.

The sewing machines are now used so commonly that many persons do not know just how long they have been used. The first sewing machine was made by Elias Howe, of Spencer, Massachusetts, in 1846. In 1851 Merritt Singer began making sewing ma-

chines, and the Singer machine is still used but has been greatly improved upon. In 1856 J. A. Gibbs, a farmer of Virginia, made a machine that used only one thread, and this improved machine is now on the market. Another man who helped in the evolution of the sewing machine was Allan B. Wilson, whose ideas were carried out in the make of the "Wheeler and Wilson" machine, a popular machine of today.

The sewing machine agent was once a familiar figure, traveling by buck-board and horse-power with a machine strapped to the back of the vehicle, showing the time-saving device to the rural people. This was one occupation for salesmen in the 80's and early 90's.

Before the invention of the sewing machine all sewing had to be done by hand. Sewing in the early days was practiced by the young women and to be able to be an adept in the use of the needle was a fine accomplishment and delightful pastime.

The needles have been used a longer period than any other implement used for sewing. Needles made of fish-bones, ivory and bronze were used in early times. The steel needle originated in Spain and was introduced into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

NOT JUST AS WELL, BUT JUST A LITTLE BETTER

By C. W. Hunt

I have two barbers. One has done my work for nearly thirty years. The other not more than three years. When I want to get the beard trim back to my idea I go to the older man When I want it another way I get in the first chair in the same shop. Both these men are equally pleasant to me; both are intimate friends to whom I tell new jokes. The older man can come nearer making every stroke of the razor, clipper or shears count than any man I ever saw at work in a barber shop. A casual glance at him and you would say he is slow, but during the run of a day he will serve one and one-half men to other men's one, and with a slow man will do two while the slow man does one. While waiting on me one day, when I was in a hurry, this younger man was taking particular pains to do the work as neatly as possible when I said: (aside) "You take much more time with my work than is necessary, and you can get by with many less licks and satisfy me." To my surprise he kindly remarked: "My rule of life in this work is not to do my job just as good as the other fellow, but just a little better."

It was then that I saw why he took more time than I sometimes liked, and why he seemed over-particular. I went away thinking and as soon as there was time I made a note of the incident so as to use it as occasion made need. That is why the Uplift gets what is here recorded, and for a purpose. Ever since I could remember there have been certain standards of merit in work, and if a boy being taught to do anything the ruel has been to do it up to a certain point, and if done that well it was done O. K. and such was as it should be. Seldom if ever have I come upon such as is being written about here: "Not just as well as the other fellow, but just a little better." So impressive was the remark with me, it is being put in front here, where it is most likely to be read by many boys in the formative stage; and nothing that can be said ought to have a more careful and thoughtful reading than these words of a man who earns his bread and educates his children and lives a high type of Christian citizenship, by the work of his own hands..

The average man will do only what is necessary to get by with; some seem to have a weakness for slighting work, not even doing it well. Often these wonder why they never are promoted when the man working beside them goes up higher? These often become discouraged, not seeming to know that it is the way they do things that keeps them down. The story is told of a boy in an office learning to be a clerk and to hold a responsible position. He had ambition to go ahead, was impatient because the chief clerk received so much more pay than he, and had repeatedly asked for a raise. He was in the office of a woolen manufacturing company. One day a wagon drove into the mill yard and this young man was sent to ask what the

wagon contained for sale. He returned immediately with the information that the wagon contained wool. He was sent back to ascertain more about it, and came back with the information that the owner was from Blank. The owner of the mill turned to the head clerk and said: "Please find more about what the gentleman has." In a short time the head clerk came back with this: "The gentleman is from ———— county, he is loaded with ———— pounds of grade B wood and wants to sell it at ——— cents per pound." Calling the young apprentice into his private office, the owner said: "John, you have ambition to advance, and are wondering why you get noowhere, and I am about to tell you why. I sent you twice to the loaded wagon and all I got was the wagon was loaded with wool from a certain place. When I sent Mr. Peterson out there he came back with all the informaion needed. Whose it was, how much, what grade, what price. That is why Mr. Peterson is worth so much more than you are, and that is why you never get ahead."

And that brings us back to the beginning of this: "Not just as well as the other fellow, but just a little better. The boy who makes that his motto will be sought out from among hundreds because he does his work just a little better.

The earliest missionaries to Labrador were Moravians. In 1752, Christian Erhard, with four companions from Ziest, Holland, went there for the purpose of establishing a mission. Erhard, going ashore with five of the crew, never returned.

Various difficulties made it impossible to establish a mission until several years later.

Finally, King George III of England granted "one hundred acres of land on the coast of Labrador, wherever they pleased to locate themselves," to any who would go to evangelize the inhabitants of this bleak country.

Encouraged by this action a company was formed of Moravians in London and elsewhere, who purchased a ship to make annual visits to Labrador in the interest of missions.

On August 10, 1771, a group of sixteen volunteers, including one physician and several artisans, sailed for Labrador. After a few years, the Privy Council of England granted them a tract of one hundred thousand acres for missionary purposes. Five years after the beginning of missionary work the first convert was made. Five years later there were thirty-eight baptist converts and ten catechumens, while large numbers were gradually transformed into, at least, semi-civilized people.—Selected.

DESIGNER OF THE BLUE EAGLE

(Morganton News-Herald)

The New York Times furnishes the information that one Charles T. Coiner is designer of the NRA eagle, remarking that he is more fortunate than the glyptic artists before him who have supplied the government with its emblems and insignia. It is odd, continues the Times, that artists whose work circulates in enormous quantities and constitutes a most intimate part of our everyday life remain the most part unknown. There are the men responsible for the iconography of our silver currency, the creators of the eagles, the buffaloes and the Miss Libertys. Once upon a time they remained in complete obscurity. Of recent years they have been permitted to sign with an initial. How many of us now know what the "F" under the Indian head on the nickel-piece and the "M" on the quarter-piece stand for?

Whether Mr. Coiner is fortunate in starting almost even with the bird of his creation is open to question. By this time he must be in receipt of thousands of letters from the ornithologists pointing out glaring scientific errors in his design. Artists and zoologists seldom see eye to eye.

In this connection we hope that somebody will come along with a full interpretation of the meaning of the design. We have our own opinion of the significance of certain features of it, but if they have been explained we have failed to see the explanation.

THE SPIRITUAL KEYNOTE

We must turn to our Divine Saviour Christ. Materialism, gross or refined, is certainly the besetting sin of this age, and to it we owe most of our troubles. Christ attacks the fundamental and harm-working heresy by calling attention to the inevitable fact of death, which strips us of all material possessions and leaves the soul naked. God says to the foolish man, 'This night thy soul shall be required of thee; and the things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be?' We cannot find or invent a better question than this to put to the souls of men today. The only lasting values are spiritual. If we lose these we lose everything. There is no way of recouping that loss, even though a man should gain the whole world for a brief possession and lose his own soul at last. If the preacher no longer believes in the possibility of losing the soul, he is certainly not entitled to call himself a disciple of Christ. It was to save the human souls, great and small, that Jesus came into the world and gave Himself as a divine sacrifice on the Cross of Calvary.

—Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

DESERT FLOWERS

(Episcopal Recorder)

As the passengers sit in the comfortable Pullmans while the express trains carry them through the arid sections of the country, it is common to hear them speak of the desert in terms of pity and contempt. On the face of appearances their judgment seems justified. Dreary wastes of sand and sage! It is only those who travel in the desert who know how beautiful it is.

This unexpected loveliess appears especially in the desert flowers. The swiftly moving trains do not allow a passenger to see these. It is necessary to leave the train and go into the desert itself before one can see the variety and beauty of the blossoming plants among the bunches of sage, or greasewood, or whatever the stouter growth may be. Sometimes the little plants are only a half-inch high, spring out of the dry ground and are crowned with tiny flowers. Perhaps they were made to bring joy to the lizards and the horned toads; but one comes to feel as if God must have made them for the sheer delight of enjoying them himself. Unnumbered millions of them bloom in those square miles of desolate country.

One cannot find these desert flowers without wondering if their unexpected beauty is not a parable of the way in which grace and loveliness are found in humn life and character. Forbidding human beings are quite as common as desert landscapes, and they are quite as often condemned as worthless and mean. Then some discerning and sympathetic friend turns explorer and tries to find out what really is there in the burning waste; and all at once he stumbles upon flowers in unexpected places. Kindness and goodness blossom in the sand and among the sage. Then we know that there was beauty there waiting only foı discovery, and we appreciate and value what we formerly passed by in scorn.

I call him blest who has a friend,
  Yet friendless days I had to spend
Until I learned the fault was mine.
  No book of rules, no gift divine
Could force the lock which barred my heart;
  The keys were smiles I held apart.
My keys in use, at every bend,
  I found I had a friend!

—Edna Muriel Deiss.

A SEASIDE HEALTH PLACE

(The Health Bulletin)

Under the above heading the Greensboro Daily News published an editorial a short time ago which reminds us that we have been thinking of this very thing for some years. Several times during the past year the necessity for some such institution as described in the editorial, which is quoted in full below, has been brought to mind.

In these days, when so many of the old established customs and habits of life are being discarded overnight, it is a good time for people to be doing some constructive thinking along the lines described in this editorial. A modern hospital of simple but solid construction, equipped with modern facilities, erected on some protected part of the eastern North Carolina coast and easily accessible over hard-surface roads, would be of great benefit to many of our people. The location of such an institution would have to be selected somewhere on a beach which would be reasonably free from mosquitoes and sand-flies in the summer and also well removed from high tides in the stormiest weather. If properly erected and managed and kept open the year round, it would pay its way from the beginning as well as be able to accommodate a large class of people in moderate circumstances. Good service, including the best of food and the attention of a trained nurse for a group of people, could be provided for a sum less than accommodations in an ordinary commercial hotel. If such an institution would cater to a class of people who felt the need of rest, with some medical attention, away from all the distractions of the large city institutions and the seaside and mountain resorts in which expenses are pyramided and the individual worn out and financially bankrupt at the end of a month, it could succeed from the start. If all modern facilities of making a complete medical examination, including X-rays and all the other things necessary, should be provided for middle-aged people or those in advancing years to have such service rendered in a satisfactory manner, at a reasonable cost, and to be taken leisurely over a period of two or three weeks or a month, while the individual is having a period of rest, such people would keep the insituation full the year 'round. Such an institution would even be more desirable in the winter months than in the summer. In addition to having a staff of competent medical men in charge, its medical and surgical staff could be supplemented every week in the year by drawing from the very best in the profession all over North Carolina. Not one of the able surgeons and physicians in the State, including the specialists, but would be delighted to take a week off for rest and recuperation in such a place while offering for a few hours in the day his service in doing operations or as a medical consultant. In that way the institution could maintain a staff the year 'round of the most competent professional service the State has to offer anywhere. Such an arrangement would appeal peculiarly to physicians or surgeons

who are fond of the sea or who like to fish and hunt.

Let us hope that we have started something which somebody with capital will grasp and follow through.

The editorial from the Greensboro News follows.

"Some day, maybe, there will be created for North Carolina a seaside health place—right out on the banks would be the best location—with facilities ranging from outright hospitalization for medical and surgical cases, through a nursing establishment for invalids to an isolated camp for vacationists who are not ailing, but wish to pass a fortnight or a month close to nature and the salt water, running practically wild, and letting the children and dogs run wild, but still being afforded the necessary comforts.

"If we should call for any sort of hospitalization in the mountains, there would be immediate response from fifty places: mountain sanitaria, colonies, camps, nursing homes, rest cures seem to exist in abundance. Well, there are always, in hot weather, numbers of persons quite sick who need less altitude instead of more, and others who simply do not wish to go to the mountains; much rather go to the coast. There are still more who are sort of puny and would like to go to the sea, but to whom the conventional summer resort is anathema, with its noise, greed, vanity, bad food, strutting, discomfort, and general fever of unrighteousness. There are well people, too, thousands of them in our mililons of population, who would rather stay home and work and sweat than to go to the type of 'vacation' place that finds favor with the great majority.

"Seaside hopitalization, to be good and at the same time available to average people, at a reasonable cost, would have to be undertaken on a large scale. It would have to be an all-seasons affair, with enough work for tiptop surgeons and general practitioners. Even so, specialist treatment would constitute a problem; but then, few things are perfect in this world. But most people would rather recuperate out in the sea breeze than to die in a hot interior room, hospital or other, even if completely surrounded by specialists."

Lord, send Thy light,
Not only in the darkest night,
But in the shadowy, dim twilight
Wherein my strained and aching sight
Can scarce distinguish wrong from right,
Then send light.

—Exchange.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH ERECTED 99 YEARS AGO

By S. J. Justice

Probably one of the most outstanding churches in Western North Carolina from the standpoint of history and setting is St. John's in the Wilderness, an old Episcipal church erected at aristocratic old Flat Rock in 1834.

St. John's is on the crest of a shaded woody hill near Flat Rock. A fence encloses the four-acre tract which contains the historic old church and cemetery, where are buried some outstanding people of bygone days.

The church was built back in 1834 when the group of summer visitors from Charleston and Savannah, who had been coming to Flat Rock for the past ten summers, felt the need of a spiritual influence. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baring, natives of England and living in Charleston, led the movement which resulted in the erection of a small chapel in 1834. In 1836 it was dedicated and turned over to the diocese of North Carolina.

Presently the small church was outgrown and in 1852 additions were made which brought it up to is present size, accommodating more than 200 persons.

Probably the most outstanding rector ever to serve the church was the Rev. John G. Drayton, who served from 1871 to 1891. He was buried in the cemetery located by the church.

Several important personages were members of the church. Probably the outstanding one of these was C. G. Memmenger, of Charleston, who was secretary of the treasury of the Confederacy during the War Between the States. He and several members of his family are buried in the cemetery. Other names familiarly linked with St. John's are those of Pinckney, Rutledge, King, Baring and Stuart.

Mrs. Susan Baring, who helped instigate the movement for the erection of the first chapel, was buried by request by the side of the church in 1845. When the church was enlarged the addition overlapped her grave, causing it to be under the church. When her husband, Charles Baring, died 20 years later his body was placed under the church beside that of his wife.

A French count is numbered among those buried in the historic cemetery. His name was Charles de Choiseul and he was killed during the War Between the states in 1862. Probably the most unusual grave is that of the Rev. Asa A. Abbott, a retired clergyman, who died in 1931 at the age of 81. He was not buried in the cemetery proper, but by special request was buried off on one side of the church and in accord with his desire his resting place was made to look as much like the regular woodland as possible. Were it not for a small copper plate tacked on a moss-covered rock at the head of his grave to identify him one would not know that the spot contained a grave. The grave is not mounded in the usual manner, but is merely covered with several mossy rocks and appears to be no more than a usual forest tract.

The auditorium of the present structure measures around 30 by 70

feet and seats comfortably around 220 persons. Thirty-seven old-fashioned pews made more comfortable by cushions make up the seating arrangement and are believed to be from 70 to 100 years old. Toward the front on the right hand side sits the small, beauifully ornamented, pipe organ which was installed in 1881. The building formerly had a balcony in the rear of the church where the negro servants sat. The records revealed that the names of quite a few negro slaves were on the church roll.

The church is open for services for four months in the year—from June to October. There is no regular rector at present, but the church is served with ministers throughout the season. During July clergymen are furnished from Kanuga Lake, the Episcopal summer assembly ground. In August, the Rev. W. W. Memmenger, grandson of Col. Memmenger, is serving as minister. During June the attendance usually runs from around 65 to 75. Then in July it picks up to around 150. August is the banner month, with attendance sometimes running as high as 300 and always averaging better than 200. During September it decreases again to around 200.

The membership of the present church is made up chiefly of relatives of the founders of the woodland worship place. Around 40 odd families come to Flat Rock each summer from the Charleston section to spend the summer in the invigorating mountain climate. These who come now are in the majority relatives of the earlier colonists who founded the resort and built the imposing estates that are interspersed throughout the pine forests. The oldest member at present from a standpoint of attendance is Miss Ellen Stuart, 90, of Columbia, S. C.

The finances to run the church are raised through the renting of the 37 pews to those who attend. Practically all of them are rented at present and on the nameplates one may see historic names that were linked with the founding of St. John's.

The church, so-named because it was built in a wilderness, and for that matter still well surrounded by woods, will continue to be one of the outstanding places of interest in this section because of its unique setting and history.

A boy's head is certainly one of the most important possessions he has. He cannot get along without it. Does it not then seem odd that he should allow himself to lose it?

When a boy goes off in a huff and "loses his head" he acts like a chicken with its head cut off. He jumps aimlessly about, all to no purpose.

Some boys who are pretty good at keeping their heads, lose them when the other fellow loses his. Now this is a deplorable state of affairs, too. It is quite bad enough to have one head lost. Why make matters worse by losing the second? If there is one time more than another when a boy should keep his head it is when the other fellow loses his.—Boys' World.

CHARLESTON TO ASHEVILLE IN 1825

(Asheville Citizen)

The Charleston News and Courier gives a striking picture of the manner in which persons from lower South Carolina traveled to Asheville a hundred years ago. It says:

Days and days were consumed in a journey from Charleston to Asheville in 1825. They had taverns and wayside inns in those days, but towns were few and far between. Travelers between Charleston and Asheville followed the shortest practical route and on old maps it was labeled "State Road." It missed Unionville and Spartanburg on its right and Newberry, Laurensville and Greenville on its left. It went into North Carolina at the Saluda Gap.

Everybody knows the route of the Old State road between Charleston and Columbia; it is still the shortest highway between chief city and capital. If the traveler in 1825 wished to enter Columbia, he left the Congaree by the Columbia ferry. On the other side of Columbia he crossed the Broad river by McGowan's ferry and came back into the "State Road" at Youngener.

If the traveler did not enter Columbia, he crossed the Saluda river by Stark's ferry, near the head of the old canal. Beyond Youngener, the "State Road" crossed Wateree creek at Myer's Mill, near which was a fork leading to Newberry, Laurensville and Greenville. The short way to Buncombe crossed the Enoree river by Henderson's Toll Bridge and proceeded, parallel to the Enoree, to Cross Keys and Belmont in old Union to Hurricane Tavern in Spartunburg, to Lester in Greenville. At Hodge near the bridge over the north fork of the Saluda river, the route from Greenville town by Traveler's Rest came into the "State Road." The route passed into North Carolina through the Saluda Gap, northwest of the Poinsett Springs.

On present day maps sections of the "State Road" northwest of Columbia do not show, indicating that as towns were built and as the railroads spread their rails, the links became mere neighborhood roads. Imagine a principal highway in the year 1933 that did not go into Greenville or Spartunburg, Union or Newberry. Yet the "State Road" in 1825 was the short way from Charleston into the mountains about Asheville and was a route over which labored all manner of horse and mule-drawn vehicles. Local influences bear upon the building of automoblie highways as they bore upon the building of railroads, adding to the mileage. In the years of the swaying, leather-slung stages the great idea was to save as much distance as possible; the greater the distance the greater the consumption of time.

There were few automobilists who could make the trip from Asheville to Charleston or from Charleston to Asheville in a day as recently as fifteen years; there was probably no one who tried it if the weather was bad. Ten years ago the journey required twelve hours of pretty steady driving, for at least half of the mileage that had to be covered was then still unpaved. Many motorists up to that time continued to use the old "State Road" of which the News

and Courier speaks. It was the shortest and in good weather perhaps the best route. Now there are three paved highways from Asheville to Charleston—all of them completed in the past five or six years.

The revolution in transportation which has taken place in this country is one of the miracles of all time.

COMING OF THE NORSEMEN

By Nevon O. Winter

On the morning of the 15th of February, in the year 1643, two small ships sailed up the broad Delaware River. Their speed was slow, for one hundred and seven days of constant battling with the tempestuous Atlantic in its wintry fury had reduced the Fana and Svanen to a sorry plight. Their rigging had been broken, their sails torn, and one of the badly-battered vessels had lost its mainmast. A few leagues above the bay they swung westward into a creek, which the Dutch had named Minquas Kill. The eyes of the weary passengers were gladdened by the sight of the Swedish flag waving above a square fort, built of palisades and earth on a rocky headland, for this was the end of the voyage. Fort Christina, a small trading-post, had been built five years earlier by a Swedish company on the site of the city of Wilmington.

One of the vessels was warped close to the rocks, and the gangplank was placed in position to bridge the intervening distance. A trumpet sounded. A drummer beat a loud tattoo. The waiting group on the shore, including the commandant and the two spiritual heads, opened their eyes in astonishment as a man colossal in stature and immense of girth walked ashore with impressive dignity. He is described by a contemporary as "a man of brave size, who weighed over four hundred pounds." The gangplank actually sagged beneath this mountain of flesh. Lieut.-Colonel Johan Printz was coming to these shores "governor of New Sweden," an interesting and somewhat neglected incident in American history. His retinue included a secretary, commissary, trumpeter, head-guard, gunsmith, barber-surgeon, two chaplains, two gunners, four lieutenants, twenty-four soldiers and—strangest of all—an official executioner. The cargo also included some cattle, horses and sheep, as well as half a hundred colonists.

New Sweden at that time numbered fewer than one hundred souls, including a few Dutch and one lone black slave, who had escaped from the Spaniards. The territory claimed extended from Philadelphia to Delaware Bay, from the Atlantic to Chesapeake Bay, but the exact limitations of the lands purchased from the friendly Indians were very indefinite. The country actually occupied was a thin fringe of river shore surrounded by a vast primeval forest.

Governor Printz proved as forceful in administration as he was impressive in appearance. His power was absolute, and things immediately began to move within his small domain. Axes swung by muscular arms resounded throughout the forests. Ploughs turned furrows in the cleared land. Crops of barley, maize and rye were planted by willing hands. Several small forts and blockhouses were constructed at strategic places along the Delaware for protection against marauding reds and covetous whites. One of these was Fort New Gothenburg on Tinicum Island, just below Philadelphia. Here he erected a two-story log mansion, with brick fire places and chimneys and glass windows, an unusual luxury, for his official residence. Printzhof, as it was named, was the finest house between Virginia and Manhattan Island. Printz vigorously resisted the encroachments of the aggressive Dutch authorities of New Amsterdam (New York), who claimed the sovereignty on the ground of earlier settlement, as well as the territory pretensions of Virginia and Maryland. His instructions were to instruct Indians and whites "according to the true confession of Augsburg, the Council of Uppsala and the ceremonies of the Swedish church." The morning worship on Sunday usually occupied four hours, with prescribed afternoon and evening service following. These requirements were faithfully observed, so he reported to his superiors.

Because the anticipated wealth from the fur trade did not materialize, Stockholm's support of New Sweden was niggardly. The colony grew but slowly. In some years the departures exceeded the arrivals. The colonists at one place complained that the "mosquitoes almost ate the people up. They sucked their blood so fast that they became very weary and sick from it. In the daytime they had to fight continually and in the night they could neither rest nor sleep." These pests of the Jersey flats have an evil reputation even to this day. The crops were not good. The casualties were at times heavy. But the Swedes were evidently not easily lured to seek new homes across the sea. There was much undeveloped land at home, and there were no religious conflicts such as influenced the Puritans, Huguenots, German dissenters and English Catholics to migrate. At its maximum, after a quarter of a century of existence, the colony did not exceed four hundred.

When the pompous one-legged governor of New Amsterdam, Peter Stuyvesant, arrived on the Delaware with a small fleet and armed troops in 1655, New Sweden was surrendered without bloodshed. This ended Sweden's colonizing efforts in the New World. Some of the colonists returned to the mother country, but the majority remained. One company of 130 Swedes and Finns, who arrived after the surrender, also decided to stay. When the English captured New Amsterdam in 1764, all were compelled to take an oath of allegiance to England, which they did willingly. For a century and a half thereafter there was no organized Scandinavian emigration to North America, although a few Norsemen filtered in from other countries.

Those Swedish colonists who lingered on the Delaware eventually prospered, for no nation had provided better pioneer material. They possessed healthy and strong bodies. They were industrious and frugal. They were inured to toil and hardships. They increased rapidly. William Penn, who reached his Sylvania half a century after the first Swedish settlement, speaks of them in glowing terms: "They have fine children, for almost every house is full; rare to find one of them without three or four boys and as many girls; some six, seven and eight sons. And I must do them right—I see few young men more able and industrious;" At least one of their descendants signed the Declaration of Independence. Even though they numbered only a few hundred in 1655, the natural increase during the succeeding two hundred and seventy-eight years, with a doubling every third of century, has made them an important racial contribution.

Delving into misty history, we learn that adventurous Norsemen gazed upon the shores of North America several centuries earlier than the Portuguese or Spanish navigators. Norwegian traditions credit the discovery of Greenland as early as 876 A. D. Erik the Red established two small settlements on those inhospitable shores five hundred and six years before Columbus embarked upon his first voyage. In the eleventh century Leif Ericsson is believed to have skirted the Atlantic coast as far south as New England. He called the land Vineland, because of the abundance of grapes. As no settlements were established here, however, his accomplishment does not detract greatly from the honor due the Genoese sailor . He was unaware that he had stumbled upon a great continent. So, likewise, was Columbus up to the day of his death.

On July 4th 1825, there ventured forth from Stavanger, Norway, a small sloop named the Restaurantionem. Only fifty four feet long and of forty tons burden, it was about one-one-thousandth the size of the Leviathan; much smaller than many private yachts of today. It seemed like a pygmy to battle with the mountainous waves of the storm-swept ocean. Upon it sailed fifty-two men, women and children, but when they arrived in New York there were fifty-three, a girl baby having been born to the wife of the leader, Lars Larson. The vessel was forced to stop at Madeira to replenish its provisions.

All the passengers upon the Restaurantionem were Norwegians. Its arrival is an event well worth recording, for it initiated a peaceful Scandinavian invasion, which has had a tremendous influence in peopling and developing our middle western country. It was a full century after the beginning of the Germanic and Celtic migration and two centuries later than the landing of Puritans and Cavaliers. The "Sloopers," as they are frequently called, settled near Kendall, New York, on the shores of Lake Ontario, where land had been purchased at five dollars an acre. Twenty-four of the colony lived in a log cabin of one room for several weeks until the huts could be erected. These energetic folks immediately began the work of pioneering. They leveled

the surrounding forests and cultivated the waiting soil. Most of them eventually removed to Illinois, where the opportunies seemed still greater.

Cleng Peerson, a carpenter by trade, was the pathfinder who directed his countrymen into what was then the Far West; the Moses who led his people into the wilderness. An uncontrollable wanderlust brought him to the United States in 1821, and it was his favorable reports that brought the "Sloopers." He afterwards journeyed on foot to Chicago, then a village of only twenty huts, where he was offered an eighty acre farm in exchange for a pipe and a change of clothing, a proposition which he declined. He also proceeded to the site of Milwaukee, an embryo village of three huts.

Peerson's zeal is said to have been inspired by a vision that appeared to him while he slept beneath a tree on the Illinois prairie; a vision which he accepted as a token from the Almighty that his countrymen should transform these fertile plains into a new Eden. He wandered from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico in his search of promising locations. The vast possibilties intrigued him and filled him with contagious enthusiasm. He was like a man inspired. He was unselfish. He made several voyages to Norway, each time stimulating a new migration of his countrymen by his glowing accounts of the opportunities awaiting them. He directed settlements as for apart as Norway, Ill. and Norse, Texas. It is in the latter place that his mortal remains rest. His memory is highly honored among the Norwegian-Americans today.

The term Scandinavians includes several nationalities—Swedes, Norwegians, Danes and almost half the population of Finland. They are closely related to the Germans, the Norwegians and Swedes claiming to be the most unadulterated of the Teutonic peoples. Successive invasions by Jutes, Angles, Danes, Vikings and Normans contributed an indelible Scandinavian impress upon the inhabitants of the British Isles. Although the languages are quite as distinct as Italian and Spanish, there are enough resemblances that Danes, Swedes and Norwegians can converse quite freely with each other.

The Norsemen are a splended race physically. The Norwegians average the tallest of all Europeans, and the fairest of complexion as well. Eighty-five per cent are fair-skinned, light-haired and blue-eyed. The Swedes do not lag far behind their neighbors in these characteristics. The Danes, who dwell in less rugged land, are neither so tall nor so fair, as they have mingled more freely with the neighboring Germans. Numbering about three per cent of our population today, the Scandinavians are in the proportion of three Swedes to two Norwegians and one Dane. In 1916 we purchased the Virgin Islads from Denmark, but the Danish population was insignificant, for most of the inhabitants are negroes. Although fewer in numbers, the Danes are most widely distributed, as they have centered in our cities rather than agricultural communities. There are one-fourth as many Scandinavians among us as remain in the three Kingdoms. Ire-

land alone has lost a greater proportion of her inhabitants to the United States than Norway.

To distinguish the three races, so closely allied, yet with marked tempermental differences, one might say that the Danes are lighter hearted and more informal in their social relationships. They are a remarkably successful dairy folk. They are also firm believers in co-operation. The Swedes are more serious, more efficient in many ways and more punctual, being more nearly akin to the Germans. The Norwegians are the hardiest, the most imaginative and most individualistic. Their rich mythology illustrates their imagination, for they possessed almost as many gods as the Greeks, but their deities were far more humane and loveable. Woden is represented in our Wednesday, or Woden's-day, and Thor in Thor's day.

Let us glance at the background of the hardy Norsmen. No greater contrast to the uplifted peninsula shared between Norwegians and Sweden could be found than the horizontal prairies of our middle western country, with the sea hundreds of miles distance. Vividly do I recall a journey from the beautiful city of Stockholm, often times called the northern Venice, through Christiania, to which the ancient name of Oslo has been restored, to Bergen. We crossed a succession of ridges, where snow lingered and the ponds were still bridged with ice. It was mid-June. All nature was awakening from its long sleep. There was no real night, the evening twilight melting into the morning's dawn. Everywhere vivid green contrasted with the snowy crowns of ridges and peaks. The overhanging skies were a beautiful blue. The sound of falling waters was music to the ears. A happy people were rejoicing in their release from the prolonged nights and the rigorous cold of winter.

Sprawling in the valleys are quaint villages. The arichitecture harmonizes with the rugged setting. Always the steeple of a church dominates the scene. No people were more thoroughly converted to the doctrines of the reformation than the Scandinavians, and nearly all cling to the church established by Martin Luther. Not more than five per cent of Norway is arable, and that lies in attenuated and deep valleys. The seasons are so short that few crops will mature. Except for the beneficent influence of the Gulf Stream, this northernly land, in the latitude of Alaska and Labrador would be almost uninhabitable.

For two thousand years generations of Norsemen have dwelt here. But constant struggle with harsh conditions on land and stormy seas developed sturdy qualities, which have been invaluable. Among these are courage and self-confidence, self-respect and a respect for law. It must be a monotonous existence, when the highways are blocked by heavy snows. Were it not for an intense love of outdoor sports, such as skating and skiing time would certainly hang heavy on their hands. The immigrants must have welcomed the rich loam and easy cultivation of the midwestern prairies, even though they sometimes longed for the snow-capped mountains or the surging seas.

As the steamer sailed out into the North Sea, deep regret seized me at leaving this delectable land of romance and marvelous beauty. We

traversed several of the fiords, those deep indentations into the rugged coast, which provide splendid harbors today and offered ready hiding-places for the roving Vikings of earlier centuries. Here dwell the fishermen who provide most of the meat, since fish are served at breakfast, dinner and supper—fresh, smoked and sometimes raw. No better sailors can be found anywhere. We may rejoice that so many of these Norsemen, landsmen and seafarers, have crossed the seas to make their homes with us.

Who does not recall with pleasure the fairy tales of Hans Christian Anderson—a Dane? What student of literature has not been delighted with the plays of Ibsen and tales of Bjornson—both Norwegians? The names of Jenny Lind and Christina Nilsson, sweet Swedish singers who spent part of thier lives amidst us, were once household words. Ole Bull, master violinist of Norway, charmed many American audiences. Nations producing such eminent arists must have a rich cultural contribution to make to the land of their adoption. In another half century it will be much more noticeable.

The Swedish-Americans here already produced a number of eminent inventors. Among these was John Ericsson, a famous naval engineer of half a century ago. He designed the monitor type of war vessels. J. Fenimore Cooper, vivid portrayer of pioneer life, was descended from Swedish ancestors. Jacob Riis, a noted humanitarian, whom President Roosevelt called "the best American citizen," was born in Denmark. Victor F. Lawson, one of our greatest newspaper editors of recent years, was a Norwegian. What names can compare in popularity with the late Knute Rockne, idol of football, a Norwegian; and Charles A. Lindbergh, hero of aviation, of Swedish decent? The list of Scandinavian statesmen is a long one, including many governors, senators and congressmen. They have served their adopted country well.

No racial influx within the past century has remained so largely agricultural as the Scandinavians, and none has been of greater value to the United States. Instead of introducing an alien element, they have simply intensified the infusion already prominent in our Anglo-Saxon fore-fathers, which made them exceedingly easy of assimilation. They brought in healthy bodies and good looks. They were industrious, and illiteracy was almost unknown. They introduced a love of bodily culture—gymnastics and calisthenics. Struggle with harsh natural conditions had developed aggressiveness, thoroughness and high moral courage. Ole Oleson, Jon Jonson, Nils Nilson, Knut Knutson and Lars Larson easily developed into good and patriotic Americans.

While the eastern and southern Europeans, Slavs, Hungarians, Italians and Jews and the later Irish immigrants drifted largely into our cities, the Norsemen over-spread the undeveloped prairies as they have been opened to settlements, or into the forests. They rode rough-shod over all natural obstacles in conquering the wilderness. They were ideal pioneers; agriculturists by inheritance. They settled in the western states when there were no roads and the forests were almost impassable. No schools or markets await-

ed them. Hostile Indians were their neighbors in many instances. But these Norsemen were undaunted by obstacles.

Today Minnesota possesses the largest percentage of Scandinavian citizens of any state. North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Nebraska follow in order—in percentages and not numbers. The second largest Scandinavian population is in Illinois, but the percentage is small in this populous commonwealth. California has a large Scandinavian population. In Washinton and Montana they outnumber all other foreign-born elements. In New England, with the exception of Massachusetts, they are not numerous, and in the south their numbers are small. Throughout Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas, there are many communities almost exclusively Norwegian or Swedish, where the language is in daily use, services in the churches are in the national tongues, and vernacular newspapers circulate widely. Leif Ericson Day has been made a legal holiday in at least two states in honor of the Norwegian discoverer of this land. Above everything else, the rich and prosperous states of Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota stand today as oustanding monuments to the achievements of our Scandinavian immigrants.

JOAN REED, SUBSTITUTE

By Hope Daring

As the steamer approached Shelter Bay, on Lake Superior's southern shore, Agnes Upjohn and her brother crossed to where Joan Reed was leaning on the rail. The two girls had journeyed from Mackinac Island together, and each had enjoyed the other's company. An hour before the steamer had touched at a small town, and Doctor Upjohn had come on board to join his sister.

"I want you two to know each other," Agnes said, introducing them. "In a way you'll be neighbors. Luke, she has come up here to spend the summer with her brother at Shelter Bay."

"The Shelter Bay Reeds are fortunate. Wish my sister had come on the same errand, instead of carrying me off to Duluth, to attend a cousin's wedding."

The trio talked of that northern land and of the great lake that stretched away to a misty horizon line Doctor Upjohn was a resident physician at Cargee, twenty miles on beyond Shelter Bay.

Willis Reed, Joan's brother, was a home missionary. He had voluntarily, and with the hearty co-operation of his young wife left, a city church to come to that frontier land where such service as he could give was sorely needed. He ministered to the spiritual and also to the material needs of a scattered charge of fishermen, lumbermen, farmers and Indians. The Reeds lived at the settlement of Shelter Bay. In his motor boat Willis Reed journeyed along the lakeshore, up the river that emptied into the bay, and far out across the lake, to various groups

of islands. Also, on a stout horse, he penetrated the forest, to visit the homes scattered about here. He preached, conducted Sunday schools, visited the sick, distributed reading matter, and encouraged his charges, both by precept and example, to lead upright, helpful lives and to serve God. His wife had classes and clubs, not only in her home but wherever she could reach the women and girls of that land.

"I know your brother well, Miss Reed," Doctor Upjohn said. "I do not need to tell you he as fine as silk."

"Indeed you do not. He and I are all there is of our immediate family, and Nora is such a dear."

"You are coming up here to live?"

Before Joan could reply, Agnes cried, "What a guestin. Why she'd die!"

"No, no, sister; the climate is remarkably salubrious. Just for the summer, did you say, Miss Reed?"

Joan, just out of normal, had not as yet obtained a school for the coming year. "Willis wrote Nora was not well. I am sure I can help in many ways through the summer."

"Why did your brother and sister come up here?" Agnes demanded. "Both college graduates, both used to different surroundings?"

Joan's cheeks flushed. "Willis had to work for his education. Both he and Nora have something that makes this work a pleasure to them. Frankly, I think it a sense of God's call and of His presence in their hearts. I—I haven't that, and I could not stay here and do what they are doing. Still they have so showed me what it is like that I understand. Now I am sure that is Nora waving her scarf."

A little later she had bidden the Upjohns good-by, aware that Agnes thought she was "queer," and joined her sister on the dock. After the first rapture of greeting, Mrs. Reed explained that her husband had unexpectedly been called away and would not be back until the next morning. She went on:

"Joan, you do look so good to me!"

Impulsively Joan caught her sister in a close embrace. "We will have such a happy time together! I came to help, not to be a burden."

Years before Shelter Bay had been the shipping point from an inland copper mine. The ore had been brought down the river and transferred to the lake steamers. The mine had been closed, and the mine dock had been taken over by a company that had established a fishing station there. To it was brought each day's catch of fish taken by various little colonies of fishermen. A mill there was sawing logs rafted down the river, and the score of lumbermen who were cutting more were Mr. Reed's charges.

The situation of the settlment was ideal—a curving shoreline, with the great green forest for a background. Mrs. Reed led the way a little distance back from the shore where the land lifted to a slight elevation. elevation. Opening a gate she said:

"Here we are at the refuge. It is that, dear, to many a needy one. Also, it would be that to the cows that roam about, were it not for a Opening a gate she said:

It was a big, picturesque house built of hewn logs. Vine-covered porches covered both the back and the front, while native trees af-

forded shade. At one side were beds of gay flowers. A wing attached to it was built out so that a great showwindow in the front room was directly upon the street. In this window was displayed a beautiful collection of Indian baskets and articles made of birch bark and sweetgrass.

"You know Willis is away so much of the time that I have to have someone with me. We have Marian, a fine half-breed Ojibway, as a housekeeper. She had had training in cooking and the care of the house. Marian and her daughter, Happy, live in the wing, so we are all in one house. The daughter has charge of the sale of the baskets. Then she and her mother take charge of the shipping of the wild berries their people gather for sale, also the herbs, roots and barks. Happy is to be, when she is older, a missionary to her own people."

Joan's brother appeared in time for lunch the next day. Almost unconsciously the newcomer slipped into the routine of the little household. She delighted in the pretty Happy and her shop. To this came customers; a new state highway passed along the shore a half-mile inland, and a good road had been built to the little settlement. Many boats called there, often the passenger steamer staying there long enough to allow whomever wished to visit the shop.

That summer Happy had lessons to Mrs. Reed, and to the class came a half dozen others. One of the first things Joan did was to take over those classes. She helped with the cooking and sewing lessons. To these came not only the women of the little settlement, but the wives of the farmers who were trying to hew homes out of the wilderness. Some of these were Indians. They came in boats down the river, in rickety cars on the highway. The meetings were the only bit of social life many of the women enjoyed, and Joan rejoiced in helping her sister make plans and carry them out.

In a way Nora's work was distinct from her husband's. A wealthy old relative financed it. While Mrs. Reed's great uncle paid her a small salary, she had an income of her own. From this she gave lavishly for the work, also putting in much that she received from her kinsman. He provided the material used in her lessons.

"If only we had a wee bit of a library," Joan exclaimed one day when she rejoined Nora on the front porch after carrying out to a waiting lad a small stack of worn Sunday school papers.

Nora nodded. "Next year, my dear. Uncle David has set aside a sum, the interest on which he uses for this work. There was a small surplus last year and there will be this; some of the people are beginning to help themselves. All they needed was to be shown the way, and some day they can help the weaker ones along. The highway that brought us a telephone and mail is—but where was I? Uncle David has secured the promise of a few books from some of his friends, and at Christmas time he will send them and a hundred from himself."

Joan drew a long breath. "I'll send down home for a dozen of my old books for yours and Happy's reading clubs."

"Willis managed to get twenty for the men at the lumber camp. Now here comes that, poor down-at-the-heel, never-clean Mrs. Jacobs. Poor thing! But, Joan, I fear some of them are sick, or they have broken the cookstove, or lost one of the babies. Oh, I am ashamed of that!"

"Not ashamed but tired, dear." Joan's voice was wistfully tender. "But Nora, they adore you, and Happy says you have done wonders with them—'introduced them to God' were her words."

Joan went about much with her brother. She enjoyed going over to the islands or down the coast where, in a tiny log cabin, surrounded by great reels on which nets were wound, to dry, the fishermen lived. Even more she enjoyed going inland to the picturesque Indian village, where the remnant of a tribe were striving to make comfortable homes for their families.

A happy month went by, to Joan with incredible swiftness. Then, suddenly, unexpectedly came disaster. Nora had been admitting for several days that she was "not very well." Willis Dean had been away two days, on a trip along the shore to the westward. When Joan went down to breakfast on the morning of the day he was expected home, it was to find that Nora had not yet come downstairs.

"Did you hear her moving around?" Marian asked.

"No. I—what is that? Oh, Marian! 'Tis Nora!" and Joan ran upstairs, followed by the alarmed Indian woman and her daughter.

Before they reached Nora Reed's rooms, the cries of agony had given place to low, labored moans. The young wife, not fully dressed, lay across the bed, rolling to and fro in pain.

"Oh, Joan, it's so dreadful! It came on a little in the night, but passed. When I started to get up, it came again. Oh, Joan! I want Willis!"

"The telephone, quick, Happy. Get Cargee and call Doctor Upjohn. Let me give you some of the drops he sent you, Nora."

"Joan, I can't stand it! I can't!"

It was two hours before the doctor could get there. They had called Mrs. Dunlap, the wife of the owner of the mill, and Miss Scott, who kept house for her brother, manager of the fishing station. Miss Scott asked in a tone too low to reach the sufferer's' ears: "Appendicitis?"

Joan, pale and weak, but holding herself steady by a great effort, shook her head. "Wrong side for that. When Willis went to Doctor Upjohn for medicine, he feared gall-bladder trouble, but Nora would not believe it."

Ten minutes after the arrival of the doctor, Willis Reed strode into the house. Without a word for any of the women assembled below he ran up the stairs, to enter his wife's room. Joan, busy helping doctor Upjohn, turned with a cry of relief to her brother.

One look into the man's gray drawn face, and the girl retreated a step. What she read there made her afraid. Her brother was stricken, his self-control and poise was slipping from him, to be replaced by the awful fear that comes when a beloved one is threatened. As he stooped over his wife, Doctor Upjohn laid a hand upon Joan's arm.

"You understand. We must be his strength now; we must act for him."

A half hour later the doctor's verdict was announced. Mrs. Reed must be put upon the steamer, which was even then docking in the harbor, for an hour's stay, and taken to a Marquette hospital. An operation for the removal of gallstones must be performed as soon as possible.

"You will go with us, Upjohn?" Willis Reed inquired in a hoarse voice."

"Yes, to help get her there. Doctor Hartley, a friend of mine, is in town, and, for a case like this, he is the best man in all northern land."

While they were making their plans, Nora pulled her husband's sleeve. Willis, we must take Joan with us; we cannot leave her here alone. And my work, my poor people! You will soon be able to come back to your work, Willis, but my poor women! They need me so sorely!"

Joan was just leaving the room, and she heard the words. Not knowing where Nora's traveling bag was, she was carrying some articles of clothing to her own room, to put them in her own bag which was in the closet there. Once inside she crossed to the window with a view of the lake, and went down on her knees, resting her face against the chintz cushings of the window-seat.

"Oh, dear God, help my precious Nora! Save her! Help me help her!"

For two minutes she lay there, trembling like a weed in a strong wind. Should she go away with her loved ones, to the ease and comfort of a Marquette hotel, What of that house, and that for which it stood? To be sure, there was the letter that had come to her the day before. She could have a position in the schools of her native town, could go back to her old friends and her old cultural pursuits.

Lifting her head she stared out of the window. Clouds shrouded the sky, a fine slow rain was falling, so light as hardly to ruffle the gray waters of the bay. It was not alone that in that moment God spoke to Joan Reed; in that moment she heeded the call. Suddenly she sprang up, to begin deftly to pack the bag. When it was done she crossed to the door of the opposite room.

"Nora thinks you should come with us, Joan," her brother said, his voice sounding as if it came from a great distance.

"Listen to me, Nora, darling. I am staying on here, as your substitute. I cannot do as well as you, but they will all help me: Marian, Happy, Mrs. Dunlap, Miss Scott, all your poor women who love you."

"But you—I—"

Joan bent to kiss the other's pain-drawn face. "Do not say me nay, dearest. God spoke to me, honoring me to be called to be your substitute."

No more was said about it. All those preent, the people of the entire community, accepted Joan as her sister's substitute.

Nora was carired, in the rain, away from her home where she had worked so happily, and put upon the steamer. There was a telephone for Joan when the sick woman arrived at the hospital. The operation would be performed as quickly as possible; the case needed desperate haste. In

the middle of the afternoon of the next day came a call that all was over, and, while it was too early to speak confidently, Nora had at least come safely through the trying hour. In the evening, Doctor Upjohn left a steamer that stopped there, to take his own motor boat into Cargee. He came up to the house, to tell Joan that they all felt greatly encouraged.

It was early October when Nora Reed returned home.. Her stay there was to be a brief one, only a few days. Before the early cold of winter came to that northern land she was to be in Florida, there to stay until spring.

"That will give her back her old strength and vigor," Doctor Upjohn said to Joan. She had walked down to the dock with him. There his boat was waiting, to take him on to Cargee. "And you, Joan?"

She sat down on a pile of lumber. Looking down the shore she saw the late autumnal beauty of the foliage reflected in the clear water. Without lifting her eyes she said, "Dear Nora! She is so sweet about the little I have been able to do. I've still much to learn."

"Joan would you be willing to stay on here, sharing Nora's work? Are you happy here "

"When my sister is well and strong, she will not need me; it is best for her to have as helpers girls like Happy and women like Miss Scott. Before they waited for Nora to do. With me they saw it was their duty to move with me. And the teacher, Miss Liddell, who is going to live with us, is a dear."

"But you have not answered my question. Are you happy here?"

"Yes, happy and blessed. As long as God's call sounds in my heart rather than in my ears, I will stay here, to labor for Him, friend of mine."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Mayo, of Charlotte, were recent visitors at the Training School.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys recently finished painting the dairy barn, both inside and out, which greatly improves the appearance of the building.

—o—

Last Tuesday we received five boys from High Point, the largest number of boys coming from the same locality, ever admitted to the institution at the same time.

—o—

Some of the barn boys have been hauling coal from the railroad siding to the various cottages this week, while others have been hauling gravel to repair the driveways about the campus.

—o—

Charles Wright and Eleazer Cox were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Monday morning, for treatment, the former having an infected hand and

the latter suffering from a hip infection.

—o—

Between two and three o'clock last Wednesday morning the worst storm of the season struck this section. As the result of a very heavy rainfall the roads and flower beds in various parts of the campus were badly washed, and several groups of boys have been hauling gravel to make the necessary repairs. This heavy downpour was accompanied by some of the most vivid flashes of lightning and terriffic claps of thunder we have ever seen or heard. As the cottage lines assembled Wednesday morning the storm seemed to be the chief topic of conversation among the boys, from which we gathered that every boy at the school was awakened. They also told of a wild scramble in each cottage dormitory to close all windows and how most of the little fellows, (and perhaps some of the larger ones, too) as the flashes of lightning seemed to be very close, placed their heads under the sheets until the storm passed.

—o—

About forty guests, including the judge presiding over the September term of court; members of the grand jury, court officers, attorneys, newspaper men, members of the Concord police and fire departments, and others, attended a watermelon feast at the Training School last Wednesday afternoon. As we looked towards the "watermelon rock" a few minutes before the crowd assembled, and saw more than 350 fine melons being quartered and placed in huge piles on this great rock, it seemed that there was a sufficient quantity to supply the whole county, and we wondered what would be done with the melons left over. Thoughts along that line were quickly dispelled however, for when in addition to the guests mentioned, an army of nearly five hundred boys, attacked that pile of melons, they (the melons—not the boys) disapeared as quickly as if some magician had mysteriously whisked them off the face of the rock. Judging from the expressions of satisfaction on the faces of both guests and boys, and the presence of two large wagons standing nearby, loaded with watermelon rinds, we do not hesitate to pronounce the feast a decided success.

—o—

Mr. Dewey Maness, of Concord, conducted the service in our auditorium last Sunday afternoon. After the opening hymn and the recitation of the first Psalm, led by Clyde Kivett, Mr. Maness read the sixth chapter of Paul's epistle to the Ephesians. Calling particular attention to Eph. 6:13, "Wherefore take unto you the whole amour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the eivl day, and having done all, to stand," Mr. Maness made a very interesting talk to the boys, giving a brief sketch of the life of Paul. He admonished them to be faithful in the service of God; to let the Bible be the breastplate to ward off the darts of evil; to fight against temptations with all their might. Mr. Maness concluded by stating that every boy can become a good man if he so desires, and that as we go all through life, the greatest thing that could be said about us when we pass out of this world is "There goes a good man." In addition to being a very good speaker, Mr. Maness enjoys the repu-

tation of being one of the best song leaders in this part of the state, having served in that capacity with several noted evangelists in various parts of the country. He led the boys in one of their favorite hymns and the manner in which they responded to his efforts, clearly showed that he was entitled to this reputation. We were delighted to have Mr. Maness with us and wish to assure him that he will always be a most welcome visitor to the school.

—o—

Our baseball team was defeated by Harrisburg last Saturday afternoon by the score of 9 to 5. The school boys failed to display their usual brand of baseball and just made the visitors a present of a game which should have been an easy victory. They made four costly errors, two of them coming after the side should have been retired on easy chances, giving the Harrisburg lads seven unearned runs out of their total of nine. While they outhit the visitors 19 hits to 11, they threw away many chances to score by some of the poorest base-running seen here this season. The visitors scored one in the first inning as K. Alexander drew a pass and scored on an error. The school boys put across their first marker in the second on successive singles by Rogers, B. Lefler and Vogler. Harrisburg added one in the third on Williams' triple and a single by K. Alexander. In their half of the same frame the local lads marked up two counters when Hamilton and B. Lefler doubled and Cleaver, Rogers and Poole singled. Harrisburg scored three runs in the fifth on singles by Williams and G. Davis and two errors. Four more unearned scores were added in the sixth on an error and successive singles by Williams, K. Alexander, E. Davis and V. Harris, all coming after the third batter should have been an easy out. Singles by J. Lefler, Weatherly, Hamilton and Whitley produced two scores for the school boys in the last half of the ninth. Williams and G. Davis of Harrisburg, and Rogers and Hamilton, of the Training School, led their respective teams at bat, getting three hits each. The score:

		R	H	E
Harrisburg	101 034 000	9	11	2
J. T. S.	012 000 002	5	19	4

Two-base hits: Hamilton, B. Lefler. Three-base hits: Williams. Stolen bases: K. Alexander 2, E. Davis, Cleaver, Rogers, B. Lefler. Struck out: by Andrews 3; by Russell 2; by J. Lefler 2. Base on balls: off Andrews 2; off J. Lefler 1; off Kiser 4. Umpires—Ford and Mason.

Boosters and not knockers are what permit civilization to push forward in its work to greater results. Always realize that working with the majority is a much better idea than to be a slug in the wheels of progress which only tears down and weakens the morale of those who are doing their best to reach the goal of perfection.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 26, 1933 No. 33

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START

Give of your best, take plenty of rest,
Work while you work with a will;
Life is not drifting, but planning and lifting,
A question of brain-work and skill.
Be square in your deal, make strong your appeal
To the best in man's nature and heart;
Find room for expanding, meet everything standing,
Don't fear for the outcome, but start.

—H. O. Spelman.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A JOB NOT CODED

"Be a good neighbor."

That's the only way the world's problems will be solved.

They aren't going to be settled mainly by legislation, or war, or through "scientific" methods.

Charity organization societies are very necessary in our complex city life, but by far the best way that they work is through "good neighbors"—men and women who become responsible for a family or an individual.

"Be a good neighbor."

Live it—and talk it.

Get others to be "good neighbors."

And when you succeed in getting enough people in your community and your town to assume the friendly care of somebody else—helping them to find jobs, advising them when they are in trouble, having a sincere interest in their children—we'll be a whole lot nearer the dawn of the millenium.

"Be a good neighbor."

It doesn't require any organization, or committee, or machinery—just be a "good neighbor."

It doesn't require much money, either—mostly, it needs a heart and a love for humanity, and some common sense.

"Be a good neighbor."

Heal the World's Wounds by Helping Your Neighbor.

—Charles Stelzle.

OUR BOYS

The paroled boys of this institution are always given a most hospitable reception whenever they make a visit to the school. They come with joy in their hearts to greet old friends, look the

place over with as much interest as any student who visits his alma-mater.

Besides they are perfectly frank in telling they have a high sense of appreciation for the blessed privileges the school offered. Neither do they hesitate to say as much.

Just a few days ago a fine, manly young fellow called at the apartment of the Associate Editor, Concord. At first we did not recognize the youngter for he had grown and developed physically. He saw the writer did not recognize him, instantly he relieved the embarassment by introducing himself in a manner that was pleasing. "You do not recognize me," he said, "this is ———-————, the linotype operator, who worked for many years in the Uplift office." He surely deported himself in a way that reflected credit upon the training received.

In fact he felt honored to make a call, tell of his hopes, his work at present and incidentally remarked, "I do not regret the time I spent at the institution." Yes, and there are thousands of boys, students of this institution, all over the state and other states like the one mentioned. They are making good. Knowing the inside works of the school and the number of boys who have passed from the portals of the Jackson Training School, we have every assurance this institution doubtless has thinned the ranks of the State Prison. So the work is quite worthwhile. Right here every preventive measure is used to reclaim the boy so that he will not become a hopeless case.

The executives of the institution could do the job a hundred per cent better if the Swink-Benson Trades Building was functioning. The greatest need of the institution is equipment for the Trades Building, the gift of one of the biggest-hearted citizens of the state, Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove, with funds sufficient to employ a skilled mechanic so the boys could be taught a trade.

Can you visualize this beautiful building filled with a group of hopeful subjects and each learning a trade. This is a call, not the one of the ancient Biblical days, but very similar—the boys are begging for equipment for the Trades Building so they can be taught a trade.

We hope the light of a brighter day may loom up for the Jack-

son Training School and this building, now silent, will soon be transformed from its inactivity to a busy bee hive where the boys will be given a brighter outlook.

* * * * * * * * * *

REVOLT OF THE TAXPAYERS

The recent special school tax election was an expression of the people at large. The defeat of the supplemental tax does not mean that the people of the Old North State are opposed to progressive education, but that it is absolutely necessary to have some relief from taxation.

All intelligent and sane thinking people realize that good schools are a most valuable asset to any community, meaning not only the develoment of the finer elements of humanity but a boost to property owners. But the day had come when there had to be some curtailment of taxation to the property owners and the schools just had to help pay the penalty of excessive school advantages. It is hard to believe other than the educational interest will be revived with renewed energies all over the country. The whole procedure is a reaction, a necessary economy, after a spell of excessive spending. Possibly there will be a higher appreciation of school advantages from now on. Things that come easy go easy.

The results of the election present opportunities for the educators of the public school system all over the state to show their mettle, their interest in education, and do the best piece of work for the allotment of funds the state makes possible.

That the supplementary tax did not carry is regrettable, but there is nothing to do but bow to the inevitable and make the best of the situation.

* * * * * * * * * *

The opinion prevails pretty generally that big corporations have a tendency to stifle the development of leadership. There is some cause for the lack of leadership. President Franklin D. Roosevelt is accepted as the greatest leader since the days of men like Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. His man-

ner, earnestness and interest in the affairs of all classes has inspired a confidence the equal of which was never known. Admitting the corporate form of big business in America does not inspire initiative, but develops only the ambition to follow a code of rules regulating big business, we at the same time are led to conjecture the academic grind according to a uniform standardization of our schools ruins the scholarship and intellectual initiative of many young people.

To be a leader one has to be left alone to think straight through any proposition. Each proposition in the affairs of the country presents different angles that cannot be smoothed out by the same rulings. The school of experience, better known as the "school-of-hard-knocks" develops the finest leadership. Why? For the reason the power to think, to analyze the situation, is an individual proposition.

* * * * * * * * * *

How does this strike you? This piece of ambiguity, yet real humor, either said innocently or intentionally, pulled the tickling string of the writer. We pass it on feeling it will bring a chuckle, even if a silent one. This is taken from an exchange that never fails to make a point:

A parson of our acquaintance, who lives east of San Francisco and west of Boston, had "supplied the pulpit" one Sunday morning and at the close of the service was asked by the treasurer of the congregation relative to remuneration. Now it is not ethical for a clerggyman to set a price on such services; he expects those to whom he has come to follow their own traditions. In the instance of which we are writing, the treasurer returned after conferring with others and handed the visitor two dollars, saying, "This is for your gas."

* * * * * * * * * *

William J. Mayo with other distinguished surgeons lately attended a school of orthopaedic surgery in London, and while there he observed that in this country there are a million students in

colleges and in Great Britain the number is only fifty thousand. From the figures given one would deduce that this country has a greater number of educated people than England or Scotland. The question is, "are there?" Our young people are college-minded, and scores go just because it is a fad, choosing a college that will give social prestige.

Our schools have become so excessively standardized till there is little chance of developing the least bit of individuality, in fact there is danger of becoming stereotyped. To be able to say "I attended such and such a college, and have certain units to my credit," is the ultimate ambition of many, but is not suggestive of being educated.

* * * * * * * * * *

It is a fact "Old Hurrygraph" never fails to lend a helping hand to all kinds of interests for the development of child life. This summer, during the heated season, he has been summering near Patterson School, Legerwood, Caldwell County, a school sponsored by the Episcopal Church for the betterment of mountain children.

This school issues a small paper quarterly specifically to give out information as to needs and progress of the institution for the benefit of all interested people. While there, Hurrygraph assumed all responsibility for one issue of the School News.

This fine friend of the Uplift never forgets the Jackson Training School. As proof of this fact the veteran editor mails to this office a copy of the issue he edited, for which we appreciate the thought. The little paper tells of the activities that engage the attention of the student body. This is a fine inter-mission work and one most highly commended by all denominations.

"WORD SKIPPERS"

By Old Hurrygraph

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—Mr. J. A. Robinson, of Durham, known to newspaper readers as 'Old Hurrygraph," has been visiting the Patterson School for mountain boys for the past month, and on the eve of his departure for his home, last Friday, addressed the rector, faculty and student body in the words quoted below. We give his remarks publicity because we believe what he said about a dictionary will help some other "Word Skippers," as Old Hurrygraph calls them.)

"In this life somebody is always moving somewhere. Changing from one place to another. Going forward or backward; going up or down. Coming or leaving. We are all movers. I am leaving you tomorrow to return to my home in Durham. I want to take this opportunity to return my profound thanks to the rector of the Patterson School the faculty, the matron, the cook, the waiters, the student body, and all friends in the Valley and elsewhere for the uniform courtesy and kindness shown me, and the appreciative words they have spoken about me. I assure you I treasure it all, and it will be a cherished memroy "among my souvenirs." I feel my inadequacy in giving the school the joy and pleasure it has given me. I hope I have let a little sunshine through the clouds in the valley. I want to say, also, that the Happy Valley is a 'thing of beauty and a joy forever.'

"In leaving this school, which is doing so much for the mountain boys and needs so much help of all philanthropists, and which has been a joy to me, I wish to leave one thought with you boys, which may be of benefit to you in the future. In my younger days the greater part of my education was obtained through reading newspapers and wholesome books—especially the Bible, the best and greatest of all books, and such works as Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' as Bunyun's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and others, (and by way of parenthesis, I might add that I'm just the Robinson that 'grew so,' and no relation of Crusoe.)

"The thought I want to leave with you is this: In all of your reading, don't let a big, or hard word stump you. It is a habit with some readers, when they come to a word they cannot spell, or know the meaning of, to just skip over it, and read on. Don't be a skipper. You know that skippers in meat destroy the meat they are in. Skipping words destroys the intelligence that that word is intended to covey, and you fail to get the true meaning of what you are reading. When you come to a hard word, or a big word, you are not acquainted with, stop right there, get a dictionary, hunt it up and see what it means. That very act will impress the word upon your memory, and will have a lasting effect. I pursued that practice—and do now. Many a word have I chased through the dictionary like a hound dog chasing a rabbit through a thicket. It

pays. Don't skip big words. Don't dodge words you do not understand or cannot pronounce. Catch and hold them as you would a hot ball in a game of baseball.

"In conversation with an intelligent young man some time ago, upon whom I was urging a principle, when I used the word 'philosophy," remarked that philosophy was beyond him. He thought of philolosphy as only for high-brows and scientists. Having a good high school education he never had an unabridged dictionary in which to look up words he did not know, and so got into the habit of dodging reading matter that contained words he did not understand.

"I wonder if any of you boys would hesitate should I ask you the meaning of the word philosophy. It means simply 'the love of wisdom.' Every man who gets along must love wisdom, because he must be wise in his business to make it so. A philosophical life is one in which wisdom plays an important part. Information, knowledge, experience and good reading make a man wise. If not in possession of an unabridged dictionary, and unable to get one, get an academic one. An unabridged dictionary will pay for itself an hundredfold, if consulted whenever its owner runs across a word whose meaning he does not know. With it, he can read with understanding the books that have in them what he needs to know intellectually. A library with no dictionary is largely a loss. A home without one is limited to the common words of a 10-year-old. Never allow a big or hard word to stump you. Run it down right away, as you would a mad-dog in your community. Make it a part of your philosophy to do this. You will never regret it."

AND THEY THOUGHT TAXES WERE HIGH 25 YEARS AGO

A tax story in two chapters.

Chapter 1—San Francisco Chronicle in its "25 Years Ago Today" column: "The board of supervisors today recommended a tax rate of 1.48, which, with the estimated state rate of 47 cents, will make the total rate for the year $1.95."

Chapter 2—In the same edition of the Chornicle: "The board of supervisors is enforcing the strictest economy in its budget this year (1933). Nevertheless, the tax rate will be $3.75."

San Francisco isn't in a class by itself. Virtually every community has had the same experience—some a great deal worse. If the government keeps loading up with new propositions which continually require more tax funds, how will industry and the private citizen pay the bill ten years hence Think this over when you vote for schemes that require the raising of public funds through taxation or otherwise.—Selected.

THE GREAT SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA

(Prison News)

Would you know the Great Seal of North Carolina if you were to see it?

The Great Seal of North Carolina came into existence along with the state government for the purpose of attesting all important documents in which the state was concerned. The requirement of such a seal is found in the Constitution of North Carolina, Article III, section 16, which is as follows:

"There shall be a seal of the State which shall be kept by the Governor, and used by him as occasion may require; and shall be called 'The Great Seal of the State of North Carolina.' All grants and commissions shall be issued in the name and by the authority of the State of North Carolina, sealed with 'The Great Seal of the State,' signed by the Governor and countersigned by the Secretary of State."

Since the first seal that was adopted by the Lord Proprietors of Carolina, in 1665, soon after receiving their charters from the Crown, there have been in use in the colony and state at various periods nine different seals. The first one is now in the Office of Public Record in London and may be described as follows:

"The obverse side has a shield bearing on its face two cornucopias crossed, filled with products and having for supporters, on the sinister side, an Indian chief holding an arrow. On the dexter is an Indian squaw with a papoose by her side and one in her arms. These natives, I imagine, are supposed to be bringing tribute. The crest is a stag upon a wreath above a helmet from which there is a mantling. On a scroll below the shield is the motto, Domitus Cultoribus. Around the shield are the words MAGNUM SIGILLUM CAROLINAE DOMINORUM.

On the reverse side is a disc bearing a cross, around which are arranged the coat-of-arms of the Lords Proprietors in the following order: Clarendon, Albemarle, Craven, John Berkeley, Cooper, Carteret, William Berkeley, and Colleton. The size of this seal is 3 3-4 inches in diameter, and was made by placing together two wax cakes with tape between before being impressed, and was about 1-4 inch thick. This seal was used on all the official papers of the Lords Proprietors for Carolina, embracing North and South Carolina."

The seal of the colony was changed several times, three to be exact, before the State of North Carolina became an independent state. Then, the Constitution adopted at Halifax, December 18, 1776, provided, Section 17, "That there shall be a seal of this State, which shall be kept by the Governor, and used by him as occasion may require; and shall be called the Great Seal of the State of North Carolina and be affixed to all grants and commissions." From time to time up to 1893 the seal was changed several times. In this year a man by the name of Jacob Battle introduced an act wherein the mot-

to "Essee Quam Videri" was added at the foot of the coat-of-arms of the State and further required that at the top of the coat-of-arms, the words, "May 20, 1775" be inscribed.

The Great Seal of North Carolina now in use may be described as follows:

"The Great Seal of the State of North Carolina is two and one-quarter inches in diameter, and its design is a representation of the figures of Liberty and Plenty, looking towards each other, but not more than half fronting each other, and otherwise disposed as follows: Liberty, first figure standing, her pole with cap on it in her left hand and a scroll with the word 'Constitution' inscribed thereon in her right hand. Plenty, the second figure, sitting down, her right arm half extended towards Liberty, three heads of wheat in her right hand, and in her left the small end of her horn, the mouth of which is resting at her feet, and the contents of horn rolling out. In the exergue is inserted the words May 20, 1775, above the coat-of-arms. Around the circumference is the legend, "The Great Seal of the State of North Carolina, and the motto, 'Esse Quam Videri.'"

THIS CARPENTER WAS NO FACTORY "HAND"

When you stand in the little carpenter shop in Nazareth where he worked—or in the one like that in which he worked—you do not feel yourself in the atmosphere of a wage slave driven by a hard master or by an impersonal and relentless factory system.

It is not difficult there, where the sun falls across the bench and the windows open out over the lovely hills, to imagine a youth who would turn to meet you as you enter, lay down his hammer or adze, and talk to you of other things. He would suggest that it is not worth while to be anxious about many things, that life is more than meat, that the sparrows and the lilies are cared for, and that the morrow will take care of itself.

It is not strange that the visitors became so numerous that he finally gave up altogether working in that shop and went out to meet more people and tell them more about the possibilities of life upon a higher plane, a life bathed in neighborliness and great dreams. He was a poet and an artist and a teacher, and the fascination of him to this day lies in his sense of the more important things of the heart and the imagination.—Edward Scribner Ames.

A DEGENERATED VIRTUE

(This article from the Masonic World is accepted as a whole, with one exception. We do not endorse a lie of any type—black or white—but advocate silence in cases wherein there is a quiz as to character. Especially so if there is a hope of giving a fellow a chance. Never pull down if possible to give a lift.

—Editor.)

Most of us instinctively dislike the man or woman who prefaces his or her remarks with the statement that "I always say just what I think." Generally such a person uses the phrase for no other purpose than to explain or excuse a lot of mean talk about others. It is somehow thought that such utterance allows freedom to vent ill-nature or downright falsehood at will. Life would be unbearable if we were all determined to say just what we thought, and all we thought. The dearest relationships would be impossible to maintain, friendship would be turned to active enmity, and the very name of fraternity would perish as a word without meaning. The fellow we like, and in who we have confidence, is that one who can effectually hide his inmost thought upon occasion. Your best friend may suspect, may even know of your hidden meaness of disposition and the ugly flaws that are of your nature. But he will not hunt up an audience before which to relate the sad story. The rather, if the truth must be told, it will be reserved for your own private ear, and good counsel will go with deserved reproof. Truth-telling is a virtue, of course, but such virtue very frequently requires to be tempered with sound discretion. It is best to keep a friend, by silence if that will suffiice, or even by a white lie, rather than to alienate him by needless insistence upon the exact truth in places and at times when and where it will wound.

A DAY WELL SPENT

If we sit down at set of sun
And account the things that we have done,
  And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
  One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went
Then we may count the day well spent.

—Selected.

AN EMBLEM OF COURAGE

By Rev. I. A. Barnes in the Industrial School News

(Editor's Note:—This original story was written by Rev. Barnes, who occasionally preaches to the boys at the West Virginia Industrial School.)

A young man about sixteen or seventeen years old sat in a railroad coach looking out the window at the clear, smooth water of the river that flowed silently along near the railroad track. His shoulders drooped like an old man's and he had a dejected, discouraged look which made him seem much older than he was. He was thinking how easy it would be to jump into the river and end his miserable life. For his life had been a hard struggle against adverse conditions. It seemed to him that every thing and every body were against him, and there seemed to be little hope for the future so he was about ready to give up in despair and end it all forever.

His mother had died when he was five years old, and he went to live wtih an aunt who had several children of her own, and while he had enough to eat and a comfortable bed in which to sleep, he was treated as an outsider and his little heart was hungry for the love that his own mother had always given him. After a few months his father married a widow with three children, and when his father brought him home from his aunt's house he soon found that this new mother was not like his own mother had been, and that her children always got the first of everything, while he had to take what was given to him, and often that was what the others would not have.

When he was ten years old he ran away from home and joined some other boys who lived on the street. He was picked up by the police before very long, and the judge sentenced him to the reform school to stay until he is sixteen years old. The judge spoke kindly to the boy, but said he thought by the time he was sixteen he would have learned how to be useful and to make an honest living. You will go to school half of each day, and if you study you will get a fair education, besides learning some useful trade.

At the school he found what the judge said was true, but there were a whole lot of things that the judge did not know about reform schools. But he did learn that, to be honest, industrious and truthful was the best thing for boys as well as for other people. At school he was assigned to the bakeshop, as a helper to the baker. The mixing and rising of the dough interested him and he soon learned how it was all done. Then he liked to watch the loaves of bread browning in the big ovens as he regulated the heat to the proper temperature. The baker, seeing the interest that the boy tok in his work, encouraged him by teaching him all the technique of baking pastries as well as different kinds of bread.

By the time he was ready to leave the school the baker declared that the boy could mix and bake as fine bread as any one, besides all kinds

of pastries. But the years at the school were not all sunshine and pleasure. Often he had to fight for his rights and to maintain his self respect. But it was better than his life had been at home, and in after years he looked back on his years at the school with a grateful remembrance of the men and women who had given him a kind word occasionally, and had shown some interest in his welfare. But when he returned to his father's home, his step-mother's children called him a "reform-school-bird," and would not receive him into their social affairs, nor make him feel that he was one of the family. While his father was kind to him, he could not control the actions and feelings of his step-children. And the other young people of the town treated him coolly. refusing to acknowledge him as a social equal. He tried to find a job so that he could earn his own way, but times were dull and work was scarce, even for young men who had not been to a reform school. And where there was an opening, when they learned of his reform school record, he was told that they could not use him. This would make him feel more lonely and discouraged than ever, and he decided to go away some place where he would never be known or heard from by his home folks. So he told his father that if he would give him enough money to pay his fare to the city, he would go away and never come back to bother him any more. His father gave him the money and went to the station to see him off thinking he would never see him again.

As the train rounded a curve a high rocky cliff on the opposite side of the river came into view, and sticking out from the face of the cliff like the nose on one's face, was a hard rock projection, was growing a small pine tree. As the boy's eye caught sight of this projecting rock he straightened up and new light came into his eyes. "Poor little pine tree," he said, "you are having a hard time of it, trying to live and grow out there on that rock. I wonder how you get any food, for your roots seem to just cling to the rock. I sympathize with you, little tree, for I know what it means to have a hard lot myself." Then he said to himself, "the little tree doesn't seem to be as discouraged as I am, for it is putting out new leaves like it intended to keep on doing its best to overcome its difficulties and keep growing. I admire its courage if it is only a little pine tree. But here I am, a great big boy, with a good trade and a fair education, so discouraged and lonely that I am ready to give up and quit the struggle. Ah! little pine tree, we are brothers in adversity, and if you can hold on so can I, for my chances are better than yours. Good-bye little tree, maybe I shall see you again, and I can reward you for the lesson you have taught me this day. For I am going to do my best hereafter."

It was about one o'clock when the train reached the city, and after the boy had eaten a lunch at a cheap restaurant, he asked a corner policeman where there was a bakery. The policeman gave him the information and kindly directed him how to reach the bakery. While he was still in the office of the manager of the bakery, the foreman of the mix-

ing room came in and reported that one of his men had been taken suddenly ill with acute appendicitis and they had sent him to a hospital. "I must have a man in his place at once," he said, "or some of my bake will be lost." The manager pointed to the boy and said, "here is a young man who has just asked for a job, and says that he can mix and bake any kind of bread as well as all kinds of pastries. If you care to risk him, you may take him on until the other man gets out of the hospital." So the boy went to work that evening and proved himself to be so willing and capable that he soon won the friendship of the mixing foreman.

For ten years he worked in the bakery, and winning one promotion after another, until he became general manager of the production department of the company. Having invested all of his savings in the stock of the company, he was now admitted to a partnership and elected to the board of directors. One day when talking with the president of the company, he told him about the little pine tree, and remarked that whenever he had a home of his own he meant to transplant that little tree on his lawn.

The business of his company, for he now colled it "his company," had grown, and extended into many of the larger towns within a radius of one hundred miles of the city. The bread and cakes and crackers from his bakery were sold in his old home town, and the very people who had refused to receive him in their fellowship, were now eating the bread that he baked.

One year after he became a partner in the business, he married the only daughter of the president, and built a beautiful home in a fine residence suburb of the city. Out on the lawn in front of his home, is growing a small scrubby pine tree. And when visitors look at this tree in a questioning manner, he smiles and tells them that he is fulfilling a promise made many years ago, to reward the teacher of the greatest lesson that he ever learned.

My struggling soul may never gain the prize
  It covets so;
I may not reach the gates of Paradise
  At sunset's glow;
But I have faith that in the shadows blue,
  At the set of sun
I shall be judged by what I've tried to do—
  Not what I've done.

—Selected.

WOODROW WILSON AND BRIDE SPENT HONEYMOON IN STATE

(Asheville Citizen)

Asheville and Western North Carolina played a great part in one of the most important events in the life of Woodrow Wilson, twenty-eighth President of the United States —his marriage to Ellen Louise Axson. Asheville was the romantic setting for his engagement, and Arden, ten miles from the city, was the locale he chose for his honeymoon.

Forty-eight years ago—it was a perfect day, late in June—a young couple came to this section on their honeymoon, and found as an ideal retreat one of the cottages now owned by Miss Bertha Beale on the grounds of Arden house, ten miles from Asheville. The newlyweds, who did not at first admit they had been married the day before in Savannah, were Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Louise Axson, his bride. The ceremony had been solemnized quietly June 24, 1885, in the house where she was born, the parsonage of the Independent Presbyterian church on Oglethorpe street in Savannah, of which her grandfather, the Rev. I. S. K. Axson had been the minister for a generation. She was the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Edward Axson, minister of the Presbyterian church in Rome, Georgia.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson spent about two months in their honeymoon cottage at Arden. It still stands, located in a romantic setting, which may be reached from the highway by a winding mountain road lined with trees. It is a four-room house, weather-boarded and whitewashed, with a broad rustic porch. Honeysuckle vines are bounteous in covering the house and about the banisters of the porch. Cool breezes and a magnificent view of the Blue Ridge mountains make it an attractive spot, especially during warm weather.

The interior of the house is lined with native pine wood.

The young couple spent most of their time together and seldom mingled with others in the community. Mr. Wilson wrote a great deal, and Mrs. Wilson, it was said, was making an index for the second edition of his first book which had been published. They spent much time reading together. Serious-minded he prepared to become associate professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr college during the fall of that year. "We are out of doors most of the time, walking together and reading unless I coerce him into singing for he has a beautiful voice," the young bride wrote in a letter to her friend, Mary W. Hoyt.

They roamed the mountain country surrounding their little cottage, which was itself shut away from noises. Often they would slip away together—every two or three days or so and take a wooded path to Bumble Bee spring, a short distance from their cottage, and spend considerable time reading and writing.

Bumble Bee spring is in an exclusive mountain setting surrounded by honeysuckle vines and shaded by many large trees. The place is almost an unbroken carpet of green with much moss. Rhododendron is plentiful nearby, and ferns grow profusely.

On these many trips to Bumble Bee spring Mr. and Mrs. Wilson visited at the mountain home of Miss Susan Lambert, who still lives at Arden, and speaks of Mr. Wilson as "her President." She often talked to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson when they stopped at her home on their vsiits to the spring, which is on Miss Susan's property. She recalls that Mr. Wilson often talked with her father. She described him as a serious young man who sat in a chair, his hat on the floor, and discussed historical subjects with her father.

Mr. Wilson, she said, was sociable but of a quiet nature and 'not always laughing." "He was a fiine, handsome young man," she said, and Mrs. Wilson, his brown-eyed bride, was a pretty woman. "They were nice folks."

Mrs. Wilson sketched trees and the mountain scenery while her husband talked to Miss Susan's father, and Miss Susan engaged in conversation with her. When Mr. Wilson was elected President of the United States, Miss Susan said that it was "her Mr. Wilson" who was the chief executive, but others in the community did not believe that it was the same. However, Miss Susan proved to them that it was the Mr. Wilson who came with his young bride to honeymoon at Arden and not a Presbyterian minister as they claimed.

Her brown eyes sparkle as she speaks of "her president." Miss Susan, now 79 years old, was born five miles from Black Mountain and has lived in Buncombe county since except for a few years spent in Henderson county. A little woman with a tan wrinkled skin and grey hair, she has a friendly personality and much sparkling wit. She later moved from the home where Mr. and Mrs. Wilson visited her when it was sold.

Mr. Wilson first visited Arden a year or two before his marriage, and at that time stayed at Arden Park lodge, a hotel on the grounds near the honeymoon cottage, which has since burned down. At that time, he was accompanied by his mother, his brother, Joe, and his sister, Mrs. Howe. Miss Susan carried milk to the hotel and in that way made the family's acquaintance. She was especially fond of Woodrow Wilson's mother, she said.

The young couple did not come back to Arden again after their honeymoon, Miss Beale said. However, when Mr. Wilson was going abroad some years later, he wanted his children to stay at Arden Park lodge but there were no accomodations available, so they spent some time at Skyland with a governess.

A most charming part of the president's romance took place in Asheville, and it has been said that he and Ellen Axson might not have married if they had not met here by chance. In September, 1883, Ellen Axson was visiting friends in the North Carolina mountains, when she was called home by the serious ill-

ness of her father. Her mother had died two years before and she was the responsible member of the family.

She came to Asheville to board a train for her home, but found it necessary to wait several hours so she went to a hotel to spend the time reading by a window, it is recounted in "Woodrow Wilson, The Man, His Times and His Task" by William Allen White. Woodrow Wilson, driving in the mountains, chanced to pass the hotel. He looked up and saw her at the window. "The two had been together in Rome, Ga., the previous summer and it needed just the unexpected encounter in the North Carolina mountains to show them what life meant for each of them," Stockton Axson, her brother, wrote in 1916 in his article, "The Private Life of Woodrow Wilson." Discussing the romance further, he writes: "Unforgettable for me is the conversation which my sister and I had on the night of her arrival home. In the earlier part of the evening she had been anxious about my father, but when he had at last been made comfortable and had fallen asleep, she joined me in the little sitting room, her dear face flushed, her eye bright. 'Can you keep a secret?' she asked, and upon my intimation that I could, she told me that she was engaged to be married, the manner of meeting and her joy. 'He is the greatest man in the world,' she said, 'and the best.' In that faith, she never altered in all the years that followed." It was September 16, 1883, when they became engaged in Asheville.

Woodrow Wilson saw Ellen Axson for the first time in April, 1883, Ray Stannard Baker says in his book, "Woodrow Wilson's Life and Letters." As a junior member of the firm, Renick and Wilson, attorneys at law of Atlanta, he went to Rome, Ga., to confer with his uncle, James Bones, in regard to affairs of his only improtant client at that time, his mother. He had spent much time at Rome with his relatives when a boy. It so happened that Ellen was an intimate friend of his cousin, Jessie Bones, who had married A. T. H. Bowser. When Ellen saw him in Rome, it was said, that she inquired who he was as he passed totally unaware that he had been observed, and when he saw her in church the next day he was so favorably impressed he decided to visit her father. On that occasion he asked about her health, whereupon she was summoned to the parlor. "It was a fast and furious courtship; there were long walks and longer talks and boat rides and picnics," Mr. Baker writes.

After their engagement, Woodrow Wilson studied for two years, and she had one year to devote to study of art in New York. It is interesting to note that Woodrow Wilson wrote her January 29, 1885: "Now, I expect to have $500 in all to get married on—and since we shall both of us have to be wanderers during the summer anyhow, why shouldn't we wander together? Would it not be the very best of plans to find some quiet, unfashionable place to board and spend July and August or part of them—off to ourselves somewhere? At any rate, we might

lose ourselves to the rest of the world for five or six weeks and spend the rest of the time visiting our friends . . . Having no experience (!) in getting married, I can't tell very clearly how much of the $500 will remain after the ceremony; but I should think quite enough for any economical plan.

"It is difficult to over-emphasize the determning import of Wilson's marriage . . . it is not too much to say that he found in his wife the 'polar centre' of his existence," Mr. Baker wrote in his book.

So after spending about two months here in June, 1885, Mr. Wilson and his bride, who died August, 1914, left Arden. President Wilson later married Edith Bolling Galt, of Washington, D. C. He died in 1924. But memories of the agile, flaxen-haired, serious young man and his attractive brown-eyed bride still live, and their honeymoon home has been named Wilson cottage.

WHOM HAVE I HELPED TODAY?

When the day is over, and the sun dips west,
  And I sit at my door and rest,
When through the shadows I faintly see—
  This question comes home to me,
    "Whom have I helped today?"

When the stars are out and the clear moonlight
  With soft rays brighten the gloomy night,
Thoughts come of one who needed cheer,
  And a still voice rings within my ear:
    "Whom have I helped today?"

Oft, when I try to seek repose,
  I think of some whose secret woes
Are many, and whose heavy task
  I did not lighten; then I ask:
    "Whom have I helped today?"

When the flame of life burns dim and low,
  And the heart grows weak—the feet grow slow,
God grant that there'll be some one to say
  Kind words, and cheer me on my way—
    Some that I've helped today.

—Selected.

THE GREATEST AMERICAN INDIAN

By T. Chambers Atkinson

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."
—Herrick.

It is difficult to imagine an Indian lad of a century and a half ago who did not love to fish and to hunt, to dance and to follow the warpath. But such a lad was young Sikwayi—or Sequoyah—of the Cherokee nation. As a small boy he lived in a log house deep within the virgin forests of Georgia. He loved the forests. The noble giants of the woods were to him the most beautiful creations of the Great Spirit. In this, Sequoyah was not unlike other Cherokee boys. But he had a peculiar love for his little log house and for his mother. In this, Sequoyah was very different from the average Cherokee "warrior" of ten or twelve winters!

Sequoyah, the Indian youth, built for his mother a log stable for the several head of livestock she was fortunate to possess. Log houses are not easy to build, particularly if you are in your early teens and all your cronies are inclined to ostracize you from their society if you turn a hand to aid a woman. Nevertheless, Sequoyah built that stable, and he milked the cows within it.

However, this narrative concerns another accomplishment, and one infinitely more important than the building of a stable. Sequoyah, the ignorant young savage, built an alphabet and thereon hangs a tale of which everyone with Cherokee blood in his veins is rightfully proud.

The Cherokee people had only the red man's picture writing. Whenever they wanted to express an idea "in writing" they had to resort to rude sketches done on wood or stone. If the idea—or decoration—was of sufficient importance, it might even be done upon bearskin or deerskin. But such "writing material" was expensive, difficult to secure.

Occasionally white traders came among Sequoyah's people, and when they did he noticed that they usually had what he called "talking leaves." Many Indians regarded "talking leaves" as a gift of the Great Spirit, something especially conferred upon the white men. Others, perhaps more superstitious, asserted that the leaves were another of the white man's tricks, something all Indians would do well to avoid. But Sequoyah at once decided "talking leaves" were the symbol of an art which red men could practice as well as white men.

There appeared, too, in the mind of this ignorant savage the idea that the secret of the white man's superiority was to be found in this power of communication by writing. He became imbued with the idea that his people might attain an intellectual equality with the white race once they had mastered those puzzling printed characters. Such an ideal to spring from the mind of an untutored primitive individual!

But his people gravely shook their heads.

"Poor Sequoyah!" they said.

During the years which followed, the Cherokee nation was torn asunder by the advancing hordes of greedy, unscrupulous white men. Many of the Indian tribes migrated west of the Mississippi river, while those who remained in Georgia fought bitterly for possession of the land which had been theirs from time immemorial. But Sequoyah, never! He began to see a greater need for "talking leaves" than had ever existed before.

He discovered that each of the strange characters upon the leaves the white people carried with them represented a sound. There was his beginning. He attempted to create a symbol for each sound in his own language. It was a formidable undertaking, but in time an alphabet assumed form. There were even some of the English characters in this new alphabet of Sequoyah's, though he gave to each of them a quite different sound. For instance in Sequoyah's alphabet the letter W is pronounced la.

The English alphabet is an alphabet of letters. Sequoyah's is an alphabet of syllables. As excellent as is the English—and it is "the accretion of Egyptian, Phœnician and Greek wisdom extending over a period of at least three thousand years"—Sequoyah's outranks it in ease of mastery. It is the work of a mental giant!

Still his people murmured, "Poor Sequoyah" and still Sequoyah labored. He had yet to overcome the natural prejudices so many of the Cherokees held toward anything which came from the white race.

More sad, long years for his tribe passed between the day Sequoyah's written language was completed and the day the tribe consented to have him give it a public trial. He called his little daughter before the assembled tribe, and with the greatest ease she read anything he wrote upon the pages of a crudely fashioned book—a book whose pages were pieces of white man's wrapping paper.

Were these really talking leaves? Were the child and her father contriving to deceive them? The skeptical Cherokees pondered the matter long and seriously. Then one wily fellow took the little girl beyond the hearing of the others and dictated to her a simple message. She wrote it before his very eyes—and, a moment later, Sequoyah read it correctly for all to hear!

The noble deed was done. "Poor Sequoyah" became at once a hero. Everyone, old and young, clamored to be taught this remarkable new art. Domestic duties were neglected by the women. Warriors remained at home to become disciples at the feet of Sequoyah. Within a remarkably short time every member of the tribe could read and write.

Soon type was made for the hand press which had been shipped from Boston to Augusta and then hauled two hundred miles overland by wagon. Wonderful indeed must have been the things those Indians heard when their talking leaves began to speak to them. First there was the

Bible. Then, in 1828, The Phœnix, a newspaper printed in English and Cherokee, appear. A strange door had suddenly opened for Sequoyah's people.

Sequoyah was chosen to represent his people at Washington, was received by the "Great Father" there, was presented a medal for his accomplishment. The Treaty of Washington of 1828 provided that he receive a pension "for the great benefits he has conferred upon the Cherokee people in the beneficial results they are now experiencing from the use of the alphabet discovered by him." This was the only literary pension the government of the United States has ever paid.

Sequoyah did not remain long away from his people. He was no longer a young man, and he realized he had but opened the door of opportunity. Those scattered tribes in Arkansas were ever on his mind. To them he carried his talking leaves, and it was while with them that he began seriously to consider the lost tribe of Cherokees. Legend had it that they had wandered on and on, finally to establish a home in the Far West, possibly in Northern Mexico.

Like the young Sequoyah, who forsook the fishing hole and the hunt to build a stable for his mother's cattle, the old Sequoyah was not attracted by a life of ease at home, but rather looked steadily ahead for new peoples to serve. Somewhere toward the setting sun he would come upon the lost tribe. They, too, should have the precious leaves.

Over seventy years of age—in a covered wagon outfitted with books, papers and writing materials, in addition to the weighty load of necessary provisions for himself and his oxen—Sequoyah of the indomitable will faced the West. It was his last long trek.

In mind and spirit Sequoyah was a giant among his people. There could be no more fitting monument than that the largest and oldest living thing—Sequoia Gigantea, the Big Tree of the Pacific Slope—should bear the name of this greatest of all American Indians!

I'd like to think when life is done
  That I had filled a needed post,
That here and there I'd paid my fare
  With more than idle talk and boast;
That I had taken gifts divine,
  The breath of life and manhood fine,
And tried to use them now and then
  In service for my fellow-men.

—Selected.

BOSS, PRO TEM

By G. E. Wallace

Mr. T. L. Jones, manager of the Northwestern Power and Light Company, faced Mr. D. L. Sanders, his assistant manager, and held up a warning finger. Even Miss Allen at the typewriter stopped drumming for a moment, and so from the outer office with its rows of filing cases, its even dozen of clerks, its long benches where the line gang sat, and its one lone rubber plant, came in hearty tones. "And if I were boss here!"

"That," T. L. Jones said, and smiled albeit a trifle grimly, "is Adam Smith."

Mr. D. L. Sanders made a noise as if he had started to say something and then swallowed whatever it was he had started to say. "Beg Pardon," he said, addressing Miss Allen.

Miss Allen laughed. "Don't bother," she said. "I only caught the 'fool' and 'inane' and a few other of the minor remarks before you stopped your utterance."

"But I tell you one thing," Sanders' face was grim, a smile altogether lacking, "it must stop! He should be fired!

T. L. Jones shook his head doubtfully. "I know," he said, "all you say or can say is true and I can't argue with you, and yet—"

"In the first place, he's a bore," Mr. Sanders went on speaking heatedly, not even noticing the interruption. "And then that egotistical talk, 'If I were boss' is bad for discipline. That's reason number two. Why, last week the road gang quoted him," Mr. Sanders nodded his head towards the outer office scornfully, "as an authority, mind you, and they seemed to think there was something to his ideas, when he did not know what he was talking about!"

The manager nodded. "Yet I had a pup once," he said, "a hound pup that acted the same."

"Shot him, didn't you," Mr. Sanders looked up interested.

"No—cured him. But of that later. Let that pup run with the pack, you know how hounds are, and know there's always one old fellow that takes the lead and puzzles out a cold trail; well, let this pup run with the pack, and the pup could cause more trouble baying, as if he were the leader, and chasing off after rabbits when he ought to have been following the leader after coon, than any dog I know." T. L. Jones paused and sat looking thoughtfully at his desk. Finally he went on, "But I cured him."

"Well, all I can say," Mr. Sanders said, "is, I hope he was worth while. For myself, if he resembled Adam, shooting or drowning would have seemed more appropriate."

"He was," T. L. Jones said, ignoring the last of his assistant's remarks. "Ever hear of Blue Boy," he questioned, "the state champion in the Meadow Brook runs?"

And so it came about that during the days that followed, Adam Smith was the subject of much study by T. L. Jones. "If," he promised his assistant manager, "I don't cure him, I'll let him go. I'll have to. All

you've said about him is true. But, with your permission, I'll try a cure first."

"And what," the assistant wanted to know, "do you propose? You can't whip him like you can a dog."

And Mr. Jones laughed. "Oh, I did'nt lick the pup," he said. Then seeing the question in his assistant's eyes, "I just took the old leader out of the pack one night. That was all."

Which was, in a manner of speaking, what was done in the case of Adam Smith. But I hear you say, "What about Adam personally?" Well, Adam Smith was blessed or cursed with a superabundance of energy. He was smart and keen, having gotten his job at the plant because of those qualities. And he possessed initiative. Somewhere along the line he had read a book on "leadership" and had stalled on the chapter, "Initiative." And besides all that, he was a well set-up, presentable youngster of twenty-one.

"If only," Miss Allen thought, "he didn't talk so much about 'If I were boss!' "

And that, indeed, was Adam's only fault, that and the fact that he took himself very, very seriously.

That last saved Mr. T. L. Jones from bursting into laughter the day he called Adam into the inner office marked "Private."

"Adam," Mr. T. L. Jones said, Mr. Sanders is to be gone for a week, and I'll be away from Monday till Thursday, too. Do you think you could run the place if we put you in charge?"

Mr. Jones found it hard, then, not to simle, especially with the paper of notations before him, notations he had studied diligently after he himself had jotted them down.

But Adam's face was perfectly serious. His eyes sparkled a little with an anticipation of pleasure.

"I don't think," Mr. Jones said, talking as one equal to another, you will have much to do that you could not handle. Still, I may be mistaken." He frowned. "If," he said, "you think the position would be too much," Mr. Jones hastened on, for the expression of injured dignity on Adam's countenance was almost too much for him, "I can get Mr. Morton of Glen Falls to come over and take charge. He was here before his health broke down, and he knows the business. I know he'd be glad to help out."

Adam didn't snort. As one about to step into the manager's chair, that would not have been dignified. But he pooh-poohed the suggestion.

"I think," he said calmly, assuredly, "I can manage."

And Mr. Jones' eyes twinkled. They twinkled even more when Adam left with Mr. Jones' "On Monday, then, you will take charge" ringing in his ears. For on Monday, as Mr. Jones knew, Mrs. Miller washed. And Mrs. Miller, Mr. Jones used to say woefully, was touchy on Monday. For twenty-two years never had a washday come that the power was what it should be. Either there was no power at all to run the machine or there was too much power, causing the machine, according to Mrs. Miller, to do a poor job. And in either case, Mrs. Miller spoke her piece. Twenty-two years had made her letter perfect. And besides, on Monday, Red Connell, substitute

motorman on No. 10 north from Edinboro to Nashton, took the nine o'clock morning run. Red Connell was a good motorman, none better, only he knew his rights and could stand up for them. And if, Mr. Jones thought, something goes wrong, and something always does, Mr. Connell could speak his mind. His mind was an emphatic mind and he spoke in crisp, short sentences.

And so Mr. Jones made ready to leave.

"Adam Smith," he informed Miss Allen on Saturday, "will take my place."

Miss Allen pounded on the typewriter as if she had not heard. But maybe she had. "If," she said, "anything comes up that is important, do yoyu want me to hold up the matter till Thursday?"

Mr. Jones flashed a smile at her. "Exactly," he said. "Exactly."

It was exactly thirty-eight hours later when Adam Smith smiled at Miss Allen.

"Good morning, Miss Allen," he said, he himself having come down early that Monday morning to start the day right. It was great to be boss, even if only for three days! And could he run the place. Adam felt like laughing. Why, there was nothing simpler. All you had to do was keep things moving, clearing up difficulties as they came. That was what you should do. Adam lolled back in the swivel chair. He remembered the numerous times when working out in the outer offices it drove him nearly mad to see the way the line gang wasted time, and were made to waste time. There were days when he knew they should be sent out to fix things up and they strayed and loafed in that outer office, only to be rushed out at the end of the day and made to work overtime! Now he'd keep things moving. The thought pleased him and so he smiled and said, "Good morning, Miss Allen!"

She nodded.

And during the next half hour Adam enjoyed himself hugely as he dictated replies to some letters that had come in regarding routine matters. It was the last time that day that he enjoyed himself at all.

At eighty-thirty a thin, querulous voice came over the phone. "Northwestern? Say the tension line needs fixing up down here at Crossingville. It went down last night in the wind!"

Adam turned. He pressed the buzzer. "The line's down at Crossingville," he said in explanation to Miss Allen. "I'll send the linemen out."

Miss Allen started to speak. Then she kept still. But what she had been going to say was, that to fix that line down there would mean the power would have to be cut off in town and that meant that the town and the country south would have no power till the linemen got through wory on that high tension line at Crossingville below. "And," Miss Allen thought, "it's Monday—and washday. He'll hear about it!" And Miss Allen also thought, "The cars are about due, too. The southbound won't be able to go on. He'll hear about that, too!"

But Adam had already given his orders airily. "Mike," he said to the line boss, "get the fellows out—take them down to Crossingville and get the high tension in order." And

to Miss Allen, "That's how I like to do everything—right off the bat!"

Miss Allen nodded.

Her attention during the next ten minutes did not seem to center on the dictation, though. Her eyes were on the phone. Five minutes passed, six, and then the phone rang, a sharp insistent ring. Miss Allen looked demurely at her notes. That was the start of trouble, if she knew anything about things.

It was. Mrs. Miller wanted to know, first, why in the name of common sense the power was off on washday; second, if the company did not care at all about their patrons; third, what the company was going to do about it. And when Adam, his face red, gave over, saying, "Yes, madam," and told her that "just as soon as the Crossingville high tension line is fixed the power will be turned on," Mrs. Miller exploded. "What," she shreked, "you shut the town off on account of Crossingville, and you know that only Ned Toole uses the power down there! And he doesn't have a washer, either!"

"I didn't realize it," Adam said, stiffly, interrupting her. He wished he could summon more dignity to his aid.

"Well, you don't know much," Mrs. Miller said—and then sputtered, for, contrary to her dealings with the Northwestern, the company phone was hung up first, and with a bang that, she complained the next day, "about deafened her."

Adam Smith tried to resume his dictation of letters again with dignity.

Dignity, however, was one thing that Red Connell, substitute motorman on Monday, did not recognize—even when he saw it.

"Say, you," he bellowed, stamping in from the front office and glaring at Adam. "You in charge here?"

" I am," Adam said stiffly.

"Well, what's the big idea," Red bellowed. "Here I come up from the north and find the juice off, and me due down at Nashton in an hour!"

"The juice is off," Adam Smith started to explain, "because," and then stopped, for the phone was jangling again, and so he took it. "Yes—yes," he said, and then, "Say, I forget!"

Turning to Red Connell, he was almost apologetic. "Red," he said, "the northbound car is stalled six miles below on a straight track. I forgot to let her get here or to have her flagged at the switch below. So you'll have to lay over till she pulls in, even when the juice does go on."

Red Connell's face matched his nickname. He knew his rights. He knew how to express them. "Like fun I will," he declared. "What do you think I am? I've the right of way—and I'm gong ahead! You tell that other fellow to back down to that switch below and I dont care if it is ten miles! Hear me?"

Adam did, and continued to hear him till, out of breath, Red backed out of the office.

Miss Allen sat demurely waiting for more dictation.

Adam swallowed. Then he grinned, for there was a twinkle in Miss Allen's blue eyes. "I never knew," Adam confessed, "there was so much to be consdiered in running this place." He thought of some of the things Mrs. Miller had said, caught

an echo, seemingly, of Red Connell's phrases, and mopped his face. "Whew," he said. "Whew!"

And then a dignified, well-dressed, grey-haired stranger appeared. He introduced himself.

Even Miss Allen was non-plussed and startled.

A business firm, it seemed, was thinking of moving to town, "and would you," the stranger referred to some papers in his hand, "give me the estimated cost of power," and the stranger barked figures regarding loads and kilowatt hours and special rates per schedule A and D until Adam's head swam. What could he do?

It was Miss Allen who came to his rescue. "I'm afraid," she said, "Mr. Smith will need time to figure things out. If," she suggested, "you could leave the figures, Mr. Winchell, and come back at the last of the week, we could give you the information you want."

Adam sighed. Good Miss Allen! He was grateful to her, but he had a duty to perfom. He arose. If he were boss! The phrase seemed like mockery. As boss, all he had done was tangle things up. And here was business of importance! It was important—and it should be attended to at once!

He interrupted Miss Allen, and, his face redder than when he listened to Mrs. Miller over the phone, spoke. "I," he said, "am going to confess. I'm in charge, but I really shouldn't be." And then before the stranger could say a word, ignoring Miss Allen's gasp, he went on. "If, however, you can wait twenty minutes I'll have some one here who can attend to you." Mentally he was figuring how fast he could drive to Glen Falls. Mr. Jones had said Mr. Morton could be persuaded to come over and take charge of things. Well, he'd get him, then. And he could make the trip to Glen Falls and back in twenty minutes—if he drove fast. And so he arose. "Miss Allen," he said," giving his last order, "will you call up Mr. Morton and tell him I'm coming after him. Goodbye!"

He did one thing, though, to his entire satisfaction, one thing that, he thought ruefully, the real boss had never been able to do. He quieted Red. Going out, he met Red Connell. "Red," he said in passing, "about that mix-up in cars—you know I'm asking you to wait till the northbound pulls in because you are the one man who can make up time better than any other felow on the road!"

Red Connell had been getting ready to give Adam another piece of his mind. Instead, he flushed with pleasure. "O K, boss," he said, and Adam went out, having given his one real order and having been acknowledged as boss once.

That consoled him somewhat. "One thing," he thought, "I have been hailed as boss by one man, anyway!"

Mr. T. L. Jones did not come back till Saturday. Unexpected business kept him from returning and took him down state. When he did come back he paused by Adam's desk. Adam wasn't there, and so T. L. Jones had time to glance through a book evidently taken from the public library that lay open on the desk. "The Power Industry," T. L. Jones read, and smiled.

He didn't smile sarcastically or otherwise when an hour later Adam came into the office marked "Private." At least he didn't smile till Adam went out. Then a twinkling, pleased smile flitted over his face. But while Adam was there, T. L. Jones' face was serious.

"I imagine," Adam said, "you want me to quit."

Mr. T. L. Jones looked up in evident surprise. I can't imagine why," he said.

"I," Adam swallowed, "I didn't make good when you were gone," he gulped.

But T. L. Jones did not seem to understand. "You did all right," he said. "You did fine."

And then T. L. Jones signed a letter that Miss Allen had just typed. "Dear Winchell," the letter began. "Thanks for dropping off at Edinboro—and thanks for asking those questions I gave you, even if you already had the information." There was more in the letter, but the rest does not concern the story. But as Miss Allen said when she typed that, "Why of all things!"

Three months later D. L. Sanders, the assistant manager of the Northwestern Power and Light Company, said in a puzzled voice, while talking to Mr. Jones, the manager, "Do you know I haven't heard Adam Smith say a word about what he'd do if he were boss, not for a long, long time!"

T. L. Jones said nothing. He sat drumming his desk, preoccupied with an important problem. He and his assistant had been talking about who could be put in the assistant's place if he went to the company's offices in Nashton.

"And I think," Mr. D. L. Sanders said, though his voice was still more puzzled, "that I'll have to suggest Adam Smith as the man." Then he looked up. "How did you do it," he asked. "How did you cure him?"

But he wouldn't listen to the story of T. L. Jones' hound pup. "The best pup," T. L. Jones said, "I ever had. Maybe you've heard of him."

Mr. D. L. Sanders arose. Dogs, hound dogs especially, did not interest him. But men did—and Adam Smith was qaulified for the job.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys on the farm force have been busily engaged this week cutting corn and filling the silos.

—o—

Rev. and Mrs. Wesley M. Hyde, and daughter, of Weaverville, were visitors at the institution last Tuesday.

—o—

Quite a number of the members of the Training School staff attended the funeral of Miss Lorene Brown, held at Mooresville last Wednesday afternoon.

—o—

Charles Wright, who has been undergoing treatment for a badly infected right hand, at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, returned to the school last Tuesday. We are glad to say the injured member is greatly improved.

Mr. Sam B. Kennett, a former member of our official family, but for several years past connected with the U. S. Railway Mail Service, called on old friends at the school last Sunday afternoon. We were all glad to see "Radio Sam," and wish his visits were not so infrequent.

—o—

Mr. T. V. Talbert, one of the members of the Training School staff, was called to Concord last Wednesday on account of the death of his sister, Mrs. George F. Litaker, who had been ill for several months. Our deepest sympathy is tendered the members of the family in their hour of bereavement.

—o—

Edgar Newman, of Elkin, who was allowed to go home September 3, 1931, visited the school last Tuesday. Edgar brought with him a certificate from the Superintendent of Public Welfare showing that his record had been good since leaving the institution, and requested his parole. The school was glad to grant this boy a parole as well as all other boys who bring such certificates. Edgar lives with his brother, who accompanied him on this trip, and he stated that Edgar certainly was a changed boy and had done exceedingly well since coming home.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, members of the staff at Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount, spent last Monday at our institution. Mr. Stokes, formerly a teacher, is now connected with the agricultural department and together with his wife has charge of one of the cottages. After being shown through the various departments, they expressed their delight with the attitude of the boys and the manner in which the work is carried on here. Our visitors were also favorably impressed at the sight of the rolling country in this section and the many shade trees on our campus.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon, and made a very interesting talk to the boys. Rev. Baumgarner read for the Scripture lesson, Romans 13: 8-14, and in his talk to the boys called special attention to the 8th verse, "Owe no man anything but learn to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law," and the 12th verse, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armour of light."

—o—

Last Sunday afternoon, as all the boys and officers in charge gathered on the campus, following the church service, a nice-looking, well-dressed young man approached the group, holding out his hand and saying, "Do you know me?" Most of the answers were in the negative, so the young fellow introduced himself as Cole L. Gosnell, who was paroled more than six years ago. With this introduction he was placed in the minds of all, and quite a pleasant conversation took place. Cole is now employed in one of the knitting mills

in Gastonia and is doing well. He seemed pleased with the opportunity to look over the school again, and apparently was as glad to see the officers as they were to see him.

—o—

On Friday of last week the members of the Cabarrus County Grand Jury visited the Training School. They visited the several departments here and expressed pleasure at the appearance and the working of the entire plant. We were delighted to have this group of Cabarrus citizens visit us and wish to assure them they will always be welcome visitors, whether they pay us an official visit or just make a friendly call. Included in the group visiting the school Friday, were: J. B. Lyerly, G. W. Foil, W. T. Riley, J. H. Blackwelder, M. Gorman, Pink Motley, B. T. Wiggins, W. D. Foil, C. R. Goodnight, J. C. Smith, J. Oscar Walters, G H. Walker, R. L. Furr, A. E. Hahn and H. L. Fisher.

—o—

The deciding game of the series with Harrisburg was "washed out" last Saturday afternoon when a heavy downpour halted the hostilities after three and one-half innings had been played, with the Training School leading by the score of 3 to 0. Our boys started out with a vicious attack on the offerings of Bill Harris, visiting pitcher, and we feel sure he would have been pounded from the rubber had the game gone full nine innings. "Shorty" Weatherly, our little shortstop, first man up in the opening frame, punched a single through shortstop, but was forced out at second by Cleaver; Rogers then doubled, scoring Cleaver; Poole doubled and Rogers was thrown out at the plate; H. Lefler singled and Poole registered. In the last half of the third inning Rogers spanked one of Harris' offerings to deep left for a triple and scored on Poole's fly to right. "Snake" Lefler, was on the mound for the local lads and was in great form. His sizzling speed and fast-breaking curves completely baffled the enemy swatsmiths, and in the four innings he hurled, caused six batters to fan the ozone. He was also very stingy with his hits, Charlie Kiser, who singled in the second, being the only visiting player to reach first base. With Lefler pitching so well and apparently getting better as the game progressed, and our boys fielding perfectly and hitting the ball hard for almost half a game, we feel sure that the intervention of the weather man was the only thing that prevented us from chalking up an easy victory over our old rivals.

Anything is hard to begin, whether it be taking a cold bath, writing a letter, clearing up a misunderstanding, or falling to on a day's work. No matter how unpleasant a thing is to do, begin it, and immediately it becomes less unpleasant. Form the excellent habit of making a start.—Selected.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 2, 1933 No. 34

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THE GOSPEL OF LABOR

This is the Gospel of Labor—
  Ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of love came down from above
  To live with men who work.
This is the rose that he planted
  Here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blessed with perfect rest;
  But the blessing of earth is toil.

—Henry Van Dyke.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE MASTER'S MAN

My Master was a worker
With daily work to do,
And he who would be like him
Must be a worker, too;
Then welcome honest labor
And honest labor's fare,
For where there is a worker
The Master's man is there.

Then brothers, brave and manly,
Together let us be,
For he, who is our Master,
The Man of men was he;
The men who would be like him
Are wanted everywhere,
And where they love each other
The Master's men are there.

—*William G. Tarrant.*

LABOR DAY

Labor Day now has become a fixed holiday in this country. The first state to enact a law making the first Monday of September a legal holiday was Colorado, the date being 1887. Now all the

states have a similar law. Years ago it was customary for labor to observe the day with great parades, calculated to impress the community with the strength of the labor movement. It was a time for outstanding leaders to deliver addresses, emphasizing the place of labor and the right of the laboring man.

The first great parade of this kind, we are told, was held in New York City in 1882. For several decades the day was marked by the martial music of many bands and by considerable noisy demonstrations. Until the day became a legal holiday the labor unions observed it by common agreement.

It is an indisputable fact that the observance of the day has served to accentuate the strength of the labor movement and to increase the respect of the nation for it. In its early stages the intention of the labor leaders seems to have been to issue a veiled threat to capital. Conflicts between employer and employee were not infrequent. Disturbances were not uncommon.

Not all the problems existing between labor and capital have been settled. But times and conditions have changed. The observance of Labor Day has had a share in bringing about a shorter working day and an increase in wages. We hear less of lockouts and bloodshed and the wilful destruction of property. Instead of these it is now the custom to settle labor disputes by arbitration. In the last half dozen presidential adminstrations and more, government heads have been as eager to confer with the representatives of organized labor as with the executives of large industries.

The manner of observing Labor Day has changed, too. We hear very little any more of parades, of public meetings and addresses, of huge demonstrations. The day has become a general holiday. It is the day of automobiles, long trips, picnics and parties, and of universal enjoyment.

Jesus was a working man. He belonged to the craft of carpenters. He sanctified labor by His experience. His hands were hardened by physical toil. He was a member of the order of working men. His spirit in labor and in capital will bring about an amicable adjustment of all disputes and usher in a new era in economic relationships.—Dr. C. P. Wiles.

The State Health Bulletin takes time to comment to the effect, condemning the provision in the new school law for allowing the State School Commission and the County Boards of Education to add one hour to each school day or teach six school days in the week. This extra hour is looked upon as health destroying by the State Board of Health.

We are not going into details for the simple fact the school question has been agitated till it has become "wearisome," so to speak. Besides there are times when we absolutely feel confused and confounded as to the adjustment of school matters, but we are willing to accept all statements from the Chairman of the State Board because of his qualifications and long experience in the science of medicine.

Many times we have commiserated with pupils who absolutely seemed to be wading through deep water, digging into subjects above their heads so to speak, and never realizing results. The desire to have certain units required for admission to institutions of highr learning was the objective regardless.

The Chairman of the State Board of Health is absolutely right in his idea of first caring for the physical condition of the children, for a "sound body insures a sound mind,"—one is absolutely dependent upon the other.

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President Roosevelt's reforestry program is to be continued another six months and will do much good if wisely conducted. This continent a few years ago had a most wonderful and a vast variety of trees, but has been ruthlessly destroyed for different purposes.

The number of reforestation camps will this winter be increased. There will be additional winter shifts for the reason of pursuing the work in a milder climate.

The press reports as to camp life is that many men since entering have gained in weight and developed a finer physique.

The average person's conception of reforestation is tree-planting, but there is a more extensive program to engage the attention of

the 340,000 men enlisted. For instance, new trails are opened, fire-breaks are built, telephone lines are constructed, and a study of preventive measures against disease of trees is pursued. These things are just as important as the planting of trees.

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There are professions other than the teaching profession getting over-crowded. The Asheville Citizen states that the "lawyer-crop' this year is a bumper one. More than two hundred applicants for licenses to practice law in North Carolina took the required examination before the Supreme Court at Raleigh last week.

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The National Recovery Administration boasts that child labor has been outlawed. This is a good boast for the reason that the health and development of the child is of first consideration, besides by the elimination of 200,000 young people from the different industrial interests there is a wider field for the adults who should have the employment and bear the financial responsibilities of the homes.

The elimination of such an army of young people from the payroll the school enrollment will be greatly increased. This means another problem for the school officials to settle. North Carolina's quota of that number will go way up into the thousands for the reason this state is an industrial state. Of course the teachers will be expected to rise to any emergency that may confront the state so in this instance we presume they will be expected to increase their load.

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HOW OLD ARE YOU?

"Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees; it is a temper

of will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

"Youth means a tempermental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite of adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty, more than in a boy twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old by deserting their ideal.

"Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

"Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement of the stars and the star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing child-like appetite for what next, and the joy of the game of life.

"You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

"In the central place of your heart is a wireless station, so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long you are young."

—Dr. Frank Crane.

ANDREW JACKSON'S BIRTHPLACE HERE, SAYS AGED WOMAN

(Monroe Enquirer)

That Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina is attested to by Mrs. Anna Stevens, aged Union county woman, in an interview by Mrs. Harley Goode in the Charlotte Observer. Here is what Mrs. Goode writes about Mrs. Stevens:

In the year 1840—the same year Queen Victoria married Prince Albert and the German kaiser's father became king of Prussia—there was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Cureton, in their farm house on the banks of Waxhaw creek, Waxhaw, a girl, whom they named Anna.

Four-score years earlier, the grandfather of Anna Cureton rented one of his Union county farms to a family named McKaymie, and on this farm was born Andrew Jackson, who in time became President of the United States.

Long has Andrew Jackson been dead, and long has his birthplace been disputed. But Anna Cureton, who in 1868, became Anna Stevens, still lives, and, at the age of 93, she is as active, mentally and physically, as a healthy woman of 60. With Anna Stevens still lives the stories which her father and grandfather told her of the Jacksons; and with her, as vivid as though they happened yesterday, are her memories of the Civil War.

Let us talk with her.

"Mrs. Jackson had been riding all day. She was on her way to visit her sister, Mrs. Crawford, who also lived in Union County. They stopped, near night-fall, at the McKaymie place to rest. Feeling ill, she was persuaded by Mrs. McKaymie to spend the night. And during the night, Andrew was born. A few days later, Mrs. Jackson continued her journey to the Crawford place. On this place, with Mrs. Jackson's sister, Andrew was reared.

"Andrew Jackson's father is buried at the Waxhaw Presbyterian church, Lancaster county, South Carolina, on the McKaymie lot.

"As a young lady I attended Limestone college. I went to school earlier with Sarah Walkup, the mother of Henry Belk. When the war broke out I returned home. All the men in the family went off to war and, though I was only 21 years old, I had to run the three plantations. I almost lived on horseback. Dr. John Newton Nesbit used to call at the cabins of our slaves and treat them. He would frequently take me along and he taught me a great deal about medicine. The slaves always called me 'Doctor.'

"At Gettysburg, the 'Waxhaw-Jackson Greys,' officially called Company B, 26th North Carolina regiment, went into battle 170 strong. After the battle only seven men remained. My brother, Captain T. J. Cureton, was wounded and carried a bullet in his leg until his death, 50 years later.

"I presented the flag to the 'Wax-

haw Jackson Greys' at Wilson's Store, N. C., on the fourth of July, 1861. The next day I rode to Charlotte and visited my uncle, W. J. Cureton. While there a troop from Raleigh heard of my visit and came to see me. They all sang Dixie for me. It was the first time I ever heard the piece played or sung.

"In 1868 I married James H. W. Stevens. He had been a member of Captain John D. Wiley's company, 'the Lancaster Greys,' and later he joined the cavalry. He was riding beside Preston Hampton and General Wade Hampton when Preston was mortally wounded. General Hampton stopped and, with my husband, picked up the dead body of his son. With tears streaming down his face he said to my husband, 'Such are the fruits of war,' and ordered that his son's body be taken to the rear, the old general remounted his horse and rode on, with my husband, into the thick of the battle.

"My husband returned, at the close of the war, unharmed. We raised nine children. I'm nearly 94 years old but still take care of all my business, look after my farms and my home in Union county, attend church each Sunday, and thank God for the wonderful life He has given me."

THE DREAMER

Man is a dreamer ever. He glimpses the hills afar
And plans for the joys off yonder where all his tomorrows are;
When trials and cares beset him, in the distance he still can see
A hint of the future splendid and the glory that is to be.

There's never a man among us but cherishes dreams of rest;
We toil for that something better than that which is now our best.
Oh, what if the cup be bitter, and what if we're racked with pain?
There are wonderful days to follow where never we'll grieve again.

Back of the sound of the hammer, and back of the hissing steam,
And back of the hand at the throttle is ever a lofty dream;
All of us, great or humble, look over the present need,
To the dawn of the glad tomorrow which is promised in every creed.

—Selected.

ILLITERACY IN NORTH CAROLINA

(Asheville Citizen)

Declaring that illiteracy is "still a major problem in North Carolina," Professor S. H. Hobbs, Jr., presents, through the University of North Carolina News Letter the following brief statement of facts in proof of his statement:

Only four states have more illiterates, white, Negro and foreign-born:

Only three states have higher native white illiteracy rates.

Only one state has a larger number of native white illiterates.

Five states have more illiterate Negroes, all with larger Negro populations.

Only four states have larger total numbers of illiterates, white, Negro and foreign-born, twenty-one years of age and over.

Only one state has more adult native white illiterates.

Only two states have higher native white illiteracy rates among the population twenty-one years of age and over.

Professor Hobbs, analyzing the 1930 census figures, and comparing them with the figures for the 1920 census, finds that in North Carolina ten per cent of all the people ten years of age and over are unable to read and write.

The percentage of illiteracy in the State has declined but the actual number of illiterate is almost as great as it was in 1920—236,000 in 1930 as compared with 241,000 in 1920.

There are more than 93,000 native white illiterates in North Carolina, of whom 83,000 are 21 years of age or over, and there are 137,000 illiterate Negroes. The number of illiterate Negroes showed an actual increase of nearly 4,000 during the decade, due to emigration from other States.

Both for whites and for blacks, illiteracy is more prevalent among males than among females.

It is, it appears, the fact that illiteracy among the Negroes is still heavy that makes North Carolina's standing among the States so poor. Illiteracy among native whites declined from 8.2 per cent to 5.6 per cent during the decade; Negro illiteracy was 24.5 per cent of the total colored population in 1920 and 20.6 per cent, or one in five, in 1930.

Illiteracy, as the figures show, is largely an adult problem. All but 34,000 of the illiterates in North Carolina in 1930 were 21 years of age and over. That the adult schools help is indicated by the fact that the percentage of white illiterates in Buncombe County has been reduced in 1930 to 3.7 per cent. Only seven counties in the State had a lower percentage of white illiteracy; and only three other counties, Dare, Henderson and Graham, had as low a percentage of total illiteracy as Buncombe.

Ten years ago it was hoped that illiteracy could be banished from North Carolina before another census was taken. It is still here. The problem continues to challenge us.

In the cities good headway has been made toward preventing children from growing up without being able to read and write. Less has been done in the rural sections. What the effect of the let-down in the city schools will be upon illiteracy is a question. It will be remarkable if in existing conditions the cities can keep up adequately the character of the work they have been doing in this or in another direction.

Don't throw mud. It will turn into dust and blow back at you.—Selected.

CREDIT

(Orphans' Friend)

In the new order of things for which the foundation is being laid, ample provision should be made for putting an end to the depredations of the dead beat. Credit is a valuable business asset and will always have a substantial place. The abuse of credit, in which all classes of people have more or less participated, is one of the prime causes of the depression and, therefore, one of the greatest drawback in the process of recovery. Of the millions who find themselves in debt, the majority are innocent bystanders who received a vital wound in a brawl into which they were drawn by circumstances. The great majority would be only too glad to "pay up" and start afresh, but this is a subject that will have to be taken up and disposed of in the best manner possible. This is water that has gone over the mill.

But in future credit will have to be more intellignetly extended. The factors of gambling, of doing business on a shoestring and other methods of "taking a shot at it," will have to be changed for substantial factors that make for growth and profit to toilers.

The slogan of the future should be "Pay for what you get, and deliver the goods when you sell." Business will have to be done on reasonable certainty, with the elements of chance eliminated so far as can be done. Of course there will always be some chance, but enough of it comes in the ordinary run of affairs without assuming unnecessary risks.

When necessity cracks the whip people have to do things that otherwise they would not. At the time nothing can be done about it. But every one can get a fresh start of some sort. One of the best starts is to be found in taking the abuse out of credit and using credit for legitimate purposes.

MORE BABIES ADOPTED

(Reidsville Review)

It speaks well for the humane spirit of our people that the number of orphans and children of incompetent parents who have been adopted into comfortable homes has greatly increased during the depression.

In 1927 the number of such adoptions was about 100,000, while last year over 120,000 found homes with desirable foster parents. During the same period the number of homeless children who had to be cared for by an institution remained practically at a standstill, the yearly average being about 160,000.

These facts are presented by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor in Washington, which points out that this difference between institutional and home care shows a significant trend in the housing of these unfortunate little ones.

Commenting on this humane trend, the Houston Post says: "Such children have brought joy to thousands of childless homes. The doors of every childless home in America should be thrown open to one or more of these unfortunate tots. It will mean happiness to the foster parents and a real chance for the youngsters upon whom fate has not smiled."

If our Christian faith be well founded, the adoption of a homeless child must be pleasing to Him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

SAVING THE SQUEAL

It is traditional that the great packing houses have found so many uses for all that goes to make up an animal that they save about everything but the squeal. The cotton farmers who have signed contracts to plow up part of their crop seem to be able to match the packers in economies.

Uncle Sam is collecting enough through the processing tax to give the grower a fair return on the crop expectations and is giving him this well ahead of harvest time. The opportunity was left to get much of the benefit of the fertilizer used on the cotton in producing another crop this year. And now it has been found that instead of plowing under the cotton the farmer can mow it and secure hay of a value corresponding to that considered as first rate feed.

In much of the cotton belt, it is understood, this information was furnished the growers in time for them to make a lot of good green cotton stalk hay, and more hay is always needed in the cotton belt.—Lexington Dispatch.

OUR NATIONAL FORESTS

By Mary Russell

Our national forests are fast becoming popular vacation spots and are visited annually by thousands of boys and girls who with parents or friends, spend a day, a week or a month in some nearby reservation. The well-equipped camp grounds, the attractive cabin sites, the protected water supply, the abundant wild life, and the many varieties of wild flowers make the national forests places of great interest and enjoyment.

There are 149 of these government-controlled forests in the United States covering a total of 160,090,817 acres. They are located in different sections of the country, so are accessible to the residents of many states. The first ones were created in 1891 under the name "forest reserves," which name was changed in 1907 to "national forests" lest people think the forests were not for use now but were being reserved for future generations.

Most of the sections were sparsely wooded when selected, many of them were tracts of idle land unsuited to agriculture because the soil was lacking in the chemicals necessary to the raising of crops. But these useless tracts were found to be capable of yielding timber, able to furnish forage for livestock, or to serve as watersheds for irrigation, power and domestic purposes. So they were set aside for those purposes. In addition they afford protection to the animals and flowers within their borders, many of which were threatended with extinction at the hands of thoughtless hunters and tourists. Now within the confines of the forests one may watch bear, elk, deer and smaller animals living and playing in their natural haunts.

The money for the maintenance of the national forests comes from appropriations made by Congress and from sale of timber. The work is done by rangers who hold appointment under civil service.

Visitors often object to the restrictions put upon them while in the forests, for there are certain rules and regulations that are strictly enforced. One of the most important relates to fire prevention, for as everyone knows forest fires are the dreaded enemies of the woods and timberlands. Rangers are ever on the alert to protect the precious trees from destruction. To that end warnings and rules are posted in conspicuous places. Camp fires can be built only in designated spots, under certain conditions, and by those who hold fire permits. And smoking is absolutely forbidden, save in restricted areas at public camp grounds; no person is permitted to smoke while driving from one section to another or in any public conveyance. Men often object strenuously to this law, but the rangers are conscientious in the discharge of their duty, and will permit no violation of the ordinance. Other restrictions relate to the water which must be protected; no bathing, wash-

ing of dishes or clohing in streams is allowed. Game may not be hunted or chased, and wild flowers may not be picked without permission All thinking persons realize that the laws are necessary in order that the forests be preserved and allowed to serve the purposes for which they were designed, so they cheerfully obey rules and unite with the rangers in the tasks of conservation and protection.

Girls and boys who have opportunity to visit any one of the national forests are indeed fortunate. Not only will they see beautiful country, but in the national forests they will find the nearest approach to the woods encountered by the early settlers in the days before civilization and commercial interests had cleared the trees from the land. There they may watch the wild animals living in their natural habitats, and may study the spring and summer wild flowers, yes, even the snow plants of winter, which are found in some sections, and for the picking or destruction of which a heavy fine is imposed; and above and around them they will see the trees of the new forests planted to take the places of those that have vanished and which will play a part in saving the country from the devastating floods that tend to sweep over parts of it in the springtime.

DO SOMETHING FIRST

It is easy to pick out the flaws
  In work that others have done;
To point out the errors that others have made,
  When your own you haven't begun.
It is easy enough to fuss and find fault
  When others are doing their best;
To sneer at the little that they have achieved
  When you have done nothing but rest.

It is easy enough to cavil and carp,
  To criticize, scoff and deride;
For few of us ever have done perfect work,
  No matter how hard we have tried.
It is easy enough to speak of the best,
  And to dwell all the time on the worst,
And perhaps it is proper to sometimes find fault;
  But be sure you have done something first.

—Selected.

GETTING SOMEWHERE

(Orphans' Friend)

When President Roosevelt took on himself the burden of the movement to stop the underpaying of workers, the better distribution of labor and to scotch the snake of ruthless competition breeding sweatshops all over the map of industry, and started war on unlicensed privilege, the first real advance towards brotherly love and a practical application of the Golden Rule was begun. There has been enough of writing, talking, preaching, and general lip observance of the unselfish code, but it always seemed related to the other fellow who should love and make life delightful for us. Every one is strong for altruism when it means that the other fellow is to look out for us and do what is pleasing, but the majority have been too busy to study the other side of the picture.

But the recent lesson in the school of adversity is converting aimless talking into straight-thinking; altruism is becoming more and more a live subject about which something is being done. Each man has learned valuable lessons, one of the most valuable of which is the one demonstrating the fact that no member of the body politic can be sick without spreading disease to other bodies. Poverty in rural sections means poor business in the more congested centres of trade and business. A debt-burdened customer is poor pay for service and goods. Racketeering puts heavy taxation on people who never lay eyes on the hoodlums in operation.

The day of grab-it is vanishing and the day of "live and let live" is breaking. The straight-thinking of late months and years that have so well sustained people in a period in which there was uncertainty and confusion, is carrying all into "a new Heaven and a new Earth."

"I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN"

When Rome—the precursor of the Italy of today—was mistress of the world and her nation the mightiest of its time, it was the custom of every Roman citizen to carry upon his standard the three Latin words, Civis Romanus Sum, which means, "I am a Roman citizen," and woe indeed to the nation or race that would dare to desecrate the rights and privileges of Roman citizenship.

Ancient Rome has gone down into the night of time. Today the mightiest nation of the world is America. In the hearts of every one of us there pulsates the paraphrase of the Roman sentiment, Civis Americanus Sum, "I am an American citizen" —which is the richest heritage that can be bequeathed to us and which we in turn can hand down to the generations that are to be.—Industry and Labor.

THE LADY IN OUR HYMN BOOK

By Majory Scholl Bracher

When I was a child, dangling my legs from the family pew, and leafing through the hymnal, to pass the time during a service that seemed to me interminable, the date, 1853, had the remoteness of centuries, and the name Catherine Winkworth, which I saw at the bottom of so many pages, suggested only a very dry and uninteresting old maid, (for such were the uncomplimentary terms of my thoughts). And though I read her name again and again, and Sunday after Sunday joined in singing the hynms she had transiated, I could never quite feel that Miss Winkworth had ever been a real human being, for the translating of German hymns was, to me then, work for only a dull woman.

So strong was the impression I had formed, that many years later it was one of the very pleasant surprises of my life to find that the lady in the hymn book was a lovely, charming young English woman, and not the thin, prim, spectacle-wearing creature of my imagination. Her published correspondence in Memorials of Two Sisters, reveals a woman of fine intelligence, wide interests and active sympathies; not the narrow life of the scholar, but the rich living of one who cared deeply for the welfare of others, particularly of girls.

Although Catherine Winkworth accomplished much in advancing the then unpopular education of women, our closest connection with her lies in the hymns she translated. Her sister, Susanna, was making some translations for Chevalier Bunsen, an eminent lay theologian and philosopher of Germany, and ambassador to the court of England. Baron Bunsen presented Catherine with an Andachtsbuch, through which she became acquainted with the treasures of German hymnology. Out of that gift grew a fortunately enriching contribution to the whole Protestant church in England, for Catherine began the work of translation, which ended in the publication of the Lyra Germanica, in 1855, when she was twenty-eight years old. Some ten years later, the Lutheran Church in Pennsylvania had adopted a large portion of the Chorale Book, a re-arranged music edition of the first little volume.

The Lyra Germanica, dedicated to Baron Bunsen, is made up according to the church year, with a short quotation chosen usually from the epistle or the Gospel for the day, appearing above each hymn. So popular was the book that the first edition sold out in two months. That, within a few weeks, she was receiving applications from clergymen and others for permission to include her hymns in collections they were making, attests to Catherine Winkworth's ability as a translator, as well as to the innate worth of these songs and their adaptability to the use of the English people. In the Church Book of the former General Council, there appeared sixty-five hymns translated by Miss Winkworth, while the

Common Service Book in use in our churches today, contain fifty-two.

Among those most familiar to us are the much-sung "Nun danket alle Gott," and two of Luther's hymns, "Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord!" and "Lord Keep Us Steadfast in Thy Word." That beautiful morning hymn, "Come, My Soul, Thou Must Be Waking," appeared in the Lyra Germanica, as did the well known

"Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear now to His temple draw near;
Praise Him in glad adoration."

Other literary activities, besides collaborations with Susanna, included an original work, Christian Singers in Germany, and three volumes translated from the German: The Life of Amellia Sieveking, the Life of Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserwerth (founder of the deaconess movement), and Prayers from the Collection of the Late Baron Bunsen. In addition, she contributed to many periodicals, and throughout her life kept up a wide correspondence. She often felt that she did not write enough, for her time was so largely taken up with other interests which she could not drop. Although she was considered a wonderful teller of stories to children, time was never found to put them on paper.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, the Schleswig-Holstein affair, and the unification of Italy, were the current events, just as the Japanese invasion of Manchuria and the Soviet Five-year Plan are topics of conversation today. Suppose that tonight you were to be at the home of a friend where the most interesting and distinguished guest was a leader of a South American revolution, or Adolphe Hitler, or a traveler returned from Soviet Russia! Few of us can imagine ourselves in such an unlikely position, yet Catherine Winkworth, many times, spent an evening in the presence of Mazzini, the eloquent prophet of a delivered and reunited Italy, who spent many years in England as an exile after having been arrested and imprisoned for joining the Carbonari, a patriotic secret society in Italy. Miss Winkworth was intensely interested in the unification of the Italian provinces, the more so, one suspects, after she became acquainted with the passionate, dauntless leader of the movement. In 1859, with Susanna and their brother, Stephen, she helped to collect money for Mazzini to use in Italy.

The words of a weaver on whom she occasionally called, show the extent of Catherine's political interests and information. She belonged to the Sunday School District and Visiting Society. With her sister, Alice, she made visits in a district of forty houses, and often in the course of their rounds distributed copies of the Illustrated London News, which was greatly enjoyed by the working people. The weaver one day said, in speaking of her: "Well, I have always wondered what ladies were made for; I thought them such useless beings; but at least now I've

found out they're the best of company. Why, you could not find a single thing in the paper that she did not know all about it! I'd liefer hear her talk even than go to the public house!"

Of her district visiting, Catherine once wrote to a friend that it was "not like Susie's down in the Hotwells; it is among young ladies who tell me their love affairs and their religious doubts and difficulties, and lonely middle-aged women who tell me their sickness and troubles." And that is not surprising, for her sympathetic understanding of the ills which beset us all was perhaps her most outstanding characteristic. Three times during her rather short life, she had to undergo a long period of illness, followed by slow and trying convalescence. Out of the "calm wisdom which she had won in her own wrestlings with spiritual problems and long and repeated periods of ill health," she was able to give to others a strong sympathy and the kind of advice that was needed.

She wrote to a friend who sought her help, "only by the continual inflowing of God's spirit is it possible for one's life to be anything but a succession of failures. The weakness of will you complain of is the disease we are all sickening under; the one Christ came to heal." As this would indicate, she was deeply and earnestly religious, and she was, perhaps, less disturbed by the controversies over Unitarianism than was her sister, Susanna, although her closest friends belonged to that denomination, and she herself had great admiration and love for Dr. James Martineau. Catherine was always a member of the Church of England.

Many of the English writers who are still widely read in this country today, were contemporaries of Catherine Winkworth. Mrs. Gaskell, the author of Cranford, was "Lily" to the Misses Winkworth, their neighbor and an intimate friend for many years. One of the girls danced with Charles Dickens at a party! One time, when she was returning from a trip to Italy, Catherine called on the Brownings. It is interesting to note that she was not very well impressed by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and thought her boy a "spoiled child!" Charlotte Bronte, on the eve of her marriage, had a long intimate talk with Catherine about the doubts which filled her mind.

Varied as were her interests and activities, the work which concerned her most, and for which Catherine Winkworth was most noted, was her leadership in the movement for the education of women, which at that time was only beginning. Anyone who pictures her as a militant reformer, a "suffragette," a women's rights champion, misses the mark. Essentially feminine, gracious and attractive, she wanted an education for women that would take nothing from them, but enrich the charm and usefulness that is rightly a woman's. Education for women is now so widely accepted that few will question its advisability, but after many decades, what constitutes the best education for

women is still being discussed, and current opinion indicates some tendency to go back to the kind which Miss Winkworth advocated seventy years ago. This is an exerpt from a letter to a friend on the puzzles of life: "Their (women's) life seems often at once so engrossing and so trivial that they need some points above it from which they can see how it all forms a part of the infinite web of human life through which God's kingdom is to be realized on earth, to give freshness and value."

For years she was the very center of the Committtee for the Promotion of Higher Education of Women, which played a very important part in the fact that Bristol was the "first town in England to possess a University College, open alike to men and to women and, offering scholarships to both." In 1870 she was made secretary of this committee. Two years later she was one of three English delegates to a Congress of Women Workers at Darmstadt in Germany, called together by the Grand Duchess of Hesse, and addressed the body. Upon her death, friends raised money to endow two Catherine Winkworth scholarships for women at the Bristol University College, and to erect a memorial tablet in Bristol Cathedral.

Catherine Winkworth was born in London, 1827, the daughter of a silk manufacturer, and died very suddenly in the summer of 1878, in Monnetier, Switzerland, while on her way to Geneva. Picture her as a small woman with a fine head and erect carriage, and possessed of a "quiet and gracious dignity." Her niece wrote of her, "The first thought of all who knew her, high and low, rich and poor, was that she was lovable, that her mere presence brought strength and comfort." This is the lady of our hymn book.

GOD'S HANDIWORK

The sun by day and moon by night,
Proclaim to us God's wondrous light,
  Which on the world does shine.
The beauty of their brighest ray,
Does open up a joyous way
  To see His works divine.

The trees with buds and leaves all green,
The meadows where bright brooks are seen,
  Are joys made to behold.
The flowers with their colors fair
And birdlets flying through the air
  His wonders do unfold.

—Exchange.

FOR THE COMMON GOOD

(Young Folk)

Labor Day with us is a national holiday. It is set to recognize the dignity of all kinds of labor. To enumerate the kinds of labor would be an extensive task, but all honorable labor deserves consideration in justice and compensation. All labor is obligated to balancing accounts so that the time, strength and skill used in any work shall produce a dependable, honest product in return for the adequate wage, salary or privilege received. In short, the common good is involved. The employing class and the employed class are bound together under terms of work to be done and of work done, with the ideal uppermost of justice to both classes and of the common good of all.

The spirit of Labor Day is conducive to better understanding and fuller confidence, so that the succeeding year may be freer from differences of opinion, disputes, and, as at times happens in extremity, from strikes and lock-outs. If conditions within the past year have not been satisfactory, then Labor Day brings forth these conditions and they must be faced. The status for this Labor Day is just this. The last year has been troublesome to all classes, and the common good has not been having a fair chance. Too many have been brought to feel the impinging of want because unemployment has been extensive, and employees and employers have suffered in their respective ways. The surveyors of conditions have a doleful story to relate; the prophets of the future are bravely endeavoring to be optimistic. But all the while, the people are clamoring for quick relief. There have been evidences of honest attempts to minister to the needy and to establish better conditions. Individuals and governments, city, state and national, have been seeking solution for a perplexing problem. The desire that all shall be cared for is earnest. That there may be a renewal of the common good is the universal hope which still buoys up the whole world.

The way out and up is not in sight, but that there is a way is assured. At least one thing will be discovered when that way is in sight, and that is that there must be a willing co-operation of all individuals, a suppression of all forms of selfishness, a recognition of the rights of all and a concerted action to guarantee these rights, a leveling process no doubt and a general consent to start upward from a little lower plane than was our privilege and boast a few years ago. The golden rule, the live and let live attitude, the principles of Jesus must be given a place before this laboring world can get on an equitable basis of living together so that the common good will supplant every suggestion of injustice and selfishness in both the employer and the employee.

Success comes in cans; failures in can'ts.—Selected.

A RURAL PROBLEM

(State School Facts)

The small decrease in number of illiterates in North Carolina during the past ten years indicates that something more definite should be done about this problem during the present decade. In 1920 there were 241,603 illiterates; in 1930 there were 236,261. One out of every ten persons ten years of age and over is illiterate.

Some effort has been made to wipe out illiteracy in parts of the state, but this work has not been on wide enough scale to be very noticeable in the state as a whole. Of course, the public school is the best medium of illiteracy eradication. It is deadly noticeable that the illiteracy rates in cities are very much lower than in strictly rural sysems. This is undoubtedly a result of the more efficient schools provided in these cities for the past thirty years.

It would seem, therefore, that the best method of wiping out illiteracy in North Carolina would be: first, to build up and strengthen on the present rural school system by providing an opportunity in all districts, as to schol term and training of teachers, equal to that offered in the larger school centers; and second, by adult classes to reduce the present number of illiterates beyond school age by teaching them to read and write.

IT MATTERS MUCH

It matters little where I was born,
  Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
  Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
  And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you brother, plain as I am,
  It matters much.

It matters little how long I stay,
  In a world fraught with joy and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
  Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
  To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
  It matters much.

—Selected.

CÆSAR TO THE RESCUE

By Gertrude Clarke Whitney

Hazel Anderson came tearing downstairs to the living room, where her father, mother, and brother, Ted, were seated. Her face was flushed to the roots of her auburn hair; her eyes flashed angrily. In her hand she held the pale green chiffon evening dress which she and her mother had finished the previous day; the dress was to have been her party frock for the coming season, which would be her junior year in high school.

Hazel had been delighted with the dress. It was by far the lovliest one she had ever owned. It looked as though it might have come out of a French shop. Now it was soiled and badly wrinkled, and everywhere upon it were splotches of mud—unmistakably the footprints of a dog.

"Just look at that!" Hazel struggled hard for composure as she held the dress at arm's length so the family might see. "Just look at it!"

"Your evening dress!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson. "Why, what has happened to it?"

"It was lying on my bed, and that miserable tramp dog that Ted brought home the other day has been taking a nap on it. That's all!"

At the anger in her voice a small black and tan dog—apparently suspecting that he was in some way at fault—crept behind Ted, as though for protection. About a week before, Ted had found the dog—whom he called Cæsar—in the woods in a half-starved condition. He brought the dog home, and was hoping to keep him, but that question had not yet been decided. In other words, Cæsar was on probation.

Ted reached down and gave the dog a little pat. "Oh, Hazel," his voice was full of honest sympathy. "I'm awfully sorry Cæsar did it. But you can't blame a little dog like that. He doesn't know any better."

"Then let's get rid of him," replied Hazel hotly. "He's never had any training, evidently. He doesn't know how a decent dog should behave. Do we have to keep him—and let him take naps where he pleases?" Hazel's voice arose sharply as she finished speaking.

"It is too bad," Mrs. Anderson's tone was calm and gentle as usual. "We are all sorry. Why don't you take a little walk, Hazel? When you come back we'll see if anything can be done about the dress."

"Yes, I think I will take a walk," Hazel's first outburst of temper had cooled somewhat. "I'll be back in an hour or two."

"Why not take a pail and get some of those blackberries down beside the lake?" suggested Mr. Anderson. "I've an idea they'd taste pretty good for supper."

"All right!" agreed Hazel. "I guess the walk will do me good. But," here she flung a warning look at Ted, who had been listening with a crestfallen countenance. "I want you to keep that dog out of my room—don't forget it!"

Hazel got a pail from the kitchen, went out of the house and down

the path toward the lake. Her hasty temper was her greatest fault—this Hazel knew, and she was truly anxious to correct it. Many times her mother had said, "Hazel, when you feel that temper of yours rising, take a long walk—work it off that way instead of saying things that you'll be sorry for afterwards."

Hazel saw the wisdom of her mother's advice. Only sometimes, when her temper was aroused, it seemed as though she must pour out a torrent of words—words that she didn't mean and was ashamed of afterwards.

She knew that her mother's suggestion about the walk this afternoon had been to forestall an unpleasant outburst. She was happy now that she had acted upon the suggestion. "I'm glad I got away before I said any more," she thought with a glow of satisfaction. "I really believe that I'm 'growing in power to control myself,' as mother says."

The Anderson family had been staying for the summer in their cottage by the lake. It was now the first of September. In a few days they would be returning to town. "Will Ted insist on taking that awful Cæsar with him when we go?" thought Hazel. "And if he does insist, will father and mother let him do it? It doesn't seem as though I could bear having that dog around. Oh, well, why worry about it? No use in crossing bridges until we come to them!" she concluded philosophically as she walked rapidly along in the warm September sunshine, enjoying the beauty all about her.

Just as Hazel was about to turn down the short path which led to the blackberry patch beside the lake, she saw to her right, high on a hillside, the old deserted road which wound its way between two rows of white birches, up and over the crest of the hill. She had heard her father say only yesterday that about a mile and a half up that road, around an old cellar hole where a farmhouse once stood, was the finest clump of blackberries he'd ever seen. That road appealed to Hazel. She wanted to climb, to go higher and higher, to breathe the cool hill air, to put out of her mind entirely the last bit of resentment she held against Cæsar—that terrible dog!

She turned from the path to the lake and took, instead, the old road which led over the hill. The abandoned road was rocky and nearly grass-covered in places. Along its sides grew goldenrod and blue frost flowers. A tiny brook ran along the roadside; it probably had its source in some spring near where the old house stood.

Before long Hazel reached the spot which her father had mentioned. There was the cellar hole—walled up with huge stones, some of which had already crumbled and fallen away. A large, flat stone step marked the place where the front door had been. Two lilac bushes, grown now to enormous proportions, stood on either side of this rock. A house once had stood here—a home! A family had lived here—a father and mother, brothers and sisters. Was there warmth, love, and happiness within? Hazel wondered.

She thought with sudden tender-

ness of her own home—of her mother, always ready to sacrifice her own pleasure for another's need; of her father, who had refused that fine position in a little mining town of Alaska because he didn't like to take his children away from their schools; of Ted—dear, funny, little Ted—who was always ready to run errands, who gladly mowed the lawn in summer, and shoveled paths in the winter. She thought with a pang of remorse of his pathetic little face as she flung that last remark at him just before she left the house. Poor Ted! How he loved Cæsar! It would break his heart to give the dog up.

What was home, anyway? Why, a place where everybody did his part! Where everybody was willing to sacrifice for the happiness of the rest! She was going to do her part, too. She would stop flying into a temper whenever things went wrong, and thereby making the rest of the family unhappy. She wouldn't say another word about Cæsar. So far as she was concerned Ted might have this new-found pet that he loved so well. Surely, the dog could be trained to know that he must not take his naps upon her bed. Oh, Hazel was surely going to be a very different person when she went back! The rest of the family would see!

With this resolution firm in her mind, she stepped down from the door rock where she had been standing, and started around a clump of bushes to the blackberry patch which had grown up to the rear of the cellar hole.

She was tripping along through the tall grass with her eyes fixed on the bushes hanging low with luscious, ripe fruit, when crack, a rotten board snapped beneath her feet. This one board had been the only covering to mark the site of the old well which had belonged to the house. Down Hazel went! Her scream of dismay echoed hollowly against the stone of the well. Fortunately, the well contained not more than a foot of water; that was little enough comfort, however. How was she to get out? The top of the well was at least four feet above her head.

She attempted to get a foothold on the rocks, and in that way climb to the top. She worked herself up about two feet. Then a rock gave way beneath her, and she and the rock together fell back into the water with a sickening thud. She did not dare to try that again. All the rocks might crash down upon her. A terrible fear clutched at her heart. The family thought she had gone to the lake. When she did not return, they would look for her there. They might never think of coming here to look. She might have to stay here until—until—!

But she must not let herself think of that. She must keep up her courage—believe that they would come to save her. How cold the water was! How damp the stones that lined the well! Oh, they would come! They must! They must!

But the minutes passed—minutes that seemed like hours to Hazel. Now the sun was going down. And now dusk was beginning to fall. Must she stay here all night? Hazel closed her eyes and leaned weak-

ly against the cold stones at this horrible prospect.

Hark! What was that? A noise above her head. A sniffing sound. Now a bark! Was it possible—could it be—Cæsar? Bow! Wow! Wow! The barks were loud and joyful. It was Cæsar! Then came Ted's voice—and how welcome the sound!

"Here, Father, come here quick! There's some kind of a hole here. Perhaps she's fallen in. Are you there, Hazel?"

Later that evening Hazel sat with the family before the fireplace. Cæsar, having assumed a proprietory air over Hazel since the rescue, lay curled up at her feet.

Ted, radiant with happiness at the way Cæsar had finally come into his own, was telling for the forty-'leventh time just how it all happened.

"And when we couldn't find you anywhere at the lake I had a bright idea. I held that evening dress out to Cæsar and let him smell it. Then I said, 'Go find Hazel, Cæsar. Go find Hazel.' And Cæsar did. I think he's a wonderful dog, don't you, Hazel?"

"I certainly do!" agreed Hazel warmly.

At her words Cæsar opened one eye, looked at her affectionately, closed his eye again and went contentedly to sleep. He was one of the family now.

"Condtions we meet today challenge our grit,
  And hope, without action, won't change them a bit.
Just folding our hands in a reconciled way,
  Resigned to our lot, will not brighten the day.
And there is no method to make it more bright,
  Excepting by means of a God given light—
A lamp that is lit by the courage of souls
  Who never look back, but keep on to their goals.

"And looking behind us, what is it we see?
  Who was it, that left us this land of the free?
A weak lot of quitters? We know it was not.
  It was left us by men, who struggled and fought.
And shall their example be futile and vain,
  A record, too splendid for us to sustain?
Or shall we, inspired by the record they made,
  Go forward, undaunted, with hearts unafraid?"

—Selected.

A FEW RULES FOR FAILURE

(Selected)

Never do anything you are not paid to do.

Don't be thorough in your work. "Good enough" is a fine slogan to hang up and remember.

Pity yourself. Believe in luck alone.

Remember that when you was born you did not have the chance that John D. Rockefeler, Jr., fell heir to.

Don't stick to any one thing too long. Something else may be easier.

Remember that nothing matters except what you do during working hours. How you spend your leisure is nobody's business but your own.

Wait until you are making big money before you begin to save regularly. Then you will be pretty sure to die poor.

Either have no sense of humor at all, or else try never to be serious at any time.

Always let others make decisions for you. It is no use to develop the capacity for making decisions because your present job doesn't demand it. It simply does not pay, and is very troublesome besides.

Put off until tomorrow what you do not feel like doing today. You may feel more like doing it then.

Don't be too much "trouble to yourself" in the matter of taking care of health and what you eat. After you get where you want to be you can take care of your health.

Demand immediate results. Don't go into anything that requires years of working and waiting before results can be seen.

Avoid all regular habits of self-improvement. They are artificial. The mind will take care of itself. Anyhow, they rarely show any immediate benefit.

WORK

Work thou for pleasure.
  Paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest,
  Though the body starve.
Who works for glory
  Misses oft the goal,
Who works for money
  Coins his very soul.
Work for the work's sake,
  Then, and it might be
That these things shall
  Be added unto thee.

—Kenyon Cox.

HON. ZEB V. LONG ADDRESSES TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS

On Friday evening of last week Hon. Zeb V. Long, of Statesville, solicitor for this district, made an instructive, entertaining and inspirational address to the boys at the School.

He told them that he would always have a special love for the work of the Training School and the boys who are under its care and direction, and that he wanted to make a confession to them—when the bill for the establishment of the Training School first came up in the Legislature of 1907, he was opposed to it, but the enthusiasm of the late Hon. James P. Cook and the good women of the State so thoroughly converted him to the righteousness of the cause, that he made the closing speech for its establishment, and that he would never be prouder of any vote of his than the one cast in favor of the Training School.

Mr. Long then told the boys that the Training School was a place of opportunity established for their development and he wanted every boy to realize this great fact. He said that as he listened to the five hundred boys singing with enthusiasm and understanding that much-loved song, "Ho, for Carolina," he was convinced they were catching a vision of the purpose of the School.

He brought out the fact that though the most happy environments were provided, a fellow had to feel that he wanted to make something of himself before any great success could be attained, and with this feeling, coupled with faith in himself, a dual force was placed into action which would accomplish much. Faith casts out fear, faith laughs at hardships and looks on discouragements as something that elicits the latent strength in overcoming. He urged the boys to have faith in themselves and believe they have something in the world to do, the doing of which is a consuming obligation.

He asked them to dismiss from their thoughts that coming from poor environments would prevent them from climbing to the very top of the ladder of leadership among their people, or that the possession of money or the enjoyment of luxuries would guarantee a successful life, and said, "We thank God that this is so." Columbus, who sailed the unknown seas in following the urge of discovery of new lands, was but the son of a poor wool comber. Garfield, Lincoln, Johnson and Jackson were all of very humble parentage and came from very poor homes as far as money goes, but each of them became President of the greatest nation on earth.

"Among those before me tonight are many whom I expect to meet in the future as outstanding citizens," said Mr. Long. He told the boys they need not possess vast sums of money or occupy influential positions in the political or social life of the State to become good citizens, but that it is necessary to be clean, honest, to fear God and be a man.

Mr. Long closed with the expression of the hope that some boy lis-

tening to him might become an outstanding North Carolinian, and later tell him that the inspiration to lead a better life was gotten from something he had said. Expressing hope and love for the work, and confidence and faith in the future of the boys of the Jackson Training School, he concluded his address.

The boys enjoyed the address very much and it is hoped that many of them caught the vision that was held up before them.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one any day,
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely tell the way,
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear,
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear,
And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds,
For to see good put in action is what everybody needs.

I can soon learn how to do it if you'll let me see it done,
I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run,
And the lectures you deliver may be very wise and true,
But I'd rather get my lessons by observing what you do,
For I may misunderstand you and the high advice you give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.

When I see a deed of kindness I am eager to be kind,
When a weaker brother stumbles, and a strong man stays behind
Just to see if he can help him, then the wish grows strong in me
To become as big and thoughtful as I know that friend to be.
And all travelers can witness that the best of guides today
Is not the one who tells them, but the one who shows the way.

One good man teaches many, men believe what they behold,
One deed of kindness noticed is worth forty that are told.
Who stands with me of honor learns to hold his honor dear,
For right living speaks a language which to every one is clear.
Though an able speaker charms me with his eloquence, I say,
I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one any day.

—Edgar A. Guest.

INSTITUTION NOTES

In spite of the inclement weather there was an unusual number of visitors at the school last Wednesday.

—o—

The boys on the farm force have been busy this week gathering the third cutting of alfalfa. Due to heavy rains this hay will not be cured as well as previous cuttings.

—o—

Little Billy Young. who had the misfortune to break his leg some time ago, was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for examination last Tuesday. The doctor at that institution reports that it is doing nicely.

—o—

Clarence Mebane, of Burlington, who was paroled Augusr 29, 1930, called on us last Wednesday morning. Clarence tells us he has been engaged in the painting business during the vacation period and expects to return to high school next month.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. After the opening hymn, Scripture recitation and prayer, Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. Ray Farris, young Charlotte attorney, as the speaker of the afternoon. To many of our boys, this young man needed no introduction, as a number them had seen him in action as a member of Carolina's champion football team a few years ago, when he was chosen a member of the All-American team. In his talk to the bays Mr. Farris pointed out the necessity of choosing a goal in life and then putting forth every effort to reach it. He also stressed the importance of keeping the body in good shape in order that no physical defects might interfere with the development of the mind. In speaking of his athletic career, Mr. Farris said that he thoroughly enjoyed it, but now that it was past he was striving to make a success in the professional field, and in comparison he said that he had been thrown for far greater losses and found the obstacles more difficult to overcome in the business world than on the gridiron. He concluded his remarks by telling the boys to strive to follow God's teaching as found in the Bible, and by putting into practice the lessons taught therein, their success was assured.

—o—

The Flowe's Store team, with a number of old-time ball tossers in its line-up, and a team composed of officers of the Training School staged quite an interesting game on the local diamond last Saturday afternoon, the visitors winning by the score of 7 to 6. Some of these aging veterans of the diamond who began playing baseball about the time William Jennings Bryan made his first attempt to gain the Presidency, clearly demonstrated that they were still capable of showing the youngsters a few things about the great American game. At times they would exhibit some of the old-time skill and come up with flashy fielding plays, and at other times some of them

would give a perfect imitation of a croquet wicket when a ball was batted in their direction. But taking everything into consideration the teams were pretty evenly matched and the game was one of the most interesting played here this year. Bill Bost, who did the hurling for Flowe's, fanned ten local batters and allowed seven hits, while his team mates were only able to secure eight safeties off the combined deliveries of Lisk, Russell and Andrews, who pitched three innings each for the school. The school "boys" started off with a rush, scoring four runs in the first frame as Hobby was safe on an error, stole second and scored when the visiting pitcher made a wild heave to first on A. Carriker's grounder; Poole then singled, scoring Carirker; Godown was safe on an error, stole second, and scored along with Poole as the first-baseman fumbled Barrier's grounder. Another was added in the third when Poole drew a pass and scored on successive errors. Flowe's scored two in the fourth on successive singles by Dick Dorton and White and two infield outs. They added two more in the fifth on singles by Pete Bost and Boger, an error and an infield out. In our half of the same inning the school registered another counter when Poole tripled and Russell singled. The visitors put three runs across in the eighth when Boger was safe on an error, Bill Bost walked, Dick Dorton was safe on another error, all three scoring on successive misplays as the local fielders booted away a chance to retire the side without permitting a runner to cross the plate. Pete Bost, with three singles, led the boys from Flowe's at bat, and Ed Poole with a single and triple and Cleaver with a double and single headed the Training School batters. The score:

		R	H	E
Flowe's	000 220 030	7	8	7
J. T. S.	401 010 000	6	7	7

Two-base hit: Cleaver. Three-base hit: Poole. Stolen bases: P. Bost, Boger, Hobby, Poole, Godown. Double plays: Andrews, Carriker and Lisk; D. Dorton, E. Dorton and White. Struck out: by Bost 10; by Lisk 3; by Andrews 4. Base on balls: off Bost 1; off Andrews 1. Umpires—Mason and Cope.

A BUILDING

Life is a building. It rises slowly day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days, add something to the invinsible building.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

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MY CREED

I take no heed of my neighbor's birth
  Or how he says his prayer,
I grant him a white man's place on earth,
  If his game is on the square.
If he plays it straight, I'll call him mate,
  If he cheats, I'll cut him flat.
All creeds but this are a worn-out lie,
  For each clean man is as good as I
    And a king is no more than that.

—Author Unknown.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

EYE HATH NOT SEEN NOR EAR HEARD

Emerson went to church one day, but he could not tell from the sermon, for all its art, whether the preacher had ever heard the laugh of a child or looked into an open grave. Unless the man in the pulpit has felt the deep hurt and heartache of humanity—its bitter, blinding tragedy—unless he knows the rough places, the dangerous turns, the dismal stretches of the old, winding road, and something of what the pilgrims carry in their packs, he cannot minister to our needs, much less lead us far along the way whither we seek to go. If he is aware of his own heart and its yearnings, he must know that men do not go to church to learn about science, philosophy, or art, useful as such studies may be. They go sorely needing and sadly seeking something else—longing to hear a voice out of the heavens, telling them of the things eye hath not seen or ear heard. They go seeking, as of old, the healing touch, the forgiving word, the hand put forth in the darkness, which makes them know that they are not alone in their struggle for the good. The preacher must live with the people if he is to know their problems, and he must live with God if he is to solve them.—Joseph Fort Newton.

THERE ARE NO BAD BOYS

In this issue of the Uplift the article captioned "There Are No Bad Boys" has a very familiar ring. That was the slogan during the campaign for the establishment of the Jackson Training School, the first piece of real constructive welfare work in the state. There are no bad boys, but bad environments due to indifferent parents was the idea emphasized by the pioneer workers for this institution, the object of which is to catch the broken

threads of a dissipated life and return to the great commonwealth fine citizenship.

We commend to all readers of the Uplift this article. It carries a message of human interest, portraying a character brimful of the milk of human kindness who understands the boy's problems.

It is convincing and proves in detail that the reformation of wayward youths is impossible without that spark of divinity—love—the synonym of God, the Scriptures tell that God is Love.

Reformation work today has lost that personal touch, due to the fact all activities of this kind are accepted as jobs and are no longer inspired by the love of service. The whole system of welfare work has become commercialized and passed into the hands of the politicians.

The increased and enlarged industrial interests of all kinds have necessitated a change in the manner of carrying on this necessary work so as to measure up to the demands of the times. The change in the modus-operanda is necessary, but the spirit of love should remain the same all the time and dominate every activity of the paid worker. Each should have an understanding heart so as to be able to touch the main spring of fine impulses, the heart, of the unfortunate so as to inspire clean thoughts and build a hope in what is supposed to be the human soul of vileness and misery.

The cause of the wayward child is vital, the salvaging of human souls, therefore, we will hail with delight when every person engaged in reclaiming wayward youths will have to measure up to certain requirements similar to that of any teacher in the public school system.

The unfortunate child is a ward of the state, and why not have the highest type of character so as to influence both by precept and example?

Take the mill-run of boys as they come, and they are the most valuable assets our planet has, unless we include their sisters. Boys and girls are not machines, but they are living personalities in the making, so they are entitled to an interest the same as any other child. It is a waste of time and money not to give the unfortunates the best.

A LETTER FROM A PAROLED BOY

This is a letter from a former member of the printing class of the Jackson Training School.

This young man went out as a linotype operator, and since leaving the institution has made good despite the fact that economic conditions confronted him wherever he turned. Read and see if you do not think our boys reflect fine training:

To——— ———,
% "The Uplift"
J. T. School,
Concord, N. C.

My Dear —— ———:

Very sorry indeed not to have written you before now. I really have not intentionally neglected writinng. On the contrary I've been so incessantly busy here of late that I haven't had much time to write. However, I'll try and remedy that effect now. But first, I must assure you that it will be very brief because I'm taking time out from my work now in order to write.

Attention invited to inclosed article which I was telling you about while in Concord. I thought at first that I had lost it but looking through some papers the other day I happened to run across it. I sincerely trust that it will be of some service to you.

Mrs. ———, I saw Mr. C. W. Hunt in Charlotte while on my vacation. We stopped on the street and had quite a chat. I had only met Mr. Hunt once before I saw him then, but he remembered me right off the reel. He came out to the Training School once while I was there but I didn't have the opportunity to meet him. Shortly after returning from Virginia I happened to go over to Mooresville and met him at his home on the Statesville road. He told me about the instincts and characteristics of so many little insects of which I was very much interested in.

I'm so glad that Walter Sistar is getting along as well as he is. The experience he is getting by going over to the Tribune will certainly be of some good advantage when he is out working for himself.

Mrs. ———, I must get back to my work now. And when you find the time convenient I wish you would please write to me and let me know what is going on at the Training School.

Sincerely yours,

———— ————

411th Co. C. C. C.
Smokemont, N. C.

MT. PLEASANT COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE CLOSES

The announcement that Mt. Pleasant Collegiate Institute, one of the best preparatory schools in the South, conducted by Col. G. F. McAllister, a veteran drill master, as well as a fine executive, would not open this Fall for its quota of students came as a distinct shock, and a lamentable one, to its legion of friends.

The people of this small village are of German descent, and have for four generations fostered and maintained with pride splendid institutions of learning for both young men and young women from the many states extending throughout the nation.

When the decision to close this splendid school was generally known, this remark coming from one of the finest of Cabarrus women, and a friend to education, was heard, "there will be no Mt. Pleasant without its schools." Such statements are suggestive of the fact that Mt. Pleasant and its schools were merged in the minds and hearts of the people of Cabarrus till the two, the town and its schools, have become one and inseparable.

It is a matter of history that the Mt. Pleasant institutions from the date of the establishment of the Old North Carolina College, 1859, up to the present era have greatly contributed to the making of the stronghold of men and women who have played a noteworthy role in the civic and spiritual uplift of the State and Nation.

We review the past history of the Mt. Pleasant institutions with pride, realizing that from the portals of these splendid Christian institutions, North Carolina College, Mount Amoena Seminary and Collegiate Institute there has passed a galaxy of sons and daughters, holding positions of honor as college presidents, ministers, missionaries, builders and statesmen with an influence that has been felt throughout the country.

In the past when the financial shadows would hover over the Mt. Pleasant schools there has been previously a Moses to rise up and extend a hand sufficiently strong to tide them over the worst. Let us hope that some unseen power will come to the rescue of this splendid school for young men and the future may be as bright as the past.

The announcement of the closing of Mt. Pleasant Collegiate Institute was a note of pathos to all citizens of Cabarrus, regardless of denominational affiliation.

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SLEEPING SICKNESS—ENCEPHALITIS

The information is that the lights in St. Louis medical centers are burning far into the night as science, tired-eyed but undiscouraged, seeks an explanation for an ever-widening spread of a mysterious sickness which has claimed forty lives.

The fight so far has proven futile, but continues to claim the attention of the state, federal and all local authorities. The disease is known as "Encephalitis," and appeared first in suburban St. Louis about the last of July. All additional patients are being sent to an isolation hospital. The struggle continues in the attempt to reach an understanding of the cause and method of transmission that started without warning.

Not knowing the cause, or the transmission, there is reason for thought. The whole affair baffles scientists.

* * * * * * * * * *

The women of the country are swinging in line with the hope of uniting the good housewives to adopt the code, display the Blue Eagle, and patronize only concerns which are operating under the rules of the National Recovery Act. This extensive program of enlisting the millions of housewives is devised so as to aid business and hasten the recovery to normalcy. This is a warfare that devolves upon the women as same as upon the men. In fact if the contest is effective the women will play a conspicuous part for they are the money spenders. It is a battle in which all kinds of business, and every condition of manhood are expected to indulge if the depression becomes a thing of the past.

THERE ARE NO BAD BOYS!

By Floyd Starr

There are no bad boys.

I insist on it. Policemen and prosecuting attorneys jeer at me—but not so uproariosuly as they used to. Experienced judges listen. And often they release to my care young offenders whom almost everyone else considers hopeless. Sometimes I am disappointed. Sometimes my boys break loose and do wild, reckless, foolish things. A few have been serious in their consequences.

"Didn't you say there were no bad boys?" the officers of the law ask me—and grin.

"I did," I reply, "and I do. There —are—no—bad—boys. I fail sometimes. It's plain I've failed in this case. That isn't the boy's fault. It's mine. I'm not asking you to give him another chance. I'm asking you to give me another chance. I think, if I have another chance, I will succeed."

No bad boys? You probably don't believe that. Doubtless you can think of at least half a dozen at once that are downright mean, just plain bad, but I think I know more about this one matter than you do. At least I ought to. For sixteen years I have been caring for boys that the state and everyone else have called bad. I have had more than four hundred of them at our Starr Commonwealth, near Albion, Michigan. There have been runaways, thieves, burglars, bandits, even a murderer or two. And yet I have never met a bad boy.

There are no walls around the Starr Commonwealth. There are no guards. The boys may run away any time. Sometimes they do. But they come back. If you visit us, you will find a number of substantial but unpretentious cottages. Each accommodates some fifteen or twenty boys. The sleeping quarters are spotless. It is a rule that the small white beds must be so carefully made that no one can grasp the counterpane or pinch it into a fold. In each cottage is a cozy dining-room and a spacious living room with attractive books and pictures. Each is managed by a carefully selected, motherly matron. A central building provides school rooms and offices.

All around is the great outdoors. There are no near neighbors. We now own a little lake just adjoining our "campus." Summer and winter it serves the needs of our lively, happy boys.

"Surely you sometimes do things you oughtn't to," said a visitor to one of our boys. I wasn't around at the time. The visitor told me about the conversation.

"Sure," the boy admitted.

"What happens then."

"Uncle Floyd just talks to you."

"But if you keep on doing it?"

"You don't. You don't want to. He shows you how it's wrong and how you only get into trouble and hurt other fellows."

"Doesn't he ever have to whip anyone?"

Instantly the young sensitive face hardened. It was such a look as never should come into a child's face.

Perhaps you have never seen it. But policemen have seen it often.

"No," he answered, and added, "nobody can get anything out of me by whipping me."

It is an obsession with me, this salvaging of boy life. It seems as if the more desperate the situation the harder I work at every turn to give the boy his chance. The world's "bad boy," untrained and without a decent environment, I see as a candidate for outlawry; with what should be his rightful heritage—home, cheerful surroundings, companionship and sensible discipline—he has a chance for a noble, constructive life.

The badness is on top. I must admit that it forms a pretty thick crust sometimes. But whenever I dig down to the real boy, I find something clean and sweet and good. Sometimes I fail. But that is because I have not been able to reach that real boy.

Among my discouragements was Joe. I never have met, and never expect to meet, another child like him. Unlike any other boy who ever came to our Commonwealth, he literally looked for bad things to do. He tortured animals. Even my boys, gathered from the streets and squalid dens of some of our great cities, had never heard his equal for profanity and filthy language. He deliberately and assiduously cultivated every vice of which he had ever heard or which his child mind could imagine.

To be sure, he had a good start. His father had taught him to smoke when he was hardly old enough to walk. By the time he was four, the boy was dependent upon his cigarettes. When he was eight, his father set out for parts unknown. His mother took the little fellow to her parents' home.

Everyone meant to be good and kind. But Joe did not respond. Mother and grandparents did not mean to be cruel; but they could think of nothing else to do; and so they whipped him again and again, and each time more severely. Under the torture Joe would weaken. He could not maintain his pose as a bold, bad boy. He would become just a suffering, frightened, sobbing child.

"Why can't you be good?" the bewildered grownups would ask.

"It's no use," the little fellow would gasp, "it's no use."

In the evenings there would be family prayers—councils, warnings, and entreaties. All were in vain. Joe's eyes burned with a strange fire—a flame of hate and horror.

"The devil must have chosen you for his very own," the grandfather would conclude.

Joe's eyes would only burn the more fiercely.

Often he would wake from sleep screaming. At first his mother used to come to him. She would ask what had frightened him. He never would tell. Soon he began to drive her away with blasphemy and the vilest language he could recall. She was forced to leave him to struggle with his terrors alone.

One night the grandfather went to bed with a roll of bills under his pillow. Somewhat nervous, he slept lightly. A slight noise awoke him. Joe was standing by the bed. A revolver was in his hand, pointed at the old man's head. Joes was try-

ing to pull the trigger. But he didn't understand the mechanism very well. He was clumsy from haste and nervousness. The old man was saved.

Now comes the strangest part, perhaps, of this weird story. Really Thomas Burke ought to tell it—or someone else who is skilled in finding lovely flowers rooted in the soil of human vileness and misery. Perhaps Renard could do it justice. I can only relate it as the woman told it to me.

A woman of the underworld, a prostitute, was making her way to her home—if it may be called that. It was late at night. From a dark shadow a little boy stepped out. The light of a street lamp fell on a pale, drawn little face with large black eyes that stared wildly. Joe was then only eleven. He looked even younger.

"May I go home with you?" the boy asked. His voice was throaty and his breath came in gasps. But his eyes held those of the woman. She could not escape them.

"Go home, kid," she told him, "You oughtn't to be out this time of night."

"Ain't got no home," he said. "Here's all the money I've got." A trembling little paw, grimy even in the flickering half light, held out a number of small coins. "It's thirty-seven cents."

The child was shivering. The streets were plainly no place for him. She had alays liked children, anyay.

'Come along, kid," she said.

As they walked, Joe talked in broken, agitated sentences. He boasted of his vices, of his thefts, of when he had almost "croaked" his "old man." "Ain't that pretty bad?" he asked, "Did you ever see a kid no bigger'n me as bad as that?"

She made no answer. They soon reached her room. Joe fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. The woman watched him for a little while. His small, white body had seemed pitifully spare and worn. How he had twitched and started while he talked.

Joe did not rest well. He lay all curled up. From time to time he twisted and muttered or moaned. She turned out the light and lay down beside him. He became somewhat quieter.

Soon he was awake, screaming and struggling. In a moment her arms were about him. Her voice soothed him. He did not drive her away. He whimpered a little and went back to his troubled sleep.

"I was walking along," he told her in the morning, "and I had to cross a railroad track. A train was coming but it was, oh, maybe, a mile away. I got just about to the middle of the track and then I couldn't move my feet. And the train kept coming fast. Oh, how I tried to get across! And the train kept on coming. I almost made it. I fell over the rail. But one foot was still on the track. I saw the front wheels of the engine and they were not more'n six inches from my foot. Then it all went up in smoke and I waked up. It always does. It never has cut off my foot yet. But it seems to come closer ev'ry time."

Something sweet and clean deep within the woman arose and struggled for life. Of course the strange

relationship could not last. She did not want to turn him over to the police. Fortunately she had heard about the Commonwealth. She communicated with his mother who soon brought him to us.

I chatted with him for a little while. Then I asked suddenly, "Do you smoke?"

He sniffed at his clothing. "No, I don't smoke," he answered. An inspiration came. "I set in the smoker on the way up here, and that's what makes my clothes smell that way."

The interview was soon over. I granted him permission to accompany his mother to the station. Some of my boys went with him.

"Can't you steal some matches off that old gink?" he asked. "I've got the makin's in my pocket but I ain't got a match and I want a smoke."

My boys will not allow anyone to call me an old gink. A small but wildly excited mob fairly hurled the little offender into my office.

"Didn't you tell me you didn't smoke?" I asked.

"Ye-ah."

"Well?"

No answer.

"Well, what about it?"

"I guess I just lied to yuh."

Almost always love works. But with Joe it didn't. Week after week went by. So far as we could see, he lied more adroitly, he stole more freely, his profanity became more fluent and lurid. I was almost ready to believe that I had at last found a really, thoroughly bad boy.

One characteristic surprised us. For all his hard exterior, Joe was a coward. That is rare among my boys. They are usually accustomed to hard knocks, ready either to give or take them. But Joe dreaded physical pain as no boy I have ever known. So well did he hide his awful secret—or what he considered that—that none of us guessed the part that fear, stark, freezing terror, had played in his apalling career.

It was my custom to gather my boys about me on Sunday mornings and read to them. Sometimes we all enjoyed it. Sometimes books that I thought magnificent the boys declared tedious. Sometimes they were enthusiastic over things that bored me. Nothing at all seemed to please Joe.

One morning he looked up suddenly and said he wanted to ask a question. I assured him that he was welcome. Then, without the least warning, bluntly, even defiantly, he said, "I want to know what and who God is."

I deliberated. Finally I answered, "I can't give you any better answer than the book of John gives—that God is Love."

Then flashed back the question, "What's the devil?"

My inspiration failed me. I could think of no plausible definition. Lamely I ventured, "anything wrong, anything that's not love."

"Huh, that can't be so, I read once that we was to put the devil behind us. How can youse put behind you what ain't a person and what can't walk around and fight for yuh or against you?"

I thought of an illustration that might serve his need. "Let us suppose we put a plate of cookies on the dining-room table," I said. "Some boy might come in and be tempted

to steal one of the cookies. Now if he turned away, leaving the cookies untouched, wouldn't you call that putting Satan behind him?"

Joe was impressed. He thought seriously for a few moments. In the end he declared that he couldn't accept that account of the matter. He had seen pictures of the devil.

That was all for the morning. Joe plainly thought he had said too much. A few days later he was in my office. I led him gently around to speak again of the devil. At first he as ewvasive. But at last decided he was evasive. But at last decided

"I used to try to be good," he said, "but it was awful hard. I never could do it. So I figgered the devil was getting the best of me most ev'ry time. Then I thought I'd better get on the winning side and help the devil all I could. Anyways, everybody told me I was bad and I got to sposin' they know'd more'n I did." I said nothing.

"Do y' know what a fiend is?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"A fiend is somebody in hell, working for the devil, like an angel is in heaven."

Fear. Terror, haunting every scene, paralyzing every generous impulse. Do you wonder that I loved the warped, tortured little soul?

I cast to the winds all reticence. Usually I sidestep detailed theological discussion. But that day I assured Joe as strongly as I knew how that I did not believe in that kind of a devil and that Joe had nothing to fear from him.

"Do you really mean that I can be good, if I try?" he asked.

I renewed my assurances.

There is something sweet and good at the heart of every boy, if only you can reach it. We had found it with Joe. From that day he was a new boy.

I don't mean that he changed from a fiend to an angel all at once. It was a struggle. Little by little he overcame the tendency to lie and steal. But it seemed that he never would stop swearing. On the slightest provocation he would pour out the vilest language I have ever heard. Together we planned that he should come to my office and report every lapse. I found the arrangement almost disastrous. The interruptions were so numerous that I could hardly get through my work.

Again I made an exception to my general principles. I resolved to hire him. I knew there was something he wanted passionately. I promised him that, if he would go two weeks without swearing, he should have it. My boys do not tattle. I had no way to check up on him. I trusted entirely to his honor.

I was surprised when the first day went by and there was no report. The days became almost a week. Then, looking out of my window I saw a sorry little figure coming up the walk. Joe came into the office, head down, hands in pocket. Despair was registered in every line and move.

"Well," he said, "I've lost my prize. I was bridling the old horse down by the lake, an' she stepped on my foot. I just doubled up my fist to strike her and started to say — —, 'n then I happened to think. I didn't really say it, but I'm just as bad,

for I thought it."

Then Joe, who had been the little fiend, cried as though his young heart would break. It was a cleansing storm. It soon spent itself. Calm and understanding returned. I promised the prize should still be his, if he would complete the two weeks without another lapse.

This seemed to be the last hurdle in Joe's race for character. He was not perfect. None of my boys are. But the old horror and the old compulsions were gone. Joe's "devil" was dead.

You cannot build a reputation on things you are going to do.—James J. Hill.

THE STRANGE STORY OF O. HENRY

By Ellen Friel Baker

William Sidney Porter, who wrote under the pen name O. Henry, and is universally recognized as America's best and most popular short story writer, had a life-story so strange and sad that it rivals his own fiction. He was born at Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1862, and received his only education at a small school taught by his aunt.

As a small boy he loved to read the stories of the "Arabian Nights." He liked to make cartoons of all his friends and acquaintances and was in the habit of spinning for them the most amazing yarns which he culled entirely from his own imagination. He was never happier than when roaming the fields and forests by himself, studying nature at first hand. Even in his childhood people observed that he was "different," and perhaps it was the being different that made him the great story writer that he was.

On one occasion when asked by an editor where he got his education he replied: "In the school of good books and the university of hard knocks." His first job was that of clerk in a Greensboro drug store, but ill health compelled him to give this up and go to work on a Texas ranch. It was there in the southwest that he first began to write short stories and jokes for newspapers and thus began to experience the ups and downs of a writer's career. For a year he edited a humorous weekly which he called "The Rolling Stone" and wrote most of the copy for this humorous publication himself.

Then for a while he gave up writing and served as teller of a Texas bank. He did not like the way affairs were conducted at the bank and so resigned.

Then came a day when he was called back by the bank to face the

charge of misappropriating the funds. Instead of facing the charges, when he would have doubtless been acquitted of all wrong-doing, he decided to go away and begin life all over again in a new country. He went to Central America but on hearing that his wife was sick at their Texas home he hurried back to her bedside—then gave himself up to the law.

The fact that he had run away weighed heavily against him in the trial, and he was sentenced and served a term in the penitentiary. He was released in 1901, and the following year he settled in New York and took up his writing again. He prowled the city in search of inspiration for his stories and got them from every corner. Fifth Avenue, Broadway, the Bowery, Madison Square or Gramercy Park—no matter where he happened to be, his bright eyes were busy studying faces and characters and his fingers were busy jotting down ideas for stories in his notebook.

One of the favorite scenes of inspriation was a big department store, and there he got his themes for such stories as "An Unfinished Story," "The Third Ingredient," and "The Lickpenny Lover." In his story "He Also Serves" we get a bit of his own life and longings when he says: "If I could have a thousand years—just one little thousand years more of life, I might in that time draw near enough to true Romance to touch the hem of her robe. Up from ships men come and from waste places and forest and road and garret and cellar to maunder to me in strangely distributed words, of the things they have seen and considered. The recording of their tales is no more than a matter of ears and fingers. There are only two fates I dread—deafness and writer's cramp."

He sold his diverting, original and delightful stories for big sums, but so generous was he and so great his sympathy with the "down-and-outers" that he was always himself in penurious circumstances.

In a symposium conducted by a New York newspaper in 1914, in which the foremost American fiction writers were asked to name the greatest American short story, O. Henry's "A Municipal Report" received the largest vote.

It may be interesting to know that the scene of this story is laid in Nashville, Tenn., and it was written in refutation of a remark of a contributor in the "Putnam Magazine" in which he writes: "Think of anything happening in Nashville, Tenn." By his story "A Municipal Report" O. Henry proved that Nashville may equal Paris, London or New York when it comes to romance and a real human interest story. When his wife, Mrs. William Sidney Porter, was asked, after his death, to name his ten best stories, she placed "A Municipal Report" at the head of the list.

O. Henry died rather suddenly in a New York hospital just nine years after he went to live in that city. To a friend at his bedside and to the nurse attending him, he remarked, whimsically—"Put the pillows up higher, and turn up the lights—I don't want to go home in the dark." In his story, "The Gift of The Magi" he wrote: "Life is made up of snif-

fles, sobs and smiles, with sniffles predominating"—and so in the closing hour of his life, sorrow and happiness seemed to meet and jostle each other.

His short stories have been collected since his death and published in the following volumes: "Cabbages and Kings," "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp," "The Gentle Grafter, "The Voice of the City," "Options," "Whirligigs," "The Two Women," "Strictly Business," "Sixes and Sevens," and "Rolling Stones."

A man who is always ready with an answer seldom gives the best one.—Selected.

THE RIGHT OF BEING PROTECTED FROM CRUELTY AND NEGLECT

(Children's Home Record)

Hitherto we have been dealing with the rights of children yet to be born, but there are multiplied tens of thousands of children today who are deprived of the inalienable rights of childhood. Hundreds of thousands of children are now suffering from poverty, cruelty and neglect. No child living in the miasma of a home where he is unwanted can become a useful member of society. The selfishness of parents sometimes is unbelievable. Deserted children, undernourished children, neglected children, cruelly treated children live somehow by the thousands in the shifting atmosphere of parental incompetence, indifference and hate. Such children have the right of being protected by the community from the indifference and abuse heaped upon them by their parents. Juvenile courts, protective organizations, and child-caring agencies and institutione are the least society can provide for these helpless children. When our father and mother forsake us in the perilous years of childhood, then society must take us up and nourish us through the years of learning and mastering the intricate ways of civilization. The conservation of banks, forests, mines, soil, political organizations, and the achievements of our social order, paramount as it may seem to economists and statesmen, is secondary to the conservation of civilization's investment in children. Old age quite speedily pushes us off the stage of life. Children must quickly take our parts or the drama of existence soon ends. To neglect our children, to fail to establish them in their rights of health, training, and understanding appropriation of the accumulated culture and processes of civilization is the most fatal waste of our human resources. Every child ethically is the ward of the community which permits its birth. The child's health, education and training in useful behavior and skillful ways of livelihood is the major responsibility of an adult-controlled world.

ONE BOY'S CHANCE

(Selected)

A gentlemen stopped suddenly before a sign which told him that messenger boys were to be had inside. He hesitated, and then went in.

"How many boys have you in now?" he asked.

"Six," was the reply; "it's dull today."

"Boys," said the gentleman, eyeing them scrutinizingly, "I suppose you know there is to be an exhibition of trained dogs tonight?"

The faces of the boys showed they were perfectly aware of that fact, and that they might even give some points in regard to it.

"Well, I'm looking for a boy to take a blind man to see it."

A titter was the first response, then followed a variety of expressions; as, "What could a blind man see?" and "You can't guy us that way."

"I'm not jesting; I'm in earnest," said Mr. Davis, and then, looking at one of the boys who had said nothing, he asked:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think I could do it," was the reply.

"How do you suppose you could make him see it?"

"Through my eyes, sir. That's the only way he could see."

"You're the boy I'm after," said Mr. Davis, and he arranged for him to meet the blind man.

The exhibition was in a large hall, and the blind man and his guide had a box to themselves, where they would disturb no one. But Mr. Davis, from his seat in the audience, knew the boy was telling what went on so that the blind man could understand. Indeed, no one applauded more heartily than the blind man himself.

The following day Mr. Davis again appeared among the mesenger boys, and, after a few words with the manager, said:

"Boys, there was offered every one of you yesterday a chance for lifting yourselves up in the world, but only one of you grasped it. My friend, the blind man, has felt for some time that he might get much pleasure out of life if he could find some young eyes to do his seeing for him, with an owner who could report intelligently. My friend is delighted with the experiment. He says he is sure I hit upon the boy in town who will suit him, and has offered him a good position with a fine salary. Messenger boys are easy to get, but a boy who can make a blind man see is at a premium. You see, that boy, though he did not know it, was on the watch for a good opportunity, and when it came he knew how to manage it."

Stopping at third base adds no more to the score than does striking out.—Selected.

OUR FRIEND, FRANCES PERKINS, SECRETARY OF LABOR

By Jeanette Eaton

"I don't know any appointment President Roosevelt has made or will ever make," said his campaign manager, "which will reflect more credit upon him than the appointment of Frances Perkins as Secretary of Labor."

In these words Mr. James Farley, now Postmaster General, set his public seal of approval upon a historic event. For when the new President gave a woman a place in his cabinet he did actually make history.

Several other countries, particularly Scandinavian nations, have trusted their able women to help run the government. But never before in America has any woman been so honored and all of us who are old enough to take any interest whatever in national affairs ought to be overjoyed at the new precedent.

Nevertheless, Miss Perkins is not Madam Secretary because a daring leader wanted to please his feminine followers. From the time she graduated from Mount Holyoke College, Frances Perkins had been steadily getting the experience which would fit her to guide our national labor policies.

Mrs. Roosevelt put the case exactly in speaking at a dinner given the new secretary. Said she, "The particular place Miss Perkins occupies could be filled so well by no other person—man or woman—with whom the President was acquainted."

If you saw Frances Perkins in her well-cut tailored suit walking through a crowded hotel lobby or met her on the street, you might be reminded of a very alert brown bird. But if you watched her in action, presiding over a stormy committee meeting or speaking from a platform, you'd know at once that she is a great person. And somehow, in spite of her impressiveness, you wouldn't be surprised to learn from her intimates that she loves to keep house, that she is a gay companion, a stanch friend, and the devoted mother of a charming daughter of seventeen.

In private life—and nobody in the pubic eye ever had a more private life—Madam Secretary is Mrs. Paul Wilson, wife of a statistician well known in New York circles. It was because before her marriage she was so well known as Frances Perkins to professional groups in social work that she keeps this more familiar title instead of her married name. Moreover, when she was first married her husband was secretary to the mayor of New York and she felt that it might hinder his work to be associated in the public mind with her battles.

For battles they were. Twenty-five years ago the industrial cities of New York state offered very unfair conditions to workers. Children went into wage earning far too much. Men and women were kept toiling long hours, often in damp, dark unsanitary work-rooms. Fac-

tories were not protected from fire dangers. And any attempt to improve these things was fought by employers who were too keen on makmoney to care about the people under them. As for the public, it was very indifferent.

There was, however, a national organization founded by women called The Consumers' League, which strove to educate both employers and the public in methods of fair dealing. Frances Perkins became an investigator for the New York branch of this League and thus began her life work. At that time, this Holyoke girl had taken graduate work in sociology and economics at three universities, Chicago, Pennsylvania, and Columbia, and had done social research in Philadelphia. She was, therefore, well equipped to champion human rights and defend the oppressed.

If workers in New York state who mix and bake the bread for city folk have clean, light, airy work-rooms today, they should remember how Frances Perkins strove to get laws passed requiring such conditions. If factories are no longer fire traps, she must be given a share of the credit.

One afternoon in 1911 the young social worker was taking tea with friends of hers near old Washington Square in New York City. Suddenly the sociable group was startled by the scream of fire engines dashing madly down the street. On the ninth floor of a huge loft building the Triangle Shirt factory was on fire. Several hundred girls were working there on power machines and that afternoon more than one hundred and forty of them lost their lives.

The building had no proper fire escapes. The exit door was fastened tight. Unprotected by safety devices for cutting off the flames, many girls were smothered as they fought to get out. Others leaped from the windows to their death. Frances Perkins saw them fall. Her heart was torn with the sight of their helpless suffering, and that terrible afternoon she made up her mind that she would work without ceasing until factory laws and rigid inspection had ruled out such horrors.

So it was that she became secretary of a Committee of Safety in New York. And you can imagine the satisfaction she had in helping to get thirty-two laws for the prevention of fire and accident passed by the state legislature.

Meanwhile she had begun her great work on the bill which limited women's employment to fifty-four hours a week. The bill was fought by powerful interests. "We don't want any government to tell us how we should run our business," the manufacturers and store owners kept saying. Frances Perkins argued with them, argued with legislators, presented facts, aroused consciences, lined up votes. And that grounding in legislative methods has stood her in good stead ever since.

Not until the last evening of the session at Albany was she able to force the assemblymen to get the bill presented for a vote. Then she found it had an amendment to it which her supporters did not want. "Better take it as it is," she told them, "than to get no bill at all."

"But it' too late now, anyway, to get it to the Senate," protested one legislator.

"Nonsense!" she answered. Then she hurried off to get a big political boss who was on her side to bring the bill before the senators. The boss did that, but before the senatorial vote he left the hall to take the Albany boat back to New York.

Little good that move did him! Finding at the last moment that the bill needed one more vote, Frances Perkins telephoned down to the dock and made the political leader come up the hill again to the Capitol. He cast his vote. The bill passed. And the famous Fifty-four Hour Law has from that day to this made wage-earning more tolerable for all women workers of the state.

No wonder Governor Smith made Miss Perkins one of his State Industrial Commissioners! She knew labor conditions as few experts did and she had learned the twists and turns by which, in a democracy such as ours, those conditions are improved by legislation. Most important of all from the standpoint of getting things done, she has a way with people.

One day an employer who was bitterly opposing certain legislation came from a session with Miss Perkins all smiles and good humor. A colleague who knew he hadn't got what he wanted asked him why he wasn't angry. "Well," he said thoughtfully, "I believe that little woman knows every existing fact about labor conditions and yet she's so friendly, she seems to take the rattlers out of those facts."

Many reformers really think every employer is a mean-hearted man. But Miss Perkins knows better. She accepts the plain fact that society needs the man who has the money, the courage and ability to go into business or industry and create the means of employing others.

When she was administering the Workmen's Compensation Law, which covers injuries received while at work, Miss Perkins was just as keen about defending employers from false claims pressed by dishonest men or by their dishonest physicians who said the injury was greater than it really was, as she was about getting employees their dues. Her splendid sense of justice knows no favorites.

An entire state rejoiced when Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1929 appointed Miss Perkins Industrial Commissioner. Doubtless politicians grieved that a nice plum was handed to a woman who wasn't devoted to the political machine. But citizens at large benefited by having ing labor laws strictly enforced and state employment offices staffed and housed.

Miss Perkins also created junior empolyment bureaus, where boys and girls are given expert guidance. That Jane might find an after-school job which isn't too much for her strength, that John, who has a mechanical bent, shouldn't drift into work for which he is not fitted; and, perhaps most important of all, that no young person should be employed illegally—such is Miss Perkin's purpose. She sees the problems of all young people with a mother's sympathetic eye. So it was that in four years of service the State In-

dustrial Commissioner developed an organization that was like a varsity crew—all pulling together for the good of the people.

Then came November, 1932, and the election of Roosevelt. It was rumored from the first that if the New York governor was made president, he would invite Miss Perkins into his cabinet. She must have weighed the possiblity, and all her friends naturally supposed she would have found election day a tremendous strain. But when one of them called up the Wilson apartment in New York to ask what she was doing, she replied serenely, "Oh, this seemed a very good time to straighten out my bureau drawers!"

Such an occupation on a day which was to bring her a larger task is typical of the way Frances Perkins slips into the personal role. In the midst of the great dinner given in her honor two weeks after her appointment as secretary, she left her place on the speaker's dais and went all around among the tables to greet her assembled friends.

"Hello, Fanny, how grand you look!" one intimate sang out.

"Do you like this dress?" she said, stopping to bestow an affectionate handclasp. "A friend of mine said I had nothing fit to wear to the Inauguration, and so she went out and bought me this, one afternoon. Wasn't she a dear?"

It is this total lack of affectation, this refusal to take herself too seriously, which is one of her most endearing traits. Half an hour later when she was addressing that huge room full of admirers she gave us another impression. She was pleading for human justice and for the patient self-sacrifice needed during these trying times. The full ring of her voice, the gestures of her eloquent hands, the passion of her conviction all testified to her capacity for leadership.

No photograph of Miss Perkins does her justice. With her glowing dark eyes, her soft brown hair and her quick smile she has a youthful vitality which the camera misses, and that vitality has many outlets. For instance, when she goes in summer to a cottage in New England which has long been a possession of her family, her chief joy is painting.

"Oh, I'm not a good painter," she told a friend of mine, "but I love to work at it and it makes me understand something of what the modern artists are doing."

It is so like Frances Perkins to say that. There is no form of human activity that she doesn't like to understand. She used exactly the same term the night she spoke to a large group of social workers about her new task as Secretary of Labor. "I consider," she said, "that it is my duty to understand if I can—and to listen with a consecrated ear that I may understand—the problems of those who lead the wage-earning life."

If you should go to Washington and visit the Department of Labor you would perhaps get an inkling of what that business of "understanding" such problems amounts to. The department is housed at present in an inadequate, old-fashioned biulding. From the windows of her office the Secretaary has no fine view to atone for the glare of

the hot afternoon sun. Any sense of privacy permitted her must be dimmed whenever she glances about the large room. For one end of it is completely occupied by a long, heavy table with arm chairs marshalled all about it which must always remind her of the committee meeting that is certain to take place soon.

Around that long table people bring grievances, schemes, objections to proposed plans, reports, hearings on bills, technical discussions! It is people who make our government. And people have emotions, prejudices, interests which sharply conflict. Just think what a steady hand it must take to work with so many types of human beings!

Far down Constitution Avenue a fine marble structure is being erected to shelter the Department of Labor and all its bureaus, a palace where Frances Perkins will presently be spending her working hours. But when that day comes, she will care only all the more about the family which has no roof over its head. She will be only the more approachable and less than ever concerned about the showy outside of things.

Wherever the Secretary of Labor has her desk she will guard a nation's conscience toward its working people. The minimum wage, the thirty-hour week, unemployment insurance—these are some of the measures toward which the secretary is working. Perhaps you young people who read this may some day have an opportunity to help put this program into effect. Study the labor laws of your state. Read what Frances Perkins has to say in her frequent magazine and newspaper articles. It is an inspiration to all the youth of America to have a leader who is so fearless and so sane, who cares for the truth, and who holds so clear a vision of the salvation of our country through mutual effort.

THE BUSY MAN'S CREED

I belive in the service I am handing out, in the firm I am working for and believe in my ability to get results. I believe that honest service can be rendered to honest men by honest methods. I believe in working, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking, and in the pleasure of my job. I believe that a man gets what he goes after, that one deed done today is worth two deeds tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. I believe in today and the work I am doing; in tomorow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward which the future holds. I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good cheer, in friendship and in honest competition. I believe there is something doing somewhere for every man ready to do it.—Selected.

ARE YOU HALF THE BOY—?

(Selected)

There is not one mother in a thousand who does not dream high and happy dreams about her little boy. Mothers want their boys to become good and great men. The simplest and humblest of women often have the greatest ideals for their children. They are ready to make any sacrifice and deny themselves any comfort in order that their children may have a chance in life.

The real romance in a woman's life is not in her brief courtship and marriage. Her real romance begins when she holds her first son in her arms and dreams over him the long, beautiful dreams of motherhood. He is to fulfill all of her hopes and aspirations. He is her incarnate ambition, soul of her soul as well as flesh of her flesh.

Almost every man can remember the pride felt when his mother praised him for some good deed or some unselfish act which he had performed. He can recall how, in those moments he planned to do wonderful things, and to make his mother proud of him when he became a man.

Now you look back over the expanse of years that have passed so swiftly. The winds of adversity have often beaten you down. Alluring temptations have snared you. Are you half the boy your mother thought you'd be?

Fortunate and happy, the boy who can answer in the affirmative. On the other hand, cruel and bitter must be the disappointment of those mothers and fathers, too, who see their dreams shattered and come to naught. The little, life, that they thought would be a benediction to humanity, and for which the mother went into the valley of the Shadow and battled with death, has all too often developed into a no-account, a failure, or worse.

What an ideal a mother's hopes for her boy to raise before him! What a goal to strive for, to pick one's self out of the mire and try to win back to, if one has failed.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.

—Whittier.

CACTUS CANDY

By Fred Cornelius

The newsboy passed from seat to seat of the crowded west-bound train, crying his wares in a most musical voice. On this round he carried a basket piled high with beautifully decorated boxes. In these boxes was cactus candy, which the newsboy assured everyone, was the best candy ever eaten.

A man, fresh from the east, bought one of the small boxes and asked a question about how the candy is made.

"I can not tell you how they make it," said the newsboy, "but if you are going to get off at El Paso, I can tell you where they make it, and you may go and see for yourself."

"Good," said the easterner, "I shall be glad indeed to visit a place where such fine candy is made and see for myself, as you say, how it is done. How do you get there?"

The newsboy told him, and soon after the train stopped at the station at El Paso, he was on his way down own to find where the cactus candy was made. But he never found the place the newsboy told him about. He wandered about on the south-side of the city, where the residents are mostly Mexicans. He saw many things strange and interesting to him. The low adobe buildings, black-shawled woman and sombreroed men, markets cluttered with Mexican pottery and queer-looking friuts, vegetables, and confections.

As he passed a house on a side street, he saw a beautiful Mexican girl, wearing a boy's cap, studying intently a large cactus plant growing in the side yard. There was a heap of the same kind of plants which had their spines chopped off, piled up like wood. There was a pleasant smell coming from the open door of the house.

"Good morning," he ventured.

The girl looked up and, to his surprise, answered in perfect English, "Good morning, sir."

"Can you tell me where they make cactus candy?" he asked.

"We make some of it here," answered the girl.

"Will you show me how you do it?"

"Surely," said the girl, "come in."

They entered a large, clean room, and she led him to a great wooden block which stood near the back door. "First, you see, we cut open the plant, take out the pulp, and cut it in pieces about the size of lumps of sugar. Here you see the lumps spread out to dry a little while the syrup is cooking. When the syrup is at the candy stage, we drop the pieces of pulp in and boil them till they are clear, then drain them. That is all there is to it, except that after the candy is dry we pack it in boxes and in Mexican pottery and wrap them in waxed paper."

"Do you mean to tell me that making cactus candy is as simple as that?"

"Yes, that is all there is to it."

"But what kind of syrup do you use?"

"Just ordinary sugar syrup," she

answered.

"Well, at any rate, I have learned something," said the man, "and I thank you very much." And he took his way back to the station smiling.

Of course, there are other ways to make this delicious candy, but this is the most common way, and perhaps the easiest.

Gathering the cactus plants is the hardest job. After they are uprooted and the spines chopped off, they are brought in off the desert in wagons and on the backs of burros.

There are several kinds of cactus plants used in making candy, but the most common one is the F. wislizeni, often called barrel and fishhook cactus.

It is strange that men call money "dough." Dough sticks to your fingers.—Selected.

WHEN BOBBY WAS LATE

Junior Boys

"Just a couple more weeks of school!" chanted Bobby, as he swung back and forth on the garden gate. "Just four weeks, and then vacation! Isn't that splendid. Virginia?"

His companion was sitting on the grass under the lilac bush, cutting out paper dolls. She now laid down her scissors with a little sigh, and nodded gravely.

"Yes, and I'm just as glad as you that school is 'most over. It is so nice out of doors that I just hate to be shut up in that old schoolroom! I wish it was over right now," she ended wistfully.

"Just four weeks, and it will be," consoled Bobby. "And do you know, Virginia, I haven't been tardy this whole year? I was absent once; that was when I had a tooth pulled; but I haven't been late a single time!" and his blue eyes shone proudly.

"Oh, dear, I have!" exclaimed Virginia; "lots of times. I don't mean to be; it just happens. I think you have done splendidly, Bobby, never to be late."

"I tell you, Virginia, some days I've had to run like everything to get there in time," confided Bobby. "But I try to start early every day. Uncle James said he'd give me a silver dollar if I got through the year without a tardy mark on my report card."

"That's a lot of money!" Virginia's eyes grew round at the thought. "What ever will you do with it all, Bobby?"

"I'm going to get a bat and a ball. But I may not get the dollar; there are four more weeks of school," he added.

"Oh, you'll get it!" Virginia nodded confidently.

Just then Bobby's mother called to him from the neighboring yard;

so he started for home, whistling as he went.

"Bobby," said his mother the following Monday, as they sat at the supper table, "have you seen Elise Darrow's dog Jingo lately?"

Bobby looked up from his plate in surprise. "Why, no, mother," he answered. "Not since—let me see—last Tuesday, when I went there on an errand for you. Why?"

"He has been lost since Friday, and Elsie feels very badly. Mrs. Darrow phoned me a short time ago. She thought perhaps you or Virginia might have seen him," said Mrs. Hay.

"No. I'd remember if I did, for he is almost never on the street. He is such a little fellow, and always stayed right at home."

"It is too bad." Mrs. Hay spoke to her husband across the table. "Elsie is the little, lame girl whose mother has been doing our washing. The doctor gave her this spaniel several months ago, and the dog has meant so much to her."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Hay, in concern. "I'll keep an eye open for him, and ask downtown. And you see what you can do, Bobby."

"Yes, sir," answered Bobby. "And may I run over to Virginia's now and see if she has seen Jingo?" His mother consenting, Bobby ran across the lawn to Virginia's house.

But Virginia had seen nothing of Elsie's dog. She felt very sorry for the little, lame girl, and she and Bobby walked up and down the neighboring streets until dark, but could find no trace of Jingo.

Bobby did not sleep very well that night. He kept dreaming of poor Elsie and her little dog. He did not get up when mother first called him, and was slow in getting started for school. In fact, mother warned him that, if he did not hurry, he would be late. That roused him, and he started briskly off for the schoolhouse, four blocks away.

He was hurrying down the side street when he was startled by a sharp yelp, and, on looking down, he saw a bedraggled black-and-white dog which barked gleefully when it saw that it was noticed.

"Why!" exclaimed Bobby, "if it isn't Jingo! How miserable and grimy he is!" and he stooped down and patted the little animal.

Jingo recognized him, and was almost wild with delight at having found a friend. I'm afraid he had been having a sorry time of it since he left his little mistress.

Bobby's first thought was of how delighted Elsie was going to be to see her pet again. It was a moment later that he realized he would not have time to take Jingo to her and then get to school before nine o'cloc. It was almost nine now, and he would have to run all the way to get there in time. But if he went away and left Jingo, how could he ever find him again? By the time school was out, the dog might have wandered so far away as never to be found again at all, and there was no place where he could be shut up.

For just a minute Bobby hesitated, but only a minute, for when he thought of poor Elsie he didn't wait a bit longer.

Picking up Jingo, who squirmed with delight, Bobby tucked him firmly under his arm, and started for

Elsie's as fast as he could go.

The hands of the big clock on the wall pointed to a quarter of ten when Bobby, with a very red face, walked into Miss Robins' room. Miss Robin looked at him sorrowfully and then glanced at the clock. Then, with a little frown, she opened the book from which she read the roll call and made a mark after Bobby's name. Bobby felt Virginia's sorrowful eyes upon him; but he bravely swallowed the lump in his throat, and apparently began to study very hard, although at first he couldn't see the letters in his book, his eyes blurred so.

"But I'm glad I did it," he said that night when he was telling mother all about it. "Mother, you just ought to have seen how awfully glad Elsie was! She laughed and cried, and hugged Jingo so tight! And her mother was glad, too; she said she couldn't bear to see Elsie feeling so badly. So I don't mind very much being tardy and losing my dollar," he assured his mother.

But when he brought his report card home on the last day of school, there was not a tardy mark on it!

"Miss Robins said she had found out what made me so late that day," he explained. "I guess Virginia told her, and she said she had decided not to mark me tardy, after all, because the time really wasn't wasted. Wasn't it nice of her?"

And mother, smiling, readily agreed.—

THE ANGLERS' SAINT

(Reidsville Review)

One of the most quaint and lovable characters in history was Izaak Walton, whose fame rests principally upon a notable treatise for fishing, called "The The Compleat Angler," published 280 years ago. It has been written of him that "there is hardly a name in literature, even of the first rank, whose immortality is more secure, or whose personality is the subject of a more devoted cult."

This year is a sort of triple anniversary of Walton, as he was born in 593, 340 years ago; published his most famous book in 1653, 280 years ago; and died in 1683, 250 years ago.

It is also said of him that "multitudes who have never put a worm on a hook have been caught and securely held by his picture of the delights of the gentle craft, and by his easy, leisurely transcript of his own simple, peaceable, lovable and amusing character."

In addition to his "Angler," he wrote several charming volumes of biography dealing with the lives of distinguished personal friends, of whom he had many, most of whom were devotees of the piscatorial art.

In contrast with the vast majority of those who have gained lasting fame through war and strife, Walton has lived to charm succeeding generations by his gentleness, kindness and love of nature. He may well be considered the patron saint of fishermen.

MODERN MOTHERS ARE BEST

By Sidonie M. Gruenberg

The care and training of children was under discussion. Someone cited the days of our grandmothers and, seen through a pleasant mist of sentiment and imagination, those "good old days" took on the aspect of perfection. Our grandmothers and our great-grandmothers had known how to bring up children. Just by instinct and impulse, by tradition and custom, and they raised their large families. Then why all this modern talk of child rearing as a science? Why this increasing body of new information in regard to the child and his welfare?

Now, all sentiment and glamour aside, what are the facts concerning the well-being of the child in "the good old days"? Generations in the past came and went with a fearfully high death rate among infants. Somehow the race survived. One of the most striking achievements of the past quarter of a century is a radical reduction in the infant death rate—to half, a third, even a quarter of what was formerly accepted as "normal." This achievement has resulted altogether through the application of modern scientific knowledge to the physical care of children.

Every department of life has shown advance and improvement in proportion as it has made use of the methods and results of modern study. The care of children is no exception. Wise parenthood requires more than good will and traditional ideas. It requires understanding based upon the studies of experts. It requires steady application to the task of keeping up with the growth of knowledge, as well as with the growth of the children. Truly enlightened parenthood must be our goal.

THE DEVOTIONAL VALUE OF SILENCE

There is good reason for the solemn command: "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." Silence is an aid to devotion; it is the fertile soil in which piety flourishes; it is the vital air in which spirituality thrives. There should be room for the silent hour every day; there should be a spot of silence for every individual; there should be a retreat for every soul where no voice breaks the silence but the voice of God. Some preacher has said: "In silent worship where even thought, so far as it is self-originated, is in quiescence, that the soul may be receptive to the slightest movement of God, surely in that silence the influence is at its height. Such worship will not only exalt and purify the soul, but set upon it the seal of its stillness and peace."—Selected.

HONOR ROLL FOR AUGUST

Room No. 1

—A—

Homer Smith, Howard Boaz, Albert Crepps, and Vernell O'Neal.

—B—

Graham Godfrey, Clyde Kivett, Ernest Munger, Frank Parrish, Clifford Stephens, Sam Wilson, Horace Brown, Shannon Broome, Jack Cook, and Clarence McPherson.

—o—

Room No. 2

—A—

Louis Brigman, Charles Everett, George Nelson, and Robert Branch.

—B—

James Enloe, Mell Russ, Robert Worthington, Arthur Chatham, and Eddie Lochamy.

—o—

Room No. 4

—A—

Frank Overby.

—B—

Sammie Belk, Ross Biggs, Jereldia Blackwood, Calvin Boone, Fleming Collins, Carliss Evans, Frank Fry, Warren Medlin, Benjamin Overby, Elmer Peeler, Otis Therrell, Robt. Williams, Raleigh Akridge, Allen Barret, Thomas Brooks, Jas. Douglas, Henry Irby, Claude McLaughlin, J. W. McLaughlin, Latha Miller, Chas. Mounce, Melvin Solomon, and Hilliard Thomas.

—o—

Room No. 6

—A—

Clarence Douglas, Leroy Green, Morris Hicks, Julius Moore, Gilbert Murray, Frank Stanley, Thomas Brown, James Beck, Isaac Chatham, Junior Edwards, Marcellas Gurgainous, Sidney Hall, Herman Lamm, Willie Martin, Carl Stafford, Charles Womble, Clyde Young, and Douglas Wilkes.

—B—

Nathan Bullard, Charles Butler, Bill Clayton, Howard Cook, George Gibson, Frank Hall, Calvin Hicks, Lewis Janey, Clarence Lingerfelt, Irvin Meddlin, Ralph Mecimore, Vester O'Shields, Marshall Scoggins, Nate Shelton, Fred Vereen, Leonard Watson, Porter Wilhite, Hubert Whitmere, James Cashwell, Guy Emerson, Reuben Payne, Maynard Hicks, and Colonel Pearce.

—o—

Room No. 7

—A—

Charles Crowts, James Revis, Sam Russell, and Richard Sullivan.

—B—

Marvin Chappell, David Hodges, and James Young.

A coal miner does not need the sun's illumination. He carries his own light.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Johnnie Baxter, of Lincolnton, who left us last January, visited the school last Wednesday. He reports that he is now employed in a cotton mill and is getting along well.

—o—

Richard Mishoe, a member of our printing class, having made a good record during his stay at the school, was paroled last Wednesday. This lad has our best wishes for success as he again takes his place in the outside world.

—o—

Our cannery force recently tried something new in the way of putting up vegetables for Winter use. In addition to the usual canning of beans and tomatoes, a considerable amount of okra was put in cans this week.

—o—

Johnnie Bowers, who was paroled two and one-half years ago, and is now engaged in farming on the property of J. L. Morton, in Stanly County, visited the school last Wednesday. Johnnie is now twenty years old and seems to be a settled, straightforward young man.

—o—

Paul Oldham, of Winston-Salem, who was paroled in July, 1925, called on friends at the school the other day. He reports that he works on a farm and operates a filling-station. Like all other farmers, Paul said his income for the past two years had been rather small, but that he was making a good living.

—o—

Mr. M. J. Ricker, State Highway Engineer and Mr. J. H. Haynes, junior engineer, visited the Training School this week for the purpose of making a survey for a much-needed under-pass under the National Highway, connecting our campus with the athletic field, railroad siding and a portion of the farm.

—o—

Charles Hodgins, of Cottage No. 3, was suddenly taken ill two weeks ago and was taken to the Concord Hospital for treatment and observation. It was discovered that he was suffering from intestinal trouble and he was operated on a few days later. The operation was successful and Charles continues to show improvement, and we hope he will soon be discharged from the hospital.

—o—

Robert Lee Batts, of Greensboro, stopped for a few minutes' chat with old friends here on Labor Day. He was driving a large transfer truck and was on his way to Charlotte for a load of household furnishings. Robert reported that he was getting along well, and from appearance and demeanor we are led to believe it to be true. This lad left the school in August, 1931, and reports concerning his conduct since that time, have been consistently good.

—o—

George Bristow and Bill Goodman, of Winston-salem, accompanied Mr. K. W. Davis, Boys' Commissioner, to the Training School one day last week. Mr. Davis reported that these boys had been begging him for some time to allow them to come with him on his next visit to the school. He also reported that they

were doing well, and was especially commendatory of George Bristow's efforts to make good since leaving the institution. Since this visit we received a letter from George saying that he was going to one of the Civilian Conservation Corps camps at an early date.

—o—

The Flowe's Store and Harrisburg teams were scheduled to play on the Training School diamond last Saturday afternoon, but the latter aggregation of ball-tossers were so late in making their appearance that it was necessary to call the game at the end of the third inning, at which time the Harrisburg boys were leading by the score of 3 to 1. While waiting for their regularly scheduled opponents to appear, the boys from Flowe's engaged in a game with a team composed of boys and officers of the school and a few spectators. This affair went seven innings, Flowe's winning by the score of 5 to 2.

—o—

Lee Young, one of our old boys, who is working for the A. & P. Company, in Camden, N. J., dropped in for his annual visit to the school last Monday afternoon. Lee informs us that he has been working for this company for the past seven years. His vacation season of two weeks occurs during the late Summer and on these occasions he visits friends and relatives in Lexington. When in the South he never fails to renew acquaintance with scenes and faces at the Training School. Lee tells all comers that he has never regretted a single hour spent at the school. He came to the institution in March, 1915, and was paroled in 1918. This young man is married and is the proud father of a four-year-old boy. Judging from his appearance, Lee would impress any one with clean living and honest purpose in life.

—o—

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture lesson Rev. Hardin read the parable of the talents as found in Matthew 25:14-29, calling special attention to the last verse, "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." In a very interesting talk to the boys, the speaker stated that a person's success did not depend so much on what he possesses, but how he uses what he has. We are all endowed with certain talents, some having more than others, and God gives us the opportunity to make the best possible use of them, and it is only by the proper use of these talents, great or small, that we shall receive our reward. Rev. Hardin concluded by saying that it was the great law of life that nothing comes to us without work, and that our success in this life and our share in the joys of the life hereafter, depend solely on our efforts to make the proper use of the talents God has given us.

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CHEERFULNESS

Do not look for wrong and evil,
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

—Alice Cary.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT—

No home is built with hands alone.

You can always be happy if you are willing to reciprocate with others.

God can do little for a soul that shrinks from difficulties.

You cannot raise another's ideals by lowering your own.

Fully nine-tenths of our troubles would vanish if we didn't talk so much.

Faith gives energy and leads out into the sunshine of God's protecting love.

If you have no fixed goal, how can you arrive?

Those who complain and give up always lose out. Perseverance wins, and keeps on winning.

Envy and hatred are your hostile foes, although returning often to you in a friendly way.

He cannot trust God for his past who is trembling as to his future.

There is no tonic in life which will so beautify the countenance and strengthen the spirit as the desire to be helpful to those around us.

—Selected.

THE YOUTHFUL HOBOES ARE INCREASING

The title, the Knight of the Road, is a new and dignified name for the hitch-hiker, bummer or the erstwhile tramp. For reasons we were laboring under the impression that the army of hoboes had grown fewer, but from figures of the prison division of Pubilc Works Commission we have to reverse our view point.

The statistics give the illuminating information that hoboes continue to make up the bulk of the thirty-day prisoners sen-

tenced to the highway prison camps. During the month of August out of the 528 prisoners sentenced 235 were Knights of the Road.

The saddest part of the story is the major part of this number were boys in their teens. Again the question arises "why?" The homes, the environment and lack of parental interest have without a doubt contributed to the increase of delinquent youths. These young hoboes go to the prison camps for a short period, are confined as a punishment, and then turned loose and passed up to another community to meet a similar fate.

There is no reformation in this kind of work, but while in the prison camp there is an expense attached. How to deal with the youthful delinquents so as to realize the best results is a mooted question. Possibly if more time were taken to study out how to meet conditions better results would be seen with less expenditure of funds allotted for reformation work by the state.

Again we bring in the usual refrain of the Uplift: there should be a more extensive vocational training for our youthful delinquents, both girls and boys, wherever possible. The old saying "an idle brain is the devil's work-shop" has never failed to prove true.

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HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS AGAIN

It is impossible for the young people to realize the supreme sacrifices made by the state through the medium of the tax payers to rate North Carolina as endeavoring to give the young men and women of the state the very best educational advantages.

We will soon hear the merry voices of youth ring out in the open and the tramp of the feet of our boys and girls as they wend their way to the school buildings. It is to be hoped that they go in spirit, with a determination to make the best of the advantages offered. No one can burgeon out the course of a child. They can be directed and stimulated to greater things if the teacher wields the right influence.

Parenthetically there has to be a co-operative contact between

the home and the school. It is impossible for the teacher to take the place of the home altogether. But the teacher is a power in moulding character. Frequently the youths of the school room accept the teachers as their ideals, carrying through life little idiosyncracies unconsiously absorbed. Therefore, the teacher should not possess only the qualifications of standardization alone, but personal integrity and strong character.

The development of the intellect is a worthy aim, but the development of strong character is more important.

Some one has said to have the courage to refuse to do a wrong thing is the equivalent of doing the right thing. Every child should be taught in terms of what is right and wrong, having the power to discriminate.

We are needing today men and women fitted for leadership, therefore, if the teachers build up the intellect upon a foundation of strong character they are "building a temple that will last while the ages roll," for the beautiful, unseen temple is that of the childs immortal soul.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A YOUTH'S BODY FOUND

The Charlotte Observer of the 11th, carries a short story but a sad one of a youth whose body was found on the track of the Southern Railway near Statesville, mangled beyond recognition.

The story is a gruesome one and one veiled in mystery, because there is no way in the world to identify this young fellow with auburn hair, brown eyes, about five feet and six inches tall, weighing probably 150 pounds and looked to be about 18 years old. Think of it? His clothing was just a pair of blue overalls and shirt, sugestive of the fact that life was hard and he was aimlessly moving about with the idea of finding something better.

There is a cause for this restlessness among delinquents—it furnishes a fine study for the scientists of every state.

The body of the boy is held at some funeral home in Statesville awaiting identification. This incident is very similar to that of the unknown boy found in Charlotte mashed to death by the

rolling of steel rails while in a freight car. The boy was never identified, but the King's Daughters of Charlotte gave him a Christian burial, and later placed a marker at his grave.

Some Christian organization of Statesville will doubtless see that the unknown youth found near that city receives a Christian burial, and not permit his body to be placed in the potter's field.

* * * * * * * * * *

The town of Franklin, Mass., the first town named for Benjamin Franklin, is also the birthplace of Horace Mann. Horace Mann was an educator noted for his reforms in the Massachusetts' school system. It has been said there was "no such thing as an American education till Horace Mann, at the age of thirty, began to re-organize the school system." This town celebrated the 137th anniversary of its illustrious son just recently.

If Horace Mann gave the first reform for our school system we wonder if there is a semblance of the Mann system now? If a change means a reform for the better surely we should have had a perfect school system long before this date. We will not expatiate upon the schools, because we are antiquated and possibly know more of the Mann system than the present date school system. But there is nothing perfect. Our schools are our most valuable assets, it matters not what has taken place in the past, or what will happen in the future.

To make the story more interesting we will tell how Mann received his first impetus to become recognized as a school man. The town, Franklin, named for one of the country's early pioneers of good works, asked Franklin for a bell. Instead of Franklin donating a bell he gave 116 volumes of Greek and Latin, saying, "sense was preferable to sound." Parenthetically we will have to ask, what would we do with that many volumes of Greek and Latin today?

These books were the means of enkindling a desire for an education in the mind of the boy, Horace Mann, afterwards "an eminent scholar and the founder of our common school system."

Benjamin Franklin was a philosopher, renowned for his thrift,

and knew when to give and how to give to bring about the best results.

This institution, the Jackson Training School, has lately received many books, the gift of the Charlotte King's Daughters. They too, have chosen wisely, giving to the boys books, the finest mental recreation in all the world. One of our boys said a few days ago, "I get more pleasure out of the library than any other thing at the school." This remark was not in answer to a question, but the conversation between two boys while in service as house boys was heard by accident.

Who can tell just how far reaching in the development of boyhood will the donation of books by the good women extend?

AN UNEXPETED DEATH IN THIS INSTITUTION

Out of the number of nearly three thousand boys placed under the care of the institution, the death toll has been nine during the twenty-four years the school has been in existence.

It was this week one of our boys, Henry Luther Herring, of Fayetteville, was taken suddenly ill with a bone infection and died after three days' illness.

The officers of the institution, after knowing the boy was sick, did all that was possible for his comfort and recovery. Luther Herring was placed in the Concord Hospital, under the care of skilled physicians with tender nursing, but the lad was all too weak to battle the deadly infection and his white soul passed to the great beyond at two-thirty last Tuesday morning.

His comrades and all officers of the Training School mourn the passing of this youth of fifteen years, and extend to relatives and friends the profoundest sympathy in their bereavement.

MOTHERS' PART IN THE HEALTH PROGRAM

By Mrs. L. L. Parker

We should feel concerned about our children starting to school. They are beginning a new life, coming in contact with more people.

Each child should be vaccinated for small pox, typhoid and diphtheria before starting to school.

Non-communicable and remediable physical defects cripple a larger number of children than the communicable diseases. Careful studies in various schools have shown that about two children out of three have defective teeth, one out of fourteen defective vision, one out of seventeen enlarged tonsils, and one out of twenty adenoid growths.

These defects are entirely unsuspected by either the children or their parents, yet they are hampering the children in their school life and causing a wastage of a considerable part of the money put in their education.

One child cannot see the black board clearly and has a headache when he studies. A pair of glasses would clear up the whole trouble. Another child is dull and listless and does not sleep well and has no appetite for his meals. The removal of adenoid growth would cure this quickly.

Early signs of tuberculosis of the hip joint, such as a slight lameness, have been laughed at as an awkward walk. The child may wear out one shoe quicker than another, or may complain of a pain in the knee, a condition lightly passed over as a growing pain. A crippled heart from endocarditis results in loss of competence, distress, and shortened life. Advise every parent that all cases of growing pains be actively treated in bed just as any other case of acute rheumatism. A great deal of what formely passed as stupidity in children has, since regular medical inspection has been practiced, been found to be due to a slight defect in hearing or seeing which lead the child to make ridiculous mistakes. The presence of adenoids will often cause the child to have a vacant, stupid expression which excites ridicule. Often he is punished for stupidity and inattention and laughed at for keping his mouth open.

A bad breath may be the result of a disordered stomach and intestinal tract, of catarrhal trouble, or of decaying teeth, all of which are, as a rule remediable. Early decay of the teeth of children should lead to investigation as to the cause.

Children of a nervous temperament have very frequently a bad reputation at school, and many a child is punished at school and at home for conditions he is powerless to overcome.

The development of St. Vitis dance is insidious, and the child is usually woefully misunderstood.

An English writer, commenting on this fact, says, "The sad consequence to the child of an affliction such as this, so long as it is unrecognized, is obvious. Infirmity pro-

vokes punishment and punishment aggravates infirmity. "Bad writing and untidy sums are not remedied by scolding and slaps; these corrections in their turn produce worse writing and worse sums, until at length the disorder grows into notice and the child is put to bed."

Squinting, fidgety, jerky movements, twitching of the face, repeated attacks of dizziness, irritability of temper, if unusual, night terrors or spasmodic movements are all significant symptoms worthy of investigation.

We all know what the acute communicable diseases are, and I believe most of the mothers know the symptoms, and in every case a doctor should be called.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart.—Joseph Addison.

HOW TO KEEP WELL AND BUILD HEALTHY BODIES

By Mrs. L. L. Parker

First, we should form regular habits, a time for all things. The period usually spoken of as "school days" is an extremely active one physically. The vast number of the metabolic changes going on and the growth of the body demand a plentiful and suitable diet. In considering school dietaries, several points are worthy of consideration.

Milk being easily digested in most cases, is of great value, especially for children whose nutrition is below normal. Every child should drink at least one quart a day. Eggs may be used alone, or in the preparation of the various dishes. Meat is a very important part of the diet, as it contains a larger part of the proteins from which the tissues are built up, and in a more available form than any other kind of food. Meat should be provided, therefore, in sufficient quantities, a half-pound a day being perhaps a good average for a growing boy, the larger and more robust taking that quantity or more, the smaller and more delicate children taking somewhat less. Steaks, chops and roasts of beef, mutton, lamb, fowl and bacon are the most suitable, although pork, together with meat stews, meat puddings, sausages and hashes may be allowed in smaller quantities. These last, while generally relished, are not so easily digestible, nor such good sources of nutriment as those first mentioned. With care and proper preparation many of their ill effects can be obliviated. More meat is required in

winter than in summer, and more in cold climates than in warm.

Bread and butter should be given with each meal. Bread made from whole wheat flower may be used in the largest quantity, but it is well to supply various kinds of bread to avoid monotony. Cereal porridges of all kinds may be given for breakfast, oatmeal being probably the most desirable.

Vegetables of almost all varieties may be used. For dinner two varieties should be used, one green vegetable and potatoes. Salads made of green vegetables with the very simplest dressings are useful additions to the diet.

Fruit should invariably be given once a day. Candies and many of the sweets given to children are harmful and cause indigestion. If proper sweets were provided there would be slighter tendency to indulge in the less desirable forms. Fruit-syrups, sugar-syrups, honey, preserved fruits and jam may be eaten with bread. Caramels, chocolate, maple sugar and plain sugar-taffies are the best of the other forms of sweets.

Simple desserts, such as custards, milk pudding with rice, tapioca and the like, bread pudding, plain cakes, and properly prepared pastry may be used.

The beverages should be water and milk. Weak cocoa or chocolate may be given after the seventh year. Tea or coffee should not be given until the thirteenth year, and may be withheld advantageously longer.

Especial care should be taken to avoid a monotonous diet, for there are many instances where the constant repetition of a certain form of food has created a dislike for it that has persisted throughout life or been overcome with difficulty.

A second point to be remembered is that the food should be well prepared and properly served. This has more to do with influencing the appetite of nervous children than is generally supposed.

Sufficient time should be allowed, not only for the meal but for the performance of whatever small duties may be required of the child. A time should be set for one or two regular daily visits to the toilet. Hurrying to school should be avoided. Reading and studying immediately before and after meals should be prohibited, as should bathing or any very active exercise. Some light form of recreation, however, may be indulged in. The hours of the meals should be so arranged that the child may have freshly prepared meals, and not cold luncheons or warmed over dinners.

Lastly, nibbling and eating between meals, except under the conditions previously described, should be strictly prohibited. In spite of stringent rules, however, many infringements will appear.

It is by neglect of diet, fresh air, and exercise that many cases of tuberculosis gain headway. Anemia may result from such neglect, and a delicate, nervous child be the outcome of one who should by right be healthy.

In the language of Paul, "Know ye that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

FARM COLONY PLANS

(Twin City Sentinel)

One of the most interesting of all the experiments the Roosevelt administration is going to make will be its venture in "subsistence farming" for industrial workers on the fringes of big cities.

A $25,000,000 fund is available for this work, and the first colonies will be established soon. What the stunt will amount to is simply this:

Land will be obtained on the edge of a city and will be subdivided into small farms of one, two or three acres. A small home, perhaps to cost $3,000, will be established on each plot. In the middle of the colony will be a store, a playground and social hall, and the like.

Occupants of these homes will be industrial workers from the city. Each family will have enough land to raise vegetables, chickens and a little fruit—and, possibly, to keep a cow. And the idea is that these workers will not only get the benefits of fresh air, open country life, and so on; they will be far more independent of the uncertainties of industrial life than any workers can possibly be under ordinary conditions.

If the factory that employs one of these men shuts down, for instance, the man doesn't starve. He stays at home, raises his own food, keeps his expenses down to a very low minimum—and has, on the whole, a pretty fair sort of time.

Furthermore, while he is working he has his own source of supply just the same. The arrival of the shorter work week gives him ample time to cultivate his garden and look after his place. He does not need to spend as much on his day-to-day expenses as he did formerly. His money goes farther. He is more secure in every way.

That, at any rate, is the theory; and it looks as if the $25,000,000 that will go into this experiment will be money very well spent.

A real man does not want all his barriers leveled. He of course welcomes easy tasks, but he welcomes hards ones also. The difficult or unpleasant thing puts him on his mettle, throws him on his own resources, and to accomplish something really worth while under such circumstances, is much more gratifying than the performance of easy tasks.—Exchange.

SEPTEMBER TREASURES

By Elsa Gorham Baker

With a lavish hand, nature spreads her flowers over the fields and roadsides in September. Some have been in bloom for weeks, others are just opening. During this month we will find the cardinal flower, which must be one of her choicest treasures, judging from the rarity with which she uses the color of its blossoms. These are a deep rich velvety red. The flowers are tubular with deeply cleft lobes, in a loosely clustered spike. The plants are from two to four feet high and grow in moist ground. They are visited by the ruby-throated hummingbird.

Also fond of damp ground is jewelweed or touch-me-not. This is a tall plant with thick but tender stems. The flowers have a spurred, inflated yellow sack, spotted with brown. When the narrow seedpod is nearly ripe it will explode at the lightest touch, scattering seed in all directions.

Some of the milkweeds are still blossoming, particularly the handsomest member of the family—orange milkweed or butterfly weed. This is well worth transplanting to your garden, to which its flat-topped clusters of orange flowers and narrow light green leaves will make a pleasing addition. It has but little of the milky juices of other species.

A pretty and rather unusual little flower is grass-of-parnassus. This may be found in summer, but is most abundant in September. The five-petaled blossoms are about an inch wide, cream-white, veined with green and have yellow anthers. They are borne singly on the ends of long stems, each of which is clasped by one leaf, the other leaves being basal.

The common thistle—true to its name—is the one most often seen in fields and pastures. The densely clustered, tubular florets form a head sometimes three inches across. They are magenta in color and very sweet-scented. The dark green spiny leaves clasp the stem closely and discourage all but the most determined efforts to pick the flowers.

Blue vervain—which is not blue at all but a deep purple—has an erect stem sometimes seven feet in height and dark green, short-stemmed leaves. The many slender, branching flower-spikes are at the top of the stem and point upward, resembling candalabra arms. The flowers lowest on the spike open first—the succession of bloom climbing up slowly and leaving a long row of purplish calyxes.

Wild carrot—while to farmers merely a pernicious weed—really deserves its more poetic name of Queen Ann's lace, for the flat-topped cluster of tiny white flowers spreads out in a dainty lace-like pattern. For some mysterious reason, in the center of the cluster there may usually be found one deep purple floret. The plant has finely-cut, ornamental foliage much like that of its relative, the carrot of the vegetable garden. The name of bird's nest is sometimes given it as the flower cluster, when drying, curls up into the shape of one.

Much like little snapdragons are the flowers of toad-flax or butter and eggs. They are about an inch long, spur and all, and are yellow, with a protruding orange palate. The leaves are grayish green and very narrow. The plant varies in height from six inches to nearly three feet and is very widely distributed.

The clovers are all found in September—some having a blossoming season extending from May to October. Their roundish heads of tubular florets are familiar to most of us, while the three-parted leaves need no discription. A searsh for leaves having four, five or more parts is usually interesting. There is the common red clover; the white clover—an excellent forage plant and a favorite of bee keepers, as it is rich in honey; alsike clover, pinkish cream in color, very fragrant, and like the white clover, laden with honey; yellow or hop clover, with small rather oblong heads and narrow, light green leaves; and the fuzzy rabbit-foot or stone clover, with its soft grayish-pink flowerheads.

A dainty vine that climbs to a height of four or five feet is ground nut, sometimes called wild bean, as its flowers resemble bean blossoms. They grow in thick round clusters, are of an unusual color—a sort of lilac-brown or maroon—and are almost cloyingly sweet. The compound leaves are light green, with from three to seven leaflets. Its pear-shaped root is edible.

The beautiful white water lily may still be found in September in quiet ponds. The fragrant flowers are sometimes five inches in diameter and float on the surface of the water together with the round, dark green leaves. The yellow pond lily is often found nearby. This has a small green and yellow flower raised above the water on a long stem, and thick ovate leaves. Joe Pye weed is a well-known plant that grows in damp places. The fuzzy, rosy-purple flowers are in flat-topped clusters at the top of a stem that sometimes is twelve feet high. The plant was named for a New England Indian who used it in a fever-cure.

Boneset or thoroughwort, from whose leaves a bitter tonis is made, is often found near Joe Pye weed. It has very similar flowers of a dull white. Its light green opposite leaves gives the effect of being joined, with the stem growing through them. It is seldom over five feet high.

One of nature's rarest September treasures is the fringed gentian. This, Schuyler Matthews says, is "remarkable not so much for its blue color as for the delicate, misty quality of that color and the expressiveness of the flower-form." The plant grows in moist ground, sometimes, though seldom, reaching a height of three feet. It has a stiff, branching stem, each branch bearing a violet-blue flower. These are vase-shaped, with four deeply fringed lobes that spread out flat in the sunshine. The large calyx and narrow leaves are yellow-green, the calyx having a bronze tint. The closed or bottle gentian is more common, and is interesting chiefly because its deep blue bottle-shaped coroila never opens.

Turtle-head is a smooth, stout-stemmed, moisture-loving plant, from one to three feet high. The white,

pink-tinged flowers have a two-lipped tubular corolla somewhat resembling the head of a turtle. The leaves are bright green, toothed, and from three to six inches long.

Asters and goldenrod are the September flowers that come first to the minds of many people, and no wonder, for then the fields and roadsides are crowded with their numerous varieties — goldenrod alone having more than eighty species. It is not hard to learn to know the more common varieties of goldenrod, but there is not space here to give their distinguishing characteristics. There is one, however, which we can never mistake—silverrod or white goldenrod—the only member of the family having white flowers. This stands in relation to the other species "as moonlight unto sunlight."

As for the asters, whether low or high, large-flowered or small, white or purple, they are all beautiful and, with the goldenrods, linger so late in autumn that the interval before the first spring flowers appear does not seem long.

THE BEST

The best that we have is not what we've got
  But that which we give away—
A gift to make easy another's lot—
  For it all comes back some day;
The love that we showered to left and right,
  The boost that we gave some heart
That wanted the dream and the song and the light,
  As it struggled to get a start.

We count our treasures in bank and chest,
  The things we have saved—they are there;
But they do not matter, they're not the best—
  Our best are the things we share.
Our best is the love that we give to those
  Who hunger and suffer and cry—
A song of cheer, a flag or a rose,
  As the great procession goes by.

Oh, we know the things we had were fine,
  And we gave them away with a will;
Well, don't be worried, and don't repine,
  They are ours, we have them still.
For the things we gave away are the things
  That profit us most in the end—
A love and a thought and a cheer that rings,
  Somewhere in the heart of a friend.

—Folger Kinsey.

COTTON GROWERS WILL GET THEIR MONEY SOON

(The State)

Cotton growers of North Carolina, hard-hit victims of economic stress, are going to get something for nothing at last, or so it seems.

For agreeing to plow up 219,363 acres of cotton, the big-hearted Federal government is going to send them checks totaling $2,770,766.

It's all rather complicated, but it seems that "options" have something to do with it, the growers getting the options on government cotton at six cents per pound when they sign up to destroy a certain portion of the cotton they have planted.

The growers were asked to plow up 363,000 acres, which estimates say would have yielded 121,000 bales. The number of acres they have agreed to take out of production would have raised 122,343, officials state. It seems there was an error in original estimates.

The plan is a part of President Roosevelt's New Deal program. Department of Agriculture experts feared that unless some drastic action were taken, cotton production this year would be so great as to cause the price to drop back to the five-cent level. At this time it is selling at almost twelve cents a pound, and sponsors of the reduction plan are hopeful that 10,000,000 acres will be taken out of production through its provisions, helping to hold the price at a level which will assure a profit.

What is your weakest link? Every chain has one. Every soul has one. Where would you break first under the strain of a long, heavy task? You are probably hoping ardently that some day the Master will call on you for some specific service. But remember that above all else He needs dependability in those who do His will. What though your links of devotion, unselfishness and desire for service are well developed and strong if, next to them in the chain of your character, the links of love, sympathy and tolerance are weak and pitted with the rust disuse? Do not say to yourself: "Oh, well, maybe that link isn't a very good one but look at all those other fine strong ones I have—so much better than other people's!" Those strong links you admire so greatly are very good things to have, but remember that no matter how fine they are the limit of your usefulness in the Master's work is not measured by them but by the little weak links you are trying to forget. It is only when all the links are equally strong that you can lift a little of the heavy burden of the world from the shoulders of the Master—Selected.

THE CAREFREE HOBO

(Reidsville Review)

In this day of government regulation of everything, and fear of transgressing some sacred code, the life of the carefree hobo seems rather attractive. He doesn't have to worry about meeting payrolls, nor does he fear a boycott because he can't display a Blue Eagle.

There was a big hoboes' convention in Chicago a couple of weeks ago, and one philosophical delegate, known only by the name of "Slim," told in a few words the story of a hobo's life. Now the hobo, it must be remembered, is a different character from the common tramp or bum. The hobo travels from place to place, but he is willing to work, and does work, whenever opportunity offers.

The three classes—tramp, bum and hobo—have been described thus: The tramp is a traveling non-worker; the bum is a stationary non-worker, but the hobo is a traveling worker, who accepts reasonable or temporary employment wherever he can get it.

But let "Slim" tell about the hobo in his own words. He says:

"The hobo may be defined as the stiff who built the railroads and rides the rods; who built the highways and hitchhikes; who stacked up the wheat and eats stale bread; who mowed the hay and sleeps on it. About the only surplus remuneration he ever received for his esssential services was his freedom, and he will not easily part with it."

And, come to think of it, there are some compensations for the hobo's existence. He doesn't have to dress up in uncomfortable clothes; he doesn't have to conform to a lot of foolish social customs; he doesn't have to listen to luncheon club orators or other speakers who bore us superior folks stiff. Maybe it's fun to be a hobo after all.

GOING OUT WITH A JEST

A merchant who had only a few weeks to live was giving his lawyer instructions as to his will. He said: "Fix it up so that my overdraft at the bank goes to my wife—she can explain it. My equity in the car goes to my son—he will have to work to keep up the payments. Give my good will to the supply houses—they took some awful chances on me and are entitled to something. My equipment you can give to the junk man—he has had his eye on it for several years. I would like six of my creditors to be pallbearers—they have carried me so long, they may as well finish the job."—Exchange.

REPEATERS

(News and Observer)

Children who spend more than one year in a grade in the Durham county school system cost the county $77,000 a year, according to Dr. A. H. London in a speech before the executive committee of the North Carolina Medical Society. In Durham, he said, there were 1,196 repeaters out of the 5,000 children in the county school system.

One repeater out of every five children is an amazing and costly ratio. Whether such a ratio extends to other counties in the state Dr. London did not state, but obviously here is the problem closest to the heart of the cost of education.

Various factors may be responsible for this huge percentage of twice-taught children. Dr. London thinks that most repeater cases are due to physical defect. The Durham county medical society is planning to ask the county commissioners for an appropriation of $1,500 to make a study of the repeaters and their physical defects. Against such an annual drain upon the school resources of Durham, this would seem to be a very small investment.

The problem of the repeater who takes more than his share of school costs ought to be examined from every angle. The Durham move to study it from the standpoint of physical defects is a good one, and not only Durham but other counties should profit from the findings made. Other studies, however, should also be made to determine the relationship of repeaters and the efficiency of the teacher, of repeaters and the teacher load, of repeaters and malnutrition. Many such studies have undoubtedly been made. The work to use their findings as means of reducing school costs in North Carolina should go on unceasingly. Certainly if Durham county is a fair example there is plenty of room for improvement in the state.

RULES FOR ENJOYING A GROUCH

Fall out of bed and be sure it is from the wrong side. Don't bother to say good morning to anyone. If it is mentioned to you, just reply that it is not your fault. Don't have anything to do with folks who smile. They are laughing at you, but never mind, you'll get even some day. Eat heartily of food that disagrees with you. It may give you inaomnia. Then you'll be in good trim for tomorrow's grouch.—Selected.

NAPOLEON'S SON STILL ALIEN AMONG HAPSBURGS

By Elle Goode Hardeman

July 22 registered the one-hundred-and-first anniversary of the death of Napoleon's sons, the king of Rome and the Duke of Reichstadt, whose body rests in the vaulted death of Napoleon's son, the king cnna. From time to time, plans have been contemplated for removing the body to Paris—even this year—but so far, no definite steps have yet been taken, and the matter seems to remain one for future contemplation.

Meanwhile continued interest has been aroused anew in this young son of Napoleon, whose short life filled an important page in the history of France and Austria a century ago.

In his last will and testament, Napoleon asks that his own "ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, among the French people, whom I have loved so well," and in this same impressive document, he bids his son to remember that he was "born a French prince." Can either France or Austria ever forget it?

Consigned, as this young French prince was, to a gilded captivity in Austria, the few short years of his life were spent in constant recollection of his childhood's home—the pomp and splendor attending his birth, and the relentless fate that changed his home and loved ones. Practically fatherless from the first, and all too soon bereft of a mother's care, there was only his grandfather, the emperor of Austria, to whom he could turn with genuine affection, though he was a great favorite with all his mother's family. But Napoleon's son was always longing for France, and never quite happy with his Austrian relatives. He seemed, in life as in death, an "alien among the Hapburgs."

In "L'Aiglon," the imagination of the French poet, Rostand, and the superb acting of the great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, have presented to posterity the "dim figure of this pale young man, with a queer haunting voice, as he moved vaguely behind the Austrian court." But at the time of his birth, March 20, 1811, there was never a more important heir born to any throne.

At 9 o'clock on the evening of March 19, the great bells of Paris solemnly summoned the faithful to prayers, for the blessings of Heaven upon the Empress Marie Louise and the child about to enter the world. France, as well as all of Europe, was anxiously awaiting this momentous event.

The city of Paris had begged to be allowed to present the cradle. It was made of silver-gilt, ornamented with mother-of-pearl, and scattered with golden bees. It was lavishly trimmed with silken curtains and priceless laces—a truly "royal cradle, for a royal infant." A few years later, this famous cradle was to follow its youthful occupant to Vienna, where it remains today, the center of much interest for visiting

tourists to the Austrian museum, and where it reposes among other valuable relics of the Austrian court. On the death of Marie Louise, the cradle was willed to her young nephew, Franz Joseph, who was to become the emperor of Austria, and whose long reign ended with his death in the midst of the World War.

A marvelous layette was prepared for this royal infant, at a cost of 300,000 francs. A royal governess was carefully chosen from the old nobility The Countess Montesquoiou was very religious and of spotless reputation. The assistant governesses represented the newer nobility, thus giving both factions full recognition. Napoleon's son was to be brought up an aristocrat, well-trained in the "traditions of the Caesars."

The newspapers carried headlines stating that for over 400 years, no ruler of France had been born in Paris. Public interest was at the highest pitch. In honor of the empress, Napoleon formed a charitable society for mothers, and endowed it with an annual income of 500,000 francs. Peace reigned once more in Europe. The courts of Paris and Vienna were apparently forever "clasped in a fond embrace"—there were to be no more wars between France and Austria!

On March 20, the birth of the royal heir was announced by the booming of 101 cannon. Paris cheered wildly—excitement was tremendous, and the enthusiasm of the multitude "broke forth like a volcano." Napoleon, standing at one of the windows of the palace, gazed in silence at the joyous crowds below, while tears streamed down his cheeks. In his Memoirs, Constant tells us—"the happiness of fatherhood softened this soul, which the most brilliant victories, the sincerest tributes of public adulation, had left untouched."

The great event actually became a festival in every French family, while through the new telegraphy, the wonder of the age, the news was hastily sent to all the larger cities of Europe. Imitating Paris, many of these cities announced the event to their people in the surrounding territories by the firing of 101 cannon. Thousands of masses were said in honor of the young king, and in Rome, the cupola of St. Peter's was illuminated to celebrate the birth of one who was named in honor of the Eternal City.

According to a decree calling Rome the second city of the French empire, and according to old usages of the Holy German empire, by which the prince destined to succeed the Germanic Caesar, was called king of the Romans before bearing the title of emperor, Napoleon's son was to be called the king of Rome.

On the very day of his birth, the baby was privately christened at 9 p. m. in the chapel of the Tuilleries, surrounded by his family and the court. A superb vermillion vase served for the baptismal font. The infant was given the name of Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph, thus honoring his father, his two grandfathers and one uncle. Immediately following his baptism, the young king was made a member of the Legion of Honor and the Order of the Iron Cross.

The Emperor Francis of Austria wrote to Napoleon in happy rejoicing over the new grandson. "All the details about the birth of the prince arouse my sincerest interest. Your majesty has already so many claims upon my friendship, that these details were not needed to induce me to cherish more and more the bonds that unite us, and which I charge my daughter and her son to make even closer." Yet within a few short years, this same Francis of Austria was to join with England and Russia in breaking those same bonds, in the overthrow of Napoleon, and in assuming the guardianship of the king of Rome within Austrian boundaries!

But as the news of the birth of the son of the Archduchess Marie Louise reached the people of Vienna, there was a great public demonstration. The city was brilliantly illuminated, and special services were held in all the churches, while gala fetes were the order of the day. Europe as a whole rejoiced at the news of the birth of Napoleon's son, yearning as it did for peace after the ghastly battles of war. Napoleon was still greatly feared.

The formal public baptism of the royal infant was held in the Cathedral of Notre Dame on June 7, 1811. The emperor of Austria was to have been present to hold the child in his arms before the Almoner, but at the last moment Francis excused himself for business reasons that detained him in Austria. Napoleon held the baby himself before the Almoner as it was baptized, after which the herald-at-arms advanced to the middle of the choir and called three times in a loud voice—"Long Live the King of Rome!"

The vast audience of imperial guards, senators, professors, mayors of French cities, cardinals, kings, queens, princes, princesses, dukes and counts and viceroys, all in full regalia, broke into uproarious cheers, repeating, "Long Live the King of Rome!"

In Paris there was a great festival, presided over by the emperor at St. Cloud. More than three hundred thousand persons attended. Food was publicly distributed, and the fountains ran with wine. Games and sports were played, and the imperial guard gave an open-air banquet for the garrison of Paris. Brilliant fireworks illuminated the skies after dark.

During his babyhood, the young king was always in perfect health. He had his father's eyes and mouth, and was said to completely resemble him. Napoleon adored him, and delighted in spoiling him. He would often carry the youngster about on his shoulders and romp with him on the floor. He seldom if ever punished his baby misdemeanors, so the child, in turn, adored his father.

From the age of two years on, the little king was trained with the idea that he was to be an emperor. Once he fell on the floor and began to cry. His governess immediately said "Stop. The people must not hear their future emperor cry like an ordinary baby." The boy instantly stopped crying and looked up with a troubled expression. "I hope they did not hear hear me. I shall not

cry again."

The empress had the child brought to her every morning while she busied herself with her painting or embroidery, but she rarely held him herself, seemingly unused to children, and afraid of hurting him. Her maternal love seems to have found most of its expression in her letters to her father, the Emperor Francis. On the 11th of May, 1811, she writes of his vaccination—on July 10, he cut his first tooth—on December 19, he had four teeth—on January 11 he had six teeth and could say "mama" and "papa."

Thus for a few short years life was very happy, not only for the little king of Rome, but for Napoleon and Marie Louise. The empress was then a loving mother, a faithful wife and a worthy empress. Napoleon was at the height of his power. The Emperor Francis was still well contented with his daughter and his son-in-law, and very proud of his French grandson.

Then came the ill-fated Russian campaign, and the minor chords in the life of the king of Rome gradually became more and more dominant, as his father went recklessly into the jaws of that terrible disaster. Accompanied as far as Dresden by his wife and son, Napoleon lingered there for a gala meeting with the emperor and empress of Austria. The two emperors embraced each other warmly. Francis could not hide his emotions as he kissed his daughter and gazed at his new grandson. He feelingly assured Napoleon that he "could count on Austria for the triumph of the common cause," though he had already promised the Russian czar that his assistance to France would amount to nothing!

Napoleon had been warned that everything would be against him in the Russian campaign, but go he would, led by a sort of fatality. Returning to Paris after that memorable retreat from Russia, he came to vividly realize the awful consequences. The throne itself had been imperiled for his heir. Hence, to preserve the monarchy, he conceived the plan of making Marie Louise an empress regent of France. In case of his death, France would thus have a rightful ruler until the young king of Rome should arrive at the age of maturity. Napoleon believed that such would strengthen his alliance with Austria, and it might be the means of a reconciliation between himself and the Pope. It all proved useless.

The abdication of Napoleon and his stay at Elba are well known historical facts, as well as the flight of the empress and her son from Paris to Blois. The little king of Rome's protesting voice cried: "I will not leave the house. My papa is not here, and I am the master. I will not go!" But he was carried out to the carriage, kicking and screaming.

Marie Louise and her followers settled at Blois, where they undertook to carry on as if she were still empress-regent. Influenced by the report that the czar of Russia intended to restore the Bourbons to the throne of France, she at once appealed to her father for the wel-

fare of her son—"I am sure you do not intnend to give my son the island of Elba as his only heritage. I feel certain that you will defend his rights and bestow upon him a better destiny. I again trust to you the destiny of my unfortunate child. I understand he can expect nothing from France. I beg you, when it is possible, to arrange another possession for him."

But from this time on, Francis and his shrewd minister, Metternich, sought to take Marie Louise and her young son back to Vienna. They did not intend that they should ever join Napoleon again, either at Elba or any where else. They realized that whatever was bestowed upon these two, would eventually belong to the Hapsburgs. As a result of their schemes, Marie Louise and her son joined her father at Ramboullet, and from there accompanied him to Vienna.

In the political game of the great European emperors, Napoleon was finally forced to a second abdication, after the short victory of the hundred days, and his banishment to the Island of St. Helena was his final destiny. Marie Louise became the duchess of Parma and married General Neipperg, of the Austrian army. Under their care and supervision, the duchy prospered, and there were several Niepperg children to brighten the home-life of these two.

But the king of Rome became a pawn in this same complex game of European politics. His cause was sometimes put forward by the crafty Metternich, sometimes by the unionists of Italy, and occasionally by malcontents in France to discredit the Bourbon restoration. The latter increased the determination of the allied sovereigns never to allow a son of Napoleon to rule anywhere. His title was changed from the "King of Rome" to the "Duke of Reichstadt," a strictly Austrian title, and a bitter one for the great Napoleon, who had once declared that he would prefer that his son should be strangled rather than be brought up as an Austrian prince. The great emperor was now to see his son reduced to a rank inferior to that of the Austrian archdukes!

The education of the young duke was confided to Count Dietrichstein, who found the boy "precocious, volatile, passionate and fond of miltary affairs." But the pupil wanted to be French, and it was difficult to force him to learn the German language. Metternich had carefully forbidden his tutors to tell him anything of his father's history, but when the duke learned to read, he begged constantly for books on France, and his grandfather finally over-ruled Metternich's orders.

The young duke was never permitted to visit his mother in Parma, and her visits to Vienna were few and far between. In her letters she tried to show him the futility of resisting the Austrian court, and contented herself with the companionship of her Niepperg children, though she assured her first-born that the reports of his good conduct were always a great comfort to her.

By nature the duke was proud and sensitive, and upon hearing of

the death of his father in 1821, he bitterly exclaimed: "If Josephine had been my mother, my father never would have been sent to St. Helena, and I would not be languishing in Vienna!" Thus the years dragged on hopelessly for this young son of the great Napoleon, until an over-indulgence in physical exercise beyond his strength, and a natural weakness in his chest, together with his impatience at restraint, brought on a general decline in his health. The deadly tuberculosis had already begun its devastating work, when Marie Louise joined her son for a short stay at Baden in the summer of 1830, but the mother did not realize then her son's serious condition. Instead she found him a "charming young man," and was in every way very well pleased with him.

She did not see him again until 1832, when his condition had become alarming. She was hastily sent for, and on arriving in Vienna was distressed to find him so ill. She almost fainted at sight of his white face, and wasted form. After a few days of intense suffering that tore his mother's heart with genuine remorse, the end came peacefully.

The death of the duke of Reichstaadt was the tragic climax to his joyous birth. To use his own words: "There will be but little between my cradle and my coffin. My birth and my death are the whole story of my life."

He was buried in the vaults of the Capuchin church in Vienna, where rests the bodies of the Hapsburgs, and where his tomb is pointed out to enquiring tourists from all parts of the world. Though long since dead, this young son of the great Napoleon is still remembered.

THE GLORY OF THE ROCKIES

By Henry H. Graham

It is often said, "Why go to Switzerland when you can visit the Rocky Mountians in America?" No foreign country has any finer scenery or is any more interesting to visit than this land of ours. Yet the fact remains that many of us do not appreciate our wealth of natural outdoor grandeur as we should. The increase in touring is showing Americans the country in which they live, and the automobile has opened the doors of nature's lavishness.

The great Rocky Mountain range in the west furnishes as choice scenery as the most enthusiastic nature lover could desire. Towering snow-capped peaks, wooded canyons, glaciers, shimmering lakes, glistening waterfalls, exhilarating air, perfect roads—these are some of the things that endear the Rockies to everyone fortunate enough to have visited them. Of such infinite variety is the scenery that something new is always coming into view; around every bend in the road is a charming visit different from its predecessor.

When it comes to pure ruggedness and wildness, the Rockies rank second to none. In fact, so wild and unconquered are they that the uninitiated marvel at the sight, and wonder how they were ever formed so many centuries ago. Parts of the range project into the clouds, from a distance resembling teeth of a massive saw. In between the teeth are vast, deep valleys, where the mountain sheep and goats live. It is here that the big game hunters must go for their reward.

To me nothing about a mountain range is so interesting as that vast, barren wind-swept space above the timber line. The forlorn, twisted vegetation bears silent witness to centuries of elemental strife. No vegetable life exists above the timber line, and very few animals are found there. The intense cold winter and summer preclude life. To stay there is to die.

Upon a number of occasions, I have explored this limitless region of desolation, and have always found much of interest. Any student of nature who is willing to keep his eyes and ears open is sure to be thrilled there. During my last journey "above the clouds," I found several wild animal skeletons, and weather-beaten trees shorn of every limb. Years of beating rain and snow had stripped them of every branch, leaving them as desolate as the rocky lands lying round about.

It is a little-known and little-explored region—the area above the timber-line; perhaps that is one of the reasons it is so intensely fascinating.

Needless to say, the Rockies have an illustrious history behind them. It was through this range that Lewis and Clark fought their way to the Northwest. The famous Oregon Trail cuts through one of the passes. What a relief it must have been to those early pioneers to leave this rugged range behind, for the mountains are nowhere easy to conquer. The fact that they were conquered at all is a genuine achievement, a monument to those hardy people bent on the discovery of new lands. They would not allow anything to turn them from their objective.

For a variety of scenery, no region surpasses the Rockies. Tourists are finding that out every year. Perfect roads lead past wonderful ice caves in the midst of a smoking desert, past magnificent cataracts and deep, wooded valleys, through which crystalline trout brooks wind their way, over towering summits, from which vast panoramas of valley, mountain and plain are spread out for the eye to feast upon. Camping places to suit the most fastidious are everywhere, with plenty of green grass, pure water, firewood and game at hand. A trip through historic, little-known Idaho, and other western states, is an education in itself, for there is nothing like studying nature in her own faultless laboratory.

The grandest cataract in the west is located near the city of Twin Falls, in southern Idaho. This is known as Shoshone Falls, on the Snake River, 212 feet high. In comparing Shoshone with the still more famous Niagara, Shoshone is called the more picturesque and ideal, Niagara the more massive. Shoshone is higher, and in a beautiful natural setting, though the cataract is not

as lovely as formerly, when more water was pouring over the precipice; nowadays, considerable water is taken from the Snake for irrigaton purposes, diminishing the flow of the stream.

Two miles above Shoshone Falls is Twin Falls. Here the stream divides into two even-sized channels, hence the name. The water falls 187 feet, and forms a fierce whirlpool below. Skeletons of prehistoric monsters have been taken from these waters and the cliffs, rising above to a height of several hundred feet.

In the valley of the Rockies, or near it, are many other natural wonders of the first magnitude. Balanced Rock, a lopsided lava boulder of much interest, is located on a hill near Castleford, Idaho. Blue Lakes, one of the most famous garden spots in the world, lies a few miles below Shoshone Falls, in Snake River canyon. In fact, the Snake River is unsurpassed for the wonders lying along it.

To me, one of the greatest curiosities is the ice caves, situated in a parched desert between Shoshone and Bellevue, Idaho, on the Timmerman Hill road. These caves are remnants of the glacial age, when the whole of North America was covered by one vast sheet of ice. Countless tons of ice are covered with hot earth, and the ice melts, very little, even in the warmest weather. In fact, geologists tell us that the ice freezes in summer and melts to some extent in winter, this probably being due to chemical action. Within these caves are numberless large rooms yet uncharted. Nobody knows how many acres of ice are there. Giant icicles hang from the ceilings in fantastic shapes. Picnic parties are fond of digging ice from the caves for their ice cream. All the food in the world would keep indefinitely in this natural refrigerator. What a cold storage place it would be if located near some city!

To even mention the beauty spots of the Rockies wuold require a volume. They really have to be seen to be appreciated. Nature has been kind to this wooded range, and today it is almost as wild and beautiful as the day the first explorer laid eyes on it. Those golden lakes and rippling streams are the same, and the landscape is as undefiled as ever. While some beautiful districts have been spoiled by the hand of man, the Rockies are as clean and lovely as ever.

Game of almost every kind makes its home in this range. Above the timber line are found bear, goat and sheep, with perhaps an eagle or hawk thrown in now and then for good measure. At lower elevations are elk, moose and deer among the big game. Grouse love the elevations, too, and are usually found far off the beaten paths, where the streams have their birth in the form of bubbling springs, all but hidden to the world by violet thickets.

All the streams contain trout in varying numbers. On the deserts are buzzards, rabbits, coyotes, rattlesnakes, porcupines, rock chucks, and mountain lions, as well as many other forms of lesser wild life.

Lovely as the Rockies are in summer, they are fully as wondrous under a winter carpet of white. When the evergreens are laden with snow, and the bears have hibernated, it

is the season of skis and snowshoes, if one knows how to use these articles. Every kind of winter sport is enjoyed in the Rockies, so that those who live there or can go are never at a loss for the finest kind of entertainment.

The noblest sport this world affords is the aggressive battling for the right.—Theodore Roosevelt.

TRUE BLUE

By Russel Lewis

Everybody about the "The Nugget" gold mine knew Bob Miller, otherwise known as the "Lamp Lighter," so called because a college chap visiting there one year had nicknamed him such, and the name "stuck."

Figuratively Bob lighted the lamps of that community, since he was the one who went around every week and supplied the miners with oil—and good oil it was. In fact, even the "old-timers" admitted it was the best they had ever bought, and they got it at such a reasonable price.

It was Monday morning, and Bob, his oiler filled to the brim, because he had gone to West Carson the Saturday previous and obtained his weekly supply, had just completed all the arrangements previous to departure. Having climbed to the seat above his six staunch and balky mules, he was separating the reins when interrupted with a polite "Good morning," spoken with a masculine voice. He glanced away from his task, and, seeing a stout and prosperously dressed gentleman standing nearby, immediately returned the greeting.

"What's that you got there, sonny—an oiler?" inquired the stranger, nodding toward Bob's possession, and, after scrutinizing it went on disgustedly: "And a Gardner make, at that."

"Yes, sir," Bob proudly replied. "She's a Gardner—good and strong, and at present holds a hundred gallons of the best oil, also sold by the Gardner Oil & Supply Company." Bob always prided himself upon selling the best oil at the fairest price, and was never ashamed to tell anybody the particulars.

"How much do you pay for your oil?" the inquisitive stranger again questioned.

"I've always paid fifteen cents a gallon, ever since I started, and sell it at twenty-five cents, making a profit of ten cents on a gallon," Bob replied, assuming a business-like tone.

"Well, listen here," began the stranger, drawing closer. "I've a proposition to offer you, and seeing that you're young, and in the busi-

ness to make a little money, I see no reason why you can't accept it. I can supply you with oil at a price at least five cents cheaper than you are now paying, and you can sell it at the same price."

"But what kind of oil is it? Is it a Gardner product? Is it as good as mine?" Bob quickly inquired.

"Well," slowly began the stranger, "it isn't a Gardner product, and, although I must admit it isn't as good as what you're now selling, yet that bunch of miners won't be able to tell the difference."

Bob was for driving away immediately; but he considered slowly as finished arranging the reins. He remembered when Joe McDuckins had tried that scheme, two years previous, and how the miners had forced him to quit business. He remembered how the place was dark at nights for many weeks, and how a few of them suggested that he try his hand at supplying them with oil. Knowing his honorable record, they had even gone as far as to get up a loan subscription of sufficient money that he might purchase a serviceable oiler and mules.

This deliberation brought him down to his own conditions. He had already paid back all of the borrowed money, and had a little saved for that much-longer-for college course. With all these pointing to a clear future, was he to risk all for the sake of a few cents' gain? He had known, as soon as the stranger stopped speaking, what his answer would be.

Facing his visitor again, he calmly said: "I'm not interested in your proposition." With that as an answer he drove away.

Arriving home rather late that evening, he hastily cared for his mules, and ran into the house, expecting a good warm supper to satisfy his enormous appetite. But imagine his surprise when, upon opening the door, he saw the stranger of the morning episode seated and apparently "at home," chatting with his parents. They probably did not know his character, he thought as he disgustedly hung his hat and coat on the hook back of the door.

As he turned around his mother introduced him to Mr. Gardner, president and owner of the Gardner Oil & Supply Company. Bob was dumbfounded. He failed to see the connection. In utter amazement, he shook the extended hand.

Mr. Gardner, seeing his state of consternation, spoke in an assuring tone. "I see you don't understand. Well," he said, "it's this way. I was shut in my office all day long, year in and year out, with never a breath of real fresh air, and meeting the same people all the time. So the other day I decided to take a little vacation, and get acquainted wih my employees. Arriving in West Carson yesterday, I learned of you and your loyalty. This morning I tested you, and found you 'true blue.' G'ad am I to have you in my employ. But I'm afraid I'm going to lose you—for a time, at least. I've explained everything to your parents, and they mentioned your much-longed-for college course. As a reward for your faithfulness, you're to have it, and it won't be necessary to touch your bank account, because I'm going to finance it."

Drawing his chair closer, Bob explained all the details of the course in chemical engineering that he had decided upon. Just think! He would be, within at least six years, a chemical engineer! He hardly believed it possible. But he knew he could do it. Two years for preparatory courses, and the remaining time for the actual "work."

After partaking of a hearty supper, Mr. Gardner, as he made ready to leave, concludingly said, in reference to Bob's career: "When you are through, don't forget to call at my office. I'll be in need of a 'true blue' engineer."

THE KNAPSACK TRAIL

Were you ever a boy with the first pulsations of a wanderlust that took you with a strange joy along lonely trails while you looked with a persistent longing to the time when you might cross the farthest hill top toward the setting sun? If so you will appreciate the following poem by Edwin Osgood Grover:

I like the wide and common road
  Where all may walk at will,
The worn and rutted country road
  That runs from hill to hill;
I like the road and pastures green
  Worn by home-coming feet
Of lowing kine and barefoot boy
  Where twilight shadows meet.

But I like best the Knapsack Trail
  Wherein my heart and I
May walk and talk in quietness
  With angels passing by.
The lonely trail through forest dim
  That leads to God-knows-where.
That winds from tree to spotted tree
  'Till sudden—we are there!

INSTITUTION NOTES

On Wednesday last, the regular visiting day, due to rainy weather, there were very few visitors present. This was quite a contrast to the same day last week, when an unusually large number of boys were visited by relatives and friends from home.

—o—

During the past week or ten days our farm force has experienced considerable difficulty in gathering hay. Earlier in the season we were very fortunate in getting the hay stored away in perfect condition, but quite a lot of recent cuttings were caught by heavy rains, and while not wholly ruined, the hay was very materially damaged.

—o—

We recently received a letter from Clyde Bristow, a former member of our printing class. At the time of his parole, April 1, 1927, Clyde was a very good linotype operator, and for two years or more was engaged in this work. He then decided to see some of the world and served a four-years' enlistment in the United States Marine Corps, most of the time being spent in service in Nicaragua. After receiving his honorable discharge, he returned to his home, but because of the depression was unable to secure employment. Six months ago he signed up with the Civilian Conservation Corps and was sent to the camp at Stantonsburg, N. C., where he is employed in the medical department. Clyde tells us that he intends to remain in the camp until he is certain of employment elsewhere. He is still very much interested in the school and and requests that a copy of The Uplift be sent to him occasionally.

—o—

One day last week, one of our boys who had not yet seen the light —that is, he had not yet acquired the proper attitude towards the institution and its work—suddenly decided that he was right and the rest of the world was all wrong, and that he would strike out for himself. So, at the first opportunity, when the officer in charge was not looking, the lad managed to slip off. He did not want to go home, for he knew that on several previous occasions his relatives had brought him back to the school and he had every reason to believe they would do so again, so he started in the opposite direction. The boy spent two or three days hiding in the woods during the day and wandering along unknown roads at night, until he reached Gastonia (about 35 miles from here), tired and very hungry. By this time he began to realize that the outside world was not just what he thought it would be, also that the Jackson Training School was not such a bad place after all, and proceeded to police headquarters, told who he was and said he was ready to return to the institution. The

school officials were notified and one of our officers went after the boy. He is now in his usual place in one of the cottage homes, is happy and contented and says he is glad to be back again.

--o--

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture lesson, Rev. Hughes read the thirty-first chapter of Deuteronomy, following which he talked to the boys about "Courage." In the course of his remarks the speaker called attention to the absolute necessity of having courage, both physical and moral, if we are to attain success in life. He told the boys in a most interesting manner, the story of Daniel Boone, the great frontiersman. Rev. Hughes said that while spending his vacation in the mountains of Western North Carolina, he was almost daily reminded of this great man. He told of seeing a number of monuments and bronze tablets erected in his honor; of visiting in the mountain town named for him, and of riding over the fine highway called the Boone Trail. All of which, said the speaker, denotes just how a State feels about some one who has really done something. Rev. Hughes, who, in addition to being a very good preacher, has a way of telling stories that has endeared him in the hearts of the boys of the Training School, then proceeded to tell them of a number of daring exploits of Daniel Boone as he fought Indians and wild beasts, and blazed the trail which led to the settlement of this, and other states. He said he told them these stories because he wanted to call their attention to a man who saw what was the right thing to do, and then did it; who because of his great courage, was honored by thousands of people in many states. Rev. Hughes concluded by saying that there were many ways to be courageous as to physical exploits, but if we have no moral courage, we are still cowards. To have moral courage is to do the right thing even though our so-called friends ridicule us, for it is much better to be laughed at than to do wrong.

When the last Great Scorer comes
To write against out name,
He writes not that we won or lost,
But how we played the game.

—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

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TRUE FRATERNITY

Share your bread with little children, see that no one goes about you with naked feet, walk through the world without malevolence, do not knowingly crush the humblest flower, respect the nests of birds, bow to the purple from afar and to the poor at close range. Rise to labor, go to rest with prayer, go to sleep in the unknown having for your pillow the infinite love; believe, hope, live; be like him who has a watering-pot in his hand, only let your watering-pot be filled with good deeds and good words.

—Victor Hugo.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHAT A GLORIOUS IDEAL

The late Washington Gladden expressed his great aim in the following remarkable statement:

"One thing I am resolved upon: I will not be a sponge or a parasite: I will give an honest equivalent for what I get. I want no man's money for which I haven't rendered a full return. I want no wages that I haven't earned. If I work for any man or any company or any institution, I will render a full, ample, generous service. If I work for the city or the state or the nation, it will have my best thought, my best effort, my most conscientious and efficient endeavor. No man, no body of men shall ever be made poor by their dealings with me. If I can give a little more than I get every time, in that shall be my happiness. The great commonwealth of human society shall not be loser through me. I will take good care to put into the common fund more than I take out."

Who is able for these things when the supreme desire of multitudes is not to give but to get; when men who work for city, state or nation keep an eye first, last and all the time, not on service, but salary; when the short cut to easy money is the consuming desire of so many. Why be a sponge or parasite, when every man and woman should "give an honest equivalent" for what they get?—N. C. Christian Advocate.

"NO BAD CHILDREN" IS BASIS OF RECLAMATION

The source of habitual criminality and the treatment for the same is cosuming much time of the scientists and psychologists, with the hope of saving the state and country not only money but converting misguided souls into the right channels. There is but one way to do anything and that is the right way, for a guess

game in any business results into a colossal failure. The Columbus, Ohio Juvenile Research Bureau is making a study of the so-called bad child with the same interest that any scientist would try to find the source of any plague destroying human lives.

We have read with the keenest interest the report of this Bureau of Juvenile Research, conducted by skilled scientists who show every evidence of wanting to understand the youth of the downward trend.

These scientists started out with a very charitable attitude for the unfortunates, having adopted as the basis for their work that "badness" is merely a misnomer for "misfortune," therefore, "that there are no bad children."

The causes of "why the young go wrong," are inadequate home supervision, discord in the home and the impaired health of the child. The chief executive of the Ohio Juvenile Research emphasizes the fact these are contributing factors to the army of delinquent youths by 92 per cent.

Scientists have lent their aid to the bureau in illustrating that human nature comes into existence after birth, and this nature can be developed by contact with the finest fellowship, therefore, the best environment, the finest training by precept and example along with corrective measures for all physical defects if there is to be a hope for the restoration of the youths to normalcy.

This same bureau recommends the courts establishing training classes for parents so the mother and father will be conversant with the methods of correction. Eminent psychologists and judges have decreed that the training of parents is just as important as the training of the child, because the home is the "haven where creative work may be accomplished."

The article, "There are no bad children," taken from the Industrial School journal, a magazine published by the boys of the printing class of a school similar to the Jackson Training School, makes instructive reading for case workers, welfare workers or any one interested in child life. The point of view of many people as to the welfare of the delinquent child is to house and feed, but there must be a deeper interest if the boy or girl, made in His image, is

restored to society as a useful citizen. It is decreed guidance is preferable to punishment.

* * * * * * * * * *

CONSTITUTION DAY

The Uplift has made a practice to try to keep up with the different dates that mark the epochs of history in our country. This time the 17th of September, Constitution Day, slipped by without notice from the Uplift force, including the boys who are members of the printing class. The boys have gotten the habit of referring to the calendar to see what events of history occurred each month. This in itself is an education to our boys.

Usually Constitution Day has been observed by the different schools with appropriate exercises, but on account of the county schools opening some later this Fall may determine the reason the date was not made impressive.

It is quite true that the average citizen is not as familiar with this document as he should be. This is one statement made by a British statesman that endorses the wisdom and forethought of the authors of the most wonderful document ever drawn and one that has stood the test of time during the life of the nation:

> "The constitution deserves the veneration with which Americans have been accustomed to regard it. It ranks above every other written constitution for the intrinsic excellence of its scheme, its adaption to the circumstances of the people, the simplicity, brevity and precision of its language, its judicious mixture of definiteness in principle with elasticity in details."

* * * * * * * * * *

The editor of the Southside Virginia News, Petersburg, Va., has asked the question: Why not keep the boys on the farm? This is a very natural question coming from that section of the country where the best element had forebears who were large landowners, and their fathers passed as "country gentlemen." There was a time when the cream of that part of Virginia had large estates, magnificent homes and it was a decided mark of aristocracy to have such environment and live in the country.

But, why we have so far departed from the rural districts carries many points of view that could be discussed. At one time the move to the cities or towns was due to educational advantages, but with our fine public school system that touches every child in the most remote corners can no longer be the reason why so many fine sights, with old colonial homes, have been left to the tenant class.

There is one assurance the country boy has. He may not be able to grace the parlor or ball room with the ease of the city boy, but you may bet your boots those who have remained on dad's farm in a faithful way can face his creditors without a squirm. Their income is small and their wants are few—so they are carefree at least.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE CHILD AGE

There have been different ages designated according to the developments of the era, such as the "stone age, "steel age," and so on, but the period of history for the last quarter of a century, or longer, can be called the "child age" for the reason the one thought emphasized far and wide has been the needs of children.

As a consequence every precaution has been practiced so as to meet the requirements for healthier and better children.

Prior to the establishment of orphanges, orphans were placed either in almshousese with the indigent class, or given in service for board and keep to eke out a miserable existence with no consideration of health conditions or assurance of educational advantages.

This method of providing for the unfortunates was simply a makeshift and accepted as cold charity. Other means were soon devised by municipalities and philanthropists with the hope of giving the underprivileged children equal chance with their sisters and brothers of better circumstances.

It is of interest to know that the first health board was set up in New York city in 1850; the first institution for the blind in Ohio and Massachusetts in 1833-37, respectively, and in 1866

charitable people were dispensing milk to the undernourished children. The idea of distributing milk to the undernourished child doubtless was the inspiration of school lunches now served in many schools. A Christian society in 1866 made a sand pile in the yard of some chapel in the city of Boston. There is reason to conjecture this first sand pile in the Boston city chapel yard led to the supervised playgrounds throughout the country that are accepted as an essential part of the health program for every child.

These instances of pioneer Christian welfare workers, who were inspired through the love of service, emphasizes the majesty of little things. Possibly the effectiveness of this pioneer work led up to every form of precaution we have today in the form of hospitalization for the physically and mentally weak, the network of welfare departments, county and city welfare boards supervised by skilled and trained scientists throughout the country, specifically to safeguard the youths of the country from the ills that would leave them as liabilities of the different communities.

It is well to accept the child of the present time as the parents of the future generations, therefore, our most valuable asset and most coveted dividends of all investments should be the child. The evolution of welfare work could be pursued to a greater extent with much interest and great profit, showing the benefits of public health work in the past half or three-quarters of a century.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"The dollar you spend is helping a friend
The same time 'tis working for you;
Puts shoes on the feet of the man on the street
By giving him something to do.

"The dollar you spend is helping to mend
Hearts that are burdened with care;
Pays for food kiddies eat—milk, bread and meat—
And the clothes they are needing to wear."

—o—

If you are always sure you are right you will make a lot of enemies.

—o—

Hope is the bridge that takes us safely over the stream of disappointment.

—o—

It won't be long now before NRA will stand for Newly Recovered America.

—o—

I cannot resist the urge, however grievous it may be, to say that the wets lost their Maine chance.

—o—

A former Roosevelt president (T. R.) was noted for his "big stick." The present Roosevelt president (F. D. R.) is a stickler for big stickers.

—o—

People may complain about their jobs and labor at them listlessly, but I haven't seen a lawyer yet that didn't work with a will.

—o—

It looks like the way things are going that congressional speeches will be the only dry things in America after the Christmas holidays.

—o—

I see it stated that American surgeons perform 1,000,000 operations a year. There is no doubt about this being the home of the brave.

—o—

A man may loaf and a man may lie from early break of day, but he can't build up a town by running it down; because it isn't built that way.

—o—

Beer at 3.2 per cent is really (I guess this word should be spelt in this instance, reely) more than the savings banks are doing in giving you only 3 per cent interest.

—o—

A newspaper not long ago carried a headline, "Pigs Pay a War Debt." It has often been said that the pen is mightier than the sword, and here is a case in which it has been demonstrated.

—o—

The code is the thing these days. "All God's chil'en have codes." But it is a lamentable fact that the world at large seems to have forgotten the code that came down from Mount Sinai. At least many are not practicing it.

—o—

It does seem as if Sunday has become the permanent slaughter day

in this country, when the automobile gets in its deadly work and slays its hundreds. The juggernaut was a toy wagon in comparison.

—o—

The crime wave continues to roll on in ever increasing volume. It looks as if a certain unnamed place, which is said to be hotter than the weather we had in August, will have to be greatly enlarged, rebrimstoned and rebottomed.

—o—

All is not done when you sign your recovery pledge. You are supposed to begin immediately to do your own recovering, and then help your neighbor to do his. Recovering is just another name for co-operation. If you do not know how to co-operate, now is the time to begin.

—o—

I ran across a new one on Jesse James I had not heard before. Jesse was a big-hearted bandit—at times. Once he stopped at the home of a widow. The widow was weeping. A man who held a mortgage on her home for $700 was on his way to foreclose, she told Jesse. Jesse, the bandit, gave her the $700 and told her to pay off the mortgage. Then Jesse left and waited on the roadside, held up the man and took the $700 away from him. Since I read it I have been wondering which was the real bandit.

—o—

I have a good one on myself. During my recent visit to the Patterson School for mountain boys, at Legerwood, one evening, feeling tired, I retired before the 9 o'clock retiring bell rang, and fell asleep. When the bell did ring it woke me up, and I thought it was the first bell in the morning, or the rising bell. I jumped up and soliloquized, "Geemanee crickets! This is the shortest night I ever experienced." Then it dawned on me it was the bell to retire and not to get up. But I had gotten up, about as badly fooled as ever I was in my life.

—o—

The clearest cut stroke of twentieth century journalistic progress, in North Carolina, was the 40-page rotogravure edition of the Morganton News-Herald, issued on the 12th of this month. It was a work of art throughout. The 24 pages of reading matter and advertisements was an epitome of historical facts of people and enterprises in Morganton and Burke county, beautifully illustrated and impressive in all details. The typography was well nigh perfect, and an expression of the ability of what an up-to-date printery can accomplish. Miss Beatrice Cobb, the owner and editor, and her co-laborers deserve not only the thanks of her town and county, but renewed enthusiasm of the public in behalf of such an enterprising establishment in their midst, that is such a live exponent of the activities and progress of such a splendid town and county in which it is located. The edition is one for preserving for future reference. All hands "in the making" are congratulated, not only by their town and county people but the State as well.

THERE ARE NO BAD CHILDREN

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

There are no "bad" children!

Despite the inevitable scorn with which the majority of parents and schoolteachers will greet this assertion, the Ohio Bureau of Juvenile Research, 2280 West Broad Street, Columbus, has adopted it as the foundation of its rehabilitation work.

Assuming that "badness" is merely a misnomer for "misfortune," the bureau points to its initial report to substantiate its contention.

Characterized by scientists and psychologists as "amazing" the report supports the bureau's claim that guidance rather than punishment is the solution to the problem of youthful delinquency.

The statistics are a summary of follow-up reports on cases admitted during 1929 and is the first comprehensive effort of the bureau to check on the results of its struggle to dam the source of habitual criminality, saving the state and nation countless millions as well as converting misguided lives into the proper channel.

Following study and treatment, recommendations were made to those with whom the future destiny of 497 cases rested.

In 70 per cent of the cases, pronounced change for the better was noticed where suggestions were complied with; in 80 per cent of the cases where the bureau's recommendations were disregarded, the child showed no improvement, and, in time, was discovered farther along the path to confirmed law-breaking.

Contrary to general opinion, the "spare the rod, spoil the child" axiom has not been branded as obsolete by the staff of physicians and psychologists at 2280 West Broad street.

Dr. C. H. Calhoon, Ph. D., executive psychologist, believes it is not possible to eliminate corporal punishment yet, although he does see a future when instructions will replace the slipper and hairbrush as a means of correcting children after they have reached an age of reason.

Environment and mental condition are the dominant reasons for juvenile delinquency, and in a large percentage of cases taken for study and treatment, delinquency has been accompanied by subnormal physical condition, lending credence to the theory that "misfortune" and "badness' are virtually synonomous in juvenile work of this nature.

Dr. Calhoon, who has been in this work for twelve years, believes that in ten per cent of the delinquent children, behavior difficulties are directly attributable to impaired health.

Of the 555 children studied during 1931, 73 per cent could blame inadequate home supervision for their troubles, while "discord at home," that is, strife between father and mother, followed closely behind. In 48 per cent of the cases this unhappy home life of parents spread to embrace the children.

The effect of good home environment is again emphasized when the statistics were published, showing that only 7.9 per cent of the cases referred to the bureau came from

homes with a good environment.

Pschologists are in favor of the parents' classes established by the probate court, which serve to instruct fathers and mothers of the children at the bureau in methods of correction.

The problem of training parents is as important as training the child, eminent psychologists and judges have decreed, and emphasize that the home is not only a place in which to exist unhampered but is also a haven where creative work may be accomplished.

In a slovenly home, burdened by discord and marital strife, the chances are heavy against children bettering themselves, and they frequently find environment an insurmountable barrier.

Persons in charge of the parents' classes stress the fact that the home group ownership, group responsibilities and group aims, if happiness is is a group possession, which means to result.

Scientists have lent their aid to the bureau in illustrating that human nature comes into existence after birth. They assert that man does not have it when he is born; cannot acquire it except through fellowship, and it decays in isolation.

That no one factor can be blamed for juvenile delinquency and therefore there can be no one cure devised, the reason for the existence of the bureau.

Ohio's interests lie strongly in the problems of youth apparently on the downward path, because it was the first state to recognize that treatment was more necessary than punishment in correcting juveniles.

Established in 1914, the bureau of juvenile research replaced the old system of injustice where the state arbitrarily set an "age of reason."

The crimes on the escutheon of civilization committed under this so-called "age of reason" system were wide spread and revolting.

Children were executed for trivial offenses, because the penalty for an adult committing the same violation at that date was death.

The unenlightened period, marred by long prison terms for children at six and seven formally ended with Ohio's adoption of the bureau of juvenile research and Chicago's move to establish a juvenile court.

Striking at the illustration of the work of the Ohio bureau are four cases recently released from the custody of Dr. Calhoon and his staff.

Four youths, each 16 years of age and each guilty of breaking into gasoline stations were brought to the bureau for study.

The study by pschologists showed that although outwardly similar, each case represented a different problem, and stressed how wrong it would have been to adjudge each on his age and the nature of the offense, as was formerly done in the nation's courts.

The first youth proved to be feeble-minded, and of defective mentality. He was restored to good citizenship. Although he will never rise above the laboring class, at least the bureau feels it has justified itself by diverting a life speeding toward crime.

The third of the trio had been a behavior problem since he was five years old. Theft, runaways, and a

refusal to go to schol were his chief wrongs.

In this youth the bureau staff had to face the embryo criminal, parents. He had the mentality of a 7-year-old child, and had been able to reach the second grade in school. His case was hopeless; he was placed in an institution.

The second boy was also of inferior mentality with intelligence harrassed by poor health. Here, however, scientists and psychologists, believed a partial rehabilitation would be possible, and were determined to save the youth from the habitual criminal class for which he was definitely headed.

Following a physical examination, which divluged various defections, the ailments were cleared and the boy eventually defined as the "potential gangster" type. Already hardened by numerous contacts with the law, the boy had adopted an attitude of rebellion and asserted he was "framed," a common characteristic of those who have advanced far along the path to the penitentiary, according to Dr. Calhoon.

Classified as a phycophatic case, the youth had abnormal traits, including an unstable mind, quick temper, and poor home life as a background.

Why the Young Go Wrong

Inadequate Home Supervision	73
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BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it.
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer;
Wherever you may meet it.
Remember every kindness done
To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid,
And be a grateful debtor.

—Selected.

LINCOLN'S DARK DAYS

By Mabel S. Merrill

Most of us would feel that Lincoln had a large measure of success in his lifetime. Certainly he attained to the highest honor the nation can bestow. Yet history shows that, from early youth to the end of his life, he suffered again and again the pangs of defeat and discouragement.

His childhood was full of hardships such as a youngster of today could hardly imagine. Living in a log cabin, with only a heap of dry leaves for a bed, was not so hard for a child of seven, perhaps, but the young pioneer led a life of constant toil. That nine-mile walk to school and back—eighteen miles a day in all weathers—was one item. Then there was the bringing of water from the spring half a mile away, the never-ending task of gathering fuel, the work with an ax, the plowing, the planting, and numerous other jobs, all of which the children must share as far as they could. The pleasures of such a childhood must have ben scant indeed.

Abraham Lincoln's young passion for books had little to feed on. Once in his boyhood he walked six miles to get a copy of a grammar which he had been told was owned by a certain settler. He mastered that grammar in the pauses of his field work, or at mealtime, or by the light of burning pine-shavings at night.

Once he borowed a book and devoured it at odd moments in his loft under the cabin roof. When the rains beat through the roof and spoiled the book, he pulled fodder for two days to pay for it. "He left not a cornstalk standing," the owner of the book reported.

At twenty-two years of age the future President of the United States started for New Salem with his belongings done up in a handkerchief and slung over his shoulder. For years he was a clerk on a very small salary. At last he was able to acquire a part interest in two or three stores, all of which failed and left him with debts on his hands.

Debts! How he hated them! They seemed a sort of dishonesty to him. "They were little rats, a rat for every dollar, and he could hear them gnawing in the night when he wanted to sleep." So says Sandburg, his biographer. Yet he had to carry for years the burden of those debts though he was always struggling hard to pay them off.

Once Lincoln was sued for ten dollars which he owed on a horse. The horse was taken from him, together with the saddle and his surveying instruments, the latter being his chief means of livelihood. A friend—he always had friends—bought back the horse and the surveying equipment and gave them to the young discouraged toiler.

When, after incredible difficuties he had prepared himself to practice law, he was one thousand dollars in debt, a large sum for those times. He had seven dollars in his pocket when he started for Springfield, Ill., where his venture was to be made. When asked the price of a bed, on his arrival, he found it was beyond his means, so he gratefully accepted

the offer of a man who was willing to share his own bed with the newcomer.

His office was a small room, with bookshelves made of loose boards. The place was heated by an old rusty wood-stove, and contained, besides, a table, chair and a bed.

The first time Lincoln ran for the legislature he was defeated. Poverty and loss continued to dog his footsteps. For years, in his early manhood, he did the hardest, the roughest work to eke out his scant earnings, laboring in the corn-fields and chopping big timber in the forest.

Early death claimed many of his loved ones. He lost his mother when he was eight years old. His betrothed, Ann Rutledge, died of a fever which took many of the settlers. Numerous friends and neighbors succumbed to the hardships of pioneer life. He had more than the ordinary human share of sorrow and loneliness.

Yet always within himself was something that made him rise and and go forward. Nature and his early training worked together to keep him strong. His first book was the Bible. The teaching of his childhood had set his feet in the straight paths. So, in the great crisis of his life, he could say:

"If God has a place and a work for me, I am ready."

A PAINTER OF HARD TIMES

By Don Young

We can go only a short distance in the study of art, without meeting the paintings of Jean Francois Millet. They tell the story of a great acheivement, for Millet started a new movement in paintiing. When Millet began life as a painter, he found artists following a school that modeled its pictures after old masters that had perished long ago. Their work had little relation to everyday life.

Millet had found beauty in his own meagre and simple surroundings. Unflinchingly he braved harsh and cruel criticism as he made a poor living by painting pictures at ten to thirty francs each, of scenes in which the life of the country peasantry played a prominent part. Millet thought himself fortunate when he sold his famous picture, "The Angelus," for only $100. The last time it was sold it brought $150,000. Today many of his other pictures are priceless.

Millet was born in a peasant's cottage in a small village called Gruchy. There were many members in his small household. His eight brothers and sisters, and his father, mother, grandmother, and an uncle all lived in the same house. Their home was built near the sea, and although the landscape around it was picturesque, the soil was poor and not well suited to farming. The house in which Millet was born was

built of rough grey stone and thatched with straw. An ancient vine grows up the wall of the house, which is still standing. The old well with its hive-shaped roof may still be seen.

The Millet family struggled hard for their existence, but they were happy and their needs were simple. Millet's grandmother took a kindly interest in him, and taught him a reverence for humankind which shows plainly in many of his paintings. Throughout his life Millet kept up the simplicity of living which he had known during his childhood.

The village of Gruchy is situated in one of the wildest parts of Normandy, and is touched by the fierceness of every storm which blows up from the Atlantic. There is no shelter for the little village from the hard gales. Its people were used to severe hardships. A number of Millet's drawings represent help being given to shipwrecked vessels. Some of them show bits of wreckage that have been beaten against the rocks.

Millet took up his school work under the village clergyman and helped his father with the tasks of farming. His first drawings were copies of pictures in his grandmother's illustrated Bible. He would listen to stories read to him, then he would take a piece of chalk and draw a picture of what happened in the story. When he was seventeen years old, he began to draw the things which he saw around him. His first large drawing was of two shepherds guarding their sheep. All through his life he could not be torn away from drawing subjects such as this.

Millet's father took him to Cherbourg to show his pictures to an artist who lived there. Here Millet first found out that artists were not painting pictures like his own. Although the artist in Cherbourg did not think Millet's pictures of peasant subjects were of any artistic importance, he saw that the boy had talent for drawing. Millet was allowed to stay in Cherbourg, and the artist set him to copying old engravings of classical art subjects.

The young artist had been at these studies only two months when he was called home by his father's sickness and death. This brought to an end his art study, for he felt it his duty to take up the management of his father's farm. He gave himself to farming with all the energy of his youth. Not until his grandmother insisted did he take up his art again.

At Cherbourg he entered the studio of another artist. This man influenced the town council to let Millet paint a portrait of one of the town officials who had just died, and allow him a small pension so that he might study in Paris. The pension was so small that Millet did not know when he reached Paris how he was going to keep himself from starvation.

In Paris Millet was a strange-looking figure, six feet in height, with dark brown hair hanging to his shoulders. A policeman sent him to a boarding house, and the next morning he started out to find the great art gallery of the Louvre. He had tried to inquire the way at the boarding house, but the boarders laughed at his Normandy accent and strange appearance, and he did not wait for the answer. He wandered the streets

for three days, not daring to ask the way for fear of being laughed at again. At last he stood before the great gallery, recognizing it at once by the pictures he had seen of it.

In writing of it years later, Millet says: "My feelings were too great for words, and I closed my eyes lest I be dazzled at the sight, and then dared not open them lest I should find it all a dream." Millet found in the Louvre a wire selection of pictures for study. When he was not working at the Louvre he made a few francs by painting the portraits of any one who would sit for him. Without the kindness of a few friends he would have been in want for food. Many of the art students were always laughing at Millet's awkward appearance. They called him the man of the woods.

Although Millet spent nearly ten years in Paris, the great city would have little to do with his pictures. He resolved to leave Paris and after he had become settled in the country he never returned. He moved to Barbizon, a little village on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau. There he lived in a small cottage for the rest of his life. An old barn nearby served as his studio, and although he faced poverty the rest of his days he was happy with a few sympathetic friends and his work.

At Barbizon the greater part of his famous works was done. He drew in pencil, crayon, oil, and water color, but whatever his medium, he nearly always drew quiet scenes of peasant life. He translated into pictures the lives of these men and women who struggled with the soil.

He put on wooden shoes, an old straw hat, and a red sailor's shirt and became a peasant again. He found time between the painting of pictures to dig in his garden, or wander among the trees of his beloved forest of Fontainebleau. Here he was provided with plenty of peasant models, and began to paint laborers at their ploughing, and women at their sweeping and churning. Millet had married a peasant maid from Brittany, who often posed for him. She sometimes complained of having to wear the same skirt for seevral weeks in order that the rough linen would become moulded to her body so that the folds would make a more perfect picture.

Millet painted the dull homely facts with such an insight that his creations have great value to mankind. His pictures show the character of the peasant better than any others painted before or since his time. His paintings have inspired love and understanding among men and they have overturned the entire art world.

Today we need another Millet, who can paint "hard times" with a true vision. After all, material riches are always overbalanced by character. In America, despite the depression, there are men ploughing and tilling the soil and others working a few days each week in factories at their accustomed tasks. There are women busy making their homes better and brighter places in which to live. A Millet would find great pictures among these people.

THE NURSES' PAGE

(The Health Bulletin)

After many years experience in public health work in our State the writer has come to the definite conclusion that the most valuable and far-reaching work which can possibly be carried on in the interest of the public health is the work done by competent and specially trained public health nurses working under sympathetic and competent medical supervision. For the past fourteen years a group of school nurses of mature age and fine training have been employed by the State Board of Health and devoting their entire time to work in the counties of the State having no organized whole-time health departments. Six of these nurses are still engaged in this work. They are all true veterans in the service. Their influence has extended into every community through personal contact. No mountain range has been too difficult for them to ride a horse over when they could not get their little automobile to the place they wanted to go. In the days before the good roads, no swamp or sand range in the east was too difficult for them to penetrate. They have given definite information to individuals and to groups of people concerning the practical every-day living problems which every family has to meet. They have been evangelists of the public health cause. Their influence will go on pyramiding for at least one or two generations beyond the present. They have been encouraged by numerous physicians and other public-spirited people; they have been discouraged by a few physicians and many politicians; but they have quietly gone on working with the enthusiasm and zeal of true evangelists. A large corner of the State Board of Health Building is filled with letters in the form of narative reports made by these nurses throughout the years, which, if published, would read like an epic.

For the past two years the nurses have been devoting their summer months to work among the midwives of the State in an effort to eliminate the dirty and incompetent ones and to improve the character of service rendered by the remaining ones. When the nurses first commenced work fourteen years ago there were approximately nine thousand or ten thousand midwives at work in the State. This number has been reduced to about five thousand at present, or perhaps fewer. The number of physicians practicing in the State during these years has increased along with the decrease in the number of midwives. When the nurses commenced work there were not exceeding twenty whole-time county health officers at work in the State. As a direct result of their work several counties later on organized competent departments, which are still functioning. And they have worked incessantly for an adequate water supply and some form of approved sewage disposal for every schoolhouse of the State. Their work along this line is only recently beginning to bear fruit. When they commenced work very little effort

was made anywhere in the State to ferret out and discover remediable defects for school children, and practically nothing done to have such defects remedied. They have witnessed the past summer a large number of local organizations of every description working with the local medical and dental professions in getting hundreds and even thousands of corrections done.

Some of their comments in a recent morning's mail follow. One nurse writes that she has seen about half the physicians in the county in which she is at work at present, a large county; that every one of them has been cordial and approved of her work for the midwives; and she says that some of the physicians extended unusual assistance in this important work. One doctor particularly insisted that more attention should be paid to this work, in view of the fact that almost one-third of the women of the State up to now are dependent on the service of midwives. Another writes that a doctor of State-wide reputation welcomed her to his county with the statement that he was gratified that at last the State was making a determined and practical effort to lift the midwife practice from the depths in which it had been in his section all the while. A vital statistics registrar in another county writes and extends all assistance in her power, stating that one baby had recently died in her section at the age of eleven days. The only attendance that the mother had was an 82-year-old midwife. A nurse in another county reports that when she announced the State Board of Health hoped to be able to require a Wassermann test for all midwives before permits are granted in all counties one year from now, a very fine physician in that county remarked that he was pleased to hear this, because it had been his opinion that a great deal more blood examination should be made.

One year ago a nurse worked in a group of mountain counties. She wrote at the time she had met what seemed to be the most hopeless group of midwives in a mountain section, more than fifteen miles from the nearest physician, that it had been her misfortune to encounter. She said that the difficulties of the situation seem to demand unusual efforts on her part. But she said in her report at the time that the situation looked hopeless; that she did not believe that anything could be done. One year later she was sent back to the same community, and here are some of the comments she made:

"I wish you and the county physician of this county could have attended my meeting yesterday. You will recall my hopeless report of one year ago. Yesterday every one of these midwives was present. They came on time, some of them walking a long distance. They came with their white uniforms and caps on, and the most perfectly fitted and pretty bags I have ever seen. They report the most successful work they have ever done. Success for them is indicated by the fact that fewer babies and mothers have died this past year in their work than ever before; also that there has been less sickness and complications following their work."

Such a report is easy to believe, when we realize the ease with which fatal infections are spread at the time of childbirth, and that care and cleanliness are the chief preventives.

This nurse says that it seems that her quarreling about the lack of a water supply and the insanitary condition of the privies built over the streams and polluting the water farther down helped the school community to improve this situation. The nurse finds that this year three good springs have been directed into a concrete reservoir and piped down to the school, with a fine little fountain to serve all the children safely. And this same school has some fine new approved toilets of sufficient capacity to serve all of the children.

This fine old nurse, who has grown gray in the service, concludes her report with the folowing paragraph:

"I sometimes wonder if those who think we are 'excess baggage' have any idea how much real honest-to-goodness hard work we do, and if there is any way of calculating the worth of our work. True, it is not always so evident, but I believe it is more penetrating than even we know, judging by the remarks mothers often make about what children go home and try to put into practice. One very poor illiterate mother told me the other day my trip to their school made lots of work for her, because the children insisted on cleanliness of body as well as of mind, but that she rejoices in her children's progress."

THE ABUNDANT FOOD

By Florence McDermott

Rice is eaten by more people than any other cereal. During the process of cooking the grain swells several times its original size, giving abundant food. The plant is also used for soft matting, paper, and fine straw hats.

The white man usually thinks of rice as a substitute for potatoes, or as the main part of a pudding. Or as a breakfast cereal which has been heated in a huge cylinder and shot into cold air, the sudden change in temperature causing it to puff several times its size. Or as something to throw at newlyweds in the hope that they may have abundance in the years to come.

But to yellow and brown people rice is the staff of life itself, and it is grown in great quantities in various Oriental countries. An interesting point has been raised by students of world conditions: Is the activity and restless energy of western civilization due, in part, to the fact that we are a wheat-eating people? Wheat is the most nourishing grass on which mankind feeds. Could we maintain our strenuous pace on a

rice diet? It may be true that the slower pace of the Oriental is partly due to this difference in food.

Rice requires a warm climate and plenty of water. The finest grade is grown in our southern states. According to the story, it was introduced here about 1694, when a ship sailing from Madagascar to England put into the harbor of Charlestown, South Carolina, during a storm. The captain gave a bag of rice to the governor of the colony, who sowed it in a swampy field and had a plentiful crop. This started a new industry among the planters and twelve years later seventeen shiploads of rice were exported to England.

Carolina rice has a long slender grain. Japanese rice has a short grain. Yet when Japanese rice is planted in this country it produces a slender grain after two or three sowings, proving that the shape is due to soil and climate. We harvest and hull it by machinery and we polish most of it to a sickly bluish white, removing the best of the grain. Brown rice is a food. White rice is a filler.

Orientals raise rice by hand, sometimes aided by primitive machinery, after patient, arduous labor.. The Naga Hills in Assam, a province of India, lying northwest of Burma, are largely unexplored. Travel is very difficult and head-hunting is still practiced in localities not policed by the authorities. Yet these savages, without surveying or leveling instruments of any kind, have built remarkable mountain terraces in which to grow their rice. In order to secure patches of flat land for fields they have terraced the mountain sides in giant steps. Stones of various sizes have been carefully fitted together to build strong retaining walls. A remarkable monument to primitive industry!

In Java it is necessary to consult a holy man as to what days are favorable for planting and harvesting. The Javanese believe that rice was discovered on the grave of Tisna Wati, the rice goddess. She not only caused the grain to grow; she entered into the souls of a long-ago king and queen and inspired them with knowledge of how the plant should be used.

On harvest day, therefore, the people remember this goddess and her husband. A holy man selects two stalks of rice which lean toward each other in a field, and he cuts them with his rice-knife. These represent the celestial couple. After they are dressed in cabaya and sarong, the native jacket and skirt, and head-dress, they are placed in a minature hut with food and toilet articles. Rice or a rice-cake wrapped in a bamboo leaf is placed beside an egg. Powder, mirror, comb, and the cocoanut oil necessary for hair dressing are left for the goddess.

Prayers are followed by a feast, after which neighbors help to cut the rice. At the end of the day each carries home a part of his cutting as his share of the harvest. The young girls wear their brightest blouses and prettiest smiles at this time. They also work their hardest, for the parents of young men are choosing wives for their sons and they choose the most energetic workers.

Among the negritos, or pigmy blacks, of the Philippines, rice is not only a food; it is a whole wedding. The ceremony consists merely of the bride and groom each stuffing a handful of steaming rice in the mouth of the other. Then the guests jump up with a loud shout, and Cupid moves on to other victims. The couple are married not with benefit of clergy, but with benefit of rice.

FORCED DOWN ON THE SEA

By Leondine M. Pelmounter

"Taking a plane through the air during a storm is thrilling—but so is taking oneself through water in a storm," remarked Gareth Finley, pilot of the Winged Friend, amphibian.

"You mean through water in a hydroplane?" inquired pretty Thora Nielsen.

"In a hydroplane or a boat or a canoe—even a surfboard or just swimming," explained Gareth.

"Going through the air seems more —heroic," demurred Thora.

"You should have had the experience we did in Hawaii," countered the young man. "But after all I'm glad you didn't have to go through it."

"Tell us about that, Gareth—if it's a good story I might be convinced."

Mr. and Mrs. Wells joined their niece's plea.

Dr. Finley, owner of the Winged Friend—which he used in his hobby of being a "visiting surgical missionary"—spoke: "Son, that was a night to tell about! Yet I don't know whether we can make them see it or not. Here everything is so calm and lovely and safe, while out there on the Pacific—wind and waves and darkness and—lost—"

"Yes, it was a night that made a mere aviator feel mighty unimportant," agreed Gareth. So he told them:

Around Hawaii we used the Winged Friend mostly as a hydroplane, equipipng it with two floats. One day we flew up to visit that plucky young missionary, Carl Schoen. He was working among the native Hawaiins and Filippinos at an out-of-the-way point—the kind of place tourists hardly ever see, because the steamers do not stop at it, and there is no road.

Carl had told us that at just the right spot we could land in calm water, but on both sides for some distance there were volcanic rocks, with a strong current running among them. To indicate the area where we should come down, Carl had arranged to have canoers form two lines, leaving between these a sort of water runway. One reason the island people were so willing to be helpful in this was that they knew the purpose of our visit.

A leader in that group of Hawaiians, the elderly Kalaikala, had lost his sight, and the missionary knew

that a simple operation would restore it. The old native would not have let most surgeons touch him, but he trusted dad as a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Schoen, to whom he was devoted.

Kalaikala's eldest son, Maiu, had arranged for the canoes, and acted as a sort of marshal. He was, we soon learned, one of the cleverest among them in the art of rowing and manipulating those sensitive crafts.

On the upward journey we had no trouble. The day was one which made us feel that those islands were indeed Paradise, and we flew to Nahau Point in record time, making a perfect landing which was cheered by the dark-skinned people. They immediately crowded about to inspect our monoplane and we learned what bright "Americans" they were, for they noticed each of the latest improvements.

Carl, with his family, and even the blind man, were there to welcome us. A real greeting it was, for Kalaikala, wishing to show his great appreciation of our coming, had arrangde to have an elabortte display of water sports.

After we had eaten in Carl's tiny bungalow we returned to the small beach. Maiu and the other rowers showed how to make a canoe do things—especially those impossible-looking outrigger boats which are stable even in rough water. There were races, maneuvers by crews, and trick rowing in canoes, each bearing a single, almost naked, oarsman.

Later the younger son. Oano, who was about my age, led in the exhibition of swimming, diving, and finally of surfboard riding. The boards were started at a point where it looked as though they would surely crash right into the rocks. But those boys knew every current and ly or surfboard riding. The boards would come slithering right between the black volcanic crags, suddenly shoot out into the open roadstead, and ride a breaker up onto the beach.

Though all this was thrilling to watch, I found myself thinking that these islanders seemed to do nothing but play, and I wished splendid athletes like Maiu and Oano could be doing something to advance their people instead of just wasting their time. I didn't know then what boating and surf-riding and swimming were geing to mean to dad and me a few hours later.

It was rather late the next day, after Kalaikala's operation was over, that we started to fly back to the vicinity of Honolulu. Carl had received medical training, so it seemed unnecessary for us to remain longer. When Mrs. Schoen told us goodby she handed us a pail of coffee and another of sandwiches. We knew she could not well afford to spare the food, but she made us accept it; perhaps she had a premonition that we would need it!

Our journey was to be so short that we did not think much about the weather. Although there was a leaden sky and a stiff wind, I did not anticipate trouble. But we were barely out of sight of our waving friends when the velocity of the wind trebled. Soon lightning began to flash. Then rain broke over us—the kind of down-pour that frequently occurs around those tropical islands, so drenching we could hardly tell whether we were in the air or

among the waves. Visibility was so low that I had to depend upon my instruments entirely. I had done plenty of flying by dead reckoning, but—well—the best-laid plans of mice and aviators—you know.

When we had been in the air about long enough to reach our point for alighting, the rain decreased and the wind slackened, so that we could begin to see something of what was below us. There was no land in sight.

Dad and I realized that the storm must have blown us far off our path, to the left, or else I had set my course too far to the right. The first seemed the more likely. We turned at a right angle and sped off as fast as possible.

After half an hour we were still "at sea" in both senses of that expression. Our gasoline was also getting low. I reversed the ship and flew the oposite direction for forty-five minutes. To our joy we came in sight of the coast—but the joy was brief, for there was nothing familiar to be seen, nothing but a cliff-like shore and seething water that ran swiftly between rocks which protruded above the surface. It was about as dangerous a landing place as any hydroplane must find; but land we must, and that soon, for besides the emptiness of our gasoline tanks, it was nearly dark.

I headed out to sea again, in order to be as far as possible from those rocks and cliffs; when the guage showed that the fuel was practically gone, I brought the plane down in a long glide. Dad didn't say anything. His eyes were closed, but I knew it wasn't because he was afraid. His lips were moving. May-be mine were too.

Well, the Winged Friend floated high, and no waves dashed into the cockpit. But we soon saw that we were being carried in toward the shore all right. Some pieces of drifting board floated up against us.

"Maybe we could paddle a little with these," dad said, "and keep ourselves from washing on the rocks."

We managed to get two pieces into the cockpit. With them we checked our drifting somewhat, but the main help we got from them was that we could steer our course a bit.

Darkness speedily settled over the tiny machine, over the great empty Pacific on the one side, and over those jagged rocks on the other. In a way it was merciful. But we would be unable to see a rock until we were right upon it, and would have almost no chance to push ourselves off from danger. There seemed nothing to do but wait. I kept paddling a little, wondering if I were helping us or getting us into a worse position.

Dad always finds something useful to do. First he got out the sandwiches and coffee. Wet as we were, and after the swift pace through the air, we were pretty much chilled, so that food was like new life-blood.

After we had eaten, dad took his turn with the paddle, and it was like him to begin singing. Even in that desperate situation, there was something about his voice which soothed and comforted me—I believe I drowsed off—

"A light! A steamer!" His exclamation woke me.

Sure enough a ship had come into sight. But we soon saw that it was keeping quite a way out from

shore, and would pass us at a distance. There was no chance for our voices to be heard. Lightning still flashed occasionally, but we were too far away for them to detect us. We had a single flare. Quickly we set it alight, and it burned brightly—or so it seemed to us.

There was no sudden slowing of the ship, no turning of its course. Straight on it sped. Our one flare burned out. The boat's lights became dimmer, then vanished.

"If that's the regular course for steamers, another may pass, or a yacht, or some kind of boat." said dad.

"We haven't any more flares," was all I could answer.

But he thought we might be able to make emergency signals. The shirts under our thick leather jackets were fairly dry. So off they came. We soaked them in cylinder oil, placing one in the coffee pail, the other in the lunch bucket.

All the time one or the other of us had been paddling, hoping to keep from floating in on the rocks and cliffs, but in the darkness we could see nothing excepting when there was a momentary flash of lightning. So black it was that even when the plane's wing grazed an object, we could only guess that it was a rock. Soon afterward momentary illumination showed a dark point we had just passed. We knew then that in spite of our efforts we had drifted into the reef. The water was getting rougher, with currents and eddies that whirled us now this way, now that. Momentarily I expected a crash.

Dad began to sing again—and it was "Throw out the life-line." That seemed to me such a bitter jest that I started to beg him to keep still. But then I thought, "If it makes him feel any better, all right." So I joined in the song. And because we were nervous, trying not to hear the waves pounding on that shore to which we were drawing nearer, our voices were unusually loud and powerful.

While we sang, I heard what seemed to be the howling of the wind out toward sea—a weird sound, apparently coming from the now distant storm. Strangely enough, I could hear each succeeding wail more plainly than the last. I had heard stories of phantom boats carrying ghostly crews—but I tried not to think of such things, and I sang with desperation. We came to the end of a song, and during the moment of silence, that strange crying came more clearly.

Without any comment, dad shouted, "Ahoy! Ahoy there!" and waited.

Back out of the great blackness came those unearthly sounds. Dad shouted again, with all his powerful lungs. "Ahoy! Ahoy! Help! Help!"

Once more came the ghostly meaningless answer.

"Burn a signal!" exclaimed father.

"We have only two," I reminded him. "If another steamer comes—"

But the thought of light was a relief to me. My first matches went out, and I feared the makeshift arrangement would not burn. Finally it flickered, causing puzzling lights and shadows to dance madly about. Then it glowed more steadily. Of

course we could not see beyond its illumination, but if there were creatures other than wind out there, they could see us.

Even if a rescue crew were near by, I wondered what they could do. We were washing farther in among the reefs, and I did not believe any boat would risk coming to us during the wind and high waves, especially in the darkness.

Confused cries came at intervals; dad answered them powerfully, but I could tell that the wind was blowing his voice back into his mouth, making it sound strange. The flare burned out.

While we strained eyes and ears to see who or what was out beyond, there was a sudden blow on our left, whirling the plane half around and nearly capsizing it. We had struck one of the great rocks. How much damage had been done? Would the fuselage fill with water—or even crack into pieces? How soon would we be battered upon another of those jagged points?

A cry again—more like a human voice—much nearer. I could not understand any words, but dad exclaimed. "They want us to keep shouting!"

If he had heard correctly, did it mean that a boat was trying to come to us? Such an undertaking seemed hopeless. Our light machine would soon be battered to pieces—so would their craft But presently we heard the sound of oars, growing more distinct for a time; then, although they shouted and we answered, there was a different rowing—the motion of paddles holding their place against the current, and not advancing. We also were doing our best with the crude board-paddles, to keep the plane from being driven farther.

Now, as we called and they responded, there seemed to be in between a single voice replying to them.

Lightning at last. I saw something that, instead of reassuring me, filled me with awe. Previously I had seemed to hear phantom voices—now I distinguished a phantom shape. "Father," I asked, trying to speak without my teeth chattering, "did you see a man walking on the water?"

"I thought I did," he admitted, his tones strange and hollow.

The group of voices continued their calling, the lone man would seem to answer them, then we would shout. Again lightning—and it revealed plainly one solitary upright figure moving toward us, now much nearer. In that emptiness he looked gigantic. The flash had shown something beyond, but my eyes were so riveted upon that tall man miraculously walking over the waves that I noticed nothing else. Dad, however, had seen farther, and he told me:

"There's a boat—a fishing smack or something of the sort—not far off, with quite a crew."

Soon the tall man called to us, now quite clearly, "A light! A light!"

So we ignited our last flare, which lit up the water around us for a space, showing rocks close by to the left And into the circle of light came that marvelous figure. He was indeed tall, unusually muscular in the shoulders, wore a breech-clout only, and his feet and ankles were

hidden in the breakers. Then, as he came farther into the glow, dad and I exclaimed—almost in one breath, for the illusion of his walking on the water had been so complete—"A surf-board!" The lone man had floated to us.

That anyone should choose such means of coming among the rocks seemed almost as miraculous as walking would have been. This looked like Oano. If so, where had he come from? And how could he aid us?

A new mystery developed. He shouted, "Slow! Slow!" And at his command, although he was getting into the swifter current, his advance slackened. He cried, "Slo-ower! Slo-ow—now!"

With an almost imperceptible drifting he glided forward, then remained stationary.

"Steady!" he exclaimed. Obediently the board remained there, although it bobbed up and down like a restless, living creature. He had thrown himself down on it, facing the rear end. At times the breakers covered him entirely. But presently he crept back to the middle of the board, got upright again facing us, and called:

"A line! Catch!"

All this had happened so rapidly that the torch was still alight, but now burning low and fitfully. The board, released from the rope that had connected it with the distant boat, swept forward on the water; when it was in a position so that the wind was from him to us, he threw the line. Evidently he, like many Hawaiians, was skilled in handling the lasso. But at that moment an eddy whirled his board. The coil of hemp fell short of us, and the eddy sucked it away.

Almost at the same instant Oano slipped from his board into the water. We cried out in horror, fearing he would be drawn under by the treacherous whirlpool and drowned. Even such a wonderful swimmer as he was in danger there. But he struck out with the strength and agility of a being who has lived much of his life in the ocean.

The light flickered its last. In the blackness we could tell his position only by his strokes. It would be impossible for him to see the line. We called to guide him to us.

Lightning. He had the rope! His knowledge of those curents must have enabled him to grasp it without seeing it!

But the line hampered his stroke. Now we realized why, in the first place, he had preferred to attach the rope to the surf-board rather than to try swimming with it. Luckily he was not far from us. Dad was reaching out toward him, while I attempted by leaning from the other side to balance the plane. Would we capsize? As he was helped in we dipped so far that we shipped water. But with the instinct of the born canoeman, he got aboard agilely and the next instant he was helping restore the equilibrium of our rocking machine. I hastily baled out with the coffee-pail.

We made fast the line. Then began a new strugle, quite as dangerous as those through which we had passed. With the men in the boat hauling upon us, we were likely to be pulled directly upon the rocks. Our only chance lay in the skill of that wonder-boy, Oano. It was clear

that he knew the reef well, knew in the darkness where the rocks were. He directed the unseen crew, warning them to pull us toward the right—toward the left—to go slow or to speed up. At that time we came so near being wrecked that he saved us only by paddling with one of the boards and directing me in the use of the other. Automatically he threw the weight of his body this way or that, telling us how to do the same. As an aviator, I had prided myself upon a sense of equilibrium; but there were times when that lad had us so balanced that the only contact with the water was a single float.

When we had finally been dragged out from the gnashing reef, and were pulled up close to the boat, dad and I discovered that the craft was Carl Schoen's, and he was in it; however it was Maiu, best of boatmen, who was directing the crew.

In some way the changes in the velocity and direction of the wind had brought the Winged Friend back almost to Nahau Point. How Oano had caught a glimpse of our plane just before we landed on the water—how he had got a message to Carl, and they had organized the rescue party—and how they could not have found us, in that swift darkness, but for the flare we burned when the steamer passed—all this was explained after we had been towed safely into the little cove.

As Gareh ceased speaking, Thora exclaimed: "That boy Oano — he should have a medal!"

"Several of them," chuckled Dr. Finley. "Saving lives is a habit with him. He'll probably save you too when you go to Hawaii. I secured him a good position at one of the hotels as instructor in water-sports."

HARD WORK

It's hard to keep smiling when troubles are piling their weight on your neck till it's sprained; it's hard to keep grinning when others are winning the prizes for which you have strained. It's hard to be cheery on days wet and dreary, when everything near you looks drowned; it's hard to be sunny when all of your money is sunk in a hole in the ground. It's hard to keep laughing when wearily quaffing the flagon of grief to the dregs; it's harder to frolic when you have the colic, or gout in the end of your legs. But how will it aid you, when woe has waylaid you, to rumble and grumble and swear? There's nothing that's healing in kicking the ceiling, or biting the rungs from the chair. It's hard to look pleasant when anguish is present, and yet it is strictly worth while; not all of your scowling and fussing and growling can show off your grit like a smile.—Walt Mason.

BUILDERS

(Selected)

A student who was asked what he intended to make his life work, replied that he was preparing himself to be an architect. When asked why he had selected this occupation, his answer was: "I want to build things. I want to see my ideas take form. I want to express beauty in wood and stone and leave something when the time comes for me to leave the earth." In a lesser way he was seeking to do what was done in Old London by Sir Christopher Wren, of whom it was said, "If you wish to behold his monument, look around you."

David was eager to build a temple in Jerusalem. His chief motive was not to serve architecture, but worship. He thought of a great temple as an expression of the nation's gratitude to God, and as a place where the soul of the nation might be kept alive. The cost of the building would afford opportunity for sacrifice in giving, and its permanency would perpetuate the name of David. This ambition was never realized, but David had many exalted moments planning to build a temple.

The New Testament spiritualizes many of the outward things of the Old Testament. Paul speaks of Christians being temples of God's Spirit; that is, the minds of Christians may be homes for truth, the hearts of Christians may be shrines of love, and the lips of Christians may be filled with praise. This is a higher and more difficult kind of building. The tools are not trowels and chisels, but thoughts, ideals, determinations, motives and prayers. It is with such forces as these that we may build more stately mansions for our souls, and, at the same time, brng highest honor to God.

HOPE

Don't give up hope while the day is new,
For the sun may shine, and brighten your view.
  Though the task be hard, and the road be long,
  Keep up hope with a smile and a song.
Don't frown at the world when the skies are gray,
Just smile at your fate, while at work or at play.
  Work hard at your task, do your job right,
  And keep up hope far into the night.
Don't be a quitter, let your courage be high.
While there's life, there's hope, so never say die.
  Have hope for yourself, and a smile for a friend,
  And success will be yours when the day's at an end.

—Selected

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. W. E. Cooper, manager of the Paramount Theatre, Concord, recently presented each member of the Training School staff a Teacher's Co-operative Ticket. These tickets will enable the holders to attend the shows at the Paramount at greatly reduced rates, and on behalf of the workers at the insttution we wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Cooper for his kindness.

—o—

Mr. William M. Hovis, representing the Charlotte Lions Club, visited the Training School last Sunday afternoon. He was vitally interested in the work of the institution, especially that concerning the paroled boys. He was given the names of the boys paroled to Mecklenburg County, also a list of suggested projects that his Club might sponsor which would be beneficial to the boys during their stay at the school.

—o—

Mr. John W. Bartram, prison evangelist, of Lockport, N. Y., called at the Training School last Monday afternoon. He and several coworkers were traveling in a "house on wheels," and they expect to tour the Southern States during the coming Winter. Mr. Bartram informed us that in 1932 they covered thirty-eight states, going from Maine to California, speaking and conducting services in jails, and distributing Gospels to the prisoners wherever convenient stops could be made. He further stated that he and his fellow workers carried on this mission work without receiving any salary and took up no collections—it being financed entirely by voluntary contributions. We were very glad to meet these Christian workers and are sorry a service at the Training Shool could not have been conveniently arranged.

—o—

The Mount Pleasant ball tossers and the Kannapolis Wings staged a double-header at the local ball yard last Saturday afternoon, the former winning both contests. Owing to a delayed start both games were limited to seven innings. The first game was a pitcher's battle between Lacey Litaker, former Winecoff High School star, and "Snake" Lefler, of Mount Pleasant, the latter emerging victorious by the score of 2 to 1. Litaker used one of the best knuckle-ball deliveries seen on the local diamond in several years, and held his opponents hitless until the final inning. He lost control in this frame because of a heavy rain for a few minutes, which prevented effective use of the "knuckler." The Kannapolis lads scored in the first inning when Cook singled, stole second and scored on an error. After this inning the Wings could do nothing with Lefler,s puzzl slants and blinding speed. After a few minutes' delay because of rain, the Mount Pleasnat boys, trailing by the score of 1 to 0, came up for their half of the sixth inning, and registered their only hits and runs of the game, but they proved enough to win. In this frame Buck

Lefler drew a pass and counted on A. Allman's three-ply smash; H. Lefler's single then scored Allman with the winning run. The score:

		R	H	E
Mt. Pleasant	000 002 0	2	2	2
Kannapolis	100 000 0	1	4	1

Two-base hit: Hopkins. Three-base hit: A. Allman. Stolen bases: Cook, Lowder, B. Lefler. Struck out: by Litaker 2; by Lefler 8. Base on balls: off Litaker 2. Umpires—Godown and Lisk.

The second game resulted in an easy victory for Mount Pleasant by the one-sided score of 14 to 6. This game was replete with most everything posible that constitutes a ball game—there were some fine fielding plays and some rank errors; base running both good and bad, and a great deal of real slugging. Hudson started on the mound for the Wings but was knocked out in the fourth inning. Litaker, who replaced him was also hit hard. "Snake" Lefler essayed the iron-man stunt of pitching both games of a double-header, but with the game safely "in the bag," turned the pitching duties over to one of his brothers, just to make it a quartet of Lefler brothers to appear in this contest. The last-named member of this athletically inclined family was faced by four batters, two of whom hit nothing but the ozone, another popped a little fly to second base, but another, a young man by the name of Lowder blasted one of his fast ones to deep center. Nine extra base blows were pounded out in this game. For Mount Pleasant, H. Lefler, with a home run and single; Ford, a double and single; H. Allman, two singles; J. Lefler, a pair of singles, and Whitley, a home run and single, furnished the heavy bombardment. None of the Wings secured more than one hit, but McDaniels and Lowder poled out home runs; Hudson and Litaker, three-bagers, and Cook, a double: The score:

Mt. Pleasant	100 535 0	14	13	4
Kannapolis	200 211 0	6	6	8

Two-base hits: Ford, Cook. Three-base hits: B. Lefler, Hudson, Litaker. Home runs: H. Lefler, Whitley, McDaniels, Lowder. Stolen bases: Mooney, J. Lefler, Cook. Struck-out: by J. Lefler 7; by A. Lefler 2; by Hudson 2. Base on balls: off J. Lefler 5; off Hudson 2. Umpires—Godown and Lisk.

WHY COIN IS CALLED "DIME."

The word is derived from the Latin decima, meaning tenth, through the old French "disme," which meant tithe, and the modern French "dime" having the same meaning. The word has been in the English language a long time, and has always meant a tenth part. A dime, of course, is now the tenth part of a dollar. —Selected.

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Gp 364

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 30, 1933 No. 37

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Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

—Thomas Moore.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

"WHEN SHALL I BE A MAN?"

"When shall I be a man?" asked he,
I said to him, "A man you'll be
When you have learned that honor brings
More joy than all the crowns of kings;
That it is better to be true
To all who know and trust in you,
Than all the gold on earth to gain
If winning it shall leave a stain."

"When you can fight for victory sweet,
Yet bravely swallow down defeat,
And cling to hope and keep the right,
Nor use deceit instead of might;
When you are kind and brave and clean,
And fair to all and never mean;
When there is good in all your plan,
That day, my boy, you'll be a man."

"When you have learned that you must hold
Your honor dearer far than gold,
That no ill-gotten wealth or fame
Can ever pay for your tarnished name;
And when in all you say or do
Of others you're considerate too,
Content to do the best you can
By such a creed, you'll be a man."

Edgar A. Guest.

EXEMPLICATION

The editorial, "Exemplication," in the Boy's Banner, expresses a fine thought, coming from an officer of the Alabama Boys' In-

dustrial School, of Birmingham. The young officer who gives to the public such convictions is surely obsessed with an understanding heart as to the problems of delinquency, also knows that the best way to develop the finest elements of life is to have the credentials of exemplary teaching. The lessons of any leader are more effective if put into practice. Read:

> We officers, from time to time, hand out to the boys the do's and the don'ts in the course of instruction and training, and we are invariably indignant when the do's and don'ts are ignored. But, do we ever stop to think that the do's and don'ts would be better regarded by the boys as true and practical ethics for their uplift if we would prove their value by exemplification. What's the use of teaching a boy to do, or to don't, if it does not fit our own cause just as well. In other words, how in the name of common reason can any officer who is addicted to profanity censure or reprimand a boy for using foul language, or how can we as inveterate smokers punish a boy for having tobacco on him. Why it's ridiculous to expect him to do what we cannot and won't do ourselves.
>
> The credentials of an officer should be a strict adherence to those moral principles which he would inculate upon the boy. There's no wonder that boys are sometimes loathe to heed instructions from men. They cannot comprehend instructions for their moral value while witnessing in their teachers and elders no better habits and practices than they have themselves. Officers should have something more than precept. They ought to have the credential of exemplary teaching, and should not be seen practicing the very things they would reprimand the boy for.
>
> Exemplification leads to imitation for good or for bad, but usually the bad example is copied more readily than the good, and therefore, should make us very careful and mindful of displaying the errors and bad habits that we have not yet conquered. I knew a man some years ago who became a lifelong abstainer from tobacco by the following amusing, but natural act of his little boy five years old. This man got to the end of a cigarette and carelessly threw away the stub where his child was playing around. Immediately, the little boy ran and picked up the cigarette stub and put it in his mouth. The father was amused at the time, but vowed his child would never see him smoke or do anything else that was wrong for his boy to copy.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL'S HOLSTEIN HERD

Nothing gives greater pleasure than to pass on the results of the good work of the Jackson Training School. It is a pleasure to

emphasize every accomplishment of the institution that will add luster to its already good name.

Last week we happened to meet Mr. R. C. Bassinger, the specialist sent out by the State College in charge of the Mecklenburg, Iredell and Cabarrus Association for inspection of herds of catttle of that association.

Mr. Bassinger proudly remarked that the Jackson Training School's 55 Holstein cows rated 100 per cent compared to other herds in the association. That is a record worthy of due consideration, knowing that the milk from this herd furnishes the basis of food values received by our 500 boys.

The report given after the completion of the yearly test (for the fiscal year, July1, 1932 to June 30, 1933) is as follows:

First, the average amount of milk per cow is 9,466 pounds, or in terms clear to the average citizen, 1,100 gallons, and the average fat or butter is 355.9 pounds per cow. This is an increase of 48.9 over the report of last year.

There were only three herds in the Mecklenburg, Iredell and Cabarrus Association having cows yielding over 300 pounds of butter fat per cow.

Any one alert in subtraction can easily see that the Jackson Training School herd having an average of 355.9 butter fat per cow and subtract the yield of butter of two other herds, (301-303) will see the institution herd leads by 52.9 pounds of butter fat over the herds in the association.

The specialist sent out by the State College stated that to receive honorable mention in this association the herd has to yield 300 pounds of butter fat per year per cow. The Jackson Training School herd far surpassed the production as recommended by the United States Government.

Last year 63,529 gallons of milk was produced by this Holstein herd. The Jackson Training School has 500 boys and 52 officers, making the population of this place 552.

Each boy and officer of the institution averages one quart of milk per day, showing that the yield of milk is sufficient to meet the demands of the institution.

THE VERSATILITY OF WOMAN

Those of us seasoned by years of trying experiences recall clearly when the sphere of woman was in the home to the elimination of all outside activities. If there were an inclination upon the part of any one of the fairer sex to go out into the world for the purpose of making a livelihood the school room was accepted as the one place for her to fill—companion work to home-making and the training of children.

This idea no longer prevails. We are living in an era of revised thinking, especially so as to the duties of women. The old customs that once confined woman within the four walls of her home no longer prevail, but instead if woman is to survive mentally and spiritually the thought is she must be permitted to have some individual life of her own.

It is useless to state she is enjoying to the fullest extent all of the privileges of the business world with her brother. There is not a field of service that she has not penetrated, and if we were prejudiced against the "new woman" we would have to admit she has proven herself fully capable of managing other things than just her own household.

She has frequently worked order out of chaos when failure seemed inevitable, and the man of the home had failed to make a success. She has good nerve, courage and the "dare to do," even if she does shriek and perch upon a chair when a mouse scampers across the floor. She can easily rise to any emergency.

The latest and most thrilling vocation for women reported is that of air hostess. We carry a story of Miss DePriest, of Cleveland county, N. C., who is air-hostess for the Eastern Air Transport, Inc., who has flown more than 150,000 miles. This experience has brought her in contact with the most renowned celebrities of the country and given an experience that could not be realized in a life time in the best institutions.

* * * * * * * * * * *

AN ANGEL OF MERCY

A short but interesting story is that of "Miss Boyd Building A Home For Crippled Children," taken from the Asheville Citi-

zen. The short sketch of Miss Boyd's action is proof that in the face of depression there are yet public spirited men and women who put the worth while things of life before material things.

Miss Boyd is a native of the mountains of North Carolina and came from a home of small means, but her ambition to help the crippled children shows she has a wealth of fine spirit that has not a money value.

Miss Boyd by profession is a nurse and always had a dream of wanting to care for crippled children. She has the right conception of the mission of money—to help the helpless.

We have the greatest admiration for the man or woman who thinks kindly of the underprivileged and extends a helping hand to make life for the unfortunates tolerable at least. Miss Boyd is spoken of in the Asheville Citizen as "an angel of mercy who brings joy to the mountain waifs." This is a fine tribue. Miss Boyd's name will continue to live when those who have lived a life of ease and comfort will long be forgoteen. This home for crippled children will be located at Blowing Rock in the midst of a scenery unsurpassed in any country.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE TAX IN FRANCE

We feel that taxation has completely shackled every phase of interest, but suppose North Carolina had just what France is now experiencing. Arthur Brisbane tells us that:

> "In Paris an automobile owner pays about $100 tax on a small car and up to $250 for a big car. Every taxicab driver must pay a tax of about 80 cents a day, besides the taxes on gasoline and oil. Every radio set is taxed $2.50.
>
> "It costs money to live in Paris, where you pay separate taxes on the number of windows, awnings and balconies on your building.
>
> "Short names are desirable, for merchants are taxed according to the number of letters in signs over their doors. Of all these taxes, the ancien tax on portes et fenetres (doors and windows) has done the greatest harm, apart from the money involved. The tax on windows, originally based on the assumption that sunlight and air belong to the king and should be paid for, has caused millions of people in France and other European countries, to sleep in rooms with imitation windows painted on, with no openings to admit fresh air."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"The dollar you spend is helping to fend
Off the specter of worry and woe;
At the end of his rope, brings a small ray of hope
To the man who will reap what you sow.

"The dollar you spend will pay in the end
In interest that comes from within,
When you're helping another—a friend or a brother—
To fare forth with courage to win."

—o—

It is a freak of human nature for people to be looking around, expecting other people to set good examples.. Why not do it yourself?

—o—

A newspaper came out not long ago and said that "half the world has gone crazy." I would like to know which half. Those who are already in the asylums, or those who have not gotten there yet?

—o—

An inquiry comes to me to know if it is proper for a young man to say that he kissed a girl in the mouth or on the mouth. It is not proper for him to say anything about it at all.

—o—

Thermometers excel the Professors in one particular. They have more degress than the most noted Professor. By the way, buy your thermometers in the winter time. They are lower then than any other season of the year.

—o—

Up to this hour Henry Ford has not signed the NRA code. This country needs team work now like it never needed it before. If I needed a thousand Ford cars this minute I wouldn't buy one, Mr. Ford, until you get your name on the dotted line, and I'm only an average citizen.

—o—

I may never amass a great fortune—editors never do, until they go into some other business—but if I win the smiles of little children, surely there must be some good about me. People may doubt me; some may revile me; and some may treat me with indifference, but if a smiling, prattling baby, or a little toddling tot, looks with favor upon me, it is like a ray from heaven in a sea of cheerless humanity. The eyes of little tots see the good in the saint and the sinner; the old and the young; the halt and the maim; the sad and the joyous; and the babe coos in the hovel as well as in the palace. Creeds and schools, classes and races; riches and poverty, make no impress upon the warmth and gladness of very young children. They have one rule of accepting human nature. They judge people by their kindness. He who has never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.

They are all kings and queens in the cradle.

—o—

Coming down to homey things, did you ever notice that a cow gets up behind before she gets up before, and that a horse gets up before he gets up behind? And another thing, if one approaches a cow from the left he is not right, and if he approaches a horse from the right he is left. It's knowing how to approach beasts to keep in their good graces. Now human nature is somewhat different. I have known people to get up all at once, all over—especially if their anger rises before they get up. But no matter how you get up, get up in a good humor, and on the right side of approach to a man's good feelings and you will not be left in a lurch.

—o—

Are there any among us who need to be reminded that those who expect something for nothing are more likely to get nothing for something? Do any need to be reminded that when anybody, anywhere, gets something he does not earn, somebody, somewhere, earns something that he does not get? All honor to the fine, thrifty men and women who through industry and economy accumulate ample to provide for their own needs and some to spare for the less fortunate neighbor. These are indeed the "salt of the earth." But money, money unfairly obtained, money wrung from the unrequitted toil of others, money garnered by those whose slogan is, "Get money, honestly if you can, but get money." Such money, the love thereof and the prurient yearning therefor, is still the root of all evil; and oh, how insidious are those poisonous roots.

—o—

I raise my chapeau to attorney-general Homer Cummings. He's trying to bring Samuel Insull back to the United States from Greece, to try him for defrauding thousands of people. Hope he gets him back here, and that they can hold him up to public punishment. I don't hate Insull. Not at all. I don't hate anybody. Life is too short to harbor hate. I feel sorry for him. But he made thousands of families suffer because of his inordinate ambition to pile up wealth, and gain undue power. He must be made an example of. I wish, Mr. Attorney-General, you could get Morgan, and that man Kuhn, and Mitchell, and Harriman, and every other big fellow who has played loose and fast with other people's money. These gangsters and money racketeers; these kidnappers of other people's happiness who will not return it, even when the blood ransoms are paid, they ought to be grabbed up on the slightest pretense. I would like see this be a "New Deal" all down the line, to the end that human beings may enjoy their inalienable rights, even though they may be honest and hard working and simple in their ambitions, and unselfish in their attitudes. I like to see people honest with each other Go after 'em, Homer!

Be sincere; others noting your sincerity will give confidence and be likewise sincere with you.—Selected.

IS HE A CRIMINAL?

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

He is only a youth—twenty years old he told us. A rather handsome lad, with a well-proportioned body, a well-shaped head, and an innocuous smile. His eyes are brightly alert and intelligent, but eager and restless natural to one whose vision has not yet been dimmed by seeing the filth and dirt of the sordid things of life. He has looked at those things, yes, but he has not seen them. His is the vision of youth which sees only the surface, and usually the surface painted with brightest colors.

He came into our office the other afternoon. Encouraged by a friendly word he sat on the corner of our desk and told us something of himself.

Slowly as he talked we listened, the old story of a reckless youth was unfolded. His story is the story of thousands of American youths now confined within reformatories and prisons as criminals mostly because their superabundant energy, inseparable part of youth, was misdirected. Lack of parental control is usually blamed for this misdirection of youthful energy and the resultant transgression of the law. The contention is reasonable and well taken if we consider the record of broken homes and separated parents that too often form the background of these youths. But is lack of parental control wholly to blaame? Doesn't society have a certain responsibilty in the matter of assisting the parents to exercise better control of conduct and to direct the energy of youth in the right direction? Especially after youth has violated the social code.

Our young friend has a black record for one of his years. A shameful record for one of any age, as a matter of fact. Natural youthful energy and lack of parental control might be blamed for the first black mark on the record, but what about the subsequent black marks? When the law was first broken, society stepped in and took charge. There was a cursory examination of effects resulting from the act of transgression and the youthful miscreant was returned to the same condition he had previously known. There the direct interest of society ended. No attempt was made to place the offender in a condition more conducive to the better direction of his natural youthful energy. A series of violations soon followed and society again took charge. The seriousness of the new violations was such as to cause the representatives of society to believe physical confinement the only means of control. Temporary control of conduct, yes, but what a poor remedy to use for the direction of youthful energy. Surely, a better method of solving the age-old problem of youth is needed if we are to progress.

As we listened to the story of this smiling, bright-eyed youth, our warped mind thought of a recent news story describing the act of a minister in an Oklahoma city, who, suddenly incensed to uncontrollable anger because a stray dog had wander-

ed into his church and interrupted the service, left the pulpit and brutally kicked the dumb intruder out into the street. The little stray dog's leg was broken and he will remain a cripple for life. The minister was always considered a good man, and probably thought he was doing right at the time. Now he is sorry for his act, but the little stray dog is crippled.

Somehow, we have always been fond of dumb animals and believe that many of them actually possess greater intelligence than those who call them dumb.

Maybe it's because we're dumb, too.

THE LITTLE FOOTPATH

The little footpath that I used to tread,
In childhood days now long since vanished, led
Its hardened, winding passage through a wood
To where a tiny, log-built schoolhouse stood.

With slate and pencil—books at hand were few—
I came each day, to add to what I knew.
And all I learned I took to be the truth,
For then I held the simple faith of youth.

The little footpath I believed would last,
But cars have made of it a thing long passed.
Decay and change I see now all around:
The little footpath can no where be found.

The aged mossy oak has been cut down—
Perhaps it's serving some one's needs in town.
And from the past is severed one more link;
The little spring at which I knelt to drink.

I nevermore shall walk this footpath way,
But woodland flowers for a time will stay
To waken childhood memories of a man
Who's near the end of his allotted span.

—D. J. Blalock.

AIR HOSTESS DESCRIBES UNUSUAL JOB FOR WOMEN

(Asheville Citizen)

It's a long way, as distance goes, from rural North Carolina to the nation's airways, but not too far for Carrie DePriest, of the upper section of Cleveland county, who has recently been visiting here.

She knows many whose names make news, although she has been living "up North" only four years. During two of these years she has been an air hostess for Eastern Air Transport, Inc., and this profession which is the newest and no doubt the most thrilling career open to young women, has given her ample opportunity for meeting celebrities.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Sir Ronald Lindsay, Howard E. Coffin, Ruth Bryan Owen, Will Rogers—these and hundreds of others just as well known have been her passengers. And, at the end of an air trip, hostess and passengers are usually friends.

Carrie is the only Tar Heel among the eleven hostesses employed by Eastern Air at present. Until her marriage this summer, Carrie's sister, Ann, was also a hostess for the same line and the two girls are well known in eastern America as the "flying sisters of the air." Their combined mileage would circle the world a dozen times.

While on her visit here, Carrie was plied with questions concerning her novel and glamorous profession. The hostess is a part of the crew on the giant fifteen and eighteen passenger Curtis Condor planes of Eastern Air. More than 15,000 women have applied for such positions with this company alone. Since only a few of the many who apply attain this coveted position, it is interesting to glance over some of the qualifications Eastern Air demands of its fair young representatives.

No hostess must weigh more than 125 pounds, even when all buttoned up in her coat and carrying her packed week-end bag that she takes on trips. Nor must she be more than five feet and five inches tall. Miss DePriest is the baby, in size, of all the hostesses. She is four feet and 11 inches tall and weighs only 101 pounds. The hostess must have a college education and a practical knowledge of nursing. She must be unmarried and her age between 21 and 28 years.

The hostess must have a pleasing personality. This is a broad term and covers a multitude of characteristics. She must have tact, poise, intuition. She must have the patience of Job combined with a keen sense of humor. She must—but perhaps only the chief hostess herself can tell how she decides whether the "personality" of an applicant is "airworthy."

One reason for the extreme care used in the selection of the hostess is the very nature of the profession. Rule books can not prepare her for the unexepected, the unusual that is ever happening in this pioneer work. Much of the time she is "on her

own" and she must be alert and equal to any emergency.

Ann was the first of the DePriest sisters to become a hostess. Both sisters were living in Washington at the time, and neither had ever flown in any kind of plane. But Ann applied and "landed" the air job. One month later, Carrie applied and, as in the case of her sister, was selected from a long list of applicants.

Carrie said that she is the "quiet one," that it is Ann who can really talk interestingly of the work. Ann, who is now Mrs. F. P. Moreton, has recently been honored by being asked to write a chapter about the air hostess in "Careers for Women," which will be released this fall. Amelia Earhart and Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins are among the other contributors to this book.

"What do we do?" she said in replying to questions. "Well, an air hostess has to be prepared to do almost anything short of pulling rabbits out of a hat. I've sewed a button on a man's coat; I've tended a four weeks old baby, my youngest passenger, when the mother became airsick; I've even helped one superstitious woman toss her shoes and scarf out of the plane to ward off bad luck."

And as "luck" would have it, the shoes happened to be the passenger's only ones with her, so Carrie had to wire to Washington and have another pair rushed to the airport.

One of the first duties of the hostess is to hand out little packages of cotton and chewing gum—cotton for the ears if the noise is too great and chewing gum for airsickness. Both are often only souvenirs of the trip since Eastern Air has been using the 1933 quiet Condors which make no more noise than a Pullman, and since only one per cent of the passengers are affected with airsickness. Carrie has never been airsick, even when is the air is very "bumpy" she said.

"There are always some who want a rubber of bridge, so I try to round up a table. Sometimes I make the fourth myself," the diminutive Carrie said. She plays bridge, and no doubt plays it well, for it is a rule of the company that all hostesses be able to play contract bridge.

First-trippers ask questions, hundreds of them, and answering them is the job of the hostess. Passengers also like for the places of interest to be pointed out, so Carrie knows the "tops" of all the towns and historic sites along the course.

When asked what was the most impressive feature of this state, as seen from the air, she replied, "Trees." According to her, an air passenger would almost think that the country south of Richmond was one great expanse of trees.

Another important duty of the hostess is to serve refreshments. She does not prepare this food, but takes it aboard in two large baskets. The company has its own kitchens at the Newark and Washington airports, and special arrangements are made for obtaining food at Atlanta and Jacksonville.

Heavy foods are not served at any time, but an appetizing array of sandwiches, cakes, and hot and cold drinks are on the menu. There is a fixed routine that the hostess follows in serving. For instance, on

the southbound New York-Atlanta flight, she serves breakfast around Philadelphia, cold or hot drinks just after leavnig Washington, lunch around Richmond, another cold drink between Greensboro and Charlotte, and afternoon tea as the air liner glides from South Carolina into Georgia. Four brands of cigarettes are on hand at all times.

Everything that she serves, from coffee to cigarettes, is "with the compliments of the company." Isn't that enough to make a Scotchman take to the air?

As in all professions, the air hostess has some duties that are not so "thrilling." She has daily reports to make out; she helps with the baggage and tickets; and she has to spend part of the time being a "ground" hostess at the airport. Her schedule is very uncertain, and she rarely spends two consecutive nights in the same state.

She must keep track of her four boxes, for a hostess would hardly be a hostess without these. Ask her for anything—a needle, a map, stationery, a pill—and she immediately produces it from one of her little three by eight inch black boxes.

On her recent trip in the state, Carrie of course came by plane as far as Charlotte. But being a mere passenger doesn't especially thrill her. Nor does she have any desire to become a pilot. She's quite sure that it's "much more fun to be a hostess." She has flown 150,000 miles.

THE LURE OF THE EASY LIFE

The easy life, the lure of it and the love of it, is a vitally contributing factor to the mess the world has worked itself into.

Easy jobs, easy marriages, easy credit, easy business, easy religion—all of them have come to be fads.

It has been the wreck of a generation—this mischievous pursuit of soft spots.

Nothing that is worth having comes that way. The height is reached over cliffs and climbs that leave bleeding feet.

Life that gets somewhere and does things is that life that is always being buffeted against hard places.

Let some preachers tell it, even religion is easy. They invite you into the Christian household over the telephone and a fellow can join some churches today by messenger boys. That's no way to do.

Christianity, like everything desirable, comes at a high price. It is renunciation before renown. It is cross-bearing before the crown.

Don't let these preachers who make large memberships a fetish cram down your throat the sophistry that religion is as easy to carry around as your pocketbook. It's not.

—Charlotte Observer.

MUSIC STUDY REDUCES CRIME

(Selected)

"If more boys and girls would learn to play musical instruments there would be less crime in America," the Hon. Frank J. Loesch, member of Hoover's National Crime Committee and former special prosecutor of Chicago, told 250 executives, stockholders and friends of C. G. Conn, Ltd., its subsidiary and affiliated companies at a gathering in Elkheart The occasion was a dinner and "get-together" meeting given by the officers and board of directors of C. G. Conn, Ltd., in the Athenian Ballroom, Hotel Elkheart, February 18, 1932.

"The boy band is a definite influence in curbing the wayward impulses in the growing child. For a number of years the Union League Boys' Club of Chicago has had a 50-piece band, composed of boys under 18 years old. This band has been a big factor in the work of this club in reducing juvenile delinquency in its district by more than 80 per cent. Besides the band, the club has an orchestra of 20 and a drum and bugle corps of 54 boys.

"These musical organiations have been the means of making good citiens out of many of the boys of our city who might otherwise have become community parasites, if not acutal criminals.

"Many other men who have made a study of crime agree with me in recommending music, and especially the band, as a character builder and a deterrent to crime."

John Philip Sousa was also an invited guest, but he was unable to attend. However, he sent the following telegram:

"I am much interested in the get-together dinner of the executives, stockholders and friends of Conn and its subsidiaries and affiliated companies. Sorry it will be impossible to be present. The fine work you and your associates are doing to promote instrumental music in Amerca is most gratifying to us. Greetings and best wishes."

"John Philip Sousa."

"It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall."

—Selected.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF OLD AGE

By C. W. Hunt

When I had reached the age of seventy years and wrote, as I did about the three score and ten and that the remainder of time here was on borrowed time or at least blessed of Him who is above, I did not feel that the end was near; for I had faith to hope that I might celebrate many more birthdays and that each mile stone as they were reached might be the more interesting. And I have found it so. Today I am celebrating my 74th natal day, just one year short of three-fourths of a century. Three-fourths of a century is a long, long time. In that space of time even a dull man can come up with and be a part of a large number of things to recall and think back upon. By this time one is old and ripe enough to look at the serious side, yet have ability to be jolly, even hilarious, and see the humorous and the funny things that go to make a world as well as to appreciate the compensations of old age. I have written so often and at times so caustically about being made old and decrepit, I may have let go the impression that I was ill-tempered and unappreciative of those things meant in all kindness; and if any have received such an impression let all banish the thought, for such is not the case with those with the good taste not to make a non-descript of such as I by calling the old "uncle" for the want of the knowledge of the name, or grandfather in the hope of currying favor by intending to be sweet for the want of knowledge of a better way of approach.

There is just one pet name that I appreciate and enjoy and which I freely allow to all who claim friendship, that of "Papa Hunt" which name was applied to the good mate and I before any grandchildren came to bless us, though they have always called us by that cognomen. This came about by young men, whose home was with us and who used the name out of like and love and respect for two older people who tried to be kind and considerate and helpful to these, many of whom had parents back home, for whom they cared.

Each of the things mentioned above came as compensations of old age, but are only one side of such. The greatest compensation for being old is the love and respect and esteem, possibly veneration, in which the old can be held even while full of appreciation of it all. Old in body but not in spirit. Having seen many winters and summers which have only ripened judgment without warping the senses and ability to appreciate gentle attentions and deep friendships.

To me there is no compensation that comes with old age like unto that which comes from the middle aged and the young and from the middle aged to ten years our junior, the number of which have accumulated within the last forty years until they are no more attempted to be numbered. Many, many of these we see often and are in contact with them, who could "pass us by on the

other side," but who instead go out of their way to make of—perhaps pat us on the back as it were,—possibly something still more appreciated, a gentle caress in that love which knows no evil to he or she whom they love because their very life work, their every action begets love, loyalty and veneration for he or she who have grown in sweet-spiritedness as the years have passed.

The compensations of old age?

Can they not be, are they not the very best in all of life's journey?

The Psalmist said: "I once was young but now I am old, yet have I not seen the righteous fosraken nor His seed begging bread." That quotation can be paraphrased and made to say: "I once was young but now I am old, yet I have not seen the old forgotten nor a sweet spirit without friends." It is certain there can be no more pleasant thing in all of life than to approach the three-quarter century mark with the number of friends on the increase and each showing a kindness and a love that is ecstatic!

Without any doubt the compensations of old age, to me, are the equal of any of the thrills of life with the possible exception of that which comes to the young in courtship, which the young feel when mating for life's journey, but even that has its disappointments and stings not known to old age when surrounded by that which precludes want, and friends who are friends for very worth's sake.

Yes, there are compensations in old age that are worth while, and seventy-four years of life finds me full of appreciation of deep and lasting and affectionate friendships.

Lord, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent—
Make me aspire!
When days with petty cares are filled,
Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled,
Of something higher.

Help me to long for mental grace,
To struggle with the commonplace
I daily find;
May little deeds not bring to fruit
A crop of little thoughts to suit
A shriveled mind.

—Helen Gilbert.

MISS BOYD IS BUILDING HOME FOR CRIPPLED TOTS

(Asheville Citizen)

Based upon her own plans and means, a new building is going up at Blowing Rock to make more material the dreams of Miss Florence Boyd, who has devoted her long career to nursing and to the care of helpless and crippled children.

Florence Boyd Home and Vocational School is the name she modestly but proudly has chosen for the edifice, and its use has long ago been dedicated to those tragic crippled tots who have found in her a true angel of mercy.

This is a culmination in Miss Boyd's career; the actual beginning was many years ago.

Born beneath the shadow of Grandfather Mountain, of parents of small means but widely known as honest and hard working people, Miss Boyd when only a child dreamed of taking care of crippled children. Those who know her best say that in early childhod she had a deep and tender feeling for the unfortunate and that during her girlhood this feeling grew until it influenced and shaped her career.

With her mind thus made up, she attended Globe Academy and Davenport College, and then took training as a professional nurse at the Pennsylvania State Hospital in Scranton. Next she was confronted with the necessity of obtaining work, but she did not surrender a single one of her ideals or plans—she merely postponed action on them. For several years she did nursing in hospitals in Philadelphia, New York, and other northern cities, and in 1916 accepted a position as nurse and welfare worker with the Consolidated Coal company in Kentucky and West Virginia. Here her work was very difficult. She spent many days and nights on calls to the needy miners' families and underwent many hardships, frequently going without rest and sleep.

And then came the accident which ended her work in this field. On a trip her horse fell and Miss Boyd was thrown, suffering a broken leg. Attempting to get up, the horse fell again and broke the same leg a second time. Next Miss Boyd spent many weeks suffering and in a hospital. It was then that she decided to return to her beloved mountains and actually launch into the work she had dreamed of in childhood.

Returning home, Miss Boyd served a time as a county welfare officer. This position brought her in touch with the needy people she had chosen to serve and helped to further educate and inspire her in their behalf. Eventually she resigned, and on April 2, 1927, she brought into her home at Lenoir a little girl, crippled and without knowledge of her parents or real name; she found this child in a hospital, had her given clinical attention, and under love and proper attention nursed her back to health.

Feeling that it would be unfair for the child to grow up without

knowledge of her name and family, Miss Boyd went to a distant part of the State and spent many days in following up clues as to her identity. Her search was rewarded when, in a mountain cabin, she found an old Bible in which was recorded the name and date of birth of her tiny charge. Happy, she returned, gave the little girl a name and then staged a birthday anniversary party for her.

On the occasion the little girl felt impressed to speak and in her simple words she related her sufferings in various clinics and hospitals until Miss Boyd came for her—then, with tears in her eyes, the little girl paid the greatest tribute of all when she ran around the table on her weak legs and with arms around her kind benefactor's neck, said, "You is been a good mama to me."

This is only one of many cases to which Miss Boyd has given attention. One of the girls, now 19 years old, will enter a training school for nurses this fall. Miss Boyd found her, at the age of 14, attempting to keep house and care for a large family. She placed the younger children in the homes of friends and relatives and brought the willing little housekeeper to Lenoir. She is now a high school graduate and proud and courageous over her new opportunity in life.

In all, Miss Boyd has cared for 28 children during the six years since she began her work. Working hard all the time, thinking and planning carefully and utilizing to the fullest extent all the means she had, she has built up not only the lives and bodies of helpless little children, but gradually has accumulated means sufficient to provide the new home she now has under construction at Blowing Rock.

IMMORTALITY

For me—to have made one soul
  The better for my birth;
To have added but one flower
  To the garden of the earth;

To have struck one blow for truth
  In the daily fight with lies;
To have done one deed of right
  In the face of calumnies;

To have sown in the souls of men
  One thought that will not die—
To have been a link in the chain of life;—
  Shall be immortality.

—Edwin Hatch.

SEPTEMBER SQUALL

By Harry Butman

For a moment the boy stood balanced on the edge of the cliff, his bare toes curled against the granite, his legs bent in a crouch, while fifty feet below the North Atlantic surf surged over wet black rocks. Out a little from the base of the clik there was a patch of open water, green and clear, save for a few long fronds of kelp, waving fantastically with the water's motion. With a hissing intake of breath, the boy launched himself out into the air.

Below, and a little to one side, the man watched with a pounding heart. Sternly he set his face to watch as the figure shot down, and disappeared into the open patch, just as an incoming wave filled it. He watched disprovingly as the boy swam through the boiling water; and, in a tiny pocket where the surf's power was broken, pulled himself to the ledge.

"A silly deed, lad," he said harshly, and the boy wheeled, startled. "Get on your clothes. I'll talk with ye."

There was that in his tone which made for no disobedience, and the boy started up the path to the cliff top, the man following.

Don Robbins felt a thrill of achievement as he dressed. No other boy on Manteag Island had ever dared the dive he had just taken. Dim legend had it that Captain Stone, the ablest man of the island's history, had once done it. Don was glad of his strength. He was even there to witness, though he feared the strange old minister's rebuke. Mr. Stebbins was a man of long seafaring descent and his youth had been spent in the far places of the earth. In the strength of his manhood he acknowledged a Master, and spent the rest of his days in preaching to his on people of the outlying islands off the Maine coast. A dozen little parishes had he, among the deep water islands. Never ordained, odd of speech, but, nevertheless, a man much respected among the hardy dwellers of the coast, a man whose word counted for much.

His face was stern as he spoke to Don. "Why do ye persist, Donald," he said, his voice tinged with the twang of the island speech, "in doing such uncommon reckless things?"

"I don't know, Mr. Stebbins," said Don, and it was the truth. For how was a boy of eighteen, with a sinewy body and a love of adventure flowing in his veins to explain the wild urge to daring that flooded him now and again? There was something within him that delighted in testing itself against the dangerous deed, and coming through.

" 'Tis not in your courage that I find your folly," said the old parson. " 'Tis that ye have no comprehension o' the power o' the sea. There's plenty o' chance to do brave things in the line o' the day's work, but why must ye go out of your way to risk your life? I would not break your spirit, Donald, but I would have ye know that God has put a power into the forces of nature be-

fore which no man can stand. D' ye follow me?"

"I think so," answered Don. But he did not. He could not grasp the truth that the old man had learned from the buffeting of many a howling nor'easter. The old parson's words were just words.

Mr. Stebbins sighed, and spoke of another matter. "Would ye like the job of carrying the mail from Green harbor?"

Don's eyes grew wide with eagerness. "Would I?" he exclaimed. "Would I!"

"I know of no youngster who knows the coast better than ye," said Mr. Stebbins, "but I am afraid to recommend ye."

"Why?" asked Donald, his voice blue with disappointment.

"Because o' your wildness, Donald. Now, will ye promise me that if I'll do my best to get ye the job, ye'll have done with your foolishness? No more o' this craziness like ye've just done?"

Don thought for a long moment before answering. It would be a hard promise for him to keep, for he knew the reckless devil in his blood was hard to lay, and secretly, he saw no sense in the old man's warnings. But he had just received a letter from his father. The tug had been laid up in Boston Harbor for three weeks. Long towing jobs were scarce now, and there was little money to send home. Anything that could be earned was necessary. He had no right to withhold his word.

"I promise," he said.

Mr. Stebbins patted him on the shoulder. "Good boy. Now I'll be going along, for I have a call to make on Fawn. By the way, I saw Tommy as I came by your house. A fine youngster he is."

"Thank you," said Don. A warm glow flooded over him, for Tommy was his ten-year-old brother, and to Don's way of thinking there was no equal to this young brother of his.

Don watched Mr. Stebbins climb into his battered dory and settle to the oars with the short, choppy fisherman's stroke. Mr. Stebbins had a power launch, but he preferred his dory for short pulls. Don went along the path toward home. As he walked up the steep ledgy banking to his home, Tommy came running to meet him. He seized Don's hand and swung on it.

"Oh, Don," he said, "I saw you dive off Henly's ledge. There isn't anybody else on this island would dare to do it."

Don grinned.

"When I get big I'm going to try it," continued Tommy.

"Don't let me catch you," said Don. "Don't try any foolishness. Where's Sis?"

"Getting supper," said Tommy, and the two went into the house where Elsie, the eldest, played mother to her two motherless brothers.

Over a month had gone by since Don and Mr. Stebbins had talked together, and many times during the month had Don felt his promise bind and chafe him. He was the natural leader of the island boys, a position which he had gained by acts of reckless daring, and now that he no longer showed his former disregard of danger, the boys were beginning to murmur that he had lost his nerve. None said so openly, but Don could sense it and the murmuring troubled him. But he did not

go back on his word, though the time for naming the man for the mail job was drawing near. It was more necessary than ever that he get a place, for the last letter from his father had told of a scarcity of work such the oldest tugboat men could not recall.

It was a warm September afternoon. Don lay sprawled in the sand on the beach near the house reading. Tommy sat beside him whittling a boat. After a while Tommy spoke.

"I'm going out on Kent's lodge, Don. It's ebb tide."

Don nodded absently, his mind on his book. Two hours later, roused by a sudden chill in the air, he looked up from his book. A thin cloud was passing over the sun, and to the north the sky was blue-black and heavy.

"Going to have a squall," murmured Don. "I'd better make the moorings fast." He heaved himself out of the sand to go about his task, when he noticed that Tommy was gone. For a moment he puzzled, and then there flashed though his mind the words registered by his ears hours ago, but only now comprehended. Tommy had gone to Kent's Ledge! The tide as coming in, and a squall was making.

For a moment a thrill of fear shot over him. Then he felt reassured. Tommy would surely know enough to come in before the tide got up. Then Don felt the same fear again, remembering how the swift green water rushed along the channel as the tide turned. Tommy was absent minded and he might get so interested in playing that he might not notice the tide.

Don began to think swiftly. Kent's Ledge was nearly a mile away, behind the point. There wasn't time to run over there and see if Tommy had got to the mainland. Now the best thing to do was to row over. It would be fun. He had always wanted to buck a squall in a dory. He ran down to the water's edge, and then pulled up short.

What of his promise to Mr. Stebbnis? There was no man on the island but would say that going out in a dory in the face of a September sqaull was foolhardiness. The sudden fierce gales had wrecked many a staunch craft. And, besides, he wasn't sure that Tommy was still out there. He stood irresolute. A desire to battle with the coming storm welled up in him, but he thrust it down. He had promised.

But supposing that Tommy was out there? The surf would soon reach a point where it would tear him from the low-lying ledge and . . . . But the job . . . But maybe Tommy's safe . . . . I promised.

With one swift rush of resolve Don thrust the doubts from his mind. "Job or not," he cried, fumbling at the mooring rope, "I'll not hold back when Tommy may be in danger." But he knew this was not the only reason. Underneath there pulsed the urge to match mind and muscle against the strength of the sea.

He shoved off. He bowed himself to his work, for there was small time. The water was an ugly black now, reflecting the color of the angry sky, and the wind was moaning as it rose. He pulled with all his skilled strength, but as he rounded the point the storm was very near. He stopped rowing a moment and look-

ed ahead.

Tommy stood on the highest point of the ledge. Even as Don looked, a wave washed about his knees, and he staggered. He saw Don and he cried shrilly in fear and relief.

"Hurry, Don," he cried. "Hurry."

"Hang on, kid," yelled Don, in panic. Beyond Tommy he saw a gray sheet of rain, driven by a lashing gale, coming across the tossing water like a great wall. It was only a few hundred yards to the ledge, but it seemed miles to Don.

The squall struck with a smash, and Don, powerful oarsman that he was, was stopped almost dead. He laid on more vigorously, and fought through the stinging rain, to the ledge. His heart jumped in relief, as he saw, in a flash, as he turned his head, a figure bowed against the wind.

He took another hasty look, as he drew near. There were two figures there. He had no chance to wonder, for a stentorian voice came above the roaring of the storm.

"This way, Don." It was Mr. Stebbins. Don ran the dory's nose up to a crevice on the lee side of the ledge.

"Get down stern, Tommy," gasped the old parson, clinging to the ledge as best he could with one strong hand holding the bow of the dory as it heaved madly up and down, "I'll take the bow oars. I've got my own. I was paying a visit on Little Deer and I got caught in the squall and broke a thole pin. All right." He shoved off.

While they were yet in the lee of the ledge, they spun the dory to face back toward the beach. They were good seamen both, yet a task to test them lay ahead. They could run before wind without too great danger, but when they cut in for the shore it would be necessary to run sideways to the wind, and then . . . . Dan, his face stung by the flying spume, grinned in wild delight as he kept the dory stern to the wind, but the old man's face was set and unsmiling.

"We can't make it," yelled Mr. Stebbins, when they reached the place to turn in. "We'll have to run down a way, get her around quick and pull back quartering." How Mr. Stebbins knew where they were was a mystery to Don, for shore and sky were blotted out in the rain and spray, but he trusted the old seaman's instinct.

They ran on for a moment. "Now!" cried Mr. Stebbins.

They backed water with their port oars and pulled with all their strength on the starboard oars. It was a beautifully done maneuver, and the boat spun around in her length, but not before a heavy sea broached her.

Instantly things were altered. The boat was heavy with eight inches of water in the bottom. Tommy worked like a true son of an islander with the wooden bailing scoop, but he could do little more than hold his own, for now they were facing the wind and the waves smashed quarteringly over the starboard bow.

Now it was toil, grim and unrelenting, with death as the penalty for weakness or error. Don rowed as he had never rowed before and he felt a grim, slow triumph at the

strength of his muscle. But their headway was heartbreakingly slow, and the boat seemed to grow heavier as Mr. Stebbins' muscles, less youthful, began to tire. The battle became a nightmare to Don. His arms ached terribly and his lungs gasped for air. His strength was ebbing, but the hammer smashes of the waves never ceased. For the first time in his life, he knew a fear of the sea's power, a power that was more than the puny might of human strength. He thought despairingly of the words the old man had spoken. "God has put a power into the forces of nature before which no man can stand." He understood them now, but it was too late. He could go on but a few minutes longer. . .

Then , mercifully, the squall lessened, and abeam, and fifty yards to port, he saw the beach. From a last source of energy he summoned strength to get her ashore.

They pulled the dory up onto the beach and the two men collapsed. A few moments of rest, and they sat up and looked at each other. The squall was blowing itself out. To the north there was a streak of fresh blue sky, though the south was dark with the passing storm. Mr. Stebbins looked at Don.

" 'Twas a wild thing to venture out in the teeth o' that," he said.

Don made no attempt to defend himself. After all, he had taken a chance. He had not really known that Tommy was on the ledge. He had gone partly because adventure called, and he would take his punishment. Besides, soething had happenede in that last few muscle-racking moments. He had met a power that had shown him how weak he was. He wanted to think it over.

Tommy came up. He had bailed out the boat. "That was great," he said, his face alight. "I'd like to try it again sometime, wouldn't you, Don?"

Don hunted for his words. "Tommy," he said slowly, "if I ever catch you taking a chance like that . . . . well, I don't know what I'll do. You've got to learn that you can't buck these things.

Tommy's face fell. "Oh, Don, that doesn't sound like you."

It was Mr. Stebbins who answered. "But it sounds like a sensible young fellow that would be a fine man to look out for Uncle Sam's mail, which he'll be doing pretty quick."

Don looked at Mr. Stebbins, a hope leaping within him.

"You mean it?" he asked.

"You've learned," said Mr. Stebbins. "You've learned."

The man who is not thrilled at the dawn of a new day, who does not go out each morning with new hopes, new resolves, new ambitions and aspirations, has something vital missing in his make-up. Each dawn is the opportunity for a man to take a new grip on things and organize his forces for the trials and burdens and the tasks of the day.—Selected.

JIMMY'S RIDE

By Mary R. Clemens

Jimmy and John Jacob were making castles in the sand. At least John Jacob thought he was helping, but since he was only a dog he was a bit in the way.

"There now, John Jacob," cried Jimmy, "you've knocked down that perfectly splendid tower. I do wish you wouldn't be so frisky."

But John Jacob wagged his tail and ran around in a circle. He was really inviting Jimmy to come and play down nearer the waves.

Jimmy paid no attention, so John Jacob came and sat beside him with his head on one side, and one ear cocked high, as if to say, "Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Sit there like a good dog, John Jacob, until I get this tower fixed. There! Now I must have a drawbridge and a wall around it so the enemy cannot get inside." So he patted and patted and patched and carried wet sand until at last it was finished, a beautiful big castle.

Suddenly John Jacob began running after a large shadow on the sand, and Jimmy looked up. He knew from the whirring noise that the shadow was made by an aeroplane. He sat on his heels and watched. John Jacob was barking furiously.

"Why, I do believe he is going to land," cried Jimmy excitedly as he watched the aeroplane circling around. "My, I hope he doesn't go in the water. Oh, he is coming this way."

The aeroplane made a wide swoop and came to land on the beach some distance from Jimmy. Then it sped rapidly toward him on its wheels, for it could not stop all at once, of course.

"Run! John Jacob, run!" cried Jimmy, and he ran as hard as he could to get out of the path of the aeroplane.

"There! He's gone right over our castle, and he's made it look worse than you did, John Jacob." But John Jacob wasn't caring much about the sand castle; he was busy barking at that mysterious bird that had swooped down so suddenly.

Then a man jumped out, pulled off his big goggles and leather helmet and looked first at John Jacob and then at Jimmy.

"Sorry, young man," he said to Jimmy. "I guess I knocked your building flat. I could see it was a fine one, even if I was coming fast, but I couldn't help hitting it. Suppose I help you build another."

Jimmy came closer. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "John Jacob smashed it a while ago, too. But I was through anyway."

Jimmy began asking questions about the aeroplane so fast that the man couldn't answer them all.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Let's get acquainted. First, what's your name?"

"Jimmy."

"Fine, and mine's Peter.

"Now, how would you like to climb inside my boat and see how it feels to sit on the driver's seat?"

Jimmy felt so excited he could hardly breathe. To be sitting inside

a real aeroplane! Why he'd never dreamed it was so big.

"Makes a lot of noise when it starts, doesn't it?" he asked.

"So loud you can't think."

"Will it go very high?"

"Yes, indeed, it will. Say, Jimmy, how would you like a ride to pay damages for building I destroyed? I have a few minutes to spare, and if you would like it we could take a short ride before I leave."

Jimmy's eyes grew most too big for their sockets.

"I surely would like it," he said. "But I'll have to ask mother. I think she'll let me go. Mother's awfully nice, you know."

"I don't doubt that. All mothers are. I'll go along when you ask her and tell her I'll take good care of you."

So that is how Jimmy got his aeroplane ride, though he never dreamed when he began to build a sand castle that it would bring about such a wonderful thing.

HAPPINESS

Happiness is like a crystal,
  Fair and exquisite and clear,
Broken in a million pieces,
  Scattered far and near.
Now and then along life's pathway
  Lo, some shining fragments fall,
But there are so many pieces,
  No one ever finds them all.

You may find a bit of beauty,
  Or an honest share of wealth
While another just beside you
  Gathers honor, love, or health,
Vain to choose or grasp unduly,
  Broken is the perfect ball,
And there are so many pieces
  No one ever finds them all.

Yet the wise, as on they journey
  Treasure every fragment clear,
Fit them as they may together
  Imaging the shattered sphere.
Learning ever to be thankful,
  Though their share of it be small
For it has so many pieces,
  No one ever finds them all.

—Anonymous.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Johnson and his group of youthful barbers are busily engaged cutting hair, which greatly improves the appearance of our boys.

—o—

Two of our mowing machines were recently equipped with special cutter bars for the purpose of mowing lespedeza. The machines are working fine, and it is expected that a fair crop will be harvested.

—o—

The latest report from the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, informs us that Eleazer Cox, one of our boys, who is being treated for a hip infection, continues to show improvement.

—o—

Mr. Lisk tells us that since the receipt of twenty-five new ice cans, he is able to make a sufficient quantity of ice to supply all the cottages in considerably less operating time. Before these cans were purchased it was necessary to run the ice plant night and day.

—o—

Miss Virginia Smoot, secretary to Superintendent Boger, returned last Tuesday from a trip to the Century of Progress in Chicago, returning by the way of Mammoth Cave, Ky., and reports having had a wonderful time. The trip was made by a party of eighteen, traveling in a specially chartered bus.

—o—

The continual "chug-chug-chug" of a gasoline engine down near the dairy barn informs us that the season's crop of peas is being threshed. This work is being done by boys on the work force, under the supervision of Mr. Smith, owner of the threshing outfit.

—o—

Jay Lambert, who was paroled from this institution in October, 1925, called on us last Wednesday. He tells us that he is employed by the U. S. Shipping Board, and is now working in the commissary department on board one of the ships carrying mail.

—o—

Charles Hodgins, of Cottage No. 3, who underwent an operation for serious intestinal trouble at the Concord Hospital a few weeks ago, has returned to the Training School. He is now convalescing in the "little white house." We are glad to report that Charlie will soon be able to resume his regular duties at the School.

—o—

Ever since the Training School was opened the boys have been required to write monthly letters to

relatives and friends at home. For several months past, due to economic conditions, it was necessary to limit this monthly correspondence to the writing of postal cards. We are glad to announce that beginning with the month of September, our boys will again be permitted to send letters home.

—o—

The entire work force, supplemented by boys from several school rooms, has been busy this week in making hay, picking peas and cotton, cutting and shocking corn, and gathering butter beans and other vegetables. Our crop of hay which looked so meager during the extreme dry weather, is producing beyond our expectations, and our immense dairy loft and horse barn will be filled with good, wholesome hay, a result almost unbelievable as we looked at the fields two months ago.

—o—

Although the last picture furnished by the film board of Charlotte, for use in our silent picture machine, was shown here two weeks ago, it was our good fortune to enjoy a very entertaining program last Saturday afternoon. Several reels of "Florigator," an interesting travel picture, were shown by Mr. D. M. Goodyear, under whose direction most of the scenes were taken. This picture showed the wild jungle life, deep-sea fishing scenes, the famed beaches and Spanish architecture of Florida, one of America's most popular playgrounds. A rollicking comedy which brought the boys to their feet on several occasions, was another feature of the program. A microphone was set up in the auditorium, and Mr. Goodyear gave the boys an excellent descriptive lecture as the travel picture was being shown.

—o—

Quite a few contractors have recently sought the privilege of using the Training School railroad siding for the delivery of machinery and materials to be used in hard-surfacing the stretch of highway connecting No. 15 with No. 151, at the southern limits of the city of Concord. The use of this siding has not been granted to anyone on account of the fact that the rising prices in coal had caused the School to place orders for numerous cars of coal to be delivered on the siding for Winter use, which would materially interfere with the unloading of road material at this point.

—o—

The members of the Training School staff, as well as the boys, were saddened by the news of deaths of relatives of two members of the faculty this week. Mrs. R. L. Willis, of Charlotte, sister of Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school principal, died in the Presbyterian Hospital, Charlotte, last Sunday evening. Mrs. Samuel Hartsell, of Cabarrus county, mother of Mr. Harry Hartsell, one of the employees of the School, died last Tuesday morning in Mercy Hospital, Charlotte. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the members of both families in their hour of bereavement.

The Dairy Extension News, published at State College, Raleigh, gives the following report and standing of the Jackson Training School herd, in the district dairy association, composed of Mecklenburg, Cabarrus and Cleveland counties, for the month of August: The Training School herd of 56 cows is second in production of butter fat with 32.1 pounds average per cow. The G. L. Hamrick Jersey herd of 20 cows led the association in butter fat production with an average of 36.4 pounds per cow. In milk production, the Training School herd led the association with 925 pounds per cow. This was also the second highest average milk production record in the entire State The Pomona Dairy. in the Piedmont Association, with a herd of 26 cows led the State in average milk production with 1,009 pounds per cow. The Extension News carried quite an interesting introduction to this report on Winter pasture and various hay crops, also the successful managing of a dairy herd for profit. The information that was most interesting was the result of an experiment that had been conducted with reference to the feeding of grain and hay for milk production. A cow fed on a complete roughage ration, produced 70 per cent of the amount as when fed on a full grain ration, (or one pound of grain to each three pounds of milk produced); a cow fed on a limited grain ration, (or one pound of grain to each six pounds of milk), produced 93 per cent as much as when fed on a full grain ration. These tests of roughage rations were predicated on the feeding of good alfalfa hay. They are of interest to those who must produce milk for a low cost market.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Work Secretary, Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Following the opening exercises Mr. Sheldon presented Rev. Herbert Spaugh, pastor of the Myers Park Moravian Church, Charlotte. In a few brief introductory remarks in which he said the real reason he was bringing another speaker for the afternoon, was because it was always such a joy for him to come to the School, and the speaker he was about to present being a very good friend of his, he wanted to share this pleasure with him. He also stated that this man was noted for his versatility—having been at one time a teacher and school principal; a successful lawyer; and was once a baseball and football star at college, being selected as left end for the All-State eleven on one occasion. Rev. Spaugh then introduced Mr. D. H. Lasley, of Charlotte, safety director for the Carolina Motor Club and teacher of the Men's Bible Class of the Myers Park Church. Mr. Lasley began by complimenting the boys on their singing, saying that it was the best group singing he had heard in many years. He told them he was deeply interested in all forms of athletics, and said the main thing in taking part in a contest was to try to get in perfect condition by proper training, and then go into the game filled with determination to do our very best. He then made a most interesting talk on what he said he considered the most beau-

tiful chapter in the Bible—the twenty-third Psalm. Our journey through life, said the speaker, is very much like the lives of a flock of sheep. Just as we might see a great flock of sheep led by a shepherd, so we are led through life by God. A shepherd is always looking ahead for better pastures for his flock, so is God continually pointing the way to things that will help us. He further stated that we, as citizens of this country, have finer things than the people of any other country in the world. In other words, we are living in green pastures, and with God as our shepherd, we need fear no evil. In going from pasture to pasture, a good shepherd is ever alert in selecting places where his sheep may cross in safety. Just so God leads people who put their trust in Him, guiding them over treacherous places and saving them from all dangers. If one of a flock of sheep goes astray, the shepherd brings it back to the fold. Likewise, when any of God's people stray from the straight and narrow way, He has the power to lead them back. Mr. Lasley then told the boys they should endeavor to follow in the footsteps of some Godly person, then strive to live so that others could follow them in the paths of righteousness. Just as a good shepherd is always wide awake to the things that might harm his sheep, so is God always watching over us. The speaker then concluded by saying that if we would follow closely the lessons found in this beautiful Psalm; if we endeavor to go through life with the determination to succeed; if we do our part always, God would see to it that goodness and mercy should follow us all the days of our lives, and we should dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Another feature of the afternoon's program was the rendition of two vocal numbers by Miss Mary Garrison, one of Charlotte's talented sopranos. Miss Garrison has a beautiful voice, and all present were delighted with her singing. She was accompanied at the piano by her sister, Miss Cornelia Garrison. We feel that it was a great privilege to have had the opportunity to listen to this inspirational address and fine singing, and wish to assure our good friends from Charlotte that we shall be glad to have them visit us again.

Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Your name and good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 7, 1933 No. 38

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SUNSHINE

"Do you brood over fond hopes unrealized until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought and wound around the heart?

"Nature intended you to be the fountain-spring of happiness, and not the traveling mountain of despair and melancholy. Be cheerful!"

—Selected.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

IN THE RIGHT

Since things are as they are, the sincere, conscientious man or woman, even when the odds are heavy, will carry on to the end. A battle may be lost, but the war will go on. The wise whose battallions are last to leave the field will win the victory. To such, the spirit of Edmund Vance Cook's poem is inspiring:

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.

The harder we're thrown the higher we'll bounce,
We'll be proud of a blackened eye.
For it isn't the fact we're beaten that counts,
But how did we fight—and why?

THE ABANDONED CHILD

Charity and Children, the official organ of Thomasville Orphanage, tells the sad story that orphanages are overwhelmed with requests to take in children whose parents are both living. This paper also emphasizes the fact that through the tender mercy of officials of these Christian homes of refuge for the homeless no child is refused admittance, if possible to make adequate provision.

The mission of an orphanage is to reach out the long arm of mercy to all classes, and not damn a child just for the reason "the parents are not worth killing," but instead it is the duty of all

institutions with the help of every agency to be especially tender to the abandoned child.

In fact the abandoned child, the victim of trifling, shiftless parents deserves a greater consideration than one with good heritage who has been robbed by death of parental love. The difference is, one has never known home with the tender care of parents, and the other recalls the touch of mother's hand and all other joys of home—a vision that gives hope for better things.

Nothing is worse than to go through life with a dismal picture of a disagreeable place called home. Hope is eternal in every breast, therefore, there is a greater hope of reaching a higher goal if the early impressions of childhood are bright and sweet—but if gloomy there is little to build to. There is a tendency to desert children and leave them at the mercy of the people. This wholesale crime of abandonment should receive the attention of the state even if the most drastic steps have to be resorted to. Possibly this is the occasion of so many small children, termed wayward children, having found their way into the institutions of correction.

Never in the history of the Jackson Training School has the institution had so many boys at one time between the ages of seven to ten. All of these boys are under size and weight. At first glance some of them would impress one as being younger.

We have often asked the question, "why are so many small boys in this institution?" Conditions have been puzzling, but the editorial in Charity and Children throws some light as to conditions.

* * * * * * * * * *

A CODE OF IDEALS

The students of North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering have agreed upon certain rules to be observed as standards of conduct. They include standards that not only promote high ideals but present opportunities to discuss questions without giving offense. There are topics, for instance public questions one has a legal and moral right to discuss but have to remain quiet, for fear of giving a personal hunch. Indeed it is fine sport to disagree agreeably, to criticize with a hope of cor-

recting mistakes, to deal in a little sport without poking fun, to emphasize wrong on the basis of truth by this means making stronger the fiber that develops strong characters.

These six rules have a tendency to develop from within:

1. To be able to disagree without resorting to personal abuse.
2. To be free to criticize, but without becoming libelous or malicious and striking at character.
3. To be humorous, but without being coarse and vulgar.
4. To point out defects without arraying class against class.
5. To condemn wrongdoing, but always base condemnation on truth and not on mere rumor.
6. To make honor grow from an inward desire to be honorable, for everyone has the possibility of becoming what he thinks he is, and most people think they are honorable.

* * * * * * * * * *

MALNUTRITION OF CHILDREN

That malnutrition among children is somewhat alarming is proven by the statistics, that includes 6,000,000 children in the United States according to reports of 1930. Since then there has been a steady increase of children reported undernourished on account of not having proper food or not enough of food of any kind.

Despite the fact we are now living in the land of abundance there is some child, either black or white, passing you daily that has not been properly or sufficiently fed. This is due perhaps to a certain extent from the business depression.

We are quick to detect when the stock of the barnyard lacks for proper feeding, and with the same intelligence one should be able to discern the needs of childhood.

The sweetest and purest creation is a child and it is the bounden duty of parenthood or any one in charge of children not only to give a tender care, but give wherein it is possible proper nourishment.

To economize with food is frought with serious after effects. It creates unhappiness, listlessness, inefficiency and worse yet it undermines physical strength and reduces bodily resistance to diseases.

Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, characterizes the sit-

uation as "truly appalling" and declares the time has come to deal at once with the class of children suffering from the effects of malnutrition.

Miss Perkins for the purpose of determining the extent of malnutrition, as well as finding the best way to correct conditions, has called a national conference on the sixth of October in Washington. This conference will be held under the auspices of the Children's Bureau for the specific purpose of giving illuminating information as to the serious state of affairs.

Miss Perkins shows she is on the humanitarian side of life when expressing that neither "statistics nor bulletins can take the place of a lamb chop and a glass of milk at the right moment for a child."

It is hoped that this national conference will grapple with the situation so that better and more effective service can be rendered, emphasizing that quality of food and not bulk is the vital question.

* * * * * * * * * *

Isaac Watts, the famous hymn-writer, was filled with verse from earliest childhood. When a mere child he would answer his father in rhyme. This provoked his father many times to anger, and he threatened his son with punishment if the offense occured again.

A talent, or gift is hard to discard, because there is an inner urge prompting to do the things that come without force or forethought, but just natural and easy.

Because of Isaac answering his father in verse or rhyme, the father produced the rod. With fear the young fellow crouched on the floor in a most penitent manner and said, "Oh, father, on me mercy take, and I will no more verses make."

It is unfair to change the trend or disposition to another vocation other than the one for which is shown the most talent. Thus the world is filled with people occupying positions for which they are unfit, and are simply eking out an existence without reaching the peak of success.

It is hard to change the course of a natural stream of water

that nature has provided. One talent well developed is better than a smattering of many things, it matters not what that talent may be.

* * * * * * * * * * *

SILLY QUESTIONS CALL FOR SILLY ANSWERS

Parents and teachers too should have a care not to ask children silly and foolish questions, for they generally are wiser than we give them credit for. And if they are not mentally alert enough to detect the folly of such questions it is a crime against the child.

Here is a case to the point:

In an intelligence test a five-year-old child was asked, "Are you a boy or a girl?" She looked the teacher squarely in the eye and solemnly replied, "Boy."

Later she told her mother, "When a person asks you a silly question, It's all right to give a silly answer."

The above brings to mind what happened in a home where there was a small boy, and by-the-way he was red-headed too, who had been promoted to a certain grade because of answering this question: The teacher asked, "Junior, how does the food to the body compare to fuel to the furnace?" The little fellow answered that he fired the furnace to make it go, and he ate food to make him go. He came home and said, "now you know that was a foolish question. The person who does not know that has no sense at all." The little ten-year-old, red headed boy looked really disgusted that his intelligence should be so underrated.

Such are some of the mental tests given to pupils so as to determine their promotion.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"Lord, when gifts you're handing,
Give me, deep within,
Loving understanding
For a brother's sin;
May no human heart-ache
Plead with me in vain;
Let each brother's heart-break
Stab me with its pain."

—o—

When the leaves begin to fall, fall begins to leave.

—o—

A lot of us do not practice all we preach, for the simple reason that we are doing so much preaching we haven't time to practice.

—o—

The NRA has revealed one fat job the public is bound to acknowledge. Kate Smith has been named chairman of the radio, screen and stage committee.

—o—

Money and umbrellas are good things to lay up for rainy days. But it is much better to lay up for clouds and rains a reputation for paying your debts.

—o—

Considering what the sun sees taking place and going on down here on this terrestrial ball these days, it is no wonder and cannot be blamed for being hot.

—o—

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler says: "Control of money and constant association with the stuff is perhaps the most demoralizing of human occupations." And just to think, here I stand ready and waiting to be demoralized.

—o—

It is reported that a Carolina farmer has raised a ten-pound turnip. It is in order to deal with him for over-production. He should plow and turn-up the other turnips.

—o—

The United States treasury department is telling that the dollar bill will last nine months. Ugh! I've never had one to last me more than nine days.

—o—

The papers are publishing accounts of a man in Wilson, this State, who was shot, and his heart was found on the right side. That is somewhat of a phenomenon, physically, in one aspect, but it is not customary to shoot people to find that their heart is on the right side, morally. You can invaribly find this out by their living.

—o—

This life is full of crosses and double crosses, and crossings have cost the lives of many. In crossing crossings it is well to look where you are going, and then go where you are looking, in order that you may not get crossed up on the crossing.

—o—

One, two, aye, three things I have not been able to understand. The heart of a woman, the ambition of man, and the goodness of God. And yet, it is best that I should not understand all mysteries and know all

things, else I would not be worthy of the heritage that is to be given to all of us.

—o—

During the World War every community was organized. Then we were fighting a foreign foe. The battle line was far away and clearly defined. Today the battle is brought to our doors, into our very lives. The enemy is concealed by screens and schemes that are all the colors of the rainbow. Ignorance, cupidity, selfishness and greed are the four horsemen that have been riding rough shod over humanity, and the worst of these is ignorance. Ignorance prevents the erection of hurdles that would block the effective progress of the other three. Most of us have only a grumbling interest in government. If anything goes wrong, or if we hear a grape-vine rumor, without even waiting to learn the facts, we proceed to grmuble. Having grumbled freely, we are ready to change the subject. We feel relieved. We've passed the buck. Any thought of responsibility that might have momentarily attached to us has been deftly shifted to the shoulders of that indefinable "they." We grow hoarse denouncing the grafting office holder, and I shall utter no word in his defense. He has earned all of the scorn and contempt that is heaped upon him. But practically nearly every grafting official has one or more citizens implicated with him as partner in crime. A very large per cent of our present day graft is carried on entirely by private citizens, without the connivance of any public official. A distressingly large per cent of our people condone private graft and honor the successful grafter. We still cherish "the old rule, the simple plan, let him take that hath the power, and let him keep that can." It is well to reform and set right our mode of living and getting, as well as the lines upon which business is being adjusted.

—o—

Did you ever think how much like politics is the beauty of the full moon shimmering like molten silver on the waters of a popular seaside resort. On the surface is a flood of glittering moonbeams, quivering on the rippling wavelets like a bowl of amber jelly; anchored motor boats ride amid the twinkling flood calm and peaceful. A beautiful sight. What's beneath? Sharks slithering about voraciously, seeking out the little fellow to gobble him up. Whip and sting straying undulating through the waters close to the surface with menace in their very gracefulness. Slimy catfish, spiked and ugly, snatching at refuse. The big feeding on the little, and the little in constant terror of everything. The little suplying the big, who seem always hungry. And under it all the flow of the refuse, with no contentment and peace. Politics is like a seething ocean, calm at times, and at other times casting up mire and dirt—engulfing many good men, and washing ashore many bad men.

Changing one thing for the better is worth more than proving that a thousand things are wrong.—Selected.

A SPLENDID SERVICE NOT GENERALLY KNOWN

(The Concord Daily Tribune)

One of the finest bits of public serivce the Cannon Mills Company has been doing—providing two additional months of school each year —has not been given the attention it deserves because, we think, mill officials have a staunch disposition against publicity. Close friends of the mill management have known for years that the mill has carried the cost of the extra two months each year, but the matter has not been given due publicity because the management has never cared for this sort of thing.

It would make interesting reading, we think, if the Cannon Mills Company would let the public know just what it does spend each year on citizenship. By this we mean those things that bring contentment, happiness, enlarged vision, recreation, opportunity for religious demonstration, and the like. What does it contribute to the Kannapolis churches, schools, recreational centers, Y. M. C. A., Mary Ella Hall, Cabarrus Hall, athletic teams, other sports?

Of course the Cannon Mills Company is not the only industrial plant that does this sort of thing but it does it on a larger scale than any other we know of, and we contend now, as we have always contended, that its humanitarian program shouldn't be hidden under a bushel. Goodness knows our industrial centers are denounced and assailed often enough to warrant their virtues being recognized.

Some of the critics of industrialism might get a rude awakening if its investments in good citizenship were totalled and made public each year.

PROVERBS OF ALL PEOPLE

Holding an eel too fast is the way to let it escape.

Envy is its own torture.

He who walks daily over his estate finds a coin each time.

The example of good men is visible philosophy.

Who keeps not faith with God will keep it not with man.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

A small fire that warms you is better than a large on that burns you.

The fool is busy with everybody's business but his own.

If men will have no care for the future they will soon have sorrow for the present.

He is unworthy to govern who governs not himself.

—Selected.

AMERICA'S FIRST UNIVERSITY HAD CAMPUS OF TEN THOUSAND ACRES

By Richard Powell Carter

Imagine a university with a 10,000 acre campus!

That's what the first university in the United States offered its students, and it was neither Harvard nor the College of William and Mary.

It was the University of Henricus, founded only twelve years after the first permanent settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, but actually planned as early as 1611.

Most high school and college students and many of their teachers who return to school about this time every year have never heard of the Universitie of Henricus, to which they can trace the educational system of modern America. This first of American educational ventures has been strangely overlooked by historians, so that few, very few, know much about it. True, the students didn't play football, nor did they quaff 3.2 brew in their spare time. Instead, they fought Indians, or went hunting on their enormous campus.

Only in an occasional history book with yellowed leaves, tucked away probably in some state library, can any near-detail accounts of the Universitie of Henricus be found. Some historians of 1933 mention the fact that there was such a school, then skip on to pay heavy honor to Harvard and William and Mary, because they survived and doubtless because Henricus had to give way before the hardships of the earliest pioneering.

The Universitie of Henricus was built at a town called Henricopolis at a point some fifty miles upstream from Jamestown Island on the historic James river. The site chosen was on a high neck of land formed by an odd curvature in the river, affording the colonists some natural protection from Indian atack. Henricopolis was the second permanent settlement in America. It was the first organized town on the continent, and, incidentally, boasted of the first hospital, established in 1620 and officially dubbed "Mount Malady, a Guest House for Sicke People."

The story of the first university is one of bloody battle with hostile people:

Things were getting bad on little Jamestown Island. The colonists were crowded together for protection, disease of almost every kind was prevalent. The need for food was so great that the men ate the bodies of their dead comrades, or in their cannibal state devoured the Indians they killed. The morale of the colony was at lowest ebb and only the arrival of help from England saved the handful of human wrecks struggling for existence.

So in 1611 the London company decided that the island was too small and therefore was not the proper place for their settlement, and directed their energies toward founding another colony at a more favorable spot up the river.

From those conditions, and from

that decision, sprang the town of Henricopolis and the Universitie of Henricus.

In June of 1611 Sir Thomas Dale nosed his little ship up the James, bearing with him the king's permission to establish a settlement, which was to be named Henry, Prince of Wales. Plans for the school were included in the commission Sir Thomas bore, but in 1612 a new charter was issued by King James setting forth detailed instructions regarding Henricopolis and its university.

By royal decree, 10,000 acres were set aside for the college. The campus was, of course, far too large, so some 100 or 150 tenants were put on the land with the understanding that their profits were to be divided on a fifty-fifty basis.

In 1619 actual construction of the college buildings was begun and England began to take a more enthusiastic interest in this scheme to educate her subjects in the newly-acquired territory. With the influence of the church, 1,000 acres were reserved for the Indian school, where the heathens were to be instructed in the principles of Christianity as well as the arts.

Finally assured that his little land across the sea was going to amount to something, King James extracted the sum of 15,000 pounds from the bishops of his kingdom and dispatched it to the Universitie of Henricus. And to top this off 30,000 pounds were raised in England for the school and the town by means of a well-advertised lottery.

Two prominent colonists contributed 400 pounds to the university. Rev. Thomas Hargrave of the district of Henrico parish donated his entire personal library to the institution. Rev. Patrick Copeland was the first rector, and George Thorpe was superintendent of the grounds and buildings.

The town of Henricopolis grew and prospered and all was well. Settlers were sprinkled throughout the territory. Pocahontas, the Indian princess who had been sold to the whites for a copper kettle, was married to John Rolfe and lived close to the community.

They had little time for writing but the records of the London company were replete with accounts of the settlement of the school. Ralph Homer, secretary of the colony, left what is perhaps the most reliable description. In quaint style, he wrote:

"There is in this towne three streets of well framed houses, a handsome church, and the foundation of a more stately one laid, of brick, of length, an hundred foote, and fifty foot wide, beside store houses, watch houses and such like."

Sir Thomas Dale, something of an engineer, had cut a ditch across the narrow neck of land, really making the settlement on an island as protection against hostile Indians. This ditch today is the main course of the James river, having been cut to shorten the ship lane to the sea.

Henricopolis was well on the way to becoming the metropolis of the western world. It had everything a colony could ask for, and the necessity of cannibalism at Jamestown only a few years before was forgotten. There was plenty of food, and old Opecancanough, Indian chief, was proving himself the best friend the whites had ever had. His braves were servants in the households of

the whites. But they turned out to be anything but servants.

One fair spring morning in 1622 the most cleverly executed plot for wholesale murders ever carried out in this country was almost perfectly done. That morning the Indians rose en masse and massacred practically everybody in Henricopolis and vicinity.

The burned the school buildings and obliterated the town, and very few escaped the tomahawk. Only the loyalty of a lone Indian who warned his white employer saved the white race in America from annihilation that day.

The survivors of the old chief's butchering act forgot all about education, forgot all about the town, and centered their minds on revenge. And revenge they took. For years after that white man slaughtered Indian wherever they met.

So complete was the destruction of Henricopolis and the Universitie of Henricus that no attmepts were made to rebuild. In fact, there was no one left to do the rebuilding. The only colonists who escaped were left down around Jamestown.

So ended America's first educational venture, and the next attempt to establish a school in the south was made at Williamsburg in 1693, when some of the original designs for the Universitie of Henricus were carried out.

Today only a lonesome stone shaft stands guard over the ghosts of Henricopolis. America has forgotten her first uiversity.

We sometimes get the idea that we can live alone, that we do not need friends, but it is all a delusion. To illustrate, a story is told of a man who moved into a new neighborhood. His next door neighbor informed him upon his arrival that he would neither ask nor expect any favors—that he didn't propose to lend anything he had and he would not ask to borrow anything. A few months later, this independent fellow's house caught fire on the roof and he found that he had no ladder long enough to reach the roof. His new neighbor possessed just the ladder he needed. Over to the neighbor's house he went to borrow a ladder, but the new neighbor reminded him of the agreement made when he moved in. "No, I will not lend you my ladder," replied the new neighbor, "but I'll take it over myself and put out the fire that is eating up your residence on which you have no insurance." He did just that, and then the old, hard-hearted "cuss" that didn't want to give or accept any favors fell upon his knees and entered into a covenant with his new neighbor that they were henceforth to be real neighbors, lending and borrowing and helping each other in any way possible.—Selected.

THE INSECT SERENADE

By Don Young

Frogs may usher in the spring with their song, but they turn over to the insects the honor of ushering in the autumn. Although we may not see these insect songsters, we are sure to hear them if we visit their native haunts in the country.

Few insects are able to make loud noises. The buzzing of the fly and the mosquito does not carry very far, and the noise the moth makes as he flutters through the night air would not awaken the lightest sleeper. The butterfly is also a silent fellow—he does his speaking with the bright color of his beautiful wings.

There are a number of other insects which speak through their wings also, but not in the silent manner of the butterfly, by any means. They rub their wings together, making a loud and noisy clatter. For instance, grasshoppers make their "music" by rubbing their hind legs against the hardened veins of the outer wings. They remain hidden in the tall grass, where their green bodies are not easily found, unless we stumble upon them by chance or trace them by their loud noises.

There are many different kinds of grasshoppers, and each section of the country is apt to have a plentiful supply of one kind or another, until the coming of chilly weather. All through summer the young grasshoppers, known as "nymphs," have been going through several stages of growth and skin-shedding before they become full sized grasshoppers.

The red legged grasshopper is one of the common varieties. It is easily identified by its red legs and short horns or antennæ. It uses its powerful legs and wings to make its long jumps. If a man could jump as well for his size, he could make a leap of one-eighth of a mile. Another remarkable thing about the grasshopper is its eyes. They are known as compound eyes and are made up of hundreds of cells, each of which is really an eye in itself.

The katydid is another interesting member of the grasshopper family. The notes it makes with its wings have perhaps the best quality of all insect songs. These it produces by rapid vibrations. The large outer wings serve as sounding boards and add a great deal to the katydid melody. When a few katydids are sniging they may be heard for about a quarter of a mile.

Mr. Katydid does most of the singing, while Mrs. Katydid replies occasionally with a chirp of acquiesence. The remarkable thing about the katydid is that its ears are in each leg just below the knee. They are unusually good ears, too for they can detect sounds that are often too faint for the human ear.

The young katydids hatch out of small greyish brown eggs. They are about a quarter of an inch long when they are "born." The eggs are fastened with a gluey secretion to tender twigs, so that the young katydids have plenty of green leaves on which to begin their lives.

Katydids are more scarce than our common grasshoppers and they

are difficult to find. If we run across one by accident, we have no trouble in identifying it, for its thin green body, broad wings folded closely except when in flight, its long horns, and its unusual demeanor give it away at once as a katydid. If we have any doubts at all about it, we have only to listen to its song which is a shrill speech in which it utters the syllables of its name, "Ka-ty-did!" It lets us hear its name several times in quick succession, then it pauses for two or three minutes, perhaps for a rest. If we listen carefully, we may notice that the katydid's note during the day is different from the one at night. This may perhaps be caused by the dew which falls in the evening and moistens the chords of its singing apparatus. Katydids are heroic insects, for they continue their song until they are killed by the frost.

Probably the most famous and romantic of our insect songsters is the cricket. It is a favorite with poets, and was honored by Dickens, who wrote the story, "The Cricket on the Hearth," around this little insect. The cricket is also the subject of many superstitions. It is thought to bring both good luck and bad luck. Some country folks believe that in the late fall it foretells the coming of snow by its chirping. The English have named one of their popular games after it—the game of cricket.

There are many different kinds of crickets — indoor and outdoor ones. The mole cricket and the black cricket belong to the out-of-doors. They are by nature night songsters. The black cricket lives in a hole in the ground during warm weather, but ventures indoors when winter approaches. The mole cricket burrows deep under the ground and it is not often seen by human beings. It has a velvety coat to protect it against moisture and its habits are akin to those of its namesake, the mole. Its front legs have tiny saws which are used for burrowing and it lives upon the roots of plants.

The greyish yellow house cricket may be found outdoors during the summer when the sun is shining brightly, but it is fond of warmth and in the fall will hunt a place by the fire. It prefers to burrow into the ovens of bakeries or to reside near a warm furnace. It moves about during the night and hunts for bread crumbs and other small particles of food Pets have been made of crickets, and one of them will sing cheerfully in a mason jar in which a few bread crumbs have been placed. If the temperature becomes too cold to suit Mr. Cricket, it goes to sleep until the fire is turned on again. If it turns too cold, however, it may perish, for it cannot endure weather that is severely. cold.

By far the noisiest of all the singing insects is the cicada. About 800 species are scattered over the world, many of them living in tropical countries. They are all large in size, some of the tropical ones measuring seven inches across their opened wings. In the United States there are two common forms, the black and green harvest fly and the seventeen-year locust. The harvest fly comes forth every year and shrieks its prolonged cry from the tops of the trees. It requires two years to mature from the egg, but there are two different broods and

one of them appears every year.

The seventeen-year locust requires as long as seventeen years to develop. This period may be shortened, according to the warmth of the climate in which it breeds. It lives longer than all the other insects, but practically all of its life is spent underground. At the end of the sixteenth the locusts prepare by the millions to come out of the ground and swarm over the earth. When they emerge their backs split open and they slowly come forth from their earth-stained shells. Soon the woodlands resound with their strange song which resembles the loud humming of telegraph wires when they are vibrating in a strong wind. The music of the cicadas is made inside their bodies. It is produced by specialized cavities in which thin membranes are set into vibration. We hear the sounds, "Tsceeeeeeeee," or "Zizzer-eeeee," with variations.

If we tune our ears to catch the music of the insect songsters, we will be surprised at the great number of them around us. In late summer and autumn they take the place of bird songsters that have become mute or have flown southward for the winter. Let us listen to the gallant serenade of this mighty orchestra of the leaf and grass.

A POOR UNFORTUNATE

His hoss went dead an' his mule went lame;
He lost six cows in a poker game;
A harricane came on a summer's day,
An' carried the house whar' he lived away;
Then a airthquake come when that wuz gone,
An' swallowed the lan' that the house stood on!
An' the tax collector, he come roun'
An' charged him up fer the hole in the groun'!
An' the city marshal—he come in view
An' said he wanted his street tax, too!

Did he moan an' sigh? Did he set an' cry?
An' cuss the harricane sweepin by?
Did he grieve that his old friends failed to call
When the airthquake come an' swallowed all?
Never a word o' blame he said,
With all them troubles on top his head!
Not him. He clumb to the top o' the hill,
Whar' standin' room wuz left him still,
An', barin' his head, here's what he said:
"I reckon it's time to git up and git;
But, Lord, I hain't had the measels yit!"

—Frank L. Stanton.

WHY NOT TRY?

(The Boys' Banner)

Young man, what are you living for? Have you an object dear to you as life and without the attainment of which you feel that your life will have been a wide shoreless waste of shadow peopled by skeltons of dead ambition? Is it your consuming ambition to row quietly but firmly up the stream of time with manly strokes, and not stop to waste your time gathering shells and going swimming.

Have you a distinct idea of a certain position in life you would like to attain? Have you decided that when you die your name will live after you or have you given it a thought? These, young men, are questions of great moment. They come home to our heart today with terrible earnestness. You can take your choice in the great battle of life, you can bristle up and win a deathless name or you can die unhonored. Why do you linger around and waste your life when you might skirmish around and win some laurels? Many of those who now stand at the head of the nation as statesmen were once unknown and unhonored. But their names are in the halls of fame forevermore. They were not born great. They were reared in poverty; many of them have worked their way to the front in their own might. You can do the same. You can win laurels if you will brace up and work for them. Abe Lncoln was at one time a poor boy. He had to start at the foot of the ladder and toil upward. He struggled against poverty and public opinion, bravely he fought until he won a name in the annals of history that will never be erased. So you may if you make the effort. All things are within your reach. Live temperately, that is the way to get a start. Life is indeed a struggle. It is business. We can't all have a good position, and lounge around all the time. Someone must do the drudgery of life or it won't be done, and whether you get a snap or have to work hard, it is still in your power to win laurels if you try. Don't you think it is worth your while?

THIS IS THE YARD STICK TO MEASURE TRUE SUCESSS

"What is success? It is achievement. How do we know it? By the benefits that it confers. Wealth is not necessarily the measure of it, for man may be successful and never be rich, or he may be rich and fail of success. True success is not measured by dollars but by service, and health, character, education, and industry are the foundation stones upon which it rises."—Selected.

A FRAGRANT ROOT OF MANY USES

By Antonia J. Stemple

The fragrant orris root, that indispensable factor in the making of certain types of scents, is found in sunny Italy, especially in the neighborhood of Florence and Verona. These two important cities are far apart and very dissimilar, yet both districts produce the only orris root which is useful in the manufacture of perfumery.

The orris is a member of the iris family—the Iris Florentina. Of course, there are plenty of other irises in the world, but they are not useful to the perfumery trade. There is a decided difference between other varieties of the iris and orris. All orris is iris, but not all iris is orris. The flower of the Iris Florentina is white and sweet smelling. It flourishes best in stony soil, preferably limestone. It takes two years and often three years for the orris root to come to the proper size and condition. When the root is dug up there will be four or five fresh shoots growing out of it. These are removed and planted so as to form the new orris beds. The root itself is then peeled and dried in the sun when it becomes white and emits a delicate but distinct odor of violets. As it comes to market the orris looks like contorted sticks and irregular knobby pieces up to four inches long and of a compact chalky appearance.

Beside using the orris root in the making of dentifrices, perfumery, sachet powders and the like, after it is ground into a fine, soft white powder, it is used in many peculiar ways. One of these unusual products is orris beads, called in Italy palline, and in France boules d'iris. The beads have nothing to do with necklaces or bracelets, however, but have a curious medicinal office, being used as a means to keep a constant open wound in the body, which was formerly considered by French and Italian medical men to be the best method of curing certain diseases of the blood. This theory has long since been exploded, but this old-fashioned and heroic remedy is still utilized, mostly among the French peasants. Though condemned by modern science, and though the practice has virtually died out in Italy, still the annual export of these orris beads from Leghorn amounts to several millions.

The beads are forced into a small cut lanced in the patient's leg or arm daily, in order to keep the wound irritated and constantly open. The root always dilates in a liquid substance, hence its adoption in this peculiar manner. After the beads have been introduced, the wound is covered with a raised wire grated bandage, to prevent irritation by the unhappy patient's clothes.

Another curious article made from the fragrant root is the "fingers," which are used in France and Germany, and even to some extent in the United States as a substitute for teething rings and the old-fashioned coral formerly provided for infants to try their embryo teeth on. These "fingers" are from two to four inches long. Not only do they assist in

the teething, but the small quantity of juice absorbed by the child in sucking is said to aid the digestive processes.

Orris root is also used as a deodorant, and to produce an agreeable perfume in the home. For this purpose the root is reduced to a fine grain and prettily colored. When thrown by hand into the fire and fireplaces it emits a delightfully refreshing, sweet smelling odor which is most agreeable.

In the form of tiny chips, orris root is used in some countries in place of chewing gum, and also to remove the taint of disagreeable odors from the breath after indulging in such odorferous foods as onions or garlic. Truly, orris root is a mighty useful article.

THE SILVER CASTOR

By Mabel McKee

The advent of the ancient silver castor into the dainty rose and walnut dining room of the Dean home would have been a comedy instead of a tragedy to Barbara had it not been for her visit to the Blot, the coming of the "big boss" on the same day, and the nearness of the Kappa dinner to be held at her home.

Aunt Sylvia brought the silver castor. She brought other "treasures of the Deans," as she termed the heavy, hand-painted friut bowl, with the oranges, bananas and grapes running riot around it, and the tall candlesticks, each a fat, pink cupid, holding a tall candle in a way that reminded one of the Statue of Liberty.

Dorothy, the youngest of the Deans, called them all monstrosities. "The worst of it is that she's come to stay for months and months," she whispered about Aunt Sylvia while she and Barbara visited together for a minute in the living room. "She's leased the home place furnished for a year. And all the family relics have come with her."

Barbara meant to confide the latest tragedy of the Blot, and the reason for the coming of the big boss, but Aunt Sylvia's singing hurried her into the kitchen to give greetings. "Darling," she slipped into Aunt Sylvia's arms, "you've made spice cakes already. I smell them. And by the signs on the egg beater in the sink, I'm wagering there's ice cream in the freezer. You darling dear!"

Aunt Sylvia"s voice had a break in it when she asked Barbara a whole array of questions about her health. She loved all three daughters of her dead brother, but Barbara, who never once had criticized the way she twisted her hair on her head or the clothes she wore, was her favorite.

"Your mother whipped the egg whites for the ice cream," Aunt Sylvia announced. "Just look at her. There's red in her cheeks—just a bit of it."

Barbara turned to mother. After all it was her frailty which had brought Aunt Sylvia from the family home she adored, to visit them. There was a touch of pink in mother's cheeks. Sylvia patted mother's head after she had kissed her. "She's really better," Barbara went back to hug Aunty Sylvia again. "Thanks, miracle lady."

Cuddled close in Aunt Sylvia's arms again, being hugged until her new sport felt hat was on one ear, until Aunt Sylvia's spectacles fell from her nose, until mother laughed a weak, tinkling laugh, and until Lady Bell, Dorothy's bull pup, went around in circles and barked, Barbara forgot, for the minute, the tragedy of the Blot and the secret connected with the coming of the big boss.

She would have forgotten even the silver castor if Dorothy had not reminded her of it again when she went back into their bedroom to slip into a frilly house dress. "The monstrosities will be great for your Kappa dinner next Friday evening," she laughed.

Barbara sighed, but she didn't say a word—not even when she visioned Aunt Sylvia showing the Dean treasures to the Kappa girls and their escorts on the evening of the dinner, the treasures which had been gifts to Grandfather Dean when he had been a minister.

There was a silver loving cup, on which was the name of the members of one of his church choirs who had presented it. There was the fruit basket, a gift from another congregation; the candlesticks from still another. And after it had come, the silver castor with its glass shakers for salt, for white and red pepper, its bottles of vinegar, mustard and catsup. Aunt Sylvia always contended that a little mustard was good for everybody. And the greatest glory, according to her, was the inscription on the silver base of the castor. It had been a gift from a mission church which grandfather had established while preaching at a most select city chapel. The inscription read, "He went among us as our friend."

"It came from people like those in the Blot," Barbara talked out loud before she realized what she was doing.

"What's wrong with the Blot now?" Marian, the oldest of the Deans, entered the big bedroom, tossed her hat onto the bed, dropped into a chair, and began to unlace her oxfords. "I'll bet it's scorching there, hot as it is over here. Don't tell me you've been over there today, Babs."

"Yes, at noon." Barbara forgot for the minute the Kappas and the Dean antiques. "Typhoid fever has gotten a hold over there. The Turinskys have it. I went down to the city board of health as soon as I came back, and they're going to do something about the open wells west of the river. The Kappas have to give me money for a special nurse if it becomes an epidemic. The public health nurse in that district just can't take care of that whole Turinsky family."

"Tell the girls about it at the dinner, Friday evening," Dorothy advised, adding in a teasing tone, "you can talk about that while Aunt Sylvia's showing their boy friends the Dean antiques."

"Aunt Sylvia here?" Marian jumped up and rushed out of the room in her stocking feet. "And I haven't even greeted her."

It was Marian who brought up the subject of the Blot again while the family was eating dinner in the beautiful rose and walnut dining room. "You really should not have taken time to go over there today, Babs," she declared. "The president of your board of directors is here; came clear from New York to inspect the local plant. Barney Wells was on his track all day, trying to get him to tell what improvements they plan to make."

Marian was society editor on the Times. But before her duty to her paper came her duty to home people, Barbara felt perfectly free to tell what she knew about the big boss. The entire family knew how to keep safe the secrets of the big enamelling company for which Barbara was a stenographer.

Now they all leaned forward while she told them what the superintendent's secretary had told her about the new storage sheds they were to build for excess ware. After this she announced impressively, "They are to have a community secretary for the plant—some one to go into the homes of foreign born workers in the north settlement, and in the Blot, and Americanize them."

The other two Dean girls said in unison, "They should give that place to you."

Mother leaned forward with interest. Aunt Sylvia took her spectacles from her nose and stopped eating, for she, like Mrs. Dean, Marian and Dorothy, knew that Barbara, a replica of her minister grandfather, had wanted more than anything else to do community work in city tenements.

Limited family finances had made it necessary that she take a hurried course at a business college instead of the college course she had dreamed of taking.

Interest in this work had been responsible for her being president of the Kappas, a sorority which specialized in charity work. This was the reason she knew the Blot so well. Every Sunday she went to the mission Sunday school there and dispensed the charity funds of the sorority through it.

The Blot, so termed by a sarcastic newspaper writer on a big city paper, was the little town across the river from Brewersville. It was a little town of tumbledown houses, narrow, dirty streets; a town of poverty and ignorance. The foreign born workers at the enamelling company lived there, terming it a settlement of their own. The poverty-stricken of the city crowded there too, as did many who wanted to be outside the boundaries so they would not have to observe the law.

"Now, Barbara, you go right in to the board and ask for that place," Aunt Sylvia's words were crisp. "You'd be wonderful there. "You're so much like your grandfather."

"But the president wants a trained community worker for the place." Barbara's voice was wistful. It grew tragic as she added, "He said that the people at the Blot have to be educated up to better living, just like the people in the Chicago tenements, and that he has right in mind the very Chicago worker who can do it best."

"Did he tell you that, Babsie?" mother asked.

Barbara giggled then. "He did not," she declared. "I overheard him telling the superintendent all about this. I was working at the filing cabinets in the main office when they passed through, talking. They did not see me, and thought they were talking just together.

"So, of course, all this is a secret," 'she insisted. "And I just can't' go and apply for the position. But how I would love to have it! Why, Mumsey, I'd gve my right hand for it."

"You should have it," Aunt Sylvia snapped. "Aren't you your Grandfather Dean's own replica? That's the reason I brought all the treasures with me. I'm giving them all to you, my dear. The other girls may not like it, but I don't care. You are the only one out of the entire lot who is enough like him to deserve them."

Mischievous Dorothy sighed. The other two sisters caught the meaning of her sigh. Marian frowned in her direction, and Barbara, after tossing a warning look at her younger sister, went around and kissed Aunt Sylvia. "I rather think you must be a lot like grandfather yourself," she said.

After that the conversation turned to mother. A program of daily walks and nap times was made out for her. Aunt Sylvia declared mother needed more broiled steaks, more custard, more "rich food."

"Your cooking, Auntie, is what we all need." Dorothy was dimpling again; "and please remember that your string bean of a youngest niece needs delicacies galore."

"Oh, Babs," Marian suggested, "all this conversation about food reminds me. I've ordered the chickens for your Kappa dinner. I found out, too, where you can get fresh strawberries if you want that whipped strawberry cream for desert."

"Kappa dinner!" Aunt Sylvia's voice was excited.

And as Barbara told about the annual Kappa dinner, to be held at the new home of the Dean family, on Friday night, about the menu she had planned, and the cateress she was to get, Aunt Sylvia's eyes shone. "Cateress nothing," she sniffed when Barbara was through. "You save that money for a new dress. I've cooked for fifty people, and just a mere dozen won't worry me."

"But there will be twenty-four," Babs explained. "Each Kappa girl is to have a man guest."

The gleam in Aunt Sylvia's eyes became still brighter. "I always did like to cook for men," she said. Now I know I'm going to have a perfectly lovely time the rest of this week."

"Babs can get off early and arrange the tables for you—one big one in the dining room for twelve, and three smaller ones in the living room for the others." Marian was the older sister again, planning for the others. "She can arrange the flowers—"

"And ditch the antiques." Mischievous Dorothy's lips framed the words so that her sisters, who were looking her way, could read her message.

Barbara smiled. It would be quite easy to put away the worst ones—the cherub vases, the bulky silver castor, the fruit bowl. She

loved the silver loving cup. She loved grandfather's memory, too, and she would be glad to have Aunt Sylvia talk about him.

Despite the family's gay conversation while they washed dishes and tidied the dining room, Barbara had her tragic minutes, thinking of the position for which her heart ached, and which, without doubt, would go to a trained settlement worker from Chicago. Martin, seeing the tragic look in her eyes, suggested gently when their work was through, "We all need an airing. Let's have Dorothy get out the car and we'll drive across the river and show Aunt Sylvia the new Dresser drive. Babs can take some lemons and other fruit to the Turinsky family."

And while they drove under the starry sky along the winding river, with its historic sycamores, across the bridge, along whose parapet were flower boxes from which trailed vines, and along the levee road, Barbara thought of the two towns around which her life was woven. How she longed to be a vital part of the changing of one—the Blot, so that it would be a fine neighbor to the other—beautiful, historic Brewersville.

She thought of it all the way home, after she had given the fruit, words of encouragement and help to the stricken family, after she had stopped on the street to send some twelve-year-old girls to their homes, and to stop an argument between two pugnacous lads of the Blot. But she didn't think of the Blot often during the next two days. For the coming of the president of the board of directors of the enameling company simply doubled the work of every office employee.

She got home very late each evening. She was so weary that Aunt Sylvia herself tucked her into bed, so tired that Marian rubbed her shoulders with witch hazel, and mischievous, lovable Dorothy read her to sleep.

If Aunt Sylvia and Marian had not ordered all the food and decorations, and planned all the details of the Kappa dinner, Barbara was sure she would have had to postpone it. Frankly she told them so, and just as frankly she told this to Warren Hague, sport editor of the Times, who was to be her own guest for the evening.

He came to the Dean home exactly as if he were a big brother to the three girls. He was there the evening before the dinner, helping Marian polish the Marigold glassware and the sliverware. He teased Aunt Sylvia while he worked; teased her in such a way that she loved him for being such a "bad boy," as she termed it.

"We're to have a celebrity among the guests," he said. "Prince John Wills, so nof your superintendent, Babs. He is coming with Marj Burns. She knows a man at Yale who is the Prince's chum. And in that way things were fixed up so she can ask him."

Dorothy threw up both hands. "Then this must be a very satisfactory affair," she murmured. "The Prince will be here," she made a mock bow, "the son of the king of the enameling company. Now if only the president of the directors had brought his son with him, Babs could have invited him and you—" she pointed a gay finger at Warren,

"and you could have gone about your business, attending a horseshoe tourney or something of that kind."

Barbara laughed at their merry patter. She was glad to hear, for it made her forget the settlement worker who was to be brought from Chicago to work under the direction of the company. That evening the superintendent had told his secretary that one was to be secured, and the word had been straightway passed on to the other girls.

The directors had returned to their homes after the meeting, at which they planned improvements to the factory and its forces. Everything was getting back into its old channels, and the head of the office had given Barbara permission to be off the following afternoon.

She would make the tables exquisite. She would arrange flowers. And she would have time to shampoo her dusky hair. Her beautiful new rose organdie dress, made possible through the caterer's pay, which Aunt Sylvia was to save, deserved gleaming dusk curls on its wearer's head. There would be a business session of the Kappas after the dinner. It was at this meeting she would ask them for the special appropriation for the nurse for the Turinskys for a week or so. Hurriedly she made all her plans for the dinner.

But often plans have a way of going astray. And near noon the next day, Barbara knew hers would go astray. For Ben Turinsky left his machine in the dipping room to come to the office to tell her that Midget, the baby of the family, was "terrible sick."

"I haven't been over there for three days," she told herself, accusingly. "Why even this rush of business shouldn't keep me away."

She was going to the Blot the first thing after lunch. Aunt Sylvia could arrange the flowers and the tables. Hurriedly she telephoned her aunt, asking her to do this. After hearing of the sick baby in the Blot, Aunt Sylvia assured her niece that she would take care of "everything."

The public health nurse of the district was at the Turinsky home when the taxi cab bearing Barbara arrived. She had straightened up the two rooms in which the sick were quartered. She held the wee, two-year-old girl whom the Turinsky family adored, in her arms.

The dry fretting of the tiny girl crushed Barbara's heart. When she stooped over to look at the child, two little arms went out to the girl whose name meant kindness and help in that home. And soon she was cuddled close in Barbara's' arms, while the nurse went around ministering to the others. And before long the little girl had stopped tossing and was sound asleep.

Barbara laid her on the bed. "You will stay until she awakens or I come back?" the nurse asked, while she made ready to go on her rounds. "There are two other families that need me badly. They haven't typhoid. Neither has the baby. Her stomach is out of order, but she needs care. You must not leave her with these ignorant children."

"I won't," Barbara promised.

Three o'clock, four o'clock, and then five, but the nurse did not return. Barbara squeezed lemons, chipped ice, took cool drinks to the

sick people. When the baby aroused she sang softly to her.

The Kappa dinner party! She thought of it between times of service, thought of Aunt Sylvia, the girls, the Prince, and then her fingers touched her damp, dusky curls. She, who had planned to look so beautiful that evening when she presided, would look drabbled and mussed.

The clock struck six o'clock just as the public nurse came through the door, Marian after her. Breathless, horrified, Marian, who had arrived home a few minutes before to find her sister still away, had driven across the river after Babs. She rushed in, but stood silent at the sight of her sister holding the baby toward the nurse.

"Her fever is gone," the nurse laughed softly. "You wonderful girl! You've taken perfect care of her. I couldn't get back sooner," she apologized. "Old Grandfather Lane, who has the rickets, was so much worse that his daughter was afraid for me to leave until he was over his spell."

On the river bridge Marian said, "Honey, I've got your dress and slippers and everything laid out in your bedroom. Some of the guests will be there, but I'll try to slip you in the back way. I want you to look lovely to impress the superintendent's son."

Just as they turned into Wayne Avenue, Marian's subdued voice began again. "Honey, all the relics are out. I know you'll faint, but you must be prepared. The silver castor holds honor place on the guest table. I couldn't hurt Aunt Sylvia by moving it, as Dorothy suggested."

"Of curse not," Barbara's voice was weary. "Aunt Sylvia's my angel, and I just dare anyone to trim her wings."

* * * *

It was just before the strawberries in the frozen whipped cream were served that the Prince, who proved to be a likeable, human young man interested in Brewersville as well as the enameling company, reached out his hand to lift the silver castor. "I warrant you I'm about the only person in this room who knows what this is" he said. "We have my grandmother's at home. And—"

He stopped talking to read the inscription. "Burwell Mission,' he drawled. "Burwell Mission." He turned to Barbara, radiant now, with her damp curls clinging around her sweet face, the rose dress setting off her loveliness. "This doesn't happen to be Burwell Mission at Lindendale, does it?"

"It does," she smiled back. "My grandfather started that mission."

And then Aunt Sylvia, who with Marian, was serving the dessert, just stopped to tell the story of grandfather's receiving this gift. And the Prince was laughing when she was through, and telling how his father had made the presentation speech for the gift. "I've heard him tell that story millions of times," he said. He rose and held out his hand to Aunt Sylvia. "So it was your father who changed my father from a bum into a real man, and started him toward a successful life? My father says he was the most wonderful man that ever lived."

"He was handsome, too," Aunt Sylvia added. "Babs looks just like

him."

The Kappa girls all broke into the conversation then, telling about Babs' work in the Blot. And proudly Marian told of the sight that had met her eyes that evening when she went after her sister.

"Father should know that," John Mills reached out his hand to grasp Barbara's slender one. "Right now his big interest is in cleaning up the Blot."

* * * *

Sometimes the silver castor is missing from the walnut buffet at the lovely new Dean home, but not for long—just long enough to be taken over to the Mills home when there is some special guest there who wants to hear about the work being done in the Blot, and of how John Mills rose from a boy in the slums to superintendent of a great organization. Nearly always Barbara takes it, for no one can tell of the work being done there as well as the girl in charge of this work.

"Aunt Sylvia," she will tell her aunt, when she comes home of evenings, "you've done everything for me—gotten my real job and everything that is worthwhile."

"Your grandfather got that," Aunt Sylvia always says, "and if he were here he'd say you deserve it just as you deserve that wonderful silver castor."

THE FIRST CHARGE

Education is not a luxury to be paid for, as the convenience of the economic cycle permits. It is one of the first charges that our democracy must provide for, if it wishes to remain a democracy. It is this fact which causes all thoughtful persons who wish to take the democratic route to the solution of our problems, to place education higher than ever before in the nation's scale of values.

More than a century ago, James Madison said: "A popular government without popular information or the means of acquiring it, is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy, or, perhaps, both." This statement by Madison is even more true today than when he made it. When we decide what educational opportunities shall be provided the rank and file of American children, we are essentially deciding whether the rank and file of American people shall be peasants or freemen. We are making a choice between chaos, dictatorship, or a continuance of the American democratic system of government.—J. K. Norton.

MARY MARGARET LEARNS HOW TO HELP

Bertha Altbarer, in The Sunbeam

Mary Margaret sat on the front steps kicking her heels, a naughty frown on her sweet little face. She was very cross, and for no other reason than that she had to help her mother wash and dry the lunch dishes. Now, if there was one thing in the world that Mary Margaret disliked more than another it was to dry dishes, and since that happened to be one of the duties about the house that fell to her share, she frowned quite frequently.

Mary Margaret lived with her mother and father in a pretty white cottage in a town where her father was a professor in a college. She was "going on seven," she said, and her mother thought it about time for her to begin to learn just how to keep house.

The sun shone brightly on the front steps. After awhile, Mary Margaret tired of kicking her heels; so she got up and slowly walked down over the lawn to a big maple tree at the side of the house. This was her own particular tree, and she spent many happy hours playing beneath it.

But now she did not feel like playing. She was still thinking about those dishes and feeling more hurt and upset every minute because she had had to help.

As she sat there she noticed a number of ants running around a pile of dirt.

"I wonder why they are doing that," thought Mary Margaret, as she watched them curiously. Then she saw what was the trouble. When she had crossed the lawn she had stepped on an ant house, knocking the sand in all directions.

All the ants were helping to build that house again. They had left their own work, and were carrying sand to rebuild the house.

Mary Margaret was so interested in the ants that she was quite startled when several birds began to chatter on the other side of the tree. She looked around cautiously. There she saw a bird with a broken wing, trying to fly. The poor little thing could hardly raise itself from the ground, although several birds fluttered about, trying to help.

After Mary Margaret had watched them for some minutes she suddenly spoke out aloud.

"Why, even the birds and the ants are helping one another. Oh, I am so sorry that I was cross to my mother when she wanted me to help this morning."

And as Mary Margaret ran across the lawn again she made up her mind that she could be as kind as birds and ants. Never again would she be naughty when her mother asked her to do anything for her.

The human spirit can triumph over difficulties, as flowers bloom along the edge of the Alpine snow.—Selected.

HONOR ROLL FOR SEPTEMBER

The gathering of the Fall crops made it necessary to press into service the boys from several school rooms during the month of September, which accounts for the fact that we are publishing the reports from only three grades at this time.

Room No. 1

—A—

Ernest Munger, Clifford Stephens, Sidney O'Briant, and Walter Bollinger.

—B—

Ed Hall, Frank Parrish, Harvard Winn, Sam Wilson, Howard Boaz, Clarence McPherson, and Vernell O'Neal.

—o—

Room No. 2

—A—

Robert Branch, J. H. Cain, James Enloe, Neil Lowe, Charles Wagoner, Thomas Wright, and James Davis.

—o—

Room No. 7

—A—

Ansil Byrd, Chester Duncan, Richard Sullivan, and Eugene Whitt.

—B—

Edwin Gladden, James Harvell, David Hodge, Clifton Morris, and Eugene Tallie.

THE REWARD

If I can lead a man who has been blind
To see the beauty in a blade of grass;
If I can aid my fellow-man to find
The friendliness of trees they daily pass;

If I can stir a soul to view the dawn
With seeing eyes and hold the vision clear
So he may drink the rapture when 'tis gone,
To purify some sordid atmosphere;

If I can help the human ear to hear
The gladness in the waterfall's refrain;
The tenderness of robins piping clear;
The healing in the sound of falling rain;

If I can rouse but one to that rebirth
Which sees God mirrored in each flower and tree—
To feel His oneness with the whole of earth—
Why, that will be a priceless joy to me!

—Grace S. Bostwick.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Leo Nodine, who was paroled a few months ago, writes us that he is now employed in a cotton mill in Spindale, and is getting along nicely.

—o—

For the past week a number of boys in each of our school rooms have been preparing material for the Training School exhibit at the Cabarrus District Fair, which opens next week.

—o—

We are glad to report that the Kannapolis Band will render a concert on the Training School campus tomorrow afternoon. This organization, under the direction of Mr. R. J. McGuirt, is one of the best in the South, and we are looking forward to this occasion with great pleasure.

—o—

The baseball "fans" at the School, among both boys and officers, have been very much interested in the World's Series, between the New York Giants, champions of the National League and the Washington Senators, pennant winners in the American League, being played this week. Quite a few of them enjoyed the radio broadcasts of these games. Largely due to the fact that several of the Senators' star players hail from "The Old North State," the American League team is a great favorite here, but there are a few who are rooting for Bill Terry and his Giants to come through.

—o—

Not all occupations are always enjoyable, but for the past week our boys have been engaged in work of which they are very fond, and for which we always have plenty of volunteers—that of harvesting the peanut crop. We rather expect quite a number of these youngsters will require the service of our attending physician within the next few days, —not from being overworked, but from over-eating. As we all know, most boys love peanuts, and handling them in such large quantities offers a great temptation to over-indulge.

—o—

Mrs. E. E. Peele, and Mrs. Sherrill, of Charlotte, visited the school last Wednesday, bringing with them twenty-nine bound volumes of the National Geographic Magazine. These splendid magazines were donated by Mrs. Z. A. Rochelle, of Durham, and the King's Daughters of Charlotte had them bound. These books were placed in the window of Efird's Department Store, Charlotte, together with a card stating they were to be given to the King's Daughters Library at the Jackson Training School, which inspired the donation of 147 additional books for the use of our boys. We are deeply grateful to these good ladies for the interest they are taking in the boys

of the Training School.

—o—

While we are not sure that "all God's chillun got shoes," we do know that the Training School boys are provided with good footwear for the coming Winter season. During the past few days our boys have been fitted with new shoes, nearly five hundred pairs being issued. To anyone not acquainted with our method of distributing these shoes it would be an interesting sight to watch the boys as they line up outside the store-room to be fitted. We noticed some visitors who were apparently very much interested in this procedure.

—o—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. He read for the Scripture lesson parts of the eleventh and twelfth chapters of Hebrews, calling special attention to Hebrews 11:4—"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain . . . . . and by it he being dead yet speaketh." Speaking on "The Immortality of Influence," the speaker stated that even after we are dead, our influence (either for good or evil) is felt. The things we do in this life may affect generations that follow, therefore we should strive to set a good example for others. Rev. Arrowood then cited numerous instances where a man's accomplishments speak for him, one of them being about the great inventor, Edison. Edison, said the speaker, though having passed on, speaks to us through his lights. After quoting from "The Builder," "Bells," and other poems, Rev. Arrowood concluded by saying that it is the spirit in which we do things that counts.

FAITH

Faith is not merely praying
  Upon your knees at night;
Faith is not merely straying
  Through darkness to the light.

Faith is not merely waiting
  For glory that may be,
Faith is not merely hating
  The sinful ecstasy.

Faith is the brave endeavor
  The splendid enterprise,
The strength to serve, whatever
  Conditions may arise.

—S. E. Kiser.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 14, 1933 No. 39

It ought not to need stating that we cannot loaf ourselves into prosperity; we cannot spend ourselves into prosperity; and we cannot borrow ourselves into prosperity. The idea that we can fill the want in the world's stock of material goods, or replace the destroyed or worn-out material properties by working fewer hours and going further into debt, is a dangerous one.

—News-Herald.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

LIFE'S AMBITION

I want to go alng the road that leads to bigger things;
I want to walk with springing feet, while all my soul just sings;
I want to see new vistas, now heaven, and now earth;
I want to be forever glad for life's sweet gift of birth;
I want to keep a heart that's clean, a fancy undefiled;
I want to be, far as I may, just like a little child;
I want to love the passing hour and day, and dreamy night;
I want to feel the sting of wrong, the beauty of the right;
I want to love my neighbors, and the old earth's pulsing sod,
And then—I want to go ahead, and just make friends with God.
—Jean O'Brien in "Nautilus."

THE CABARRUS DISTRICT FAIR

The spirit that brought the Cabarrus District Fair into a reality is the same spirit that has made it one of the best fairs in the South. This event was first realized in Cabarrus county in 1923, and ever since then has continued to grow in interest with the local people as well as those of surrounding counties. President J. F. Cannon who loves his fellow man conceived of a fair as a means of bringing people closer together, giving a finer contact, and at the same time offering wholesome amusement, recreation and superior advantages for the rural people to improve living conditions so as to eliminate the monotony of a humdrum way of doing things.

With this dream in mind President Cannon chose Dr. T. N. Spencer as his co-worker who possesses the unique quality of

mind as to the fitness of things combined with a warm and genial spirit making the humblest feel welcome.

Again we are in the midst of the annual fair week and there is every assurance the event will prove to be one of profit and genuine pleasure.

* * * * * * * * * *

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

Fire Prevention Week is one movement that should catch the attention of all classes. This is the season of the year when with the sudden changes in the weather a fire is started without giving one moment's thought as to the condition of stoves, furnaces or flues.

Every official of the country from the highest to the lowest should strive to make Fire Prevention Week a success by having all civic organizations, business of all kinds and every institution co-operate.

By protecting yourself from the danger and destruction of fires you are protecting your neighbor, and at the same time protecting your community, saving both property and lives. This is a most sensible and profitable move for the benefit of the masses.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE KING'S DAUGHTER'S CONVENTION

The one day convention of the King's Daughters was held on October 6th, in the beautiful Episcopal church, Pinehurst. The day was ideal, making the long ride to the land of the sand hills and long leaf pines delightful.

The business of the convention was rushed up with the hope of giving every piece of work of interest to the daughters due consideration. There was little time for contact, neither time for the renewal of old friendships nor the making of new friends, because every minute was given over to the business of the order.

The guest of honor on this occasion was the International President, Mrs. Leibert of New York city, who made impressive the power of the King's Daughters, giving at the same time a resume

of the history of the Order from the date of the first circle organized in New York city on 12th of January, 1886.

No organization in the country stands for greater service than the King's Daughters. The Order is unique in its power, it is interdenominational, it fits into every day life and at the same time has the requisites that give it a place in any Christian church.

The avenue of approach for service of any kind and at all times is open to the King's Daughters, due to the fact there are no denominational lines to consider, but the work is accomplished In His Name. Truly, Margaret Bottome, the wife of the Methodist minister and founder of the Order, had broad vision for uniting forces of all denominations so as to accomplish greater things In His Name.

* * * * * * * * * *

SIGNIFICANCE OF A NAME

Admiral Richard E. Byrd has headed another antarctic expedition, hoping to claim much new teritory for the United States, besides by this exploration contribute to the development of science. The money for this venture, supposed to cover a period of two years, has all been subscribed by many wealthy men of the United States.

If the trip proves successful the question comes to mind: What under the sun will the government do with a land of extreme cold, ice, snow and unknown hazards? Well, the entire venture is one of speculation and we conclude by saying "if there is no risk there is no gain." The Byrds of Virginia have the dare and courage to make the venture with the hope of unfolding the mysteries of the unknown land.

* * * * * * * * * *

IS THERE A "HINKY" IN TOWN?

This is a fine story showing both a humanitarian spirit and loyalty to a pledge. Besides it exemplifies a spirit that will not stoop to little things for monetary reasons. When finding characters similar to the ones in this story it is well to give empha-

sis for the reason there are times when the spirit of greed blinds and chills the finest elements of mankind—gratitude, loyalty and high honor.

Well the story goes: "A business man was walking along the street in one of our largest cities when he hailed a news boy: "Here, boy, I want a paper." But the boy seemed not to hear the call and moved the other way.

A few steps farther on the man hailed another boy with a bundle of papers, but much to his astonishment, he received the same treatment.

At the next corner the man accosted a third news boy and said: "Say, Sonnie, you boys around here don't have an eye for business. Sell me a paper and then tell me why those boys down the street wouldn't sell me any. I tried to buy from two of them and they would not pay any attention to me."

The little freckled face bore a serious look, as the boy answered: "Say mister, that is Hinky's block. See that one legged man down there on the corner? Well, that's Hinky. If I was to sell you a paper in that block the whole bunch would pile on me. All us kids swore we would not take Hink's business away from him."

And the business man smiled as he made a return trip to buy a paper from Hinky.

* * * * * * * * * *

HIS COUNTERPART STILL LIVES

From an exchange the following is taken: Ripley, of "Believe It or Not" fame, tells his readers about one Jean Coiffier, a miserable Frenchman, (not a Scotchman this time, please take note) who committed suicide by eating his entire fortune in bank notes. One can well imagine the consternation the double tragedy created in the Coiffier family. Not only had Papa Coiffier ended his earthly existence, but apparently he had done what had been thought an impossibility—taken his possessions with him into the great beyond. But science came to the distressed family's rescue, an autopsy was held and the money recovered.

N. B. The incident lends a moral. Money alone can not make happiness. The mission of money is to make lyiving conditions

better and not hoard even unto death, and especially not in death as Jean Coiffier did in Ripley's Believe It or Not.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE BOARD MEETING

The Board of Trustees, including Hon. L. T. Hartsell, Sr., Messrs D. B. Coltrane, Paul Whitlock, Herman Cone and Mesdames W. N. Reynolds and Robert Street, was in session on Thursday, October 5, in private office of Superintendent Boger in the handsome Cannon Memorial Building.

The objective of these quarterly meetings of school trustees is to keep in touch with the activities of the school. At each meeting Superintendent Boger gives in full all detail work of the past with recommendations for development and uplift of the boys. The report was approved. After enjoying fully the hospitality always given by school officials the meeting adjourned till the next quarterly meeting.

Mr. Roy Propst, Kannapolis, new member of Board of Trustees was elected as a member of the Executive Committee.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,
Tell her so!

"Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which the seal is set;
She's of life's sweet the sweetest yet—
Tell her so!"

—o—

Of course money talks. Bound to talk. Isn't there a woman's head on all coins from the nickel up?

—o—

The old fashioned way was to "burn the midnight oil" in getting knowledge. Now the fashion is to burn the midnight gas in frivolity and questionable tours.

—o—

A great many people are thinking up clever things the NRA stands for. All I've got to say is that it stands for a great deal more than the support some people are giving it.

—o—

The jams you get into these days, in a traffic way, is nothing like the sweet things you got into in your grandmother's preserve closet.

—A—

Unfortunately, I am scarcely able to carry a tune. But I have written some song poems in the hope that I may gather a few notes.

—o—

From a long experience with humanity I have learned that the men of might are those who can help you but won't.

—o—

Many waists go armed on joy rides at night. It is merely for protection, I guess.

—o—

Don't be always fussing over small things. Master your petty annoyances, and conserve your energy for big things. It isn't the mountain ahead of you that wears you out; it's the bits of sand in your shoe.

—o—

An aviator flew upside down for 125 miles, and a couple at Coney Island kissed continuously for three hours. This certainly is a twentieth century of progress.

—o—

There is always something. A revolving door is something that will attack you from behind and before. It all depends on the way you enter it.

—o—

It is said that the latest thing for men is gingham neckties. So far as I have observed, I have not yet met a man wearing his wife's apron string.

—o—

When a woman stands looking at you with her arms akimbo she usually means "and let that be a lesson to you!"

—o—

It looks as if nothing is to be permitted to escape the profaning shift from hand work to machines. One of the most fascinating processes to

my young childhood was hanging around mother's skirt when she was making pies and ginger cakes, the molding of the lower and upper crusts, the "pinking," and other decorations that made the finished product a work of art; and pick up the scraps of dough, when she cut out the ginger cakes ni the shape of animals. It was delicious eating. Now they have machinery that spins out thirty pies a minute, and bushels of ginger cakes. The glory of old-time boyhood days have departed in this progress of the twentieth century.

—o—

Life is like this: It's always the man or woman who has nothing in particular to do in this world who wants to unload something on the shoulders of someone who is already up to his neck in some worth while work.

—o—

Suppose you were the NRA administrator and that you owned a Lincoln car (which is made by Ford), and that Ford had not yet signed the automobile code for you. What would you do about it? My understanding is that this is the situation in which administrator Johnson finds himself. He solves the problem by riding in taxis, I am told. It looks to me like this great NRA war movement, of which President Roosevelt and General Johnson are the active heads, is at a critical time right now and that it needs everything you and I can give in the way of team work to put it over. It needs our constructive boosting, rather than our finding fault. There are plenty of things which will come to your attention and to my attention which we can criticize, some of which we should criticize and do something about. We must be good sports up to the point where we think we are being gouged. Where expenses are raised legitimately to give the employee shorter hours and higher pay, and to put more workers on the payroll, then we should pay the extra cost. We must grin and bear it knowing that in due time the added buying power as a result of these things is going to give us either more business or higher wages ourselves, or jobs. However, woe to the big grasping fellows who are trying to make a killing for themselves out of this united effort to bring prosperity back, and woe to the little business man who, knowingly, uses this effort as a means or as an excuse for getting added profits above their added expenses.

—o—

"Tune in with October," says Ethel Hinman. Good advice. Put away the fret of endless tasks. For once in the year surrender to the enjoyment of the out-of-doors. Rest and possess the soul with quietness. Feed the spiritual self, too often starved in the midst of plenty, with calm and beauty, with warmth and strength. "Life is more than meat." Never was truer words spoken. October is the month of gorgeous coloring. The mountains change from somber to gay. The dark pines and purple spruces are flanked with the dancing gold of aspens. Every little sage-bush hill wears a crown of glory. Lakes and streams reflect the red of sumac and woodbine. In waving goodbye to summer October fluants a brilliant banner. Let us drink of this radiance; let us absorb this beauty, even as the aspen

seems to lap up the sunlight. Perhaps we may carry some of this golden weather in our souls through all the cold and stormy days to come. Tune in with October.

—o—

As the sky is brightest when it is bluest, so the Morganton News-Herald last week was brightest, when it appeared and blew in on me dressed in blue from head to foot, celebrating the blue eagle and the three day's drive in that town, under that banner. It was another stroke of journalistic enterprise, and a patriotic call to duty. Morganton is now on the map in a handsome manner. Out of that beautiful little mountain city comes animating and commendatory newspaper feats of recent occurence that are leading the newspaper procession in North Carolina, and the News-Herald is doing it.

GOOD MORNING EVERYBODY

What's the use to worry, you've not got long to stay—
Why not take things easy as you pass along Life's way?
'Twill do no good to worry if things were going wrong;
You may as well be pleasant—meet reverses with a smile and song.

What's the use to criticize, what's the use to knock;
What's the use to ridicule, or at some to throw a rock?
Don't appoint yourself a censor, no matter you do—
This great big world was never made for just a chosen few.

There's none of us that's perfect, there's few of us that stay
And never stray or wander from the straight and narrow way.
So when you start to hammer some poor fool who's gone astray,
'Twill do no harm to pause and think—
You may lose your grip some day.

What's the use to kick one who's just about to fall?
If you do not care to help, don't mention him at all
You'll find, if you take notice, that what I say is true;
While there may be faults in others—
There's a flaw or two in you.

—Selected.

THE HATS OF COLUMBUS

By Helen F. Huntington

"We're getting to close to the fetid mango swamp," Theo Ferber grumbled, with a wry sniff at the hot, tainted jungle air. "Why go any farther, anyway. We shan't find any interesting thing ahead." He stopped, and swung around to face his companion gloomily. "The fact is I'm about fed up on this Phillippine wilderness," he confessed.

"I'm none too enthusiastic about it myself," Neil Barbor confessed, "but since we're here to stay a good while we may as well look up something to brighten our leisure."

Neil was new to that very sparsely settled section of Mindanao, the largest and probably the most fertile of all the Phillippine Islands. His father had recently joined Mr. Ferber in a big lumber project on an inland waterway which connected with the ocean port of Cotabato. They cut and shipped thousands of feet of the finest cabinet timber in the country by inter-island boats to Zamboanga where it was transshipped for the great world ports—Australia, China, Japan, Panama and Singapore. Although the business was very important the lumber camp was dull to the two big restless boys who awaited impatiently the completion of the centrally located school which was to accommodate all the young folks within boat and carabao-cart distance.

"Odd that you have not made friends with some of the bright Moro chaps down here," Neil observed. "Our sports club over in Basilan had three Moro members and they gave us about all we could do to keep abreast with them, especially in swimming contests. They take to sports as ducks do to water."

"Yeah. But they're unambitious and too thin skinned to bother with—suspicious of everything they don't understand at a glance. Americans have lived out here more than thirty years but the Moros haven't taken real hold of our civilization. They just don't want to be different from their ancestors."

"Have we made our ways worthwhile to them?" Neil thoughtfully wondered.

"Oh, I've tried to make friends with the keenest of the Moro chaps who live at the camp with their folks—offered to teach them American games in exchange for swimming instruction but they weren't interested. You've noticed how sullen the camp workers have been since their dattu (chief) brought them word of the Independence Bill passed in Washington. They're never satisfied with anything we do for them . . ."

Theo stopped short. A rift in the dense jungle greenery showed him an unfailing weather warning, a pitch black cloud that bit slowly into the burnished glow of the western skyline. For a week the daily dust storms had been increasingly furious. The black mass looming up from the horizon foretold the cy-

clonic gale that would shortly usher in the south-west monsoon.

"Yonder cloud," he told Neil, "will bring a terrific wind and electrical bombardment inside of an hour. We must sprint for home."

Neil did not hear the warning. A few absently-made steps had taken him around a sharp curse of the trail within view of a strang airy structure that had reared itself in the lonely jungle trail since he had passed that way on the previous day. It resembled a miniature Chinese pagoda, clean as newly washed porcelain, handsome, symmetrical. "What is it?" he wondered aloud. "Look yonder, Theo."

For an astonished moment Theo stared silently at the unbelievable six-foot structure. Then he broke into a guarded laugh. "It's a stack of hats," he said in a low voice. "Bali Buntals, the finest kind made in the islands, classed with the best Panamas in American and European markets, though less than half as costly—No, don't go any closer," he warned Neil. "The owner of the hats is probably hidden where he can watch us."

"Three dozen," Theo counted after a cautious look around him for the hats were stacked upon each other so closely that their airy rims almost touched each other to make a very compact structure. "Worth around sixty-five dollars at wholesale. There's some spcial meanness abroad, to be worth such tempting bait."

"Why should anyone want to harm us?" Neil parried.

"Oh, just because we're the dominant race—to the Moros, I mean. You know this whole big island was a Moro stronghold for centuries. Even in the days of Spain's greatest power in the islands this Moroland remained unconquered. The Moros still want to rule, you see."

Neil was skeptical, because his experiences with sons of the doughty Moros who had finally made peace with the American authorities had been rather pleasant. "Let's investigate this matter," he urged interestedly.

"We haven't a moment to waste," Theo protested. "Within an hour the wind will be blowing a hurricane. Come on . . ."

"Wait. Here's a clue," Neil called, beginning to examine the disturbed edge of the trail.

"Careful!" Theo flung out sharply, as Neil shoved his way along the slightly flattened growth toward the creek. "We're too near the mango flats for safety. The swamp is always alive with crocodiles."

Neil pushed on with due care till he stood within a foot of the dark oily creek whose opposite bank flattened into a slithery, evil smelling swamp set with mango trees whose immense buttresses were girdled with green poisonous looking slime. "Look," he cried fearsomely, pointing toward an up-ended dugout whose bow almost touched a mango trunk. "That boat was overturned within an hour for the bottom is still dripping water. It must have been heaved out of the creek by the crocs and . . ."

He paused with a gasp and looked back at Theo in stark horror. Both boys were afraid to voice their joint belief that the owner of the little overturned boat had been carried off

by the crocodiles.

Now they made out, in the green dimness of the mango shade, two scaly snouts, flattened against the buttresses of a small tree, unblinking eyes gazing aloft where a native boy was perched rigidly. He made no sign to the boys but tried to hide behind the foliage as if he wished to remain unseen. Gone was the white boys' fear of the approaching storm along with their indifference toward native welfare.

"That chap must have seen the crocs in time to toss his hat stack to safety, intending, no doubt, to dive for this bank. But the crocs beat him to it. Why does he want to hide from us? Is he afraid we'll find his hats and carry them off? Can he hold out up there till his folks track him?"

"At ordinary times, he could sit up there safely enough all night," Theo answered in a shaken voice. "But not tonight. That gale that is surely coming will blow him out of his perch if it does not uproot his tree which is the smallest in the grove, you see."

"We've got to save that chap, Theo!"

"Yes," unhesitatingly. "But how? How can we possibly get past those dealy reptiles? We can't even cross the creek. See!" pointing toward what looked like a dirty chip drifting across the sluggish stream—the all but submerged snout of a crocodile.

"Think hard, Theo. Oh, what are we worth if we can't measure up to a crucial test like this one!" Neil distressfully exclaimed. Then a saving Bible text flashed back to him. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask God, . . . and it shall be given him."

Like most of his generation he hesitated to speak aloud of holy things; and then he winced with shame that he should hesitate to declare his faith before a comrade. Off went his topee. "Oh, Lord, please give us wisdom right now," he prayed simply, "so that we may know how to save our stranger-brother."

It was the kind of soul-reaching plea that found a fervent echo in Theo's anxious heart. Almost at once the answer came, along with the last ray of disappearing sunlight glinting between the mango boughs and painting the tragic scene of peril with weird distinctness.

"A rotan line will do it," Neil cried with a gust of intense zeal. "Here's one ready," pointing to the running palm vine that festooned a nearby tree, perhaps the strongest and longest vine known to the tropics which the natives use for ropes and ship to Europe and the United States for basket making. It often attains the length of five to six hundred feet, is almost jointless, very pliant and can be easily and cleanly split. "We can split off a line, and make a kite at one end by tying to it a couple of those feather-weight hats."

Theo had already begun to haul down the vine when Neil flung his sturdy weight to the task, and within an incredibly short while they had brought down and peeled off a three hundred foot line, tied two of the airy hats to one end along with their handkerchiefs so that the boy in the tree could protect his hands with them, during his trip down the sharp-edged line.

"Here comes the first puff of wind,

heading straight across the creek," Theo cried. "It's a good thing that we're pretty good kite flyers. Now get right into the wind's course and sail your line over, but let it out slowly so that you'll be able to pull it back if it starts catching on the wrong tree."

The imperiled boy heard and understood every word. He broke a branch above him, stripped off all but the end twig which he broke off in such a manner that the stub formed a rude hook that would draw in the expected line. Neil let the hats go at the right instant, on the second wind gust, and they caught on an obstructing branch from which Neil managed to free them by an expert twist or two. In another moment a roaring gale whirled the kite within easy reach of the ready hook, at the very instant that the last sun glint was snuffed out by a cloud.

The native boy drew in the hats, unfastened them and jammed them —one within the other, onto his head, before he wrapped the handkerchiefs around his steel-muscled brown hands. Then he looped the line twice around the tree as high up as he could reach and secured it there firmly so that his weight should not drag it down within reach of the rapacious crocodiles. While Theo made his end equally secure in the same manner, the brown boy began his hand over hand trip with extreme care, and shortly he dropped down safely beside the waiting boys.

He said no word of thanks but peered anxiously along the fast darkening trail. "The Hats of Columbus," he cried hoarsely. "Where are they?"

"Right where you tossed them." Neil had to shout to make himself heard above the increasing clamor of the tempest. "We'll help you get home. Who are you, and where do you belong?"

"I am Tambu, of Pedong Trail."

"Why, that's half a day's jaunt from here! Come with us to the American lumber camp."

For answer Tambu doubled the rotan line, wrapped the center around his waist, and tied an end to each of the boys' waists. "Now you can't stray out of my reach," he screamed. "I know the jungle trails everywhere and can guide you home."

He allowed the boys to divide the hat stack and carry the valuable load between them only because he had to have both hands free Now the boys could no longer see each other except by the green lightning flares. The wind lashed the tree tops to the accompaniment of crashing thunder that seemed to rend the very earth under their feet. Tambu's trail-wise feet and hands took the place of sight; his feet felt the way under the ankle deep water that had covered the trail within a few torrential moments, and his outspread hands guarded against eye injuries by flying debris.

During that wild, dangerous hour something quite unprecedented happened to the white boys. Some long dormant inner sense roused and stripped off the unsuspected shackles that had wrapped them in smug conceits. Spirit eyes lighted their inmost selves, showing them that they had long been satisfied to receive all possible benefit afforded by that all but despsied land without giving any personal return. It was as if they

had long partaken of the banquet of civilization as their inherited right, merely, leaving only the unwanted fragments to the natives The Moro boys they had come in contact with had been expected to recognize their superiority and accept their indifferent notice gratefully.

But what of this superiority? Was it real or merely fancied? Having the same tastes and general order of intelligence the boys reasoned much alike. Indeed there was only one viewpoint for them to take since they had erred in the same manner, and that put them in the some sorry light.

The rain was cataclysmic, but Tambu stayed in the trail and led his gasping followers safely till a wind-tossed lantern light suddenly pierced the pitch blackness, bespeaking the approach of a search party headed by the boys' fathers. No words were exchanged when the two parties met, or if anyone spoke his voice was drowned by the deafening clamor of the tempest. At last the sodden wayfarers glimpsed the friendly little yellow beacon of the camp watchman's light. Next came the twinkling lights of the home bungalows, humble old fashioned lamp lights, but finer to the home-coming boys than all the electric displays they had ever seen in up-to-date Manila.

Neil's mother awaited him in the Ferber bungalow where Theo explained the delayed return and the reason of Tambu's presence. He spoke quite simply without casting an atom of heroic glamour over the rescue of Tambu which now seemed to him, as well as Theo, only the natural thing. Tambu, silent by training and race heritage, said nothing at all. The boys led him into the kitchen quarters where they all dried off together after which they ate their appetizing supper in the same secluded room because Tambu was unused to dining with white families. When the meal was finished he told his companions the story of the Hats of Columbus.

His folks, skilled weavers of fine Bali-Buntal hats, had long been without work when his father received a very special order from a Zamboanga dealer for three dozen of the finest Bali Buntals producible. The conventional serpentine pattern was to be substituted by a new design—the ensign of Columbus--since new ideas were so constantly being demanded by the public. These hats were to be displayed in competition for a major prize, at the annual Industrial Fair at Manila, the greatest commercial event of the year, in which many Asiatic countries would participate. Like all superfine hats of the kind, the Hats of Columbus had been woven under water, and now neither water nor heat would affect their shape or texture. Upon the fineness of this order depended the future prosperity of the very needy family of weavers.

Tambu spent the night in the camp watchman's cabin. By morning the fury of the storm had spent itself, and at ten o'clock the rain was succeeded by blazing sunshine which would last several hours, in the monsoon fashion, during which period everyone had to work his busiest. Tambu was given the full benefit of the let-up by being promptly sent on his way by a camp boat, with a pass that would insure him

and the Hats of Columbus free and safe passage to the buyer's home in Zamboanga—an act of kindness which bore almost immediate fruit in dispelling the sullenness of the Moro camp workers.

Neil and Theo watched the departing boat till a bend of the rising river swallowed it up. "Everything looks a lot better today, for some reason," Theo observed with satisfaction.

"You know why? Because we've learned a lot about ourselves since yesterday noon," Neil shrewdly summed up the reasons of their changed viewpoint.

THE BLIND SEE

(Young Folks)

A man died in our city recently who had attained to fame in the field of music. He was widely known in this country and abroad. He lived to be seventy-seven years of age and had been totally blind from the time he was nine days old. His blindness was caused by a physician giving him a wrong prescription for an eye wash. He was born in Germany and was brought to this country when he was seven years old, at which time he showed an interest in music. He was placed in an institution for the blind where he was put under the instruction of a blind music teacher. He took lessons on the organ and the violin and the piano. It is said that he was so fond of music that he bribed other students to let him have their practice hours. He advanced rapidly. At the tender age of sixteen he graduated from the institution, but remained as a teacher. He used the salary he received to advance his education. Two years later he was awarded the gold medal for musical composition. He was the author of 3,000 compositions. In 1876 he wrote the official song for the Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia, and fifty years later he wrote the opening chorus for the Sesquicentennial Exposition in the same city.

These facts may not in themselves be of particular interest to us, but I wonder if they do not form themselves into a story that may make it easier for us to overcome the handicaps of life. He wrote such hymns as, "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," and "Let the Gospel Light Shine Out." I suppose they will not rank with the world's finest and best, but they will always speak to us of the achievements of one who had to make his way in the face of the greatest odds in life. God gave him talents and he used them to the best of his ability. For many years he was church organist, and the worship of God was his delight. This man saw nothing through his natural eyes, but he was permitted to see Him who is invisible with the eyes of the soul.

JUDY'S FRIENDS

By Norma E. Holmes

Suddenly the girl at the drawing-board put down her pencil in exasperation. "How on earth can I draw that dress, when you stand as though you were falling to pieces?"

"Then draw me falling to pieces," Judy answered.

It wasn't so much fun for Judy to stand as a dress model after being on her feet most of the day in a bookstore, but she straightened obediently.

"Anyhow," she told her sister, "ladies of fashion are supposed to have a careless, indolent pose."

The artist picked up her pencil, then unexpectedly dropped it and burst into tears.

Judy stood a moment, then ran to her and laid an arm across her shoulders. "Don't cry, Mid. I'm sorry."

"It wasn't that," Mid sobbed. "But I'm so sick of dreses. I hate it, I hate it!"

"Oh, no, you don't," Judy comforted. You're just tired, that's all. You've worked too steadily."

She guided the weeping girl to the couch. "Now you lie there and shut your eyes. You can try if you want to, but don't you dare think of dresses."

"But, Judy, I've got to get them done. The sale's Saturday and this is Thursday night. Mr. Milles said he wanted them by—"

Judy put a hand over her sister's mouth. "You can do twice as much, three times as well, when you've rested."

She snapped off the ceiling light, leaving only the mellow glow of the floor lamp. She gathered up all Mid's drawing materials and shut them firmly in a drawer out of sight. Then she hung the dresses in the cupboard and went out to the kitchenette, or "kitchenettette," as she called it.

It was really more like a cupboard. You could turn in it, though as Judy put it, it was really safer to back out.

There was a good-sized living room, with a couch, a big arm-chair, and three smaller ones, a gate-leg table, which served as their dining-table, and a small telephone-desk. "Complete new furniture," as the janitor's little French wife told them, when she showed them around. "She's said it so often," Judy had whispered to Mid, "it almost has a tune to it."

The bedroom was a bed that folded into the wall. Leading off from the living-room, was a tiny, but shiny, tiled bathroom, and in the hall a big clothes' cupboard.

It was new and much better than the sisters could have gotten had the building not been put up by a man who believed this part of the city the growing part—and been mistaken.

As Judy set about washing up the supper dishes, she wondered where they would have been now if their father hadn't died the year before, or if the bank hadn't failed, or if—such a little word, but it could mean

so much.

Poor Mid. It had just about broken Mid's heart to have to give up her art course.

It wasn't so bad for herself, as she had no special talent to cultivate, and she liked the book store. There were such odd people coming in every now and then.

She thought of the funny old lady, who had come into the store only that day. She had stood and looked all about her, then come straight to Judy, and demanded a book for "a parrot, a cat and an old woman."

Judy had looked at her quickly, but the old lady's sharp, black eyes were quite sane, and Judy was almost sure there was a twinkle in their depths.

Judy was delighted. The old lady, she thought, looked not unlike a parrot herself, with her hooked nose and sharp eyes. "Will this do?" she asked, handing her a book bearing the title, "We Three."

The old lady chuckled. "That's the one, young lady. And what's your name?" Her voice was as sharp as her eyes.

"Judith Matthews."

"Humph! Well, mine's Eliza Mowbray." They looked at one another and felt at once that odd kinship that seems to have nothing whatever to do with ages, or walks in life.

Just as the old lady reached the door, she had turned abruptly and said, "I live on Morton Street—10 Morton Street," and was gone.

And now as Judy made up the bed, she chuckled to herself. What a queer mixture of people made up this world of ours. She would like to see the cat and the parrot, but it was hardly likely that she ever would.

She allowed Mid half an hour, then she helped her undress and shut her in the bathroom with a tub of warm water, faintly scented with Judy's new bath salts—a gift from a customer.

When Mid came from the bathroom Judy presented her with a cup of hot chocolate and tucked her in. "Now get up when I call—and not before," she commanded.

Judy was the younger of the two, but she had always, since her mother's death, three years ago, been the manager. "For," as she said, "I'm just sensible. I haven't the artistic temperament."

The next noon she came home laughing. "How would you like to step out tonight, Mid?" she asked as she sat down to lunch. Mid certainly could cook.

Mid looked up in surprise and Judy told her of the old lady, Madame Mowbray, and of how she had returned today and invited Judy to call upon her that evening. "Although," Judy added reflectively, "it sounded more like a command than an invitation."

Mid wasn't greatly impressed, but she went too. "Not much of a neighborhood," she commented, as they climbed the steps of 10 Morton Street.

But Judy's spirits refused to be dampened. She had an odd feeling that she was going to be lucky. "We may be here ourselves when our lease expires next month," she said gaily.

"More truth than poetry," Mid

nodded, soberly, and they both fell silent, as they waited for an answer to their ring.

Madame herself opened the door and Judy's eyes danced as they surveyed the living room. It was just about as full as a room could be, and it did fit the little old lady so perfectly.

At one end was a funny, old-fashioned fireplace, with firedogs topped by solemn, black owls with big, white eyes. There were plenty of well-worn rocking chairs—in fact, there wasn't a chair that wasn't a rocking chair—and innumerable small tables and stands. And every spot where a curio could possibly be laid, hung, or stood, there was a curio.

Odd little bits of coral, strange shells, fans, dried seaweeds, glass cases of stuffed birds of marvelous plumage, old dishes, kettles. A tiny snuff-box, beautifully enameled, a powder horn with silver inlay, teakwood and ebony chests, strange Chinese and Indian figures and carvings.

As the girls entered, a huge, yellow cat rose slowly from in front of the hearth and stretched itself erect. "This," said Madame Mowbray, "is Hannah."

Hannah regarded them with unblinking yellow eyes.

"What a huge beast," Mid said to herself, and shuddered.

"You dear old Hannah," thought Judy, but no one knew what Hannah thought.

She stared at Judy, looked briefly at Mid, then came slowly to Judy's feet. Judy reached down and stroked her. Hannah brushed against her ankles and walked back to the hearth rug, where she lay, watching them, her eyes two narrowed, gleaming slits.

Madame turned to a corner. "Bella," she called. "Where are your manners?"

The girls turned. A green parrot was sitting on a perch in the corner, its head under one wing.

A squawk came from Bella, but she didn't move. "Arabella," said Madame sharply. "Come here at once."

The parrot lifted its head and sighed profoundly. It sat for a moment, apparently deep in thought, then sighed again, and lifting its wings, flew slowly over to its mistress and perched on her shoulder. "Hello," said Arabella, and put her head back under her wing.

"Arabella forgets her manners when she gets sleepy," said Madame, taking the parrot back to her corner. "Three ladies of uncertain age," she went on, "we three," and smiled brightly at Judy.

She showed them about the room. Every curio had a story. Judy was entranced. Even Mid was interested. Some of the curios were beautiful, and Mid loved beauty.

"Well, what do you think of 'we three'?" Judy asked, as they walked home.

"What a menagerie," Mid answered. "You do pick the queerest friends, Judy. And she's even queerer than old Sanborn."

Judy laughed, then sobered. "Do you know," she said seriously, "I must be queer myself. When I get old, I'll probably be just like Madame—or my old sailor. Which reminds me, I haven't seen Seaman for

a long time."

Seaman Sanborn, as Judy called him, was the janitor's father, a retired sailor, who told Judy the most outrageously impossible yarns. He knew she didn't believe them, but he always prefaced them with, "You're To wihch Judy always replied, "Sure going to believe this one, eh, Judy?" —this one, Seaman."

She told him all about Madame Mowbray and the old sailor grew more and more interested, as Judy described Madame, her pets and her curios.

"Mowbray, Mowbray," he muttered to himself. Judy scented a mystery, but that was all he would say.

He was so interested that Judy took him one night to Morton Street. Madame opened the door as usual and they stepped inside.

The old sailor looked fixedly at Madame then nodded. "You don't remember me, ma'am, I guess," he said. "but I sailed a good many years with Cap'n Mowbray."

Madame's black eyes brightened. "Is that so? I do remember now," and she stood aside for them to enter the living-room.

Arabella had wakened and was looking curiously at the old man, her head cocked on one side.

He pointed at her delightedly. "An' well do I remember the bird. Many's the voyage she took with the cap'n. He used to say, if we'd a bit of rough weather, 'It's a wild night without, Bella, my girl,' an' she'd say—"

"Aye, aye," spoke up Arabella, swinging excitedly on her perch.

Judy clapped her hands. "It's just like a play," she cried.

The three had many visits in that curious room, Madame and the old sailor recalling the old days and Judy listening, reveling in the tales of far lands and distant seas, while in the background, the curios seemed to say, "Yes, I remember. That's when you got me." And then, of course, there were Arabella and Hannah.

Mid came too, sometimes, but she never felt quite comfortable in these surroundings that were such a joy to Judy.

Then, for several days, Judy missed Madame coming in to the store on her way home from her daily walk. Finally she became worried and went to Morton Street.

A stout, untidy woman, whom Judy afterwards learned was the janitress, opened the door. Madame Mowbray was sick. Her cheeks were sunken and pale and Judy. for the first time, realized that Madame Mowbray was old—an old woman. But her eyes were as snappy and bright as ever. Hannah lay curled on a rug by the bed.

Judy went home with anxious face. "You know, Mid, it's dreadful to see the poor old soul lying there all alone. And I'm sure that if that woman is all she has to rely upon for food, she's not getting anything that's fit to eat. And I don't suppose the old dear can afford anyone else."

She glanced around the room. "I wish—"

Mid looked up alarmed. "For goodness sake, Judy, I hope you're not thinking of bringing her here!"

"No-o," Judy realized this was no place for an old lady—and a sick one.

She was much better off with a room to herself.

Mid was relieved—you could never tell about Judy—but she made some chicken broth and fixed up a basket of jellies and dainties, which brightened Madame up at once.

"Well, your sister can cook, I'll say that for her." Then, in her sharp voice—"Can she draw as well?"

"Oh yes," Judy answered her eagerly, "her art teacher said she had great talent. But you know she had to give up studying when father died—we hadn't any money."

"Humph," said Madame, and became very thoughtful.

But Madame got better, whether it was Mid's cooking, or Judy's visits, or a combination of both, and one Saturday afternoon she called upon them.

She was dressed as the girls had never seen her—in a shiny, black satin, old in style, but excellent material and cut for all that.

"I want you girls to come with me," she said, "that is, if you don't mind," she added humbly, which was quite unlike Madame's usual sharp manner. "I'm going to look for an apartment."

The girls didn't know what to say. Were Madame's finances getting so low that her last sickness had frightened her into looking for even poorer quarters?

But it wasn't the poorer section to which she led them. Mid looked at Judy as they came out onto one of the avenues near the Boulevard. They began to be alarmed. Was the old lady quite right in her mind?

Madame's black eyes were snapping, as she marched up to the entrance of a very aristocratic looking building—not one of the new ones, but a fine old residence made over into apartments.

The janitor greeted Madame respectfully—"the satin dress," Judy thought—and conducted them through an apartment on the ground floor, overlooking a small park. "This is the one, Madame," he said.

It was newly decorated and charmingly arranged, with lots of windows and sun and, unlike most of the old places, its ceilings did not stretch up into cold and lofty regions, but were quite low and friendly.

There were three bedrooms, a kitchen, bath room, dining room and living room. Mid whispered to Judy, as Madame questioned the janitor about this and that and poked into every nook and cranny, "We'd better humor her. She may forget all about it tomorrow." Judy nodded.

Madame turned to the girls. "Well, what do think of it?"

They thought it was perfectly lovely and said so. Madame seemed pleased. "I'll take it," she told the janitor.

The next day the girls saw her, but she made no mention of the apartment and as they had worries of their own, they forgot it.

Their lease expired the following week and they wondered whether they should risk taking it on again or not. It was really more than they could afford, and if they should get sick—

Saaturday afternoon Madame Mowbray called for them. "Come and see my apartment," she said.

She was as excited as a child.

The girls stared at her and looked at one another—but what could they do? Seaman Sanborn opened the door of the apartment for them. He was beaming. He and Madame together showed the girls around.

It was completely furnished. Beautiful old furniture and hangings and pictures. They led the girls through the dining room and the living room to the bedrooms.

One had Madame's old familiar furniture. The second opened into it and here was a duplicate of the sitting room at 10 Morton Street, with all the curios, the rocking chairs and the tables. Before the fireplace—for this had been a sitting-room in the old residence—on the same hearth rug, lay Hannah, quite at home.

But the last room—the third bedroom! The girls simply stared. It was startlingly new and fresh. Twin beds, apple green with little gold lines, a dressing-table and dresser to match, papered walls with bunches of tiny yellow daisies, ruffled organdie curtains and spreads. The girls gave little exclamations of delight.

"Oh Judy, just look at those darling lamps!"

And, "Mid, did you see those daisies? I could pick them right off the walls!"

Seaman Sanborn stood chuckling at their elbows, as pleased as though the apartment were his own.

Madame had been watching them closely, not missing a change of expression. Now she looked relieved. She let them look their fill, then as the strangeness of such a room in Madame's apartment struck them, she broke in upon their thoughts.

"Let's go into the living room," she suggested, "where we can talk. I can see you girls are just bursting with questions—and you don't think I'm quite right in my head."

But after they had sat down, the old lady suddenly became nervous and didn't seem to know how to begin. Finally she leaned forward and in her sharp voice, said abruptly, "How would you like to live here with me?"

The girls merely stared, dumbfounded.

"You see, I'm not really poor at all, as Mr. Sanborn here knows. He couldn't understand my living where I did. But when my husband died I was lonely and a lot of empty rooms made it worse. So I stored my furniture and moved to Morton Street. That was years ago. It was a good neighborhood then. It gradually grew worse, but I hated to move." She looked at the girls anxiously.

"And then when I got to know you girls—well, I began to think—especially when I was sick—how nice it would be to have someone like you around, and— and so—" Suddenly she turned on the old man. "Why don't you help me out?"

Seaman Sanborn chuckled. "You'll believe this one, eh Judy?"

From force of habit, Judy answered, "Sure—this one, Seaman."

"She wants you to come and live with her an' sort of be company and keep an eye on her for the rest of her days. It's her apartment and

she's payin' all the expenses, and besides, you are to have one thousand dollars a year—as long as she lives. (And the rest in her will," he added to himself).

The girls were speechless The old lady mistook their silence. "I would not be much trouble—really."

Judy gasped. Madame was pleading with them—actually pleading, as though begging a favor! She looked at Mid. Her sister's eyes were shining. Mid was already back at art school.

"And of course I won't live so very long," went on Madame. "Im seventy-five now, you know."

Suddenly Judy dashed across and flung her arms around the old lady's neck. "If we look after you," she cried huskily, "you'll live to be a hundred, won't she, Arabella?"

And Arabella shouted back through the open doorway, "Aye, aye!"

LOYALTY

By G. E. Wallace

James Sutton was angry as he walked into the washroom back of the offices of The Myers Corporation, but he found his anger was nothing as compared with the anger of the other fellows, Ted say, or Slocum.

"What do you suppose," James asked, "has gotten into him?" He emphasized the "him"—and the others knew to whom he referred, Mr. Thomas Carlton, the office head.

They shrugged. "He always was an iceberg," they said—which was not quite the truth, "and now he's turned into an old crab."

"Yeah," Ted said glibly, "there's no pleasing him at all." Ted didn't add that that was a pet phrase of his which he had used regarding the office head in every place he had worked.

James sat silent, frowning. What was wrong! One year before he had come to work for the Myers company, and for six months things had gone along all right. Mr. Carlton, the office manager, wasn't the kind that put himself out telling you how good you were—but he was fair. If you worked hard he appreciated it. But lately! Whew! "Do you know," James said, "I worked overtime four nights getting that tabulated report out, and not a word of praise did I get! Not a word! Mr. Carlton just took it and his voice was like an icicle when he said. "I'll look it over —later.'" Mr. Carlton had been looking out of the window then at the smoky stacks of the plant, and, if James had known it, Mr. Carlton's eyes had been a trifle blurred. If James had known it, Mr. Carlton had been thinking that there was something beautiful in the grime and smoke of a busy industrial plant.

"Sure," Slocum said. "He'll look it over—for mistakes!" There was great scorn in Slocum's voice. "He always goes over my work for mistakes," Slocum went on aggrievedly —and he didn't add, "and finds 'em."

And so the three sat. The clock ticked away the passing minutes, the water dripped monotonously from a faulty faucet, but no one made a move to go back to work.

"I think," Slocum finally broke the silence, "we ought to do something," his voice trailed off and died away. Slocum was not good at ideas. He often thought something ought to be done but was always hazy about just what that should be.

The smoldering anger that had been burning in Ted's eyes suddenly blazed. He tip-toed to the door, opened it a crack, peered out, and then came back. "Fellows," he said, "I'm going to tell you something!" His voice sank to a husky confidential whisper. "The boss is sore!"

The other two looked up quickly. Mr. Myers," they said.

"Yes—sore," Ted went on, "sore at the Old Crab!" Slocum's breath was expelled in a long relieved "Oh." Color came back to Slocum's cheeks that had blanched. He had been fired from the past two jobs. Even James looked relieved. He had been worried, yet puzzled. "I'm telling you! You know Mr. Carlton's been leaving the office early lately."

"Talks about giving value for money received," Slocum interrupted —and it was as if he had said "Bah!"

"And last night after Mr. Carlton had gone, when you and Slocum were in the filing room," Ted said, "I was alone when Mr. Myers came in. And did he rave!"

"What did he say," Slocum questioned, wetting his lips with gusto.

James looked at the clock a little nervously. He wished Ted would hurry. Five minutes had been wasted. He'd better be getting back to that desk of his as there was a lot of work to do!

"Oh, I don't know. I forget," Ted temporized. "But he was sore! And Mr. Carlton's been leaving the office pretty early often lately."

"And coming down late too," Slocum added. "Last week on Wednesday he came late. I know. He came in with me."

"Well, what I was going to say," Ted said, "was, we ought to lay down on him and get him in wrong with the boss. Non-co-operation is what they call it over in India. We ought to do that. I bet if we did we could get him fired!"

And later that day James listened again to their plans, and although he wouldn't agree to join in, he did agree with them that it would serve Mr. Carlton right.

"He is a crab," James thought—and yet he was slightly puzzled. Mr. Carlton had been all right at first. But he had surely changed. Take for instance what had just happened. He had given up part of his dinner hour to help out with some pressing work hoping to please Mr. Carlton. And did he gets thanks? Well hardly. Mr. Carlton didn't seem to realize he had done anything out of the ordinary.

"I'll have to hustle through lunch," James had said, fishing for a word of praise—and Mr. Carlton had nodded. That was all.

And so the conspiracy against Mr. Carlton took form and got under way.

"We've got to be careful of course," Ted said.

Slocum nodded. His eyes were a little apprehensive. Several times that day Mr. Carlton had sat looking at him—and Mr. Carlton's eyes were

keen. "And yet," he said, "I bet we can stall so he doesn't know we're stalling." Proudly, "I'm good at that!"

They did stall. And they had satisfaction, too. Mr. Myers stormed out of the inner office one day and fairly raved. "It seems to me," he said to Mr. Carlton, "that the work is getting behind in this office!"

Mr. Carlton nodded. "It is, he said. "I left early yesterday, you know," the boss' storming died away, "and none of the boys could stay last night to work overtime."

James flushed. He might have. He recalled that in the afternoon of the day before Ted had been given some work to do—and had stalled, doing little or nothing.

"Got to check up on this," Ted had said with a wink as James passed by.

James hadn't liked it even then. It was all right to grumble about the Old Crab, but to deliberately stall—that was a different matter!

"So I'm a little behind," Ted had said, his pasty face illuminated by a weak, sickly grin.

That grin was not in evidence when in the middle of the afternoon Mr. Carlton had said, "What!" Not finished!" Mr. Carlton went over the work that Ted had handed him, Ted all the time pointing out, "I had to verify that!"

And James remembered now how Mr. Carlton had finally turned and said rather hopelessly, "Someone will have to stay after hours." His pale face was a trifle whiter than usual.

Ted had remained silent.

"Can you, Slocum?" Mr. Carlton had aked.

Slocum had shaken his head. "Sorry," he had said curtly.

Two spots of color had appeared on Mr. Carlton's cheeks. His coal black eyes, eyes remarkably clear, James had often thought, began to snap.

And then Mr. Carlton had turned to him. "What about you, James?" he had asked aloud.

And James had answered truthfully. Of course he might have stayed but he had made an engagement. "I don't see how I can," he had said. "Ive made an appointment at the doctor's for mother, and I should drive her over."

Mr. Carlton's growing wrath had disappeared. "Oh," he said, and James looked up quickly. He had not known the crisp spoken Mr. Carlton could say "Oh" like that.

And then Mr. Carlton had shrugged. "Well," he had said, "the work will have to be left till tomorrow. Tomorrow though we must work harder."

Well the work had been left—and tomorow had come. And as Ted said when Mr. Myers had left, "Was the boss sore! Was he!"

"I bet," Slocum whispered, "we can get the old fellow put out!"

James had said nothing. He felt slight ashamed now that he had even seemingly consented to be a party to this non-co-operation.

And yet he left the office angry that night. Old Crab was right!

Because he had felt sorry for Mr. Carlton he had worked extra hard that day, and he had finally turned in all the work, completed, saying, "Well, we've caught up!" Now Mr. Carlton might have said "Thanks for digging in!" but did he? Not so you could notice it. He just reached the for the tabulated sheets

—and grunted.

And James stormed out of the office, boiling, and sent his old car careening home at a reckless speed. The fellows were right! His eyes glowed with anger. Overtime work —and a grunt for his thanks. He'd see that Mr. Carlton had no occasion to thank him again!

And because he still felt angry, James, the next morning, took his time even if he did oversleep. Hurry? He'd say not! He scowled at the rain falling outside. He'd eat a good breakfast, drive down slowly, and if he were late, he was late!

And yet habit was strong. Once on the avenue James stepped on the gas. He had ten minutes yet, and he could get to the office in time if he kept moving. He turned into Eighth street and sped down it, watching the red and green traffic lights. And then, on the corner of Eighth and Cascade, he saw Mr. Carlton standing on the curb, a dapper little figure standing in the misty rain.

Mr. Carlton there! James shot past. Mr. Carlton was probably waiting for a street car. If so Mr. Carlton had no chance of getting to the office in time that morning. He himself would hardly make it!

James grinned. Mr. Carlton late again! Maybe this time, this time would be his last. Mr. Myers wouldn't stand Mr. Carlton's coming late forever, even if Mr. Carlton had been efficient in the past, even if Mr. Carlton was an old employee. As Ted said, the boss was getting as cranky as a bear with a sore paw!

And then he slammed on the brakes. "You're a fool, he sputtered to himelf as he backed up the car, "a fool!" But Mr. Carlton did look so small, so bravely forlorn, standing there in the rain, a trim little figure in his natty grey top coat and pearl grey hat!

"Going down?" James called out.

"Oh—yes Yes!" Mr. Carlton came forward. "I didn't recognize you," he said, climbing in gratefully.

Gears shifted. The car leaped forward. "We'll make it," James said.

Mr. Carlton turned quickly. His pale face became if anything a little paler. "Make it?" he repeated, and James noted he spoke in a rather strained, unnatural tone, "Why—err—"

"Make the office," James said. What was the matter with the man!

"Oh yes," Mr. Carlton seemed relieved. He sat relaxed and silent, watching the buildings. "Oh yes—one should be punctual to work!"

The machine sped on. The grey slanting lines of the rain blurred the houses, the spattering drops made miniature geysers as they struck the black asphalt.

"Work," Mr. Carlton said although James had not spoken, "is a blessing." And a little later Mr. Carlton said, "It's a wonderful day, James!" He spoke softly, "Wonderful!" He was looking out into the mist of the rain, "and," James thought, "you'd think he was seeing something!"

At the office however, Mr. Carlton was his old crisp, businesslike self. He issued orders curtly, gave out the work, and as Ted said, "If he isn't pushing us to the limit I don't know what you'd call it."

Slocum grumbled. He had tried

to loaf but had been called down. "I'd think," 'Mr. Carlton had clipped off the words when for the third time Slocum had gone to the filing room on some errand, "your could organize your work better, Slocum!"

James arose. He left the room—and it chanced he had to be gone ten minutes.

Mr. Carlton said nothing however when he came back. Mr. Carlton was typing a letter on a rickety machine he kept by his desk and that he used at times in place of summoning a stenographer.

"Whew," Ted said at three. "What a day!"

James shrugged. He had felt the press of the work, too.

"And do we get thanks," Ted asked."

James didn't even bother to respond. They didn't—of course.

And then the tension lessened. Mr. Carlton had gone into the inner office. Coming out he had slipped into his top coat—and was leaving.

James, busy, didn't notice what the others did.

"James," Mr. Carlton had gone to the door, opened it, and then had turned and come back. "James, Mr. Myers will probably see you before you leave."

James looked up. He would have liked to ask why. He felt a little premonition of fear. And yet he had worked!

"Goodbye," Mr. Carlton said—and he seemed to be addressing the three of them. Then he left.

The work ceased. Slocum ran a hand through his hair. Ted mimicked Mr. Carlton's stiff "Goodbye."

"Did you notice his face," Slocum said. "It was sort of—peaked." He stared at his littered desk. "You don't supposed the boss canned him do you?"

Ted whistled. "Say," he exclaimed, "I wouldn't wonder!" He got up and jigged a little. "Do you know he took his black alpaca office coat with him?"

James looked at the hook by the door where the black coat generally hung—and the coat was gone.

Then he forgot everything except the statement "Mr. Myers will probably see you before you leave." Why should the boss see him! He reviewed his work with trepidation. What had he left undone! His worried frown deepened. His feeling of anger against Mr. Carlton increased. There had been no pleasing the man lately! He wished, wished he had gone in with the others to make his work difficult! What he should have done was let him stand in the rain that morning!

Some figures he needed took him to Mr. Carlton's desk.

And there, on the floor by the waste basket, lay a letter—and his name leaped out of the blurr of words on the sheet.

Automatically he picked up the letter and read it. Mr. Carlton had been writing about him! He read—and as he read he suddenly realized what Mr. Carlton had done. He had typed this letter, inadvertently left out a word or two, misplaced a comma, and had then thrown it away. Mr. Carlton would. Then he had written another.

And James' face suddenly became red, fiery red!

Mr. Carlton, leaving, was recommending him—for his position.

"I am a good judge of men," Mr.

Carlton had written, "and I recommend James Sutton—a loyal worker."

James stared at the sheet. Mr. Carl had recommended him! And suddenly James felt ashamed. There were other phrases in the letter that explained things, too. "I thank you for your forbearance during the last months when quite often I was unable to attend strictly to business—the doctors say my only hope is rest and a change of climate—respectfully, T. Carlton."

James eyes were a trifle moist. He remembered how he had picked up Mr. Carlton at what was known as the Doctor's Row that morning. Probably Mr. Carlton had gone down that morning, that dismal, rainy morning, to receive the doctor's final verdict. What a morning—what a—and then James smiled even if he blinked as Mr. Carlton's phrase came to mind "beautiful morning, James, beautiful morning!"

And standing there, holding that letter, James saw the one word—loyal!

A rather twisted smile came to his lips. Loyal! Then his head went back. Mr. Carlton had gone now. "I don't want any fuss," Mr. Carlton had written "and so I'm just quietly slipping out." Mr. Carlton had gone, so he couldn't make things right with him, but one thing he could do, and would do, from now on he'd deserve Mr. Carlton's estimate of him! Loyal! He would be!

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Vernie Goodman, of Mooresville, former secretary to Superintendent Boger, paid us a brief visit one day last week.

—o—

Our library, now numbering about 2,000 books, will certainly give delightful and uplifting pastime for the boys when shut-in this winter. You would be amazed to see how our boys take to the books—the same as a duck does to the water.

—o—

Dr. J. G. Greer, superintendent of Mills Home, Thomasville, visited our institution and expressed himself well pleased with the plant that is salvaging boyhood—giving to the State dividends expressed in the terms of strong and courageous manhood.

—o—

Most of our boys, especially the small boys, have stubbed toes because of going barefooted during the summer months. They are wearing shoes now, but on account of sore feet some of them carry their shoes under their arms. These troubles will soon be overcome by the use of mercurochrome and other attentions.

—o—

The boys are having a glorious time, harvesting peanuts with the anticipation of having something to munch on during the bleak winter days. You know our boys are just like your boy who enjoys good

things to eat around the blazing hearth stone—they must have something that appeals to the boys appetite.

—o—

Mr. W. E. Poole, who has been a member of our staff for about nine years, resigned his position last week to become a member of the Concord police force. "Eddie" was popular with both the boys and his fellow-workers, and while we regret his departure, we tender herewith our very best wishes for succes as he assumes his new duties. As we drove past the "square" the other evening, we noticed that he was directing traffic very much like a veteran rather than a "rookie," also that he made a "snappy" appearance in the "copper's" uniform.

—o—

Following the regular service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon it was our good fortune to enjoy a splendid concert by the Kannapolis Band. This fine musical organization, directed by Mr. R. J. McGuirt, one of the State's best bandmasters, rendered a program of stirring marches, overtures and sacred selections that delighted our large family of nearly five hundred boys and elicited most hearty applause. Mr. McGuirt who has been directing the Kannapolis Band, including the time it constituted a large part of the U. S. 113th Field Artillery Band, serving twenty-two months overseas during the World Wor, in addition to being a fine musician, is a splendid fellow, and is very much interested in the boys of Jackson Training School. He informed us after the concert last Sunday, that he and his "boys" would be only too glad to make more frequent appearances at the school, as they all enjoyed furnishing entertainment for our boys. Mr. McGuirt also tells us that he has a men's chorus of twenty-six voices which he hopes to bring to the school at an early date. We feel very fortunate in having such friends who stand ready to provide wholesome entertainment for our boys and wish to take this opportunity to tender our sincere thanks to Mr. McGuirt and the members of his organization for the delightful program rendered here last Sunday, assuring them at the same time that they will always be most welcome visitors at the Training School.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Conrord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon, and his talk to the boys on "Work," was delivered in his usual interesting manner. Rev. Hughes began by stating that work means the exertion of strength or faculties for the accomplishment of something. Everyone who is physically or mentally able should work, said the speaker, for failure to do so would mean that the entire world would be in a terrible condition. Rev. Hughes then stated that there are two kinds of spirit or choices in which we have to work—the negative and positive spirit. When working in the negative spirit, our mind is on something else and the work is just done mechanically. Then we find people who seem to be working, but at the same time they are grumbling about it—

the work is too hard; there's too much of it; it's too hot or too cold. Oh, yes, they are working but their minds are elsewhere. Again we find people working in this negative spirit, who work just because they have to, if there were some other way to get along without exerting any energy, they would gladly do so. Then we find others who are just doing what someone expects them to do. They are just like a machine. They work but do not put their hearts into it, and therefore get no pleasure out of it. In discussing the positive spirit of work, Rev. Hughes said we should make up our minds not to be a slave to some particular kind of work, but to be master of the work. There is a joy in that kind of working. He then told the boys not to be discouraged with failures, but to keep at whatever they were trying to accomplish until success was attained, and as an example told them that Edison, the great inventor, once tried an experiment 3,000 times before gaining success. We should do our work with neatness and thoroughness, and put our very best into it—always making an endeavor to do it better than anyone else. Rev. Hughes then told his audience that boys could not grow up to be honest men without doing honest work. Doing tricky things may permit us to "get by" for a time, but in the end we fail if dishonest methods are continued. We must always be on guard against yielding to the temptation to do our work in any other manner than the honest way. The speaker then stated that the negative spirit of work drags us down to a dismal failure, while the positive spirit creates a desire to succeed. The speaker then told the boys there was a feeling of happiness that comes to us when we do things requiring an effort that cannot be acquired in any other manner. Rev. Hughes concluded by emphasizing the fact that we should make our work a part of ourselves and do it with a smile.

Life is a book, write kind things in it,
  Doing your best each passing minute.
Filling your mind and heart with truth
  In the wonderful chapter known as "Youth."
Setting the story, brief or long,
  To the melody sweet of love and song.
Let duty done make the pages bright,
  And bind the story in gold and white.
In spite of a few mistakes 'twill be,
  A beautiful book for God to see.

—Margery Isabel.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 21, 1933 No. 40

GRACES

"Gentleness, courtesy, sympathy, takes nothing from rugged manhood. It adds dignity and balance, and denotes broad character. No one can think of a man as less strong because his heart was touched by the troubles and misfortunes of another. One sign of greatness, and an unmistakable sign, is consideration and concern for others—in times of joy, in times of sorrow."—Selected.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

PLAY IT SQUARE

When the other side is beating,
And things are going wrong;
No matter how you tussle,
You can't get going strong;
Don't start to crab your fellows,
And give them all the blame,
But grit your teeth and buckle down,
And, buddy—play the game.

Then when the show is over,
And the other side has won,
And all your dreams are busted,
And you feel your bunch is done;
You won't have to go 'round moaning,
'Cause you lost the game out there,
For it doesn't hurt you half as bad
If you know you played it square.

—*L. M. Wendt.*

THE BOYS AND THE FAIR

The Annual Cabarrus District Fair of 1933 is now an event of the past, but it goes without saying the Jackson Training School boys had the biggest time of their life. Oh! they had a glorious time at the fair this year. Everybody did so much for their plea-

sure. On this eventful day their cup of joy was full to the brim and as long as life lasts they will entertain sweet memories of the day and the many nice courtesies received.

Every youth has an ideal, and from the manner in which the boys discuss Mr. J. F. Cannon and Dr. T. N. Spencer who make it possible for them to go to the fair annually it is conclusive they have an exalted opinion of these two gentlemen.

If you wish to win a boy's affection just do something to contribute to his pleasure and comfort and you have made a friend of the boy to the end of time.

Previously our 500 boys have had to trudge their way through the highways and hedges to the fair grounds, but this year they rode just like all other folks. Transportation was furnished by Messrs Farrell White, of the Welfare Department, W. B. Ward, John Boger, F. C. Niblock, Zeb Cruse, Norman Alston and Henry Winecoff. This surely was a thoughtful act upon the part of these public-spirited gentlemen. The boys enjoyed the ride in the trucks the same as if they were in a handsome touring car. It does not take much to give joy to a youth, besides the joy is two-fold, the benefactor gets pleasure in rendering a service to the underprivileged.

Other courtesies were received such as free passes into all of the midway shows, free rides on the different contraptions of that kind, and afterwards the boys were placed so they could view the races and all other entertainments that added greatly towards making the day complete.

At noon hour they assembled for a picnic lunch prepared at the school, consisting of sandwiches of ham, peanut and apple butter, cheese along with other things, including baked sweet potatoes, buns and an abundance of sweet milk. They did full justice to the menu for they helped themselves till there was nothing left.

Those who contributed to the pleasure of the boys show they have faith in childhood. Without faith in childhood there is no hope of manhood or womanhood.

The boys doff their caps to the managers of the fair and the splendid gentlemen who provided free transportation to and from

the fair grounds. They are indeed grateful for the many fine courtesies.

James Whitcomb Riley in verse said:

I believe all children's good

If they're only understood,
Even bad ones, 'pears to me,
'S jest as good as they kin be!"

* * * * * * * * * *

GO ON UP

This story has passed down and is one that never loses its snap and lends interest. Besides it is a story that is repeated daily but never gets into print, because there are many boys of the same calibre as the one described here:

Thirty years ago, in a poor school house in a back district, a boy who sat at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the entire class.

"Go up head," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

The boy hung his head. But the next day he did not miss a word in spelling. The brighter scholars knew every word in the lesson, hoping there might be a chance to get ahead. But there was not a single one. Dave stayed at the head. He had been an indifferent speller before, but now he knew every word.

"Dave how do you get your lesson so well now?" asked the master one morning as Dave came in early.

"I learn every word in the lesson, get my mother to hear me at night; then I go over them in the morning before I come to school. And I go over them at my seat before the class is called up."

"Good boy, Dave," said the master. "That's the way to have success; always work that way, and you'll do."

Dave is today the manager of a big lumber company, and he attributes his start to the words:

"Go up head, and see that you stay. You can if you work hard."

Doubtless there was something in the voice of the teacher sug-

gestive of an interest in the welfare of Dave. Kind words inspire a youth to greater and better things. President Garfield said, "always speak kindly to a boy, because you never know just the calibre of the boy it matters not who he is, where he is from or the kind of clothes he wears. Other boys like Dave may some day be the manager of big business, and can reciprocate, when favors are needed.

Remember a boy may be down, but youth declares he is never out. He has fine come-back qaulities. It is well also to keep in mind the story of "bread cast upon waters' when dealing with young boys, or the young boy's sister, his companion piece.

* * * * * * * * * *

BACKBONE

The remark, "he has no back bone," just simply means "he has no moral courage." A person without moral courage usually passes the buck, to use common expression, or "lifts his skirt" and lets another bare the blame for misdemeanors or an offense that comes under his jurisdiction.

It matters not whether we call it backbone or moral courage it is the thing that holds men erect—mentally, physically, morally and spiritually.

It is the element of human nature that makes leadership, gives initiative and the dare to do regardless of public sentiment, lifting men to heights where previously they had never dared to aspire.

Backbone! Without it man is tossed with every storm until finally he meets his fate—absolute failure. All too few are they who go down fighting, and phoenix-like rise up and become a veritable tower of strength.

The fellow who can meet defeat, who can relinquish to another laurels that by rights are his own, who can struggle in the face of opposition, who can meet and accept misfortunes with a smile has that element of nature, moral courage, that makes leadership. And ever has it been thus—men follow where there is something to be followed.

"NEEDED AT HOME"

Most friends of the University of North Carolina will agree with the Raleigh News and Observer that President Frank Graham is "needed at home."

It is understandable that the Federal government should desire Dr. Graham's services in connection with the recovery program but it is certain that there are others who could do the work for which he is sought by the authorities at Washington. Not easily, however, could his place at Chapel Hill be filled if he were called away from his present post at this time.

Education in North Carolina is being called upon to make readjustments, the effects of which wil be felt for many years to come. It cannot afford to drift or mark time in the determination of the new policies which will be required. President Graham has his work cut out for him in this State and it is a man's sized job.

The Uplift is in accord with the Asheville Citizen. If we ever needed leadership at the head of our great universities now is the psychological time. There is no use "to rob Peter to pay Paul," using the expression to emphasize our view point.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"Age is a quality of mind;
If you have left your dream behind,
If hope is cold,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition is dead—
Then you are old.

"But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the jest,
If love you hold,
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old."

—o—

The great trouble with a great many people is, they are afraid that they will find a job.

—o—

Science tells us that a germ can live indefinitely on a dollar bill. I have no desire, whatever, to be a germ, or a German.

—o—

You can say this for the average woman—that when a difficult question arises in entertaining, she knows how to bridge it.

—o—

I am inclined to think that the word "Service" is being overworked these days. You meet it at every turn and in connection with every thing. People talk and preach service, and yet many of them never practice one iota of what they talk and preach. Being is better than making pretensions at doing. To think clearly, judge with discrimination, meet responsibility as well as stand on personal rights, to obey the law as well as demand justice, to link human endeavors with the infinite life—these are the attainments worth striving for, and they give dignity and power and permanence to service.

—o—

The State of North Carolina the past week has been sending its felicitations to Col. Fred Olds of Raleigh, on reaching his eightieth birthday on the 12th of this month. Col. Fred Olds is a State institution of sunshine and good cheer. Age has given a mature mellowness to his many acts of kindness to old and young, especially the young, and his sky is studded with stars of deeds done for future generations, in his compilation of historical facts concerning North Carolina. Age may whiten his hair, it is but a temporal crown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and better.

—o—

In this paragraph I am sending my congratulations down to Bertie county to my esteemed friend, Judge Francis D. Winston, who a few days ago passed his 76th milepost, in the full vigor of mind and congeniality, and is a living example that length of years abounds with consolations, and even with delights. He is growing old gracefully, with a heart attuned to the symphonies of God and nature. His doors are open to the setting sun. Many more happy returns of your natal day, Francis, old

boy!

—o—

I do not, and never have, harbored resentment in my heart. It is a new emotion to me. But I must confess, when I read of one person having an accumulated wealth of eighty and one hundred million dollars, it appears almost incredible. It doesn't seem fair to humanity. When these startling figures flash before my eyes, concerning people here and there in these Unted States, having that much of this world's goods, I felt around in all my pockets and all I could rake up was three cents. I felt like I would like to "lick sum'in," even if it was only a stick of red-striped candy. So I goes up to Uncle Sam's Durham postoffice and buys a 3-cent stamp. That satisfied my resentment, and put me squarely under the NRA code, because I had bought something I could lick, and had spent my last cent with and for Uncle Sam. I'm not bragging; but can anybody do any better than that to back up our wonderful President?

—o—

It is very disconcerting to hear speakers over the radio, and reading stuff written by agitators in various publications, in which they talk about the "starving millions in America." That sort of talk is punk. There are no millions starving in this glorious land of ours so far as I have seen or heard any evidence on the subject. I admit that a lot of people are mighty short of cash, and in hard circumstances, and floods, hurricanes and earthquakes have caused much want, but outside aid is administering to those in distress. It is a reflection upon the commonsense, the public spirit and the charity of this nation to talk such tommyrot as "starving millions in the midst of plenty," as I heard one fulminator over the radio put it the other night. The fact is, there is too strong a tendency on the part of some people to believe the worst. Too many people who take a keen delight in magnifying every tale of woe. Then there is always the fringe of the discontented who are only too happy to find some excuse for declaring that our government has broken down and our civilization has proved itself a failure. Some of that kind of talk is inspired by Communism, which is just another word for the scheme of turning public affairs over to the lazy and incompetent. Some of it is just a deliberate attmept to stir the emotions of the simple-minded who enjoy turning on the tears. Whatever its origin I, for one, resent it. Hard times or no hard times, the United States is better off today than any other nation in the world, and we are neither starving nor letting anyone else starve if we find out their needs. That's Uncle Sam's policy in this "New Deal."

—o—

Guess this is a good place to sign off. Buy! Buy!

The rewards are always at the end of the trail—go clear through with the task.—Selected.

HENRY GRADY PROTESTS RETURN OF LIQOUR

(Marshville Home)

My friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back, now that it is shut out. Don't trust it. It is powerful, aggressive, and universal in its attacks. Tonight it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and tomorrow it challenges this Republic in the halls of Congress.

Today it strikes the crust from the lips of a starving child, and tomorrow levies tribute from the government itself. There is no cottage anywhere humble enough to escape it—no palace strong enough to shut it out.

It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory. It is the moral enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshriven to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues of Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood before Jericho.

O my countrymen! Loving God and humanity, do not bring this grand old state again under the dominion of that power. It can profit no man by its return. It can uplift no industry, revive no interest, remedy no wrong. You know that it cannot. It comes to destroy, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine. It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels.

It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair, and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of children and to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation.

It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it measures the duration of its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it does its work.

Today I have added to my wealth a priceless treasure. To find it, I did not have to dive to the bottom of the sea, nor blast the granite mountain side, nor dredge a field, quarry a mine, nor play a sharper's trick. I looked straight into a man's clear eyes, spoke a true word, received a signal of understanding, and now, for life, I have a friend.—Selected.

(Charity and Children)

THEN AND NOW

Let us see what the editor of the Biblical Recorder has to say on The School Bus Situation:

"The state school administration is being beaten over the head most unmercifully by parents and others angered by the regulation that forbids school busses to carry children and teachers who live in less than two miles. When we first heard of the law we were highly pleased. We reasoned: here will be a saving of fully one-half on the cost of operating the busses, and the money saved can be used to supplement the salaries of the poorly paid teachers; furthermore, a walk of less than two miles will be the best for the child and will greatly minister to his physical vigor and development; do we not remember our own case? We used to walk three miles to school and were always on time; how delightful was our walk; it enabled us to make the acquaintance of every sapsucker and jay bird and yellow hammer and squirrel and bunny along the route, and to form a personal affection for every stretch of the path, for every little stream and every tree and bank of moss and bed of violets. And those kindly good women that came to the doors knew and greeted us as we passed; shall we ever forget their sweet faces and words and the messages they gave us for our mother? Those walks to and from school were about the best part of our education. And, except for that dreadful night when we found on getting home that we had the measles, we never got tired with the walk."

Wait a minute.

The editor and his brother must have had a route to school such as Riley and his brother always took when they went out to

OLD AUNT MARY'S

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth, when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear today!
Though I am as bald as you are gray—
Out by the barn-lot, and down the lane,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
We cross the pasture, and through the wood
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we meet, and the countrymen;

And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof!—And her face —ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

And O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits today
To welcome us:—Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come!" And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

But the editor was not even thinking about Saturday afternoon; he was thinking about going to school. I would not be surprised if his school was just like Charles McNeill's.

OLD SPRING HILL

I wonder who the children are
That troop to school these days.
Along the old McDuffie path
That winds through woody ways,
And leads into the path where by
The neighbors go to mill.
I wonder who the children are
At Old Spring Hill.

I wonder if they play the games
We played when I was there?
Round-town, low-razor, bul-pen, cat,
Base, leap-frog, hounds and hare.
Perhaps the spring is choked with leaves,
Perhaps the church is gone,
With all its shattered window panes,
That told of wild balls thrown.

Who'ere the children are I know
The same old noise is there
The droning whisper afternoons,
When chalk dust filled the air.
The same old fraction multiplied,
The same old cities named,
Mensa, Mensae is still declined,
And Spartacus declaimed.

But oh the vines of muscadines
That cluster in those woods
Those ripe persimmons hanging high
Loose in their browning hoods,
Those tough dwarf apples full of seed are ready now to eat,
And thorns and prickly-pear though dead
Are quite alert for feet.

If I should go there now those brats
Would stare into my face,
And whisper who the stranger was
That sauntered round the place.
But though the tow-heads know me not
I could have all my will
Of those dear memoried childhood haunts
At Old Spring Hill.

The season of the year must have got into the very blood of the editor as it was in that of McNeill when he wrote

OCTOBER

The thought of old, dear things is in thine eyes,
O, month of memories!
Musing on days thine heart hath sorrow of,
Old joy, dead hope, dear love,

I see thee stand where all thy sisters

meet
To cast down at thy feet
The garnered largess of the fruitful year,
And on thy cheek a tear.

Thy glory flames in every blade and leaf
To blind the eyes of grief;
Thy vineyards and thine orchards bend with fruit
That sorrow may be mute;

A hectic splendor lights thy days to sleep,
Are the gray dusk may creep
Sober and sad along thy dusty ways,
Like a lone nun who prays;

High and faint-heard thy passing migrant calls;
Thy lazy lizard sprawls
On his gray stone, and many slow winds creep
About thy hedge, asleep;

The sun swings farther toward his love, the south,
To kiss her glowing mouth;
And Death, who steals among thy purpling bowers,
Is deeply hit in flowers.

Would that thy stearms were Lethe, and might flow
Where lotus blossoms blow,
And all the sweets wherewith thy riches bless
Might hold no bitterness!

Would, in thy beauty, we might all forget
Dead days and old regret,
And through thy realm might fare us forth to roam, ,
Having no thought for home!

And yet I feel, beneath thy queen's attire,
Woven of blood and fire,
Beneath the golden glory of thy charm
Thy mother heart beats warm,

And if mayhap, a wandering child of thee,
Weary of land and sea,
Should turn him homeward from his dreamer's quest
To sob upon thy breast,

Thy arm would fold him tenderly to prove
How thine eyes brimmed with love,
And thy dear hand, with all a mother's care,
Would rest upon his hair.

But let us finish reading this editorial and get to work. We have been sitting here an hour thinking of the "Then" when we should be busy with the "Now".

"Accordingly, we reasoned that the new bus regulation was a very good thing. But the arguments against it have all but convinced us that we are perversely wrong. We hear about half-filled busses passing troupes of tired children, and the drivers compelled by the heartless school administration to refuse to take them up. And we hear further that the present regulation exposes the walking children to all the dangers of the highways with their reckless and murderous drivers, and we are made to reflect that things have changed since our happy school days; we had no highway, only the path we made for ourselves through the big woods, with nothing on it to molest or make us afraid except possibly a ghost, the thought of which

made us quicken our steps to get home before dark. For we were little fellows, only ten or eleven years old, the pair of us who used to trudge along that three-mile path to school."

AUTUMN

Behold, the harvest is at hand;
  And thick on the encircling hills
The sheaves like an encampment stand
  Making a martial fairy-land
That half the landscape fills
  The plains in colors brightly blent
Are burnished by the standing grain
  That runs across a continent
In sheets of gold or silver stain,
  Or red as copper from the mine
The oats, the barley and the buckwheat shine.

Autumn has pitched his royal tent,
  And set his banner in the field;
Here blazes every ornament
  That beamed in heraldic shield.
He spreads his carpet from the store
  Of stuffs the richest burghers wore
When velvet-robed, and studded o'er
  With gems they faced their Emperor.

Beneath that annual rain of gold,
  Kingdoms arise, expand decay;
Philosophers their minds unfold
  And poets sing, and pass away.
Forever turns the winnowing fan:
  It runs with an eternal force,
As run the planets in their course
  Behind the life of man.
Little we heed that silent power,
  Save as the gusty chaff is whirled,
When Autumn triumps for an hour,
  And spills his riches on the world.

—Selected

A NEW PROBLEM

(Mooresville Enterprise)

With fully a million people returning to the farms within the past year and a still greater number likely to move to them in the next twelve months a new problem of confronts rural people—the problem of assimilating all these newcomers. Most of those who are planning to take up agriculture and become a part of rural life bring little knowledge and less capital, and it is reasonable to assume that not all will be successful tillers of the soil. Transferring their residence from the city to the country town lays upon the latter heavy burdens, which include the maintenance of extra school facilities for the children of such new families, while a later problem of welfare maintenance is in many instances to be expected. This is a new phase of rural life which must be met by township, school and church. The subject of this influx from the city is already being very widely discussed. Perhaps out of the discussion may come plans which will aid in meeting the new problem.

While grains take the lion's share of the daily market news, the humble potato, which is all but ignored, is of more importance to most consumers than the cereals. Consequently, it is disappointing to note from estimates of the Department of Agriculture that this year's crop will only be about fifty-nine per cent of the normal. Heat and drouth are to blame.

The department estimates, on the basis of September 1, that the 1933 crop will total approximately 294,000,000 bushel. Last year's crop was 358,000,000, and also was short. There is every indication that potato prices will be higher without any artificial assistance from federal agencies. While this will add to the problems of the consumer, it will be a factor in farm relief of the first order. It is stated by the department that nearly one-third of American farmers grow potatoes. In 1929 the crop came from 2,982,677 farms out of a total of 6,288,646 farms of all descriptions in the country.

Everyone hopes that nature will mature a larger crop of potatoes this year than estimates concede. With wheat production, they are the most important article of American table fare. A substantial price increase springing from a severe shortage would be a blow to relief agencies and to many who now barely manage to struggle along without having to ask for relief. A short potato crop is the hardest blow that can be dealt the dinner table.

Be slow to condemn. You cannot see into the inner life of others, and anyhow you yourself are frail.—Selected.

LUTHERANS IN NORTH CAROLINA

By Sorosis Book Club Member. Written in 1919.

More than one hundred years before the Revolutionary war, preserved records reveal the interesting fact that in 1670, John Lederer, with a commission from Governor Berkeley, Governor of the colony of Virginia, was the first Lutheran to set foot on what is now North Carolina soil.

At that period in American life, North and South Carolina were one province; and as such this province had passed, in 1663, by grant of Charles II into the hands of several noblemen in England, aristocratically and undemocratically styled "The Lord-Proprietors."

At the time, 1670, when Lederer made his first exploring tour through North Carolina, the entire territory was destitute of any white settlers, except in the extreme Eastern section. And here were only two small settlements—one on Albemarle Sound, the other on the Clarendon (now Cape Fear) River. The entire western and central parts constituted as yet the undisturbed home of the red man of the forest.

Lederer was a man of much learning. His diary and journal of travels and his notes and observations were written in the Latin language, and his maps and descriptions indicated a splendid knowledge of geographical calculation. The translator of these Latin records, Sir William Talbot, Governor of Maryland, speaks most highly of Lederer's literary attainments. We must bear in mind that the early emigrants to this country were practically all steerage passengers, and that every white person, whether English, German, French, Scotch, Spanish or Irish, came to America from their native countries in Europe as refugees from persecution, or intollerable conditions, or victims of an irresistable love of adventure and daring. This daring and curiosity sustained them through terrible hardships and constant dangers. They had their rivalries and their jealousies in those days, as well as men and women have such things in this advanced period of civilization. The causes of jealousies were just as many two hundred years ago as they are to-day. Lederer, bearing a commission from a distinguished personage, the Governor of the colony of Virginia, became the victim of jealousy. In his party were others who thought themselves capable to lead. They soon differed. The task seemed too big and too hazardous, and Lederer's party deserted him and returned to Virginia and to what they regarded safety. Lederer and his lone friendly Indian, as guide, pressed on. When he returned to Virginia, as it was freely predicted that he would not and could not, he found that his deserting party had, to cover their own cowardice, lodged many false reports about Lederer with the powers that be; and Lederer received a cold reception; but in due time, just like truth has a way of doing, he came into his own, and the deserting Englishmen went down in disgrace.

In the course of time Lederer's report of his tour and his map reach-

ed abroad. There began to follow settlements from European countries and from colonies in America. It is well established that ten years later, in 1680, the tide of European emigration began to flow. Following soon upon the heels of this emigration, the agencies of the Church of England began to lay plans to have fixed upon the Carolina settlements the authority, full and complete, of their mother church. This move met protests, vigorous and determined. many of these new settlers came because of persecution or religious intolerance in their old homes. Appointed delegates and others took the matter, after many trials and much difficulty, to the governmental authorities in England; and, after a prolonged period, relief was secured, but not until governmental recognition and support b[illegible] tion, had become fixed in that part of Carolina, now known as South Carolina.

After a long period of persecution, by which the French and Spanish authorities reduced to a point of starvation and hopelessness the beautiful country of Palatine, the Queen of England invited thousands of Palatines to her friendly shores. They came. Of these Baron Christopher de Graffenreid, a Swiss nobleman, induced fifteen hundred to migrate with him to America. Of these six hundred and fifty, filling two boats, in the month of December, 1710, landed at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent rivers in North Carolina, where they built a town, which they named New Berne, after the capital of Switzerland, of which de Graffenreid was a native. These Palatines were Lutherans.

In 1711, by the unholy ambition and the instigation of two treacherous white men, who sought to dethrone Governor Hyde, the Indians were lead to massacre these new settlers. They had been on friendly terms, and the attack of the Indians was unsuspected. Like all Indian massacres, but few escaped. This, I am told, is the genesis of the strong and influential St. Paul's Lutheran church of Wlimington. Descendants of this earnest, religious band of protestant Palatines play a part today in the social, religious and civic life of New Berne and vicinity. In this massacre, the inhabitants of Bath, the oldest town in North Carolina, were not even spared—they, too, perished at the hands of the same infuriated Indians.

About 1745 a strong emigration movement from Pennsylvania began. These were descendants of Palatines, who had settled in Pennsylvania, and whose descendants had been driven to America, by way of England, by the cruel, religious persecution of Louis XIV, king of France. These new settlers in North Carolina were all industrious, economical and thrifty farmers, not afraid nor ashamed of hard labor, and were soon blessed with an abundance of everything. They were all agriculturists, avoiding settling themselves in towns, and they were not given to trading and commercial life. This accounts for the large number of strong country churches and congregations among the Lutherans of North Carolina today; and it accounts in a large measure for the fewness of Lutheran congregations in the cities and towns of the state.

The prosperity, success and the

happiness of these Lutheran emigrants in their new home soon was heralded back to their former neighbors in Pennsylvania, where lands were more costly and the winters much more severe, and there followed other emigrants. Several years afterwards the Scotch-Irish, who were neighbors of these Pennsylvania Lutheran emigrants, began their Southern march into North Carolina. These settled up and down the Catawba river, while the Lutherans settled farther east along the Yadkin river.

In 1768 a Lutheran congregation was organized in Salisbury, and they erected the first church in that town. John Lewis Beard deeded the congregation the lot, and in the deed it was stipulated that the church should be tendered for use to "the High Church of England, and to the Reformed Calvin ministers at such times as the said Lutheran minister doth not want to perform divine service in said church."

The Lutherans at Salisbury were particularly energetic participators in the Revolutionary struggles, arraying themselves on the side of liberty and independence. The first pastor was Rev. Adolph Nussman.

Zion Church in South Rowan, familiarly known as Organ Church, is a pre-Revolutionary organization. In this church was placed the first pipe organ in the state of North Carolina, and from this fact this remarkable church with its sturdy membership came to be known as Organ Church. This organ was built by the young and talented Rev. Jacob Stirewalt, many of whose descendants are honored citizens today of Concord and Charlotte.

The historic St. John's Lutheran Church of our own county, an organization which began its activities about the time a few settlers arrived in Eastern Cabarrus has all within itself a thrilling history. The present building, now near a hundred years old, is the fourth building this congregation has had. The first one was log, of course, and was located near the Dutch Buffalo Creek, three miles distant from the present site. In its early history St. John's was known as the Dutch Buffalo Meeting House. Out of this wonderfully useful old church four other congregations have sprung, and from its membership has gone out twenty-five ministers.

In this same church, something like one hundred years ago, when a convention was in session, a split arose. From that day to this there has been in the state among the Lutherans two synods. Negotiations are on, we are told, looking to a union of the two bodies.

In the activities of the Lutheran Church, in all its history, it has emphasized the importance of education. Out of the great Reformation this Protestant Church grew; and out of the Reformation grew the public school idea; and it follows that the church of the Reformation is an educating church. It has always insisted on an educated ministry and always urged the education of the young—the head along with the heart. It is claimed that it is a great rarity to find a Lutheran that can not read and write.

The membership of the Lutheran Church in the world is more than that of all other protestant churches combined; twenty years ago she held

the fourth place among the Protestant churches of America; but today she is third, and her percentage of increase is growing every decade. In North Carolina, however, the communicant membership is less than forty thousand. The Lutheran constituency in the state has been for long years largely agricultural, and, therefore, rural. The country churches have been cared for; the towns have been in a measure neglected. But in recent years the authorities of the church have awakened to the fact that there is a strong tide townward, and that hundreds and hundreds of young, catechetically trained in the basic truths of the Christian religion, can not and will not remain unchurched. Finding no church home in the towns and cities where these young drift in their aspirations to advance their material interest, they became absorbed in other denominations. It has been conservatively estimated that there are now in other protestant denominations in the state as many former Lutherans as the parochial roll of the Lutheran church in the state now shows.

This has been entirely due to the neglect of the towns and cities. The Lutheran church of North Carolina is no longer a rural church in the state. The authorities have inaugurated an active and progressive home mission programme, and, as a result, in recent years self-sustaining congregations, with modern and churchly buildings, have been organized in Albemarle, Mooresville, Landis, Statesville, China Grove, Kannapolis, High Point, Burlington, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Lexington, Raleigh, Asheville and at other points.

The Church of the Reformation, liturgical, insisting on catchization, demanding an educated ministry and urging an educated membership, sustaining schools, promoting orphanages, untiring in foreign missions and maintaining inner missions, and preaching civic righteousness, must play a part in the Christian life of our state.

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

To be glad of life because it gives you a chance to love and to work and play, and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possession, but not content with yourself until you have made the best of them—to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and soul and spirit in God's out-of-doors. These are little guide posts on the foot path to peace.

—Henry Van Dyke.

GREEN PASTURES

(Charity and Children)

After three years of successful showing in New York, Chicago and other large cities the dramatic opera, Green Pastures, is touring the south, taking in a number of the larger towns of North Carolina. The play, with an all negro cast, begins in a little southern country negro church with an earnest teacher explaining the Bible to a class of children. From the first scene to the last, one can bathe his soul in the clear unmuddied waters of Bible truths as felt by those whose minds have not been clouded with a little learning. After the Sunday school class which is a prologue the first scene is a fish fry in heaven. Why not? Certainly we have the right to think of heaven as being a place of the greatest joy and what could be more joyous to a group of simple minded negroes than a glorified fish fry? All of the actors are negroes and they represent the Lord, angels and heroes of the Bible. One feels nothing but a thrill of awe when Gabriel comes into the group of angels at their fish fry and cries "Gangway for the Lawd Jehovah" and the Lawd Jehovah appears. Richard B. Harrison, formerly a professor in A. and T. College, Greensboro, acts the part of the Lord. The story of creation, the flood, the exodus, the fall of Jericho and finally the suffering God. The whole is intensely religious and the spiritual songs that are used throughout are too beautiful for words. How different is the idea of God and his dealing with man in Green Pastures from the conception that many moderns have. Take for illustration Emily Dickinson's opinion of God's dealing with Moses and that portrayed in Green Pastures. Emily Dickinson says "it always felt to me a wrong to that old Moses done to let him see the Canaan without the entering." She thought that God dealt with Moses "as boy should deal with lesser boy to show supremacy," and ends with "Old man Nebo! Late as this one justice bleeds for thee!" If Emily Dickinson could have seen the Lord in Green Pastures, as he put his arm around the shoulders of Moses and said "I got sumpin for you dat I been making a long time dat is a heap bettern Canaan" and have heard Moses reply, "Yes, Lawd," she might have had more quiet of soul as many have after seeing Green Pastures.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

A man who lives right and is right has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which when touched accidentally, even resound with sweet music.—Selected.

THE MORNING-AFTER COLUMN

By Lawrence Edward Snyder

"Admiral Byrd lectures at Greenville tonight on 'The Conquest of Antarctica by Air.' A real hero, Byrd! An exciting tale! Start for Greenville at a quarter to seven and bring in a good story about it, Neal."

Neal Goddard, tall and lean, smiled a little with his brown eyes at the "just folks" man who sat at the desk marked "City Editor." Goddard, the youngest reporter for the Bloomington Bugle, was friendly, human, and kind-hearted. The staff of the Bugle liked him, and that included Bill Connell, the city editor.

"Hear Byrd!" Neal cried joyfully. Oh, boy, what a break this is for me!"

"A break!" Connell grinned. "You get the breaks because you turn in lively feature articles."

"Thanks, Mr. Connell." Resolution showed on Neal's face. "I'll bring in a good feature tonight it it's the last thing I do."

The city editor leaned forward a little, spoke evenly. "Something very special tonight, Neal. Expect the big boss tonight. If he likes your story—well, who knows, you may get a chance at 'The Morning-After Column.' And that column would mean good publicity, a larger check on payday."

Neal's brown eyes glowed with a light of joy and hope. His lean shoulders straightened. The Morning-After Column! Why, the little woman at home, his sweet mother, wouldn"t have to sew all day, and often by lamplight, for the neighbors, if he had that column to write. Why, there'd be new books, new shoes, new dresses, a turkey on Thanksgiving Day, on Christmas Day. The Morning-After Column! Why, it would mean a radio, a radio with new joy for countless evenings, a radio to hear the sweetness of age-old carols, the chiming of great bells.

"Something very special tonight." Neal repeated the words in a prayer-like tone. "Mr. Connell, my story on Byrd's lecture will be a masterpiece. It must be my best. It must be! Because I want that column."

"Sure," the editor agreed, a note of encouragement in his voice: "I want you to get the column."

That same afternoon, a little after six-thirty, Neal Goddard sped along the River Road in Maggie, his battered old roadster. It was thirty-five miles from Bloomington to Greenville, and Neal gave Maggie plenty of gas. There was no time to loaf, as Byrd's lecture was scheduled for eight-fifteen.

Neal was enjoying himself hugely. It was fun to speed along the white streak of highway in the quiet of the evening. His brown eyes fairly gleamed with enthusiasm and pleasure. This trip to see and hear Rear Admiral Byrd, who had dared the dangers of the south polar regions, discovered a new world, and brought home pictures of place on earth where man had never been before—well, the thrill of the trip he was making to Greenville reminded him of a once-upon-a-time story. A real treat was in store for him, a treat

that might result in a regular column on the Bugle. And his sweet, little mother; the treat might make the evening of life a lot easier for her.

Neal drove on toward Greenville in a daze of happiness, thinking how lucky he was and how grand life was. He saw days and months of happiness stretching out like the road ahead—miles and miles and miles.

He was making good time. With luck he ought to be in sight of Greenville in another fifty minutes. He pressed his foot a little harder on the accelerator.

Then he heard a crashing, sickening sound, a noise that made his heart race madly. Glacing up quickly, a short distance ahead, he saw what had happened. A big car had crashed into one end of a narrow concrete bridge and turned over.

What was he to do? Should he stop and lend a helping hand? He had no time to lose. If he did, he might miss Byrd's lecture. He knew what that meant. No story for the Bugle. Maybe no chance for the Morning-After Column. Surely somebody in another machine would soon be along. He might aid the driver who had turned over. The thoughts raced in almost lightning succession through Neal's brain.

There was a brief pause, a check of the car's speed, and then another moment of making up his mind. Resolution showed once more in his brown eyes and face. What if he had been in the wrecked car? No, there was nothing to do but play the part of the good Samaritan.

Turning off his ignition, he jumped out of Maggie and ran to the overturned and badly-damaged machine. Staring with wide eyes into the front seat he saw no one. Turning and stopping, he also discovered that the back seat was empty. What did it mean?

Neal's heart pounded fiercely; his knees trembled. And then, about five or six feet from the rear end of the car, he found the driver, a little old man with gray hair.

Neal sang upon his knees beside the man, and with shaky hands felt for his pulse. He was alive, but there was a large bruise on his forehead. Evidently the blow on the head had rendered him unconscious.

He would, he decided, attempt to lift the injured driver into Maggie, and then rush madly to the Bloomington Hospital. "I must get him to a doctor quickly or it may be too late," he thought desperately.

Uniting all the strength of his twenty years, he swung the small man into his arms. Then he staggered slowly towards the roadster with his human load. His head was buzzing wildly, and his legs and arms seemed loath to obey the orders transmitted by his excited, whirling brain.

But Neal had courage. So he staggered onward, and at last, exerting every atom of his strength, dropped the unconscious stranger into the seat of the roadster.

A second later the grind of the starter and the purr of the engine announced the beginning of the mad race to Bloomington.

Neal decided that there must be no waste effort now. Byrd's lecture! The Morning-After Column! He must forget everything but the trip back to Bloomington.

Maggie responded splendidly to Neal's control. She rushed out across the cement trail like a fire engine, out and out in a gathering whirl of speed. To be a good Samaritan in an emergency like this was the only way open for machines and men.

Just at seven-thirty, by Neal's wrist watch, they rushed up the driveway of the hospital. Several orderlies appeared almost at once, and a few seconds later the little man, still unconscious, was carried into the receiving ward.

Neal smiled a little when an interne gave him some hope for a quick recovery. His trip had not been in vain after all. Later he would call in from the Bugle office for a report.

Once more were heard the grind of the starter and the purr of the engine. The second race had begun. By Neal's wrist watch it was seven-fifty. Only twenty-five minutes before the beginning of Byrd's lecture.

Darkness had settled down, but it did not prevent Goddard from pressing harder and harder on the accelerator. At last the speedometer showed an even fifty miles an hour, and Neal, little lines creasing the smoothness of his forehead, his face set straight ahead, did his best to hold the car at that speed.

One, two, four, six, ten miles dropped behind the battered roadster in almost as many minutes. "Somehow, someway," Neal said to himself in a grim tone, "I must be on hand for Byrd's lecture."

Fifty miles! Fifty miles! The speedometer kept the small pointer on that number. But tonight Neal wished that he could move twice that fast.

Fifty miles! Fifty miles!

And then it happened!

At the edge of a little town the sound of a police whistle and the steady roar of a side-car motorcycle engine told the now-desperate reporter their own sad story. A spotlight sent a long ray of razor-edged light into the darkness and struck full upon Neal, who had brought Maggie to a shuddering halt. Behind the searching light appeared the officer, a short, stocky man, a gun in his right hand.

"You sure stepped on it, buddy," roared the uniformed figure, as Neal faced him. "Going to a fire or something?"

A painful wave of color came up into Goddard's face.

"It sounds a bit fishy, sir" he said anxiously with a gesture of despair, "but I'm rushing to hear a lecture."

"Lecture!" The officer laughed, but it wasn't a friendly laugh. "Well," he drawled slowly, "that"s too bad. Just too bad."

"I didn't mean to break any traffic rules," Neal went on anxiously. "Just trying to get to Greenville on time. That's all."

The man in the uniform whistled softly. "Sure, sure," he agreed, and tapped on the door of the roadster with the butt of his gun.

Neal frowned. "Just the same," he said in a strained voice, "it's the truth. I'm reporting Byrd's lecture for the Bugle. Here's my badge."

The officer reached for the badge, read it, and then handed it back. When he spoke his manner and voice had comlpetely changed.

"That's different. You can step along now. Good luck."

Neal loked at him with a mingling of thankfulness and admiration.

"You're a prince, officer," he said gratefully, turning on the ignition. "Good luck to you, too, and a heap of thanks."

"Forget it." He shrugged and his broad face beamed in a smile. "I'll read all about Byrd's lecture in the Bloomington Bugle."

A few seconds later, when the car was once more tearing toward Greenville, Neal Goddard dropped his arm to the dashlight and looked at his wrist watch. His brown eyes widened; his heart jerked. It was eight-fifteen. Time for the lecture to begin, and Greenville twelve miles away.

He thought frequently as his pulses raced to the hum of the motor about his little mother and the Morning-After Column. She was sitting in the liviing-room, he knew, this very night, sewing, sewing, sewing. Year after year had slipped by and always there had been sewing, sewing, sewing. But a regular column on the Bugle would change all that; give his sweet little mother an-evening-of-life vacation.

Sewing, sewing, sewing! As Maggie sped on and on he seemed to hear the sickening repetition of the word in the purr of the motor. Sewing, sewing, sewing! Was he always going to be just too late, always on the edge of things?

Now he was out of Pikeville, across the narrow Mad River bridge. Only five more miles to Greenville. Better send the speedometer up to fifty again.

But not yet.

At that moment there came a bump, bump, bump, that he knew too well. The right front tire was flat. Flat as a pancake at eight-forty.

"Such luck!" The words dragged out as Neal shook his head. He had done his best to get to the lecture on time, but just at that moment it seemed as though his best wasn't good enough. He frowned to force back the wave of discouragement that was surging over him.

And then suddenly Neal remembered: A good reporter never says "die"—never. So there was only one way open, change the tire and rush off again toward Greenville.

Hastily he tumbled out, grabbed his flashlight and tire tools, and tackled the task with machine-gun speed. In fact, his own swiftness surprised him. The spare was on the wheel in almost no time.

Climbing back into the driver's seat, he turned the key, and stepped on the starter. A moment later, with the engine roaring, the car swept out and away, its headlights glaring out white upon the River Road.

Neal drew his shoulders together with a little shiver. Never in his brief newspaper career had an assignment given him such a thrill. But, and the thought made him shake his head sadly, he might miss getting the story altogether. He knew that Maggie was doing her best, but the minutes seemed to him like hours. The last miles, he thought, wanted to stretch on and on.

But finally a few lights began to appear. A moment later there were more of them, and at last—Greenville! By his watch it was ten minutes after nine.

Briefly Neal explained his situation to a filling station attendant

who directed him to the Greenville high school, the place that had been chosen for Byrd's lecture. He glanced againt at his wrist watch, nevously, but forced a smile as he thanked the kindly old man who had so gladly given him directions to the building.

For about five more minutes the ever-faithful Maggie swept out and away, her engine purring. She seemed so real, so alive, that Neal was proud of her.

There was no parking space left in front of the building, and so a few more minutes were lost while the car was being parked on a side street not far from the high school.

At last, however, Neal dropped into a seat in the rear of the auditorium. And he was there just five minutes before the close of a lecture that had really been scheduled for eight o'clock instead of eight-fifteen.

Neal nodded his head slowly and thought about his story. In a flash he had a picture of the rattle and buzz of the big newsroom of the Bloomington Bugle—but without his story.

Byrd's closing words, however, blotted out Neal's gloomy picture, made his eyes open wide with an idea.

"Antarctica," said the speaker. "What a challenge to the explorer!"

Neal thought about the words hungrily; they made him thing of men struggling against vicious snows and winds, of dangerous pressure ice, of saying good-bye to a sun that disappeared on April 18 and did not return until August 20.

The challenge of Antarctica!

Neal lived with the idea in the ten-minute interview that Byrd had granted him before he returned to Bloomington; he lived with the idea as he had clicked off the story at his typewriter desk and kept scratching his ear with a green eye shade. Once more his star of hope had appeared in his anxious-to-make-good sky.

But his star fell a little later when Mr. Connell, the city editor of the Bugle, looked at his story quizzically. Neal didn't like the strange look in the editor's eyes. But he felt even worse when Mr. Connell said, "That's all for tonight, Neal; I don't know what the big boss will say about this."

Mrs. Goddard, a motherly looking woman, was still up, sewing, when Neal came in.

"You shouldn't work so late,' he said in a worried tone. It's too hard on your eyes."

She smiled sweetly.

"Oh, don't worry about me, darling," she urged. "This dress is a hurry-up job for Sylvia's wedding."

Neal patted her lovingly on the shoulder.

"That's what I don't like, mother," he explained. "You're always on a hurry-up job. Your whole life has been like that, a hurry-up job!"

"Now, now," she said gently. "I've never been unhappy." She smiled up at him. "It's time to go to bed. Everything will look brighter tomorrow at sunrise."

A rebellious look wanted to creep into his face, but he forced it back. No need to worry his mother about his bad case of the blues.

"I hope so," he said slowly, returning her smile. "Your belief in a sunny tomorrow helps a lot."

But anxiety shadowed Neal's eyes, and it was still there when he went, finally, to bed to fight for sleep.

The next day dawned sunny and fair. It was as though nature was on the side of mother Goddard to help make the day an outstanding one.

As for Neal, he felt that somehow the day was not golden as the gleams of the bright sun. It just couldn't be golden without that Morning-After Column on the Bugle.

But in spite of his because-the-city-editor-didn't-like-it blues, he wasn't wasting the morning. Not Neal Goddard. At ten o'clock, in a large chair in the living-room, his face was buried in Harrington's Chats on Feature Writing. After all, the only way to get there, he decided, is to go right on—working.

As he dropped his book for a moment to reflect about a few suggestions in chapter three, the door-bell rang. Hurriedly, he arose to answer it, and met at the door two men, the city editor, Mr. Connell, and a stranger with a bandage on his head.

"Neal," said Mr. Connell, an odd expression in his eyes, "this is Mr. Kane. He has a little information for you."

Wondering, Neal acknowledge the introduction, and usheresd them into the living-room.

When they were all comfortably seated, there was a tiny silence. Mr. Connell looked at Mr. Kane. the strange expression still in his eyes.

Neal stared at them wide-eyed.

"I just found out about thirty minutes ago," said Mr. Kane kindly, "that you are the young man who took me to the hospital last evening after my accident, and I'm very grateful."

Neal nodded and then explained, "I only did what any person would have done."

Mr. Kane shook his head. "Not any person—that is, if he had Byrd's lecture to report."

Neal looked at the man he had taken to the hospital and then at Mr. Connell.

"Well," he answered slowly, "I guess it's better to lose out on the reporting of a lecture than to pass by on the other side when a stranger needs help."

The older men nodded their heads, and Mr. Kane spoke again, a steady shining light in his grey eyes.

"And your story, 'The Challenge of Antarctica'—well, I like it, a fine piece of work." He smiled at the city editor. "Mr. Connell like it, too, after he read it carefully."

Connell nodded.

"Yes, Neal, and you get the Morning-After Column." He looked at man with the bandaged head. "You set, Mr. Kane is really the big boss, the owner of the Bloomington Bugle."

Neal looked startled, bewildered, ready to overflow with happiness. It seemed to him, suddenly, that the day was golden.

Silently the three men waited for a second. Then Neal said excitedly, "Please excuse me for a moment. I — want to tell mother."

And, a smile on his face, but tears of joy in his eyes, he went out into the sunlight.

More people die for the lack of kind words, a pat on the back and a little encouragement than from disease.—Selected.

GROWTH OF AN IDEA

(Asheville Citizen)

Had George Williams, the young assistant in a dry goods establishment in London, let the idea which came to him drop, as most young men let their ideas drop, the Young Men's Christian Association, which today is paying honor to his memory, would never have spread, as it has spread, to every land.

A youth in his early twenties, Williams was alive to the conditions which surrounded young men in the great British capital. He associated himself with other young men in the establishment in which he was engaged, and of which later he became the head in what proved to be the launching of the Y. M. C. A. movement. He lived to see that movement spread around the world. In his old age he was knighted by the King. He had been knighted long before that by tens of thousands of young men who had shared the benefits of the movement which he started.

Many people believe that present condition sare unprecedented. On a would scale that is true but it is not true as regards individual countries. The period in which George Williams founded the first Y. M. C. A. was in England just such a period as that which we are now experiencing. It was the period of the Chartist rebellion. It was the period in which Carlye wrote his "Past and Present" and his Chartist pamphlets. Out of a population of about 15,000,000, the records showed the unemployment to be 1,250,000. Proportionately, we doubt if the unemployment in England has been as great as that at any time in the present depression. It is not as great as that in the United States now, although we have never in the past known unemployment on the scale of the present depression.

England was in the throes of the first industrial revolution when the Y. M. C. A. movement was launched. There was need of such a movement then. There is need of the Y. M. C. A.'s now. They are organized for their work today as they were not then organized. Their need is for the support which the merit of their work invites.

Signor Marconi, who invented wirelss, has come over and is going to Chicago to learn something about "radio" in America. The signor can gather an earful withing going nearly that far. If he will stop in any residence district along about the time the inhabitants are trying to go to sleep he will get a fairly comprehensive idea.—Selected.

SCOLDERS

(Selected)

People don't differ much in the matter of scolding. Few deserve punishment under the penal code for common scolding, but petulant scolding is one of the most universal of human traits. Whether we know it or admit it, we are all chronic critics of our fellows. Perhaps there is some truth in the expression. "we love each other for our faults."

Cartoons and comic strips are given to gross exaggeration, especially as regards the marital state, but where is there a happily wedded pair which is not scolded into married bliss? Of course they are intended as helpful suggestions and household hints, but those remarks about bills. cigar ashes, late dinners and delayed dinners, and other conjugal annoyances are but examples of everyday and unnoticed family scoldings. Our neighbors alone are aware of their presence.

The statistician affords us rare opportunities for giving vent to our natural propensity for complaining. How the men scold the women for their extravagances when the revenue bureau announces what was spent for cosmetics and silken hose in the preceding year, and what a babel is set up by the wives and mothers when the tobacco statistics are printed. A great score of scolding is the automobile. Non-owners charge the motorists with forcing the world into bankruptcy and automobile owners scold the pedestrian for something just are unreasonable.

If everyone would stop and think about the justification of criticism and scolding, much of it would never be done. Even if there is justification, it very seldom does any good and only leads to hurting the feelings of other people and to causing trouble in general.

Think first and criticize little!

THE WORTH OF A SMILE

"Nobody ever added up
  The value of a smile,
We know how much a dollar's worth
  And how much is a mile,
We know the distance to the sun,
  The size and weight of earth,
But no one here can tell us just
  How much a smile is worth."

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Every place you turn on the school grounds the boys under the supervision of some officer are fixing and filling washouts caused by the rain.

—o—

Mr. Scarboro with his force of plumbing boys is doing all repair work to pipes, stoves and other eqipument preparatory to the cold weather.

—o—

The highway contractors are now on our side track preparatory to handling road material to be used in paving the new highway between Jackson Training School and Concord.

—o—

The carpenter boys under Mr. Carriker are overhauling all of the buildings, putting in all broken window lights and other repair work prior to the winter season.

—o—

Very soon the boys will begin to enjoy home-grown and home-made sausage for the season of the year for "hog-killing" has come. You may rest assured everything but the "squeal" of the pig will be consumed.

—o—

This is the season of the year for sweet potatoes and 'possums. Well, the school has an abundance of potatoes of superior quality this Fall. The potatoes are being cured and stored for winter use. There are plenty of potatoes but the scarcity of 'possums is noticeable.

—o—

Robert Sisk, an old boy, after an absence of eight years returned to make a visit, renewing old friendships and making new contacts in the Jackson Training School. The old boys thoroughly enjoy the return trips to the school, and they are always given a royal welcome.

—o—

From any view point on the campus of the Jackson Training School there is to be seen a pageant of colors that come with this season of the year—Autumn, the days of garnering and harvesting—the time for meditation, the time for an inventory of the year's achievements.

—o—

The school department of this institution has added two new teachers to its personel. Mr. Wood, and Mr. Boysworth, bother of them from Montgomery county. These young men are fully qualified for the school room and will make valuable acquisitions to the institution.

—o—

The boys and officers have been enjoying most delightful, juicy and tender beef for the past few months. The cattle butchered are those culled from the magnificent Holstein herd that is the pride of this institution. The opinion of everyone who has enjoyed the steak and other cuts is that the home-grown beef is comparable to the beef in any market.

—o—

The boys, at least some of them, will soon come out in new khaki uniforms. A fiine friend of the school donated five hundred yards of Osprey Sanforized khaki towards the boys new uniforms for which the boys are thankful. The officials of the school hope for some miraculous

movement so it will be possible for all of the boys to don new uniforms real soon.

—o—

This is an interesting item:

The Jackson Training School at different times had from one home three brothers: Louis, Ernest and Lloyd Pleasant. Louis was paroled in 1928, is now 23 years of age, married and is now an employee of a mill. Ernest, paroled in 1919, is 21 years of age and he too is making good, supporting his mother. Lloyd Pleasant, the last of the three brothers to have been in this institution was paroled in October, and he, too, is forging his way by fine attention to duty. It is not often three boys from one home enter this nstitution and each return to give an account of their activities and interest in life.

—o—

Last Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the school auditorium the boys had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Frank Davis, of Calvary Lutheran Church, Concord. The theme was "Being Like Jesus," taken from Romans 6-5. "For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection. In the discourse Rev. Davis emphasized that Christ experienced death for our sins. To be Christ-like we must be in the likeness of Christ, in heart, for to live with Christ on earth there is hope of being with Him in death. Rev. Davis showed the blessings of the human family, saying "we are different from other creatures because we have within the image of God." Our soul is the likenss to God emblematic of the life eternal. To live far from God there is danger of going astray, of being damned. One of the greatest helps to living right is doing for others. To give love and sympathy has a softening and sweetening influence. For instance, to help the hungry, sick and helpless will help develop a life of service. Influence of environment is strong, for instance we have the mannerisms of our parents because of living near them. Therefore, to live close to Christ means to absorb the sweet things that make an ideal life. We must strive to plant within our hearts love and sympathy for our fellowman. If we plant wisely, we plant in Christ, so as to live hereafter, in the resurrection, that gives hope eternal. Rev. Davis' sermon was filled with the pure gospel, one of hope and comfort. Every one enjoyed Rev. Davis' talk, and we hope he will come again and preach to the boys.

J. B. Duke was a poor farmer's boy, Henry Ford was a machinist's helper, Thomas A. Edison was a newsboy, John D. Rockefeller was a clerk. Yet we hear it said that a poor boy has no chance in the world. It is frequently the rich man's son who makes the most stupendous failure in life.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

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THE UPLIFT

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Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily, in every civilized nation:

The Soldier's profession is to defend it.
The Pastor's, to teach it.
The Physician's, to keep it in health.
The Lawyer's, to enforce justice in it.
The Merchant's, to provide for it.

And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to die for it.—John Ruskin.

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CHARLES E. ROGERS, Editor. MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

When I arise each mroning,
I go to my window to pray;
I stand by my lovely east window,
To greet the new-born day.

I let the morning sunlight
Flood away my care;
When I depart from that pure light
I leave my burden there.

And start my day with wonder,
And know that I'll prove true,
There's magic in my east window
When the morning sun shines through.

—*Alice Adell Wells.*

HALLOW'S EVE OR HALLOWE'EN

This is the night of October 31st, the eve of All Sain't, or All Hallow's Day, which is November 1st, and it is probably a relic of pagan times or mediaevial superstitions, as it has nothing whatever to do with the church festival. In England and Scotland it is especially selected as the time for trying spells and divinations in love affairs. The superstitious tradition regarding it is that it is the night of all others when supernatural influences prevail; when spirits of the invisible and visible world walk abroad, for on this mystic evening it was believed that the human spirit was

enabled, by the aid of supernatural power, to detach itself from the body and wander through the realms of space.

There is a similar superstition in Germany concerning "Walpurgis night"—the night preceding the first of May. On this night the German peasants believe that there is a witch festival, or gathering of all evil spirits, on the summit of Brocken, in Hartz Mountain, and the malign influence of this convocation was believed to be felt all over the surrounding country. It was an old custom, and still observed in some places, to light great bon-fires of straw and brush on that night, to drive away the spirits of darkness supposed to be hovering in the air.

Considering that All Saint's Day was originally kept on May 1st, there would appear to be but little doubt that Allhallow eve and Walpurgis night have a common origin, which, doubtless, dates back to the earliest belief in a personal and all-powerful Evil-One—the Chaldean's Power of Darkness.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE MOUNTAINS BEAUTIFUL

An automobile trip to Blowing Rock and then on up to Valle Crusis is well worth the time of any one. The whole scene is one of the rarest beauty painted by the hand of Nature in the deepest and softest colors of the Autumnal season.

The whole picture as presented to thousands of tourists—mountain peaks seemingly piled up and pushed back one against the other, covered with foliage varying in shades from the deepest hues of pastel colors to those of the softest and warmest glow,—looks like a great canvas stretched across the heavens that constantly unfolds with different scenes as one traverses the highways in the "Land of the Sky."

One could imagine that some artist with paint and brush had climber the heights and touched up each peak in the most beautiful Hollowe'en colors. This landscape carrying a scope of beauty and grandeur can never be equaled by either scientist or artist for it is the work of the Creator of things most beautiful.

The whole scene presents a picture of harmony of colors unsur-

passed, and remains in the mind of all who view the mountains of western North Carolina as "a thing of beauty and joy forever."

* * * * * * * * * *

LATE OCTOBER IN THE NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS

There are two seasons when it is worth the time of a lover of natural beauty to get under the steering wheel of an automobile and go west on some hard surfaced road in North Carolina, and these two are spring and the middle of the fall. In spring when the leaves are putting forth and the dogwoods are blooming there are scenes in green and white that will stagger the imagination and makes a very common country look like a paradise, but as beautiful as are green and white all intermingled, the riot of colors and shades of the same colors in the late fall make a panorama that is measured by miles along roads and as wide as the eye can reach. One can see beautiful coloring about his home anywhere in the piedmont at this season, but as you rise to higher altitudes the colors deepen, the horizon widens till one is engulfed in rapture at what nature has placed before him. Nature and natures God has made these things to charm the better natures of men and women, have painted them with their own hands and they last for a few fleeting weeks or until there comes a freeze and a blowing rain storm, when these fade and fall to the ground to furnish food for other such as these to feed upon and greet the eye a year hence with the same rapturous beauty. One finds himself or herself saying involuntarily: "Is not God and nature grand?"

Passing by all the lovely colors in lower altitudes follow us up the sides of the Blue Ridge mountains, anywhere as they run north and south across the state and note the deep yellow and red solid and mixed of the maples, the red blood of the black gums on every hill, the deep red of the sourwoods partly covered with the stem-like dead blossoms of last summer that stand out and make the deep red leaves a back ground for them, and the poplars with yellow and green and an occasional sasafras with its yellow and red; all these spread out indiscriminately over the sides of moun-

tain and hill with the dark green of the white pines and hemlocks and spruces all intermingled. We look, we wonder, we admire and then sit down to think without words fit to describe what our eyes have feasted upon; but whether fortune allows you to feast your eyes upon these or you are denied that pleasure, just remember that what is said here but poorly describes what really exists upon a vast territory of mountain and semi-mountain country in all western North Carolina at this season of the year.

—By C. W. Hunt.

* * * * * * * * * *

A CONTENTED PEOPLE

The apple crop this year in the mountains of the Old North State is bountiful and of very fine quality. The mountaineers seem well pleased with results of their efforts, and have a hope of overcoming the prevailing spirit of being "down and out."

As a concrete example of thrift in the mountains, one mountaineer was approached in the packing room of his filling-station on the highway packing apples with all earnestness. He said he had sold 2,000 bushels of apples from his stand, ranging in price from 50 cents to $1.75 per bushel. You can estimate the clear profit realized.

This particular mountain fellow showed every evidence of living at home and remaining at the same place in perfect harmony with his environment.

The mountain people we are led to believe, despite the many handicaps encountered in bringing about better living conditions are the most contented people in the state.

* * * * * * * * * *

TODAY AND TOMORROW

The best way to be prepared to meet conditions is to keep one's face turned to the rising of the sun with a hope, and greet each friend with the warmth of the rays of the earth's illuminating power. Never look for clouds, but be optimistic—it is the finest way in the world to dispel the "blues." In the following are many fine lessons to be learned.

Today is a pleasant time for some of us; for others it may be the blackest time in their lives. But what if we are gloomy today? There is always a tomorrow. There is a saying that tomorrow never comes, but this is not wholly true. When tomorrow comes, we call it today. And today has become yesterday. But our days and tomorrows can make our lives things of beauty if we will only live them to the full.

Live them to the full! Yes, crowd them full of a number of things. We would tire quickly if each day we only did one thing or any several things over and over, never changing any detail of our routine. Each day we must try to live for every part of us. Make the mind work for a while, perhaps, while the body rests. Then let the body do physical labor that will exercise it without straining it. Feed your soul with things of the spirit. Let your eyes feast on things of beauty, in art, nature or literature. Let each hour of the day's twenty-four divisions be fruitful for you. Improve yourself each day and without knowing it you will soon help others do this for themselves.

And if today is gloomy? Watch how a gloomy day for you affects those about you. See how your downcast spirits are reflected in the minds and hearts and faces of the men, women and children around you. They may try to cheer you up for a while but if you are very gloomy, they will tire of it and become just as disheartened as you are. Tomorrow will be just ever so much better because today is so very bad. Think of all the lovely and beautiful things that may come to you tomorrow and forget today if it is gloomy.

Gloom is just as important for us as happiness. We would never know the joy of laughing if we had never known the sorrow of crying. Don't lose heart when things don't go just right. If we could get every thing we wanted or wished for, or dreamed of we would never be satisfied. It takes the disappointments to even up the joys we receive. The surprises that come our way more than make up for the things that don't come to us. And we are all like babies in a way. Sometimes we cry for the sort of things that would be harmful to us. It is lots better for us *not* to have these things.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"May every soul that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One inspiration not yet felt;
One bit of courage for the darkening sky,
One gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life;
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the mist
To make this life the more worth while."

—o—

There is trouble in the world. Of course there is. What else could you expect when it is inhabited by human beings.

—o—

A lot of girls these days can make up their minds quicker than they can make up their faces.

—o—

When a man's wife begins to talk about a rummage sale her circle is going to have it's time for the husband to take an inventory of his clothes—and lock his closet door.

—o—

Some folks are promulgating the idea that the NRA will not work. There are a lot of people who won't do the same thing.

—o—

Your sins will find you out before judgment day, if you are running for a political office.

—o—

Grinning jack-o'-lanterns, dry and yellow stalks of corn, black cats, witches on brooms, grotesque masquerades, noise-making toys, ringing door bells and soap-marked windows will announce to the older generations on October 31 that the country —for one night at least—is at the mercy of the juvenile population. Next morning when we're cleaning up the rubbish, and looking for misplaced gates our disposition might incline us to speak of the youngsters in very unflattering terms. If we call them "pagans" we won't be far wrong. Hallowe'en is indeed a throwback to pagan ancestry of thousands of years ago. The American boys and girls who go about playing pranks on Hallowe'en night are but keeping alive a custom born in England in the far off days of the Druids. In the olden days the custom was observed to keep away or propitiate evil spirits. The origin of Hallowe'en goes back to the respect and homage paid by ancient nations to the sun. The pagans of those days, whether Egyptians, Greek or Roman, gave the sun god, as giver of light and life, an important place in their pantheon.

—o—

The Episcopal Diocese of Western North Carolina has made a draft on the Diocese of North Carolina, and called one of its outstanding rectors, Rev. R. E. Gribbin, of Winston-Salem, to be the bishop of that see. It was a wise selection. While there is sincere regret in this Diocese over parting with Dr. Gribbin, there is a happy feeling over his promo-

tion. High and honorable service in peace and the World War has won for him a warm place in the affections of all who know him. A man of gentle life, learning and exceptionally fine talents; energetic and inspiring. His ministry is uplifting. In his new charge it will be no less so. The Diocese to which he will go is to be congratulated on the wisdom of its selection.

—o—

I believe there is just one way to do business in this world and retain one's self respect, the respect of one's fellow man, and thereby stay in business and feel at peace with the world —that is to be on the square at all times, to always go a little further than you agree or promise to do—to lean over backwards, if need be, to be more than fair. And, not only does it leave a fellow feeling at ease with his conscious, make him feel better, but it enables him to retain the goodwill and respect of those with whom he does business.

—o—

Thus saith the Lord: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This is the motto bursting out in shining letters of gold on the sky vision of every religious philosopher. Just so the motto on the banner of the NRA as unfurled by President Roosevelt and General Johnson. They are asking that men think in terms of other men, and that groups think in terms of other groups. They are asking the rich to give thought and business jobs to the poor. They are askng captal to deal justly and generous with labor. They are asking all of us to give fair profits to the producers and work to every man and woman who wants it. This great movement should mean, not only the end of the depression, but which if and when it succeeds, will be the geatest united force recognizing, in the practical way which touches all of us in our every day living, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

—o—

In conversation with a bank teller the other day he said: "My friend, there is no place in the world, as in a teller's cage in a bank, where you can see what your fellow man goes through to make and save his money. Day after day I have stood at the window of a cage taking in deposits and paying out cash. Day after day a line would form before me and the bank's customer would hand me their deposit slips and thier cash which they were storing away for old age and hard times. They were good men and women, they were thrifty men and women, these folks were both young and old, and the gleam of joy in their eyes bespoke the pride in their hearts over the added sums they were placing besides money already laid away. They came before me in working clothes, overalls, some were tattered and torn, and all of them had that determined look about them that you only see among those who are striving hard to get ahead. Into the window came their hands. Some of those hands were gnarled and worn with the toil of hard labor, some were thin and fair showing clerical work, and others were nervous and shaky as they left their money in the care of the bank with all the trust and confidence in the world. Then they would come to take it away. Those fingers were more nervous than ever as they picked up

those few dollars. I could almost read the thoughts in their mind as they presented their withdrawal checks. I could tell by their manner almost whether they were paying some honest obligations or were making small investments. Sometimes in the leisure hours of the day, when few people were in the bank, some of these good people would stop and talk for a moment. Often times they would reveal their worries as people are wont to do when really worried. All of us like to unburden ourselves on some one and it is a good thing to do. It relieves us and never hurts anyone else to listen." When bank officials—and anybody else, as to that matter—betray the confidence of hardworking people as above depicted, and deprive them of the use of their hard-earned dollars, they should be summarily punished, and severely at that.

STREET LIGHTS OF LONG AGO

By Frank M. McAllister

Do you appreciate the brililantly lighted streets of your town on a night that might otherwise be as dark as Egypt? What a joy to be able to move about safely and swiftly. Suppose you had been a dweller in old London half a dozen centuries ago, and desirous of making a short evening trip about town. You must stumble along narrow, roughly paved, dark streets with never a friendly lamp post to guide you. Here and there a householder might grudgingly have hung out a smoking lantern, especially if he was expecting guests. But such a dull glimmer only made the surrounding darkness seem more dense.

Practically all the light there was came from the watchmen making their rounds. Many regarded them as merely persons who "disturbed your rest to tell you what's oclock." But one service of these ancient policemen was appreciated—for they were light bringers. Each carried a fire pot or basket called a cresset that swung between the points of a long forked pole. The device was filled with combustible material that must be replenished from time to time as it burned out. One of the old torches is still preserved in the armory of the Tower of London. It is an open-barred iron pot hanging by swivels to the end of a pole fitted with prongs much like those of a pitchfork. In the center of the pot is a spike around which was coiled a rope soaked in tallow and rosin, which sputtered and burned with a lurid light and a vile odor.

Watchmen thus had their uses, feeble guardians as they were, often doing nothing more than ring a bell that thieves might take warning and depart. The times were rude indeed. The chronicler, Roger Hoveden, has left a vivid picture of London at night in the year 1175, when the streets were never safe for honest folks after dark. Gangs of a "hundred or more in a company" would attack houses of the wealthier citi-

zens for plunder, not hesitating to kill any who opposed them. These ruffians continued to be troublesome till the time of Henry III (1253) when they were somewhat checked by a law that made the gallows the punishment for thieving of any sort. Moreover, a person plundered by a thief had the right of recovering an equivalent for his loss from the residents of the district—a sort of fine for negligence in performing a parish duty.

Watchmen in the time of Queen Elizabeth carried a halbert and a horn lantern, instead of a cresset. They were well garbed for all sorts of weather, especially as to their hats, which had enormous brims to shed the rain. As the watchman made the rounds of his parish he cried, "Lanthorne an a whole candle light, hang out your lights, heare!" This was in accord with an old rule of London established by the Lord Mayor in 1416 that all householders of the better class must hang a lantern with a fresh and whole candle each night outside their houses for the accommodation of foot passengers, from Allhallows evening to Candlemas Day. Total darkness fell on the streets when the rush-light candle guttered in its socket, and it was then time for all honest men to go to bed.

In later centuries, the "link" boys escorted pedestrians about the streets with torches made of tow or pitch. Until very recent years these flaming brands were still used on days of dense fog. Sometimes they may be seen today.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

A meteorite fell recently in the state of Washington, and landed almost at the feet of a man who picked it up while it was hot.

A three story cliff dwelling containing hundreds of rooms recently discovered in Utah, would seem to indicate that apartment housese were known and used by the ancient Indian men.

The shortest known length is the estimated diameter of the nucleus of a hydrogen atom, which is claimed to be one-billion-billionth of an inch, according to Pathfinder.

It is estimated that one out of every five visitors to the World's Fair purchases a box of popcorn.

It is stated that up to 1932, 1,568,000 boys had graduated from the Boy Scouts of America and not one of them has ever been convicted in a criminal court.

Fifty-six percent or 19,690,0000 of the telephones of the world are owned by the United States.—Selected.

COLONEL OLDS

(Lexington Dispatch)

Colonel Fred S. Olds, that Raleigh gentleman of the frisky heart, was a few days ago overwhelmed with the congratulations that were his due upon pasing his eightieth birthday. Not that anyone who has known Colonel Olds ever really doubted that he would have an eightieth birthday. It is because he has had so much fun along the road these eighty years and has brought so much of his joy to bear upon the lives of others that folks are glad to congratulate the Colonel.

For longer than some of us can remember, Colonel Olds has held official position at Raleigh. Few of us remember just what his job has been except taht he has a hobby for collecting old things, like snuff-boxes, muskets and hoss-pistols. Colonel Olds has not gathered these things because there is anything of the antique in his spirit. He clothes them in the youth of the period they adorned or defended and preserves them for the pleasure of others. But what we started to say in this paragraph, was that regardless of his position as a collector and preserver of things historic or near historical, Colonel Olds' real position has been that of North Carolina's chief greeter. He has seen more folks come and go around the capital than any other living person and has given more aid to visitors in becoming acquainted with their state than perhaps anyone else. It is because his duty has been such a pleasure to him that he crosses the four-score line with an unquenchable spirit of youth.

OCTOBER

October! Just the word itself somehow sounds cool and brown,
Like crisp dry leaves, and sharp white frosts that bring the chestnuts down.
I feel a little sorry for the Southern girls and boys;
Of course they have some fun, I know, but oh, they miss such joy!

I love to husk the golden corn and pile the stalks to dry,
And heap the pumpkins in the shed. (And eat the pumpkin pie)
October! Just the word itself has charm for ev'ry year,
It really is the nicest month in all the whole year.

—Elsa Gorham Baker.

SEEING CHAPEL HILL THROUGH A VISITOR'S EYES

By Ida Briggs Henderson

When the universities and colleges of North Carolina threw open their portals this autumn, fully thirteen thousand young men and women passed through them to enroll for the session of 1933-34 These figures show a material increase over the number who attended the institutions of higher education in the state last term.

North Carolina has good reason to be proud of her colleges, and high up on her roll of honor are inscribed the names of Duke, Carolina, State, Wake Forest, Queens-Chicora, the ancient college at Salem, aristocratic old Davidson and, last, but far from least, ranks the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. There are, of course, many other fine institutions of which Tar Heels are justly proud, but too many to enumerate.

At this particular time much interest is centered on the institutions to which our youth are sent to acquire educational training, and this interest is shared by many thousand persons, for each student is represented at home by parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts. It is natural to suppose that each relative would like to see the institution to which their particular student goes for years of intensive training. However, many are unable to do so.

Chapel Hill and the University of North Carolina are synonymous; the names so closely entwined that it is difficult to differentiate between them. Situated in the high rolling Piedmont section in Orange county, Chapel Hill is the perfect type of a college town. It exudes an atmosphere of cultural refinement that takes the visitor out of the everyday world into a rarified aura of the finer, higher things of life. The ancient university has attained national reputation because of its ranking seniority over all but two state-owned universities in the entire United States, as well as for the splendid work and high official positions occupied by its Alumni who, in numerous instances, have achieved distinction in their chosen lines of work.

Harvard is the oldest university in America. It was established in 1638 by the General Court of Massachusetts, its foundation based on a legacy donated by John Harvard—whence came the name; but Harvard soon developed into a privately endowed institution.

The very first institution of learning to bear the name of a state was the beautiful old University of Pennsylvania, being established as an academy in 1751. But, following the example set by Harvard, it ere long changed into a privately endowed university. The original constitutional provision for a state owned university was written into the constitution of Pennsylvania in 1776 in the clause: ". . . all useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more universities."

This clause was incorporated into the provision in its constitution by North Carolina during 1776 and thus ranks in this respect second to Pennsylvania.

In 1777 Vermont provided for a single state university, and in 1784, Georgia chartered Franklin college as the first unit of a state university.

But as neither state got started in actual operation and service until 1800, North Carolina, beginning its university building in 1795, antedates them by five years. Therefore, the historic University of North Carolina provided for in the state constitution of 1776, chatered in 1789 and opened in 1795, is, because of actual service, the oldest state university in America. This priority in founding the university constitutes a subject for state pride and congratulation. Its age and splendid traditions form a priceless heritage.

From its classic portals have gone out men who made themselves nationally and internationally known. Since the far distant day in 1795 when Hinton James actually walked all the way from Wilmington to enroll as the first student in the university, many thousands of boys and girls from all walks of life have entered and graduated there. That must have been a lonely, rough trail that young Hinton blazed to the university—now smooth hard surfaced roads lead to Chapel Hill from all points of the compass, and hundreds of cars deposit their eager human freight at the doorstep of the old university, nestled beneath the shade of hoary trees.

The university has issued many thousand degrees and thousands of its alumni are contributing their share in the welfare of the world; the roster of these alumni holds an enviable list of notable names. Ranking first a President and vice president of the United States, there are cabinet members, ambassadors, senators and congressmen, governors, judges, soldiers and business men enrolled on this scroll of honor. Vieing with these in importance are prominent lawyers, physicians, surgeons, teachers, ministers, writers, playwrights, artists and engineers.

Such names stand out as those of John Motley Morehead, the builder of railroads; Calvin Wiley, the founder of public schools; Duncan Greene Campbell, who was the prime factor in the founding of Weslyan college in Macon, Georgia, the first college in the entire world to issue a degree to a woman; Dr. Hall Morrison, the founder of Davidson college, and the great leader of people—statesman, war governor and idol of the state—Zebulon Baird Vance. The list goes on to include the Camerons, the Bennehans, Charles Duncan McIver, Archibald DeBow Murphy (prophet of education and transportation) Charles Brantley Aycock, David L. Swain, Kemp Battle and others too numerous to mention, yet each one contributed a full quota to the south in civic and political life.

At the present time the university is distinguished by having connected with it men whose qualifications make them equal to the foremost educators and literary persons of this period. Among these are men who have added luster to their alma mater by becoming nationally and inter-

is gratifying to note that several of these starred men belong to the faculty of the university.

There is manifold evidence that the work of the university is attracting worthwhile attention from the educators of the country. As concrete evidence of this fact was the admission to the Association of American Universities and its election to the presidency of that body made up of less than thirty universities which are deemed the leading ones in America. Its valuable donation from the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memorial foundation is proof that the university is believed to have men well qualified to carry on the investigation in social and economic problems that the gift is intended to promote.

The news bureau of the university has become a member of the American association (formerly American association of College news Bureaus) and Robert W. Madry, its chief, has had the honor of being elected president of the association.

Another factor is giving desired and flattering publicity to the University is the Little Theater with its body of Playmakers and efficient playwrights who, under the leadership of Prof. F. H. Koch, have become nationally recognized as leaders in the world of art and drama.

However, the growth and progress of the university has had to overcome many serious obstacles to obtain its present high status in the field of letters and the literary world. Before the War Between the States the universiy was considered to stand at the forefront of the educational institutions in the south, for its steady contribution to the south and and dramatic art; that is common knowlege to all. Also the constructive administration of President Chase that dated from 1919 to recent date, is too well remembered to need recapitulation. Only it should be mentioned that during his incumbency the famous old university had its greatest material expansion. Fortunately the reins that fell from his hands are now held in the capable hands of President Graham, Charlotte's contribution to the educational advancement of the state.

Dr. Edwin Mims, in his book on the "Advancing South," says ". . . . all in all, the University of North Carolina has now a larger and better academic faculty and a better graduate school than any other institution in the entire south." He further states that the university is an institution of all-round excellence, maintaining a level of high quality —this is but a sample of the fine impression the university has made on the public.

Additional evidence of the reputation the university has attained outside the state is found in the publication "American Men of Science." This reliable publication lists the men of scientific ability in the foremost institutions of the country, and one class of these men is listed with a star opposite each name. These are conceded to be the leading thousand scientific workers in the United States, and they obtain the stars through a vote of their collegues in the same line of work. It nationally known; conspicuous in this number being Archibald Henderson and Paul Green. There is small need to dwell on what they have accomplished in the world of letters

the nation were extraordinary. Its reputation was quite extensive, for among the 456 students in 1859 there were 19 from other states. It is notable that the alumni have furnished seven governors for other states besides twenty of North Carolina. However, early in the war the gallant students began to volunteer for service, and approximately 300 of these boys gave their lives for the "lost cause." So the student body dwindled until at the commencement in 1865 there was only one graduate, but at that it was the only southern institution to observe commencement that tragic year.

The exigencies of the dark Reconstruction period totally destroyed all endowments. In 1870 the university was forced to close. Thus the covers of the university book were shut and 75 years of constructive, history-making education work had "Finis" written after the last chapter. But the game old university was only sleeping—not dead—and its loyal alumni, ably led by Kemp Battle, assisted by a great woman, Cornelia Phillips Spencer, labored untiringly in the effort to reopen their alma mater. Contributions were solicited and the response was so fine that the grand institution rose like Phoenix to shake off the ashes of disaster, and again opened its doors to the youth of the south. Gradually the university grew with the new south, and by super-human effort finally obliterated the scars of the fiery trail of war that had been traced from border to border of Dixie.

Dr. Kemp P. Battle was the first president of the re-opened university and in recognition of his unselfish service in reorganizing the institution has been fondly called the "Father of the New University." When he first assumed the position in 1876 the student body numbered only 112 and the faculty was but 12. During his administration the university had a hard struggle to rehabilitate itself, but in spite of the handicaps sent splendid graduates from its portals, many becoming leaders in a state-wide movement for higher education.

The opportunity for religious expression and training in Chapel Hill is quite extensive; for the location there of the university with its huge student body lends some distinctive features not found in many other places of equal size. There are churches of all the principal denominations. The structures are very attractive and the ministers are men of higher caliber than usually occupy pulpits of small towns—because they are required to measure up intellectually with professors who lecture students through the week.

In fact, Chapel Hill has a fine group of trained leaders among the members of the university faculty; many of whom participate actively in the church and religious life of the community. Faculty leadership also expresses itself very constructively through the Y. M. C. A. cabinets, where faculty and students co-operate in the promotion of religious life for the campus. In a talk given to students by Dr. Chase while president was this paragraph: "An educational institution can no more help concerning itself with Christianity than we can help breathing the air about us . . . separation of church and state does not mean that a state

institution should not concern itself with religion." This is the keynote of religious activities at Chapel Hill.

This picturesque little village has kept pace loyally with the expansion and manifold interests of the university. In every way, Chapel Hill caters to the needs and comfort of the students and faculty. There is Carolina Inn, erected through the generosity of John Sprunt Hill, beautiful in architecture and equipment ample for the accommodation of visiting families of students.

The food stores are really exceptional in the nature and variety of produce offered; the markets, dairies, drug stores and eat shops all show this high standard required for serving the thousands of students through the winter season and the large number of teachers who fore-gather there for summer school. There are art shops, barber shops, beauty shops, gift shops and lovely book stores.

The topography of Chapel Hill is decidedly rolling—making the name very appropriate. The trees are unusually plentiful and handsome, giving an impressive beauty and dignity to the campus where white sandy paths wind beneath the dense foliage that arches overhead like the vaulted ceiling of a vast cathedral. There are quite a few holly trees scattered over the campus, their rich crimson berries in season lending a vivid note of contrast to the uniform green of the stately trees, showing like living fire against the Yuletide snow when it carpets the earth and frosts the bending limbs of the hoary oaks.

Near the center of the campus is an old well with white overstructure and benches where for many long years students have gathered to drink the limpid water and chat over, to them, the momentous affairs of college life. Here and there through the campus are monuments erected to the notable dead connected with the history of the university. Grouped around the campus are the buildings, old and new, many of them bearing the names of those who caused the instuittion to thrive and helped it to attain its present proud position among the foremost educational institutions of the land.

No mention of Chapel Hill or the university would be complete without speaking of the magnificent library, whose structure and superb collection of books are a credit to any institution of learning.

Neither must one neglect to pay tribute to Kenan, the splendid, super-modern, thoroughly equipped and ample football stadium. There lovers of football gather by thousands, especially at Thanksgiving, to watch the football games staged for their entertainment and for the glory and honor of old Carolina.

From the lowest depths there is a path to the loftiest heights. The tendency to persevere, to persist despite hindrances, discouragements and impossibilities, distinguishes the strong from the weak. The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder.—Thomas Carlyle.

HALLOWE'EN REVELS—ANCIENT AND MODERN

By Earle W. Gage

Young folks look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the Hallowe'en festival, yet few realize that this is one of the oldest of our holidays, a ceremony founded long before the Christian era. The last day of October was set aside for Hallowe'en, or All Hallow's Eve, the vigil of Hallomas, or All Sain't Day, November 1, and though the eve of a Christian festival, was founded by the ancient priests of the Druids as the first harvest festival.

On or about the first of November, the Druids held their great autumn festival and lighted fires in honor of the sun-god, whose spirit, so they believed, deserved recognition for his able assistance in bringing the crops to fulfillment. The ceremony was more devout than merry in the early years, and solemn rites were held around the great flaming bonfires, quite unlike those of our own day. It was a part of the Druidic belief that on the eve of this festival, Saman, lord of death, called together the wicked souls that within the past year had been condemned to inhabit the bodies of animals.

Centuries before Christianity these pagan people worked out a theory of their own regarding God, and believed he could be worshipped through nature, and that the sun was one of his visible representatives. There were also tree worshippers who believed that plant life was endowed with supernatural power. When the doctrines of Christianity overthrew the teachings of the Druids, the church leaders set aside a day for service in memory of the saints, and thus came All Saints' Day.

The Romans had a similar festival which fell about the same time as the festival of the Druids. Pomona, goddess of the orchard, was their diety, and the feast in her honor was a colorful one. Autumn flowers, ripe fruit, corn, wheat and other grains were used as decorations. This idea was later adopted by the Britons and has been handed down to our time, when corn-stalks, pumpkins, apples, nuts and other autumn offerings add to the merry-making of our young people.

In the ancient calendar of the church of Rome is found the following observation on November 1: "The feast of old fools is removed to this day." Perhaps this setting apart of the first day in November as sacred to old fools, as well as to all the saints, is due to the many strange customs, charms, spells, incantations, divinations, etc., which long have been practiced on the preceding night, or All Hallow Even, contracted by the Scotch to Hallowe'en.

But it remained for the Middle Ages, a period of ignorance and superstition, to introduce the ghost and witch element into Hallowe'en. On the Eve of All-Hallows the powers of darkness ran riot, licensed to perform strange and mischievous antics until midnight struck and the

holy day was ushered in.

There is no date in the whole twelve months around which cluster so many popular superstitions. It is impossible to trace accurately the origin of these, but since they are wholly devoid of any religious character, they would seem clearly, with all the other associations linked with the festival, to be relics from the practices of pagan times.

Although we of this day and age are not so credulous as the people of the Middle Ages and take small stock in ghosts and witches, many of the traditions of the remote past cling to the holiday. Hallowe'en is a night for mischief, and the very atmsophere seems charged with mystery. Even the moon has a Jack o' lantern sort of gaze, as though it were in a conspiracy with the grinning pumpkin-heads to make the night merry.

It was the Romans who introduced the nuts and apples into the festival. Nuts have thus ever played a prominent part in the traditional Hallowe'en festival. Among the English, Scotch and Irish peasantry, a synonym for this is Nut Crack Night, from the custom of cracking nuts with the teeth, with hammers or by throwing them into the fire. At Ripon, in Yorkshire, another synonym for Hallowe'en is Cake Night, since on this occasion the mother of every household makes a cake for every member of the family.

In a quaint old volume of poems by Charles Graydon, published in Dublin in 1801, there is one called "On Nuts Burning All Hallow's Eve," which alludes to this old custom.

These glowing nuts are emblems
true
Of what in human life we view.
The ill-matched couple fret and fume,
And thus in strife themselves consume;
Or from each other mildly start,
And with a noise forever part,
But see the happy, happy pair,
Of genuine love and truth sincere,
they burn
Still to each other kindly turn,
And, as the vital sparks decay,
Together gently sink away
'Til life's fierce ordeal being past,
Their mingled ashes rest at last.
With natural fondness while

A somewhat similar custom is practiced in Ireland, where young ladies, anxious to learn if their lovers are faithful, put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming each nut for a lover. If the nut cracks or jumps, the lover for whom it is named will prove unfaithful; but if it burns quietly or blazes, he loves and is true to the girl who is making the trial. Among the Irish peasantry it formerly was customary to burn the shells of nuts eaten on Hallowe'en, and it caused snails to crawl through the ashes, and thus trace out the initials of the future husband's or wife's name.

Thus it is that the folklore of many nations provides us with the wide variety of traditions and customs which we have come to associate with the fitting celebration of Hallowe'en. These are now so closely interwoven with each other as to make it impossible to trace the origin of many of the peculiar holiday customs.

This holiday has handed down to the present generation the traditional idea that Hallowe'en is the one time when super-natural influences prevail. It is the one night set apart for a universal walking abroad of spirits, both visible and invisible. This is because the Druids thought that on this particular night divination attained its highest power. Although that old superstition is no longer believed, there is pretense of believing in order to add to the interest of the festival.

Now Hallowe'en is associated with "fire-side customs," masquerading, pranks, games, and merry making in general, especially among the young. There is a remarkable uniformity in the fireside customs of the night all over the English-speaking world. We look upon Hallowe'en as the jolliest of our annual festivals, a time when every one should make merry. It is impossible for one to be dull romping with the elves and witches while "the fates reveal their secrets for the coming twelve-month."

Apples contend with nuts for Hallowe'en supremacy, due to the wide-spread custom of growing apples. Everyone well knows what capital fun it is to place floating apples in a tub of water, blindfold young people, and watch them endeavor to catch the twig between their teeth, while both hands are tied behind their backs.

Another popular Hallowe'en pastime is for a young lady to peel an apple, making sure that she does not break the peel from the time she starts paring until it is completely removed from the apple. Then, holding this on a knife, she swings it three times around her head, throws it over her left shoulder, and it is believed that it will drop to form the initial or the first letter of her future husband's name.

Preparations for the Hallowe'en party are nearly as much fun as the party itself. For who does not delight in an excursion into the frosty October moonlight to gather reddened leaves and rustling stalks of ripened corn, or to sit by the cheery fireside and make weird decorations to amuse the guests?

AS CREATED

There's a space for good to bloom in
  Every heart of man or woman—
And however wild or human,
  Or however brimmed with gall
Never heart may beat without it;
  And the darkest heart to doubt it
Has something good about it
    After all.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

RADIO AND THE COAST GUARD

By Erald A. Schivo

This is a year of peace and yet there are thousands of U. S. government men at war! Some are engaged in fighting disease and pestilence; others are employed in the great fight against forest fires, and many others are fighting other things detrimental to civilization. Perhaps the 11,000 odd men who battle with the sea are outstanding, for seldom does a disaster occur off our coast but that the U. S. Coast Guard takes part in the heroic rescue work.

These men guard thousands of miles of waterfront, both costal and inland. In service is a flotilla of 35 cutters, 18 destroyers, 287 patrol boats, and many other craft. Along the New Jersey coast, in 1848, were eight shanties—there are now 270 stations that dot American shores.

Science is always on the lookout for new methods for conducting warfare against the treachery of the sea. We are familiar with the guns that eject a life-line; we know of the canvas pants, called breeches buoys, used to carry those ship-wrecked from vessel to shore. And during a hazy night or during a storm there is the watchful beach patrol, who warns vessels of danger by means of red flares known as Coston lights. A "deadly" weapon against the sea is the radio, which is now coming into general use.

Licensed radio operators are on board the larger boats of the Coast Guard. These skilled men are able to tap out messages in the wireless code, but there are no operators aboard the smaller boats. Installed is a simple set which any person may operate. One need only push a button. A motor hums, and the vessel is ready for cummunication.

From the Diligence, a 125-foot patrol boat, one may hear: "From the Diligence . . . hello Rockaway, hello Rockaway . . . motor boat reported in distress off Sandy Hook is now being towed. Passengers all safe." In the radio cabin are the vessel's vocal chords, for engineers of the Bell Telephone laboratories have designed for the Western Electric Company a small broadcasting station. It works on short waves and does not interfere with the regular broadcasting.

A radio watch on shore is continuous. At the communication centers the radio operators listen for the SOS on the usual wave channels. Receivers are also tuned to the short waves of the Coast Guard boats. It is with the latter that an operator does most of his communication. There are such boats as the Cast Dog, the X-Ray William, and the Affirm Baker, out on duty.

The Western Electric radiophone has been installed in more than 300 Coast Guard vessels and 24 land stations. No sooner is a distress call received than a division officer on shore becomes the nerve center for a complicated network of radiotelephone, telephone and teletypewriter. By means of the network the scene of a wreck may be easily visualized. The nearest boats are sent to the rescue, and surfmen are warned to make all ready on shore.

It is not only the sea which occupies the time of the Coast Guard. There are other duties. Each year Coast Guard cutters steam through icy Alaskan waters, bringing food, medicine and news to lonely colonies. Two hundred whalers were once starving to death in the frigid wasteland of the north. Men of the Coast Guard considered it their duty to save these men—by driving a herd of reindeer 1,000 miles across Alaska. It was a hazardous undertaking but they were successful.

Always will the sea remain the same, but the implements for fighting against it are constantly improving. One year there were 6,000 lives saved, or persons rescued from peril by our Coast Guard. This is a great thing—but men continue to think of new ways for saving life at sea.

SOME "DON'TS" FOR THE MOTORIST

You have heard them and read them often before, but just the same we are repeating some sensible rules for the motorist in the hope that repetition will make an impression:

1. Don't pass on hills or blind curves—you might just as well drive blindfolded.

2. Don't challenge the right-of-way—If in doubt, take no chances.

3. Don't fail to signal all turns—the fellow behind is no mind reader.

4. Don't cut corners—that's the other fellow's territory and he might claim it.

5. Don't cut in sharply after passing—the driver you pass hates the ditch as much as you do.

6. Don't drive all over the highway—your half of the road is on the right.

7. Don't come to sudden stops without signalling—rear-end crashes are costly.

8. Don't lag in traffic—you have no right to delay those behind.

9. Don't take a chance with faulty brakes or tires—it's a saving you'll regret.

10. Don't be reckless at any time—you endanger not only your life, but the other fellow's as well.

—Concord Daily Tribune.

GRANDMOTHER HILTON'S LEGACY

By Gertrude Clarke Whitney

Rosan Hilton woke with the feeling that something of importance had happened the day before—something extremely unpleasant. The sunlight, filtering through the cream-colored glass curtains, played lightly upon the old blue and orange in the chintz covering on the chair beside the window. Rosan had decorated this room herself. She had hung the paper with its dainty pattern of cornflowers upon a cream background, and she had painted the ivory woodwork. She had painted the dull-blue furniture, too—the little reading table that stood at the head of her bed, the chest of drawers, and the writing desk. And she had made the curtains and the chintz coverings for the chairs.

As she came slowly to consciousness, her eyes swept around the attractive room and came to rest upon the orange quill pen which glowed like a tongue of flame above the blue blotter on the writing desk. What had happened the previous day? Why did this load weigh so heavily upon her heart?

Was it anything that concerned her brother Gilbert, a senior at the State University? No! So far as Rosan knew Gil was perfectly well and happy—working hard and coming home week-ends full of the college news, but, however, trying not to say too much about his hopes of going to medical school the next fall. For it looked now as though he would have to work several years before this long-cherished ambition of his could be realized. He had worked to help pay his way through the university, but in medical school he would have to give more time to his studies, and, besides, the expense of that school would be greater than at the university. He would need more money.

Mr. Hilton had said, only a few months ago, that he meant to put a mortgage on the farm, so Gil might continue at school without losing any time. But Gilbert had put his foot down firmly on this proposition. "Not one step do I go, Dad," he said decidedly, "on money raised that way. No! I'll work for a couple of years or so and save my money. There's plenty of time. I'm still young."

But that didn't explain Rosan's heartache!

Had anything happened to her father or her mother? No! Only yesterday her father had hitched old Nell into the buggy and driven with Mrs. Hilton to L———, the nearest city. In a little plush bag Mrs. Hilton had carried with her a collection of the simple trinkets she owned. The purpose of the trip was to take the jewels to a second-hand jewelry shop in town to see how much money could be had for the lot. Each trinket was dear to Mrs. Hilton, but if, by selling them, she might receive a sum sufficient to launch Gil upon his medical career, she could bear to part with them. But the sum offered by the pudgy, bespectacled shopkeeper was so small

termined not to scarifice them for so little.

Yet that didn't explain the heartache!

Rosan's eyes strayed from the orange of the quill pen to the rugs upon the floor. Treasures they were —every one of them! They had been made for Rosan by her Grandmother Hilton, for whom she was named. Rare old hooked rugs, their soft shades of blue, green, brown, tan, and orange blended into delightful patterns and designs.

The rugs! As Rosan gazed upon them the pain in her heart grew more intense. Now she remembered! While her father and mother were in town yesterday a woman, fashionably dressed, and driving a modish car, had swung into the yard.

"I'm Mrs. Bemis, a collector of antiques from New York," she announced when Rosan went to the door to greet her. "I hear you have the finest collection of hooked rugs in the state. Possibly you don't care to sell them. But I'd dearly love to look at them, if you don't mind."

"I'd be glad to show them to you." Rosan held the screen door hospitably open, as the woman stepped out of the car. "But you are correct in supposing that they are not for sale. My grandmother made them for me. I wouldn't think of parting with them."

Proudly, Rosan displayed the rugs in the living-room. There was the embossed carpet—flowers in pastel shades upon a tan and brown background—so huge that it covered nearly all the floor. The collector went into raptures over the exquisite workmanship in this rug, with its design raised half an inch above the rest of the carpet. Then there was the rug in oriental design, which served as a covering for an old chest, the floral hearthstone rug, the silk rug in Egyptian design used as a door hanging, and the needlepoint rug with raised flowers in the center which Rosan used as a cover for the reading table.

Nor was that all! There were the nursery rugs of Rosan's childhood—one represented a pair of frisky squirrels, another showed a sedate mother cat proudly watching a playful kitten unwind a ball of yarn, a third depicted the noble head of a horse, and a fourth represented Sancho, the yellow and white Scotch collie that had been a pet in the days of Grandmother Hilton's girlhood.

There were floral patterns in which the most treasured posies of the old-time gardens were displayed. No sunflowers! Nor golden-rod. Goldenrod was a weed! And as for sunflowers—they grew only near the hen coops, where the chickens might devour the seeds as they fell to the ground. But there were roses—in all stages, from buds to full-blown blossoms, and shading in color from pale pink to a deep red. There were verbenas, fuchsias, hollyhocks, bluebells, geraniums, and morning glories scattered upon the surface of these mats. With what care had grandmother dipped her scraps of cloht into the dye pot to achieve the richness of color in these rugs.

There were welcome rugs, picture rugs, and marine rugs! More and more delighted grew the collector until she could no longer find words to express her admiration.

"So beautifully preserved," she marveled. "And yet you use them

that she thrust the pieces of jewelry back into the plush bag—deconstantly!"

"Yes," laughed Rosan, "grandmother always urged me to make use of them and enjoy them. She never believed in hoarding choice things. She was making the rugs all her life, so some of them are many years old. Others—that Star of the Sea rug that hangs in the hall, for instance—are not so old. Grandmother died only two years ago, and she was making rugs almost to the day she died."

"They all have the mellow tones that usually come only with time. Yet they look so beautifully fresh and clean. Do you mind telling me how you cleanse them?"

"No, indeed! Mother and I clean them in grandmother's way. She often said, 'Never shake a hooked rug.' Instead, she used to turn the rug on the floor so the wrong side was uppermost. This allows the dust to sift out. Afterwards we brush it with a stiff brush, and then go over it with a scrub brush dipped in warm suds. And, finally, we wipe it thoroughly with a cloth wrung out of clear water."

'Thank you—so much!" Then, hesitantly, the collector put the question, "You wouldn't consider selling—just a few—a dozen—or even half a dozen?"

"Not even one!" Rosan was firm.

"That large rug in the living-room, for instance. I would pay you two hundred dollars for that."

Suddenly Rosan thought of Gil. Suppose he had to wait two or three years before going on with his studies. He might lose heart—settle down to some other work that he wouldn't be so happy doing. Father was willing to mortgage the farm that he might go on. Mother would sacrifice the few jewels that she possessed. Now to her—Rosan—was presented an opportunity to make a sacrifice.

"I haven't much to leave you, Rosan," Grandmother Hilton had said once. "Just these rugs. But there's a lot of love hooked into them—along with the rags—don't forget that!"

Grandmother Hilton's legacy to her! Should she give them up?

"I don't want—to sell—them!" But in Rosan's voice was a note of indecision which was not lost upon the collector.

"You love them, I know," she said smoothly, not wishing to appear too eager and insistent lest Rosan should suddenly become deaf to her pleas. "But think how many more people could admire and enjoy their beauty, if you let me take them out into the world. What a sensation they'd make on exhibition in one of the art centers of New York. Please be generous! And I'll promise to be generous, too. All young girls can use money. You could—couldn't you?"

"Ye-es!"

"I'll say frankly that the workmanship in these is the best I've ever seen. I'll give you—— "The price named seemed a staggering sum to Rosan. Surely that amount would see Gil a long way toward his goal.

"I'd like a day—or two—to think it over."

This did not suit the ideas of the collector. Better to close the deal now, so she thought. "There's nothing to be gained by delay, my dear," she said lightly. "Now, if you'll just tell me your name, I'll send a

man out from town tomorow morning to pack the rugs. He will also bring the check with him." The collector was rattling on quite glibly now, fully confident that Rosan was completely won over.

But Rosan shook her head emphatically. "I can't decide now," she said. "I must think it over. Let me see—this is Friday. Come again Monday. I'll give you my answer then."

With this much encouragement the collector was forced to depart. After she was gone Rosan wondered how she ever could have considered, for an instant, parting with her beloved rugs. She pictured Grandmother Hilton as she had so often seen her—sitting beside the west window with the afternoon sun slanting across the red geraniums that stood in a row upon the window sill. In front of grandmother was the rug frame, and in a little heap upon the rug on which grandmother was working were the "rug rags," from which grandmother would choose a scrap of blue, orange, green or red, as carefully as an artist selects his colors.

Part with those rugs. Never!

But that evening Gil rode home in the car with a college friend who lived in a town several miles farther on. The friend stopped for a glass of Mrs. Hilton's root beer and a couple of her famous doughnuts.

"I suppose Gil's told you how easily he walked off with the Benton scholarship," he announced casually, as he accepted his second glass of root beer.

Gil's family, having heard nothing of the scholarship, naturally expressed surprise.

"I haven't mentioned it," said Gil, in some confusion, "because I don't mean to accept it."

"Not accept!" ejaculated the friend. "Say, you're kidding, aren't you?"

"No! The scholarship provides five hundred yearly for four years. But it specifies that the money be used in the four years directly following the university course. That's out of the question in my case."

It was an embarrassing moment for everybody. The friend sensed the fact that he had blundered. After a few stammered words of appreciation for the refreshments, he took a hurried departure.

Then and there, however, Rosan made a decision. She would sell the rugs. The scholarship, together with what Gil could earn, and the sum offered by the collector, would certainly see him through the four years of medical school.

That was the cause of the heartache. She was going to part with Grandmother Hilton's legacy.

Slowly, without her usual bouyancy of spirit, Rosan dressed and went downstairs.

When Gil was out of doors, she discussed the plan with her father and mother. They were loathe to think of Rosan's surrendering the rugs. However, they were as eager as Rosan to have Gil accept the scholarship and enter medical school that fall. They agreed that the rugs were Rosan's, to do with as she pleased, and they had to admit that the price offered by the collector was a generous one. So it was settled that the rugs were to go. Gil was to know nothing of it; he would have vetoed that as he did the idea of the mortgage.

But as the day wore on and the sight of each rug reminded Rosan poignantly of the sorrow which was in store for her, a plan took shape in her mind. Why not make pencil sketches of all the rugs and hook some for herself. She had watched Grandmother Hilton at her work so often that she knew just how it was done. She had noted how the frame was wound with cloth, so that the canvas or burlap upon which the rug was to be hooked might be sewed to it. She had seen how the frame was fitted to the desired size by means of clamps at the corners. She had watched while Grandmother Hilton drew in her patterns sketchily with charcoal; for grandmother scorned the manufactured patterns.

Feverishly Rosan set to work. She would make a sketch of every rug. One by one she would replace them! Grandmother had shown her how to "drawn in;" she could do it almost as well as grandmother herself.

Not content with sketches alone, Rosan washed a burlap bag, stretched it upon a frame, and began to copy the rug which, above all others, was her favorite. It was a scene picturing grandmother's girlhood home; there was the low, white cottage with its red roof, the hollyhocks growing around the door, a well-sweep to one side, tall pine trees in the background, and an old stone wall slanting across the front yard.

It happened that Rosan was at work on this rug when the collector arrived on Monday. Now the collector was not noted for her softness of heart. Many a man, who dealt with her in business, admitted that when it came to driving a shrewd bargain, Mrs. Bemis was worthy of any rival. But something in Rosan's face, as she raised her head from the hollyhocks she was "drawing in," touched the woman's heart. Perhaps it was a harkening back to her own girlhood, which had held its full quota of bitterness.

"You don't want to let them go, do you?"

"Yes! I've decided to—sell them." Rosan's voice quivered in spite of herself.

Without noticing Rosan's reply, nor the fact that she was resolutely wiping away a few tears that would persist in coming, Mrs. Bemis came over to look at the rug that Rosan had started. She examined the work closely. Your work is excellent, my dear," she remarked, in astonishment. "Excellent!"

She studied Rosan's face carefully for a second. Then she asked abruptly, "How would you like to work for me—copy from the original rugs that your grandmother made, and send them on to New York for me to sell? I couldn't pay for the ones you would makes as much as I offered you for these made by your grandmother. But the work ought to net you a good and steady income."

It was with a joyful heart that Rosan, after Mrs. Bemis had departed, went on "drawing in" the hollyhocks. Everything looked so bright now. Satisfactory terms had been agreed upon with Mrs. Bemis. Now Gil could accept the scholarship; with what he might earn himself, what Mr. Hilton could do for him, and the money Rosan received from her rugs; surely he could manage.

And—a half-stifled dream, which had lurked for a long time in the back of Rosan's brain, now pressed

boldly to the front. "Sometimes," she promised herself, happily, "I will go to a school of interior decorating —on Grandmother Hilton's legacy!"

GENERAL PERSHING

(Reidsville Review)

General John J. Pershing, now 73 years old, has had perhaps the most remarkable career of any soldier of his generation, and although retired from the army since 1924 is still active as chairman of the American battle monuments commission.

Born in Linn county, Missouri, he was graduated from West Point in 1886, gaining his first actual battle experience the same year in the Apache Indian campaign. He served in the Sioux war of 1890-91; in the Santiago campaign of 1908, and distinguished himself in successful campaigns against the Moros in the Philippines, for which he was promoted from captain to brigadier general.

He commanded the expedition sent into Mexico in pursuit of Villa in 1916, and at the outbreak of the world war was placed in command of the American expeditionary forces in France. For his distinguished services in the war he was made general of the armies of the United States, a rank created for him by Congress in 1919. He also received the highest military decorations from all the allied nations.

During his long career General Pershing had many hardships and at least one great sorrow. His wife and three children were burned to death in a fire at the Presidio of San Francisco on August 27, 1915, while he was absent from the post on duty. Mrs. Pershing was the daughter of Senator Warren, of Wyoming.

During his long career General Pershing has served his country with extraordinary distinction, and his fellow citizens will wish for him many more years in which to enjoy the well-earned honors which have been bestowed upon him.

DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere;
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lies dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

—Bryant.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Sappenfield, of 14th Cottage after a vacation have returned feeling fully invigorated for the duties of the institution.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Johnson after a delightful vacation among friends and relatives have returned home.

—o—

The farm boys are busy this week husking and hauling in corn. The number of bushels of corn can not be estimated till all of the corn is gathered.

—o—

This year's crop of sweet potatoes measures up to about 1,500 bushels. These potatoes will be used throughout the winter months. Everyone enjoys a juicy, sweet potatoe.

—o—

Two boys, Charlie Wright and Eleazer Cox, have been taken to the Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for observation. Both boys have shown marked improvement and will soon be dismissed from the hospital.

—o—

The school department of this institution has seven grades that are now running regular time under well qualified teachers. Each boy has half day in school, and then half day for other duties of the institution.

—o—

This is the season of the year for "pink-eyes," and our boys have not escaped the epidemic. A new boy, little Joe Wheeler, was the first to develop a case, and another boy, Ivan Moronozoff, has a slight case of pink-eye. The boys are responding nicely to treatment.

There is a whisper of a Hallowe'en party for our boys. The boys have their ears close to the ground listening to know if the Hallowe'en party is a certainty. Usually the boys have hot-dogs, peanuts and pop at this annual festival.

—o—

Turkey! Turkey is the most attractive word to the boys now. They are anticipating a turkey dinner at Thanksgiving with other good things to eat. Judging from the number of young turkeys in the poultry yard the boys will not be disappointed in their expectations.

—o—

The shop boys under the direction of Mr. A. L. Carriker have built two rooms at the horse barn in which to grind feed for the stock. The feed grinder has been moved to these quarters so as to eliminate all dust from the granary. All feed for the stock is ground, mixed, and prepared on the grounds.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. Hillary Hobby spent the week-end at Valle Crusis with Mrs. Hobby's parents. The trip was pronounced delightful, and the scenery of the country was dressed up in a riot of Hallowe'en colors making a scene beyond description of any pen. Little Bettie Hobby returned with her parents after a week's visit in the mountains.

—o—

Dr. Frank D. Niesley of Atlanta, representing Colgate's tooth paste, gave a moving picture and lecture emphasizing the care of the teeth. The picture and lecture were timely and highly appreciated by the boys.

There is no doubt the lecture was beneficial for many of the boys have discussed the new points as to care of teeth given out by the doctor. Dr. Niesley is always welcome at the Jackson Training School.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, representing Boys' Work in Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, sponsored last Sunday the devotional services in the school auditorium. The speaker of the occasion was Dr. C. M. Boyd, who gave an instructive and uplifting discourse that was thoroughly enjoyed. His theme, "Thinking when we are not meaning to think," was drawn from Philippians 4:8. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things," for there is a hope of "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." Corinthians 10:5. In conclusion the lesson learned was to the effect that clean thinking inspires clean living. The musical program consisting of vocal and instrumental selections was rendered by Mrs. Guy S. Chesick, soprano, and Miss Faire Hemby, pianist. Both Mrs. Chesick and Miss Hemby proved themselves to be accomplished musicians. Mr. Sheldon has never failed to bring to the school men and women who not only entertain the boys, but inspire them to cleaner thinking and an ambition for a better life. The boys all hope for a repetition of last Sunday's devotional program.

RAILROADS—A NATIONAL ASSET

Here is a new angle on railroads as a national asset.

Federal statistics show that during 1930 the railroads of the nation paid enough money into the public treasuries as school taxes to furnish a year's education to more than 1,600-000 children. A recent survey reveals that the railroads pay annually the sum of $148,041,456 in school taxes.

And in addition, the money paid in taxes by our railroads is used for numerous other public improvements, such as roads, parks, streets, buildings.

The railroads are still the backbone of the nation's transportation system, and they also rank high as one of the leading contributors to national progress.

—Smithfield Herald.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

U. N. C. CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 4, 1933 No. 41

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DEADLY SINS

These are said to be deadly sins of society, according to Dr. Stanly Jones. Politics without principle, wealth without work, pleasure without conscience, knowledge without character, business without morality, science without humanity, worship without sacrifice.—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor.* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE DEBT WE OWE

Debt! What horrible associations I have with that word and how I loathe it. And yet I am deeply in debt. I am in debt to the Universe. I owe the trees, the streams, the winding roads, the birds of the air, and the scented flowers in the meadows. I owe the air I breathe, the food I eat, and even the earth I tread upon. I owe for a mother's and father's love and for the labor and struggle that has made life enjoyable. Most of all, I owe for that intangible thing called Love. For without love, life would be blank.

Every day I am growing deeper and deeper in debt. I owe for every ray of sunshine, and for the beautiful blue sky overhead.

Yes, I am hopelessly and endlessly in debt. But it does not annoy me. I shall not be called upon to pay it all. I only hope some day, when I shall pass it down to others, my account may be less than that which came to me when I was born.—Selected.

A HEALTH PROGRAM

In this issue of the Uplift, the article captioned "Health Program of the Bladenboro Elementary School," taken from the Health Bulletin, is worthy of the deliberate consideration of every one interested in child life.

The Bladenboro Elementary School has seven hundred and fifty pupils distributed in sixteen rooms possibly with as many teachers. The health program is under the director of health, Miss

Eugene Fowler, and the Principal, Albert E. Lee.

The Bladenboro school health program is not all theory, but from the contents one is led to believe it is put into practice, showing that the school authorities are aware of the importance of a good physical condition if children are to develop mentally.

This paper by calling attention to the health program of the Bladenboro school, wishes to lend emphasis to the necessity of watching after the body of the child as well as stressing the importance of standardized teachers. In fact we would give preference to a standardized health program if called upon to cast a vote as to which of the two is of greater importance. Nothing can be accomplished unless there is a sound mind within a sound body.

The sanitation of the school room, the care of the body and a due consideration of food values should be taught by example to every child. The examples absorbed in early school life never fade —they are everlasting impressions, therefore, every teacher has a greater responsibility than teaching subjects.

* * * * * * * * * *

A PRIMITIVE AMERICAN HOME

If there is a desire upon the part of any one to be cut off from the buzz and confusion of the world, and yet have contact with a refined environment and at the same time live off the fat of the land, there can never be found a more delightful spot than the attractive home of Mrs. Finley D. Mast, at Valle Crusis.

This old home place, known as "Brookside Farm," Watauga county, has been previously described as "a model of neatness and thrift, the castle of Mrs. Mast where she has made a living thing out of her great love and dignified it."

To give a pen picture of the scenic beauty of the surrounding country is impossible, but Old Hurrygraph once expressed that it resembled "a great green bowl, rimmed with blue, through which the Watauga river dances, gurgles, and cheerfully sings its way through the laurels that lines its banks," and it is here one finds nestling the "Brookside Farm.

For forty years this place has served as a resting place for vacationists who are weary of the excitement of business, politics and the social activities of a strenuous life.

The home is simple in structure and furnishings, but within there is an expression of contentment, happiness and good-will that makes every one feel the cordiality of a people who are the salt of the earth.

This spirit of care-free contentment combined with the health restoring atmsophere of the mountains never fails to prove a panacea for tired nerves.

There is a quaintness too about the place that lends interest. Near the dwelling house is a two-story log-house, over a hundred years old, containing a hand-made loom used for many generations by the same family, and in this log-house the father of Mr. Finley D. Mast was born in the year 1842.

There are two sisters residing here, Mrs. Leona and Josephine Mast, who are artists when it comes to manipulating the loom, weaving many kinds of household articles designed according to patterns used for generations. During Woodrow Wilson's administration these sisters wove the upholstering for furnishings, draperies for the windows, druggets for the floor, and coverlets for the beds in delf blue, and matched patterns for the "Blue Mountain room for the White House."

This attractive place in its quaintness can truly be termed a primitive American home, with the traditions of previous generations kept intact and passed down from the time the early pioneers found their way to America, coming from Switzerland, first settling in Pennsylvania and then afterwards treked their way to the mountains of North Carolina.

It is evident a love for the mountain country is innate in these people, and to take them away would create a restless, unhappy state of mind.

This colony of Mast at Valle Crusis, "the vale of the cross," is made up of a most contented, happy people who apparently are care-free from the financial worries that seem to have over-spread the universe.

When there is contentment there is no restless roaming, and

in every instance kindred people of the Mast clan are usually prepared to meet the ever-changing conditions of this or any age.

* * * * * * * * * * *

HOW TO OVERCOME HANDICAPS

Some one has assembled the names of men recognized as leadetrs in the past who faced physical handcaps. These are examples the Uplift likes to hold up before our boys, who perhaps have not encountered physical handicap, but have become discouraged because of the lack of opportunities. It is possible to make opportunities by grasping any thing worthwhile till something better comes. One makes the best of opportunities by making much out of a little. A faithful service and a bull dog tenacity under circumstances of all kinds is the way to win out. Among those mentioned with physical handicaps who made a success are the following, and their examples should be inspiring to any who are inclined to complain about minor afflictions or difficulties:

Demosthenes, who became one of the world's greatest orators, stuttered in his youth.

Julius Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte, two of the greatest generals and statesmen of all time, were epileptics. So was Mohammed, who founded a religion which now has more than 200 million adherents.

Alfred the Great, considered "the wisest, best and greatest king" of England, had a lifelong internal disease.

Among authors and poets, Carlyle was a dyseptic, Byron had a club foot, Keates had tuberculosis, Milton was blind, and Pope was a hunchback.

Darwin suffered from a nervous disease, and Beethoven composed some of his most majestic musical works after he had become totally deaf.

In our own generation, the great electrical wizard, Charles P. Steinmetz, was a deformed dwarf, and Helen Keller, one of America's most accomplished women, has been deaf and blind from childhood.

* * * * * * * * * * *

DON'T WORRY

The greatest contributory causes of illness are such weaknesses as hate, envy, worry and fear. This state of the human mind

will lead to goiter, diabetes, neurasthenia, stomach ulcers, high blood pressure and heart trouble.

This conclusion is not a conjecture but based upon scientific research. One may be immune as far as hygienic and sanitary precautions are concerned, but worry leads to innumerable ailments that medicine or science can not arrest or prove as an antidote for the insidious poisons thus stimulated.

The greatest preventive measure for worry is to observe the "golden rule." If this rule, "do unto others as you would have them do unto you" were enacted there would be but few skeletons in closets, and few restless nights over sins of omission, or sins of right down selfishness.

* * * * * * * * * *

CRIME PREVENTION THROUGH EDUCATION

I am one of those who is ready to give education, even in its narrow sense, a high place in the arsenal of community weapons against delinquency. Crime is committed many times by thwarted personalities, by men incapable of earning an honest living, by those whose horizon is limited and whose vision is narrow. Let these dwarfed personalities know of the tremendous dignity and inherent power in the human mind and body, teach them the fundamentals, if only the three R's, extend their horizon through geography and history and stir their vision with an acquaintance with the great literature of all time and the chances are—I say merely that the chances are—they will be much less likely to land in a prison cell.

But add to these ordinary educational processes courses in character building, civic righteousness, economics, government, and social ethics and you will bring to bear upon the forces of evil their strongest adversary.—Sanford Bates.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"It takes a lot of courage
To keep from feeling blue
And antidotes are needed
To hold the spirits true;
But when just loads of truoble,
Are locked within the heart,
The man that keeps on smiling
Oft plays the hero's part."

—o—

The Republican party has selectel a new treasurer by the name of Getz. Will he?

—o—

There are a whole lot of people these days who are doing more yearning than they are earning.

—o—

The easiest matter in the world is to find fault. But when you are looking for happiness you go on a long journey.

—o—

Some people in this world might learn a lesson from the clock. It has a strike ever hour, but it does not cause the hands to stop work.

—o—

A lady friend writes me and wants to know why a night watchman is referred to as "the man of fashion." The best answer I can think of is: Because he's the "latest thing out."

—o—

When the old-time farmer found out he could not make money raising something he just quit growing it. Now the fashion is to keep on growing something he cannot sell, plow it under and expect the government to pay him for what he did not raise. How the times, and methods, have changed, and brought little change with them.

—o—

Here of late I have seen quite a number of people almost completely exhausted, walking about looking for that corner that prosperity is just around.

—o—

There are 6,665,800 miles of motoring roads in the world. And there is double that number of "road hogs" who think the entire road belongs to them.

—o—

There is a movement for "back to the farm." That's all right, provided the farm has not been taken for taxes. Just now, it seems to me, the movement ought to be the farm back to the owners.

—o—

The American College of Surgeons is told that life is like a radio set. Maybe so, and maybe not. I'll admit that there is a great deal of static in life. With a radio set you can turn off what you do not want to hear. But in life there are some that it is impossible to stop.

—o—

It is said that birds are flying South for the winter. Yes, and they are carrying their bills with them. They are very much like a great many people who migrate from place to place and take their bills with them, leaving their creditors with an empty bag to hold.

One great trouble with our country today is, so many people do so little and expect big returns. The man not willing to contribute his utmost at all times to everything he undertakes should not expect other than ordinary return for his effort. The person who doesn't do his best at all times usually gets the worst of it in the end.

—o—

For heaven's sake stop standing around complaining about things not going right, and telling what ought to be done to make prosperity come around the corner. Do something. What stands between you and prosperity? Between you and the right to earn high wages if you are willing to work? Between you and the right to save and accumulate money and property against the days of your old age? Why, nothing very much—nothing but the dollar. But not just any dollar—not the dollar you spend in the grocery store, or lost at the races or through a hole in your pocket; not THAT dollar, but the one you are not willing to spend or throw away or lose. The dollar that circulates—the dollar that passes from hand to hand and at the end of a year has done the work of a thousand dollars in fighting for you. It is your friend. But the dollar that cannot move, that is hamstrung because of greed or fear, is fighting against you. If what we have and are is worth having and being we must not have any thought but for the immediate jeopardy in which we find ourselves. Pry loose your dollars and send them joy-riding.

—o—

The farmer who believes that because the government is seeking to do certain things for him, he need do nothing for himself, might ponder these words of Governor Henry Morgenthau, Jr., of the Farm Credit Administration: "I believe in co-operation both as a way of advancement and as a necessity for the American farmer. I don't believe any new form of economy or regulation of production will ever make it less necessary. It is more likely to increase the importance of it." Agricultural co-operation means that to the farmer, in association with his fellows, in taking definite steps to help himself—and in adopting the soundest and most proven means of achieving a given end. The government itself recognizes that—and the careful reader of recent farm legislation will be impressed by the emphasis laid on co-operative methods. Mr. Morgenthau says that the new system amounts to a chain of banks for co-operatives. The government is going to help by providing necessary financing, and the rest is up to organized farmers. During three years of depression the membership rolls of established co-operatives have constantly gown. During the next few years—the years of recovery—their rate of growth should be immensely accelerated. If that happens, and all indications are that it will, agriculture faces a bright future.

AS SEEN FROM UNDER THE STEERING WHEEL

By C. W. Hunt

The man who for pleasure or profit gets out on the highway at this season of the year travels when travel is at its best. The scenic beauty, the temperature, the thrill of better business all tend to make one feel that life is worth living after all that detracts.

—o—

Go where you will in all Piedmont and mountain North Carolina you see busy men in the fields either gathering crops or seeding small grain for next year's bread and feed crops, and it is interesting to note the smooth, well-prepared fields being seeded to wheat and oats and rye and occasionally barley, while in other fields the haphazard man plows into ground ill-prepared expecting nature to care for what he has not done. But there is a great crop being put in this fall and will be fine next spring according to the season from now until harvest time. And amid it all the thought will come that it is a matter of faith; this sowing and reaping and depending upon Him as to whether it is a crop or a failure. And the matter of driving a car at night on the highway when you meet a car going in the opposite direction is also a matter of faith. If he keeps on his side of the road and feels for you as you feel for him, all is well. If he varies it is all night.

—o—

What was formerly done with wagon and teams, hauling mountain produce, cabbage and apples and potatoes to market at the cost of a week's time is now done in a day with a good truck and the seller is back home with his family before bed time. One can but feel that he is glad to live in such an age or if old to live to see such a change in this matter of going to market. The only thing wrong about it all is the need of a little better price for the stuff being sold, yet the buyer feels all the better for having driven a good trade. We will never get away from the rule of supply and demand, and while it is next to an impossibility to keep that adjusted to a fine point in the matter of those in the back country dependent upon the whims of nature it is possible for some adjustment to come through the adjustment of other things.

—o—

There is one line of business that must be and has been at its best for six months and that is the rough lumber business, especially as it refers to hard woods from the mountain section. All last summer there came down the sides of the Blue Ridge mountains truck load after truck load of hardwood lumber, twenty to forty each day, which delivered the freight and went back for more and which is still going on at its apparent heighth. The places delivered as referred to here are Hickory and Lenoir, but it stands to reason that there are other markets taking care of this product. It is possible that the depression held up the

purchase of lumber for two years or more and what was consumed in that time is now being replaced, but from what ever cause the trees in the mountains and foot hills are being deseminated at a rapid rate.

—o—

Just out of Lincolnton, west, one day not long ago there stood by the side of the road an old man with a haversack on his shoulder, making frantic effort to catch a ride. Seeing he was old and having a fellow feeling for all such, the car was pulled along side and he was asked where he wanted to go? To Maiden, he said, and I will do you no harm Mister. He was taken in and the conversation that followed was interesting and it developed that he was old and diseased and alone in the world; that there was a small sum of money due him at Maiden and he was anixous to get it. Asked why he did not want to go to the county home and save all this tramping from place to place, he said he did not want to go there, he wanted to be free. Then he was asked how about that "Rainy Day" that must surely come, when he would not be able to handle and care for self; when he would get down on the hands of some kind person who was not prepared to care for him, when if he was in the county home he would be safe? His reply was his ancestors had all passed out without warning and he might go that way too. Long years ago the county home was a place not to be desired, but in most places it is now a haven of rest for the old and decrepit, but these have heard only the other side of such places. And he went on his way thankful for nine miles of ride.

While loading the old man on the car a long line of new cars passed in close formation, which had to be passed later, and it was noted that four of these cars bore last year's Georgia license tags while the front one had a 1933 tag. The question natrally rose: Where were these cars being delivered to after having crossed South Carolina and were well into this state?

—o—

The season for killing squirrels is here and it is little short of surprising how many men enjoy the sport of killing squirrels. Met a man in the road a few days ago with gun in hand a bunch of dead squirrels in the other hand, all tied together, which looked like there was a dozen or more. He had no dog and had been "still-hunting." In that same section the next day we saw a number of men going toward the deep woods with gun in hand. Few game animals are more prized by many than squirrels.

—o—

Any one who ever knew and loved Davenport College at Lenoir can but feel a tinge of sadness and a sympathy for the town of Lenoir as he passes the front gate to that beautiful college grounds and knows it is a thing of the past. Men and women sacrificed to help make that a place where girls of moderate means could get an education, and was one of the prides of the town and the Methodist denomination there, but because of the want of money from the educational collections to help sustain it, those in authority have seen fit to combine it with Greensboro College and Rutherford and Weaverville with Bre-

vard Institute at Brevard. These see it for the best, but what of the villages of Rutherford College and Weaverville, where values were set up on acocunt of these schools? But that is the way of the world. No improvement made in schools but hurts some one. The greatest good for the greatest number sounds well but in getting there some one is hurt.

—o—

The question has been asked: Are people daffy about a game of foot ball? This writer lives on the highway from Charlotte to Davidson, and when the Duke-Davidson game was played on the 21st of October, and after the cars had been passing for some time a man set out to count those that were returning toward Charlotte, and in one hour of counting 1,008 automobiles had passed a given point. That of course carried the heaviest traffic out of Davidson, but Mooresville, Statesville, Concord, Salisbury and other places were well represented as well and gives some idea of the number of people attending the game. A foot ball game is just ten degrees removed from a prize fight and when the two are compared we get a slant on how much America still likes to see man's strength in action.

FOREST HYMN

That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.
My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms.

—Bryant.

HEALTH PROGRAM IN THE BLADENBORO ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

By Miss Eunice Fowler, Director of Health, and Alebtr E. Lee, Principal, in the October issue of the N. C. Health Bulletin.

Our school considers that health is one of the vital factors in the seven cardinal principles of education because the other six principles are an outgrowth of health. Keeping this in mind, we planned a program that we hoped would be practical and meaningful to the child. We stressed not only good physical health, but also good mental health.

Organization

There are seven hundred and fifty children in our elementary school, and sixteen classrooms. One special room is equipped for health. Here we have scales, charts, reference books, first-aid equipment, and records. We have a complete individual record for each child.

Health cannot be confined to one period a day, but a special teacher conducts a regular fifteen minute period each day in each classroom.

There are four groups of physical education a day. This means that each child has fifteen minutes of instruction and fifteen minutes of application. The primary purpose of the gymnasium is to correct defects.

Every room in the school is a member of the Junior Red Cross.

During the winter we help the children who are in need of food and clothing. For this we solicit help from business firms and homes.

Tangible Results

The pupils in the Bladenboro school by the use of graphs, weight charts, and health charts take a vital interest in health. Frequently a fact may be more clearly expressed by a drawing or a symbol than by words. We have a graph to show the daily progress in cleanliness.

A uniform weight chart is found in each room. These are simple, so that each child can see whether he is reaching his standard or falling below it.

Each teacher has a chart, which is an incentive and a check for keeping the fundamental rules of health.

The school building and grounds are kept as clean and attractive as possible.

At least 95 per cent of the children come to school clean.

It is encouraging to see how well they care for their hair and scalps.

During the second week of school the sixth and seventh grades were the only grades in which practically every child brushed his or her teeth daily. Three weeks before school closed the majority of children in every grade were brushing their teeth.

Have fire drills.

Teach safety first, and especially about school busses. Give instructions in the care of cuts, sores, and wounds.

School has a first-aid kit.

The children enjoy texts and stories.

The importance of vaccination and quarantine is stressed.

One hundred and sixty children were vaccinated this year for smallpox. One hundred and sixty-five were vaccinated for typhoid fever, and a number of primary children for diphtheriaa.

Eighty children had their tonsils and adenoids removed in clinics. From observation the children at once see the importance of removing diseased tonsils. They are anxious to have physical defects remedied.

There are two crippled children who are to be carried to Goldsboro at an early date.

One hundred and sixty children have gotten hot soup and milk for lunch all the year. This improves attendance as well as the attitude, expression, and health of the children.

After testing eyes of all the children, in filling out the health cards, two children got glasses. The ten-year-old girl gained two pounds the following month after wearing glasses.

Three hundred children were given a physical examination by the county doctor.

Two hundred of this group were placed in a special class of physical education.

The children have a feeling of freedom from illness by daily physical education, and a feeling of general progress in health.

Proper diet is emphasized as a preventive of pellagra, as well as the importance it has in aiding growth, since each child is interested in growth, physically and mentally.

The importance of right use of toilets and fountains and hand-washing is taught.

Sixty children were given cod liver oil at school for a number of weeks.

One fourteen-year-old girl, who was suffering with heart trouble, after an examination, is under the care of a local doctor at the present.

The pupils keep the temperature of the rooms about 68 degrees.

Fifty children brought milk for lunch that was covered in a sanitary way.

Due to this there was a noticeable improvement in attendance during the year.

Examples of Visual Aids Used the Health Program

We feel that health should be taught with visual aids. Below are a few samples of the type of work we do.

Fruit Men.—Toothpicks to show the structure of the body. A marshmallow for the head, a fig for the trunk, and raisins for the arms, legs, and features.

Food House.—Oatmeal is pasted on a pasteboard box to make it look like stucco, and dried peaches make the blinds. Bears are used for the roof and dried apples for the shrubbery. Rice makes the walk.

Modeled Foods.—Foods are modeled in clay to show proper diet and the six food families necessary for a well-balanced diet.

Menu Booklets.—These are made

of colored construction paper, size 8x12", and are filled with menus.

Caloric Needs.—We estimate the caloric needs for each child and plan how to fill these needs.

Health Scrap-Book.—To show ideas we develop during the year. Each child is given one or more pages in the book to show the things he considers most important.

Health Play.—We give a play based on foods. About twenty-five children take part.

Our Graveyard.—We make a graveyard on construction paper. The gravestones are cut-paper. With them we bury many bad health habits. One tombstone reads: "*Here lies coffe. Died in a fit of jealousy because milk took its place.*"

Conclusion

In our health program this year we did not accomplish all the things that we had hoped to do, but we feel that there was progress made. The children grew in ideals and attitudes of health, mentally and physically. One concrete way of measuring, however, was that attendance improved considerably during the year, and this, we feel, is due to our health activities.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND SERMONS

A product of the first half of the eighteenth century George Whitefield is said to have preached 18,000 sermons. He made seven visits to America, preaching mostly in Georgia, Pennsylvania, and New England. He was especially noted for his great power due to his delivery. William Cowper, in the following lines, pays tribute to the indomitable spirit of this English evangelist:

"He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropp'd upon his Bible was sincere.
Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life,
And he that forged and threw the dart
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Paul's' love of Christ, and steadiness unribbed,
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.
He follow'd Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
His opostolic charity the same,
Like him, cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
Like him he labor'd and like him, content
To bear it, suffer'd where'er he went."

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

LUTHER'S GERMANY

By E. M. Hubachek

Just because it is so rapturously beautiful I wish you could be with me at the Wartburg today. Breathless from the climb, no conveyance can take you the last stage of the trip, we can stand with our backs to the grim castle with its memories of Luther, and look down from the heights to the valley which cradles the town of Eisenach. Eisenach has its memories of Luther, too; touching memories of a struggling youth with the fire of ambition in his heart. As we look down on the old houses that stand like a row of grenadiers, their back to the mountains, their tall gabled roofs like peaked hats, it is not hard to believe that most of them were looking weather beaten and old in the days when Luther tramped the streets singing for bread. The scene is so much as it used to be over four hundred years ago that if we focus the light of history on the spot we can easily picture for ourselves the days of the great Reformer. From the Wartburg we could choose a house in Eisenach far below, and say "What if we had been living there in those days? What if we were honest burghers of the town of Eisenach? What would life have been like for us then?"

Perhaps, with a great porcelain stove shedding uneven heat through a low ceilinged room, and the light of a flickering candle sending shadows over plaster walls, our family has settled down for an evening together. There is certain to be music. Father, no doubt, plays the flute, the children sing, and even the mother's voice joins in the "Aves" and the solemn songs of the Church while she sews on the woolen garments that help to keep her family warm. It is cold in the mountains and heavy clothing is needed. Fine clothing is not the burgher family's choice, for the burghers, the rich villagers of the day, are practically forbidden to wear silks or satins or samit . . . such finery belongs to the castles and the cities where the nobles, less rich and less honest, lead gayer and more colorful lives.

It is not a poor home, this one we have chosen; it is less bare and far more comfortable than the Wartburg itself. The rushes on the floor are fresh and clean; several of Albrecht Durer's pictures, treasured and beautiful, hang on the walls. The larder is well filled. The songs go on, a full repertoire of sacred music, until long shadows fall across the windows. "A lantern in the street," is the cry. All stop to listen for with the lanterns gleams come voices in the quiet street, clear young voices that ring out in song.

"Students, perhaps," says the father of the family. Students in those days went through the streets singing their songs and being paid in bread.

"Let them in, Father, to warm themselves. Give them some wine and what they want to eat." Those were the days when men struggled for an education and knowledge was not easily gained.

The ragged fellows are invited in,

almost numb with cold and with empty bags. "Bread has not been plentiful this day," they say as they warm their red hands at the stove.

"What a young boy this one is," whispers the kind hearted mother, "What are you called, my lad?"

"Martin Luther. I am a miner's son from Eisleben."

"You are too young to be going about like this without a home. Without even shelter some nights, with no mother's care . . ."

"But many do it. How can a boy expect to learn his Latin and his Greek without struggling for his learning? Few men can send their sons to the University with enough guldens to pay their keep."

"But this boy with that beautiful voice and those clear eyes will surely go far if he has the help he deserves. Let us keep him with us here." And so we know that we chose the Cottas' home when we looked down from the Wartburg toward Eisenach, for there the boy Luther stayed.

It makes me want to travel further in imagination . . . that first visit to the gabled house on the cobbled street of Eisenach and we let the years roll by in the twinkling of an eye. Luther is no longer a familiar figure in the streets of Eisenach, to find him we must go to Wittenberg. And so we are standing in front of a church door. People are crowding about us eager for a glimpse of the parchment tacked to the door. Not all of them can read so one who can has started to read aloud, "The Reverend Father Martin Luther, Master of Arts and Sacred Theology, and ordinary lecturer therein at Wittenberg, intends to defend the following statements and to dispute on them in that place." Indulgences, which many have been buying . . . of them he does not approve? The crowd is getting anxious. Fear of God is in their hearts. Fear is the ruling emotion anyway . . . . fear of the nobles who are always at their throats, fear of the Turks who threaten Germany, fear of the Pope and his bishops who are telling of the great fear of God that men should feel. Only Dr. Martin is preaching love of God, God a loving father willing to forgive the sins of His people if they will repent rather than confess their transgressions! There is no fear in this young monk who has read and studied and sacrificed for many years, who has spent long hours in his cell thinking and reasoning. He is not afraid to tell what he has decided is wrong in the Roman Church, he has even written out his theses and tacked them on the doors of the church at Wittenberg. This is news indeed. The crowd is breaking up, anxious to spread the story. This is the biggest news since the discovery of America and America is still news! The story cannot be flashed from one end of the earth to the other although the known world is still small. But when men are stirred their tongues can carry tales. The taverns get the gossip, the women hear the story, the pulpits take up the theses, even the traveling minstrels weave it into their songs so that castle and cottage hear what Dr. Martin has been saying. The news spreads to Rome. Trouble is brewing; the peasants' revolt, the fear of the Turks

is nothing compared to this. Some say the wrath of God will descend upon Germany for this sacrilege, others see the way opening toward freedom from Rome and the tyranny of the priests. The monasteries and convents are filled with unrest, these are restless times and then, somehow, our scene comes back to this great castle on the hill, back to the grim Wartburg before which we are standing. Luther will not recant, he has burned the Papal Bull, he is excommunicated and his friends fear for his life. Suddenly, here at the base of the mountain on which the Wartburg stands, he disappears! Highwaymen? the Emperor's henchmen? Rumors spread the great doctor has been kidnapped, killed . . . why not? Are not the woods filled with desperadoes? Men still wear swords, go armed when they travel, for traveling is comfortless and dangerous as well. The roads are notoriously bad for horse and rider. They are kept so by many a landowning baron so that merchants' carts will be upset and he can rob them of their wares. Toll bridges bring in coins and prisoners as well. Castle dungeons are seldom empty. Such things fresh in their minds, such stories ringing in their ears, it is easy to believe that Dr. Luther has been killed. The great leader is gone . . . but then we see coming toward us a plumed knight. Something in his carriage reminds us of the long robed monk who fearlessly tacked his theses on the church doors. The visor hides his face, but the eyes are kindly and the voice is one to be remembered. "Dr. Martin hiding in the Wartburg?"

"No, working!" so as we go back with him to see the comfortless room in which he sat hour after hour translating the Bible that others might read the treasured Book he found chained and imcomplete after he had taken his vows. Friends were the highwaymen who captured him. Servants of his patron carried him off to the Wartburg to keep him there in safety until the first storm of protest against him could calm down.

These are times of political struggles, too. The free states that make up Germany are constantly at variance. The Emperor is under the power of Rome. All that peaceful valley knows suffering and disheartening struggles. Germany is trying to shake off the dark yoke of the middle ages, to find freedom and light through education. It is just the time for a man like Martin Luther to lead the people into new paths of understanding. Working, working, working, his monk's garb laid aside, his vows knowingly retracted, we can see the bent back, as with quill and parchment he works through hours of inspiration and labor over the Book of books. We know now that the Wartburg has become the scene of greater sacrifices and greater devotion, the refuge of even a finer spirit than in the days when the saintly Elizabeth had her loaves of bread changed to roses and she alone of the castle's inmates abhored carousing. The place is quiet now, for the time it is the home of thinkers, men who know that their captured guest is making history. These are the glorious days of the castle's story even while below in the village

of Eisenach, the seeds of Luther's discontent are bearing fruit and the anxiety of his friends is great.

But we must turn another page of history and go back to Wittenberg. There, in the courtyard of the Old Augustinium, is a house where lives a family much like the one we saw at Eisenach. Mother and father and children are singing the new hymns of the Protestants. There is something familiar about the voice of the father. Listen again . . . can it be? Dr. Martin Luther! He is in the dress of a burgher householder today, Kathe his wife and their children are there. Older, wiser, happier today, the hymns they sing to the music of his flute are of his own writing. A Bible lies open on the table . . . a German Bible!

Life has been busy but not unkind. Men have seen the wisdom of his ways and many have followed him. The people have learned to know their God better and broken away from the teachings of Rome. The world is not greatly changed but the changes have begun and Dr. Luther, working, preaching, writing, has opened paths to freedom of thought.

But the song is ended the children are sent off to bed, the Frau Doctorin has bags to pack. In the morning the great Doctor is going away. There are quarrels in Eisleben the town where he was born. He must go there to bring peace through better understanding. And we know that when the troubled thinkers have settled their arguments Luther will have completed the circle . . . he has gone back to die among the hills that cradled him.

And now as the light of history fades and the setting sun sends a glow over the shadowed hills we see again the rows of houses standing like grenadiers, their tall gables like peaked hats outlined against the wooed background. The cobbled streets are almost empty, we know the shops are closed, the children are in their homes, small spots of light flicker in the windows, dusk is fast shutting out the scene below us. The grim castle is a menacing shadow at our backs. We want to go down to our little inn in the village, knowing that it has stood there years and saw the people we dreamed about. The Wartburg as we look back is rapturously beautiful, but to me and to you and to all of us, without the stalwart figure of beloved Dr. Martin it would be nothing but a grim reminder of a dead past. His great personality dominates it and makes it live.

"They are fools who kiss and tell,"
Wisely has the poet sung,
Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue.

—Kipling.

INDIANS BLAMED BIRDS AND ANIMALS WHEN ILL

By Eddie W. Wilson

According to James Mooney and other early writers concerning the Cherokees, that tribe's account of the origin of disease and medicine was an elaborate one which included many members of the animal and plant kingdoms.

It seems that "in the old days" people increased so rapidly on the earth that the animals began to be cramped for room. And in addition to that man invented weapons with which to capture, wound, or kill the animals. Therefore, the animals held various councils in which they discussed their grievances against man. With the exception of the ground-squirrel each animal devised or named a disease designed to put an end to man. The ground squirrel ventured to say a good word for man and was in turn torn by the claws of the other animals—his stripes show their marks to this day. Now the plants were friendly to man so each tree, shrub, herb, grass, and moss—even the lowly weed—agreed to furnish cures for the evils wrought by the animals. Thus disease and medicine came into the world.

Cherokee doctors said that certain diseases were due to birds. Revengeful bird ghosts often entered people; bird shadows falling upon a person could cause disease; and one should never keep bird feathers about the house. Before the body of an eagle was brought to the settlement, it was left upon the ground for four days. This was to insure protection from insect parasites which were thought to breed in man a terrible skin disease. "Dream diseases" were thought to be caused by fish ghosts, therefore, the doctor prayed to some fish-eating bird to drive out the ghost.

Poison oak or poison sumach was cured by rubbing the affected parts with the beaten flesh of a craw-fish. Before applying external applications the doctors often scratched the skin with a rattlesnake's tooth, a brier, a flint, or a piece of glass.

The starry campion, that beautiful and delicate summer wild flower so popular with moths and butterflies, was said by the Cherokees to be the only thing of which a rattlesnake is afraid. Therefore, the doctors used it for rattlesnake bite and hunters carried bits of the root. Before administering medicine the doctor often prayed to a rattlesnake tooth. During certain epidemics a rattlesnake was roasted, then hung in the house. Every morning the father of the household bit off a piece, chewed it, and spit it upon the bodies of the other members of the family. Biting the body of a rattlesnake or a greensnake was said to prevent toothache. The teeth must be pressed down four times upon the snake, but its flesh must not be injured.

Among all the Indian tribes one of the cures of "strong" sickness was a cold bath in a running stream.

In 1739 smallpox was brought to Carolina by slave ships. It spread into the Cherokee country and the priests plunged many of the victims into the rivers and creeks. In the smallpox epidemic of 1866 a skunk was hung over the doorway as its odor was supposed to keep off all contagious diseases. In some cases the meat was cooked and eaten. Acting on this same idea that fetid smell is repellant to the spirit that causes diseases, the Cherokee thought the buzzard powerful against contagious diseases. In treating gunshot wounds the medicine was blown through a buzzard's quill and some of the buzzard's down was laid on the spot.

Rheumatism was ascribed to the work of revengeful deer ghosts killed in the hunt. Persons under treatment for rheumatism were forbidden to eat the meat, touch the skin, or use a spoon made from the horn of the buffalo because of the resemblance between the "cramped" attitude of a rheumatic and the "hump" of that animal. The rheumatic was not allowed to eat the meat of the gray squirrel because of its assuming a "cramped position" when eating. Rattlesnake oil was used for rheumatism and sore joints. The doctor who prepared this oil ate the flesh of the snake.

The wolf, the fox, the opossum, and the deer were invoked for the purpose of protection against frost-bite because their feet are never frost bitten. Before starting on a journey, the traveler invoked these animals by rubbing his feet in the ashes of the fire, then sang a song of four verses. After each verse he imitated the cry and action of the animal. A small yellow moth (probably the Isabella Tiger-moth) was also invoked in frost-bite.

The beaver because of its gnawing ability was invoked on behalf of children cutting their permanent teeth. When the loosened milk teeth came out, the child ran with it around the house saying four times, "Beaver, put a new tooth into my jaw." Then he threw the tooth upon the roof of the house.

Cherokee women today consider Robin's plantain a cure for cancer. A concoction made from star-root or blacksnake root is used in the treatment of colds.

TWO AT A FIRESIDE

" I built a chimney for a comrade old,
  I did the service not for hope of hire—
And then I traveled on in winter's cold,
  Yet all the day I glowed before the fire."

—Edwin Markham.

THE SENTINEL LIBRARY

By Hope Daring

CHAPTER I.

Founding The Library

"A library is not a luxury but one of the necessaries of life."
—Henry Ward Beecher.

"I say let's have a library here." In her eagerness Kathleen Lovett, bookkeeper and stenographer for the Sentinel Mill, sprang to her feet.

She and her three companions had been sitting upon the rocks that were strewn upon a projecting point of land that jutted out over Sentinel Canyon. They were watching the sunset's splendor flush the western sky off across the desert mesa upon which the canyon opened and flood the desert with radiant light. Looking downward the quartette had a glimpse of the mill, of the settlement that had grown up around it, and of the river that wound its silvery length along the canyon floor. On reaching the desert this river turned, following the wooded fall to where, a mile on its way, it discharged its water into another stream. Behind the young people, overshadowed by tall pines, were the tiny buildings and the scattered beehives of Felix Waldo's bee ranch. Then far up beyond the canyon's beginning towered the Sentinel, the mountain peak that gave the valley and the mill their names. It was wooded, all save the bare rocky peak that towered aloft, always outlined against the sunrise.

It was Felix who responded to Kathleen's appeal and at once. "We will, if you wish it, lady. Really I want a library here more than anything else in all the world, save perfect health and a return to college. What say you two?"

Rita de Villa, teacher of the settlement school, yawned, stretching her arms above her head. "Rather have a movie theater."

"What you you say, Clancy?"

The young storekeeper looked thoughtfully off across the desert. "I say yes to anything Kathleen proposes for the good of Sentinel and its folks. I don't see how or exactly why, but I am ready to do my best to bring it about."

"Now Kathleen, it's up to you," Felix declared.

The girl's pretty blonde face was unusually grave. "It is not so much for us four. Yet we do need it and need to make it possible for the others. Think what books read understandingly would do for them. And it would bring us all a little closer together. There are a half-dozen there as well read as any of us."

"How many of that half-dozen would be interested in this scheme?" Clancy inquired.

"I hope all, if properly approached. If a few refuse, that does not free us from—Shall I say our obligations to our neighbors?"

"See here, Kathleen," and Rita drew the standing girl down to her side. "You know I didn't want to come up here, did it because it was the only school I could get. I am

interested in my few pupils, and books might come to mean much to them."

"You have the vision, dear girl. Now someone tell me there are two things we must have. One is a place to put our few books, a place from which we can distribute them. The other is books to put."

"I can supply the first," Clancy announced with a laugh. "I've a lot of room. Besides the big place where I do business, there is a store-room behind it, and two rooms upstairs, where I sleep and live. Then I built another unit exactly like the first, and connected with it. Hoped to rent those rooms and have the two upper ones, to some of the mill boys. I'll give the use of the two downstairs rooms for our library."

"Clancy, that's fine. They are such artistic rooms with their pine-log walls and casement windows. And you boys can make bookcases out of packing boxes."

"Not packing boxes, Kathleen. We will ask your boss, the Honorable James Burton, to donate seasoned lumber from his kilns. I excelled in manual arts in my schooldays, and so did young Jack Larsen, who has charge of taking the lumber away from the saws. We will build some bookcases what are."

Felix nodded. "Library promised, bookcases promised. Now, Kathleen, where do the books come from?"

"We will begin in a small way. There are about sixty of us, either heads of families or single persons at Sentinel. If each one of us gives five of the books he or she has—five maximum down to one, if that is all that can be given—we can start. And there are a half-dozen ranchmen's families living near enough to come in with us."

For twenty minutes they talked eagerly. There were a few obstacles. Kathleen admitted she feared the project would be dismissed "with a wave of his hand" by her employer, owner of the mill and of the great tract of pine land adjacent to it. Rita declared children's books must be procured from somewhere; many of her pupils were too young for "grown-up" books. However, when the quartette went hurrying down the well-worn trail, a little afraid they would be late for dinner, it was agreed that they were to try to make a reality of Kathleen's dream.

They all dined at the table of Mrs. Inez Lathrop. This young widow boarded them all, save that Felix came only for the night dinner. The mill foreman, Timothy Small, and his wife came there fore their meals, also the Reverend Daniel Lewis when he was there. This minister preached fortnightly at the schoolhouse, because there was no church.

The matter of a library was not mentioned at the dinner table. Later that evening the four met again and divided among themselves the names of the people to be asked to contribute books to the coming library.

"Better not speak of it too confidently," Rita admonished Kathleen when the two girls were together in the teacher's room at Mrs. Lathrop's. "We may fail."

Kathleen, who was looking over her list of names, made no response. Rita repeated:

"We may fail."

"No. If we have to start with only the twenty books promised this afternoon we'll start.'

"How determined you are Kathleen. Is it a part of your business training?"

"No. I think an inheritance from a New England grandfather who was a sea captain. Had to be determined, did Captain David Lovett. That makes me think. I'll give Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' for one of my books. Father said it was the best sea story he ever read, although it was a little too bloody for my taste."

"Why give it here?"

"Law of opposites. If you believe in what your normal text books may have called 'unity of purpose,' or something else you give either one of Mary Austin's charming descriptive books of this region or a collection of Gertrude Atherton's early Californian life. We are not going to fail."

It was again Saturday afternoon when the quartette met, to report progress. This time they met in the room that was to be fitted up as a library. The bookcases were under way, Clancy and Jack Larsen working in that room. Clancy had an assistant in the store, Juan Morro, a Mexican lad of sixteen.

"Sometimes I let Juan 'tend store' and put in an hour's extra work on the cases," Clancy said as he placed boxes for his guests.

"Did Mr. Burton make you pay for the lumber?" Rita asked. "I know he refused to come in on this with us."

"He gave the lumber—good stuff—also some varnish he chanced to have on hand. In the five-room house where he lives, alone, waited on by that solemn-faced Chinaman, he has several hundred books, but said he doubted if he had any that would interest his workmen."

Rita tossed her head. "Well, we can get along without him. Now, Kathleen?"

That girl had had the Smalls, and they were vitally interested, promising five books for each. Grizzled old Ben Martin, the head sawyer who was alone in the world, had a bookshelf in his room at the "big boarding-house" where the single men lived. "He said they were nearly all about California trees and woods. He will give five and later buy as many more." Then Kathleen went on to tell of the workmen's families she had visted. Where there were children, the mothers were pleased and some of the fathers were interested. The only man who objected did so because he had been told that Mr. Burton disapproved of the plan.

Kathleen's success was duplicated by her co-workers. It was Felix who had approached the physician of the commnity. Dr. Grace Lummis was thirty-two. She had come to that region, expecting to practice at Dena, the nearest town and railpoint, which was eighteen miles away. Dena was a place of fifteen hundred inhabitants and only one doctor, a man of sixty-five. Dr. Graves had so resented the coming of the young physician that she had accepted Mr. Burton's offer to establish herself at the mill settlement. This gave her the practice of the ranches for a dozen miles

around.

"How did Dr. Lummis take it?" Felix repeated. "She resented not being invited to be present at the formation of what, for want of a better name, I'll have to call the library board. She stands ready to help on the project in any way she can, and so do all the rest of my victims, with one exception. That exception is a family where the need, of something, is great—old Milt Granger's."

Rita frowned. "His Henry is my oldest pupil, thirteen. He's tough, but I reckon it is because he has no outlet for his active mind and body and no inspirational push back of him. I am planning in getting Henry interested in the library. He likes to be read to, but, even at thirteen, he doesn't know how to read understandingly to himself."

"Well, I've arranged about the Grangers," Clancy said with a nod. "They have two older sons working here. Lon is twenty-two his 'own boss' he says and the head of the choppers. I took those men you know, and went out in the woods to approach them. Lon fell for our plan."

"Lon Granger? He is that big blonde fellow that walks with such a swagger?" Kathleen asked.

"Yes, but there is something real down under that swagger. Lon likes to read—Zane Gray, Rex Beach, and such. He has a dozen books, and they are ours, if we can interest Henry."

"Fine! What about Rancho Tegon, Felix?"

That was a sheep ranch three miles up in the canyon. There lived the old Senor, his wife, and two grandsons, boys of ten and twelve. These last were numbered among Rita's pupils, riding their ponies down each morning, lunching at Mrs. Lathrop's table, and riding back home after school.

"They were delighted. While they have many books, the Senorita says the boys do not care much to read—the life described in the books is strange to them. She thinks, Rita, you are correcting that."

"And the other ranches?"

"Nearly all fell for it, the others will 'see.' I had to tell them the library would be open some evenings besides Saturday afternoons. We will all play librarian, change off."

"There is Grandma Day, the poor old woman who does the single men's washing," Kathleen said. "She cried when I told her, and I cried with her. She told me that when she 'burned out' she lost everything, even my Bible. I'm giving a book for her."

"When we were dividing up our territory we forgot my neighbor Hermit Peter," Felix reminded the others. "He and I have come to be good friends. I went with him on one of his trips up another canyon. He was searching for some of the herbs he sends a San Francisco drug concern. Peter was interested in the library. His consists of four Bibles, and he will give the best-looking one to us."

"That's beautiful. You made him feel it was, Felix?"

"Well Kathleen, I tried to do it. He's a good sort."

It was a month later when there was a formal opening of the Sentinel Library. Already late spring had

brought to that region a wealth of flowering vines, shrubs, and plants. The days were long and sunny. It was on Saturday afternoon and evening that the opening occurred. All the contributed books were on exhibition. The new bookcases were ranged around two sides of the big room, save where there were doors or windows. A convenient librarian's desk had been the gift of the Smalls. Aided by other men and boys Clancy and Jack had built two dozen stools some of them with backs. On the tops of the bookcases were great pottery bowls filled with wild flowers. The smaller room opening out of the front one was still unfurnished, but was to be used by the library.

While the room was open all the afternoon, with Dr. Lummis, Rita, and Felix in charge, no books were to be distributed until eight that evening. This enabled all who came to see the collection. It numbered about three hundred. Only two books could be drawn at one time by a family and only one by a single person.

They were well classified. History, a few scientific works, and biography were in one case, and it was not half filled. Poetry and fiction were placed together, and a third case held the few children's books.

There was a brief program. The minister talked, warmly commending the idea, speaking of the need of intellectual training and pledging his support. Then the four founders of the lbirary each took a book from the shelves and holding it in his or her hand, talked about it for a few minutes, now and then reading a half page from the volume.

Then came the making out of cards, the enrollment. The things necessary for this had been bought by the quartette. The choosing took much time—few knew about books, and often the one acting as librarian was asked to make a choice.

At last all were served. The doors were closed, leaving only Dr. Lummis and the four workers. Clancy had brewed a pot of excellent coffee, and the doctor had herself baked a pan of fruit cookies. As they ate and drank they discussed the evening.

"Mr. Burton walked in for a little time, Kathleen," Felix said as he helped himself to the third cake.

She flushed. "Just as I was telling the joys of Helen Keller's 'The Story of My Life.' Did I say the dear girl was a cripple, as well as being blind and mute?"

"Nothing of the sort. You looked dignified," Rita cried.

"Hermit Peter drew a book," Felix announced. "I tried to head him off on 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but he took one of Jack London's, because it had a pretty cover."

"And Grandma Day, she—she—"

"Why, Kathleen, you are crying!" Doctor Lummis exclaimed.

"You will cry when I tell you about it. She drew the Bible Hermit Peter gave. Asked if she could keep it two weeks."

"The Bible? I never heard of such a thing! Why did she?" and Rita looked wonderingly around the little group.

Kathleen answered. "House burned last fall; she's not had one since. Its six months since she moved

here, and to think none of us ever found it out. She said she knew a lot of the blessed promises, but she wanted to read the rest."

For a minute there was silence. Then Rita murmured:

"Poor dear! I'll buy her one. Kathleen, I am glad she fell to you, not me. I'd have not known better tha to tell her that the sole and only Bible of the library was a reference book, the same as Clancy's dictionary and your encyclopedia of persons and places."

Then Felix threw a bomb. "See here, you faithful. We've founded a library. Three-fourth of the people here are not readers, will not get the real good of the printed page. I tell you they must be taught to use a library. That's the next thing. How are we going to do it?"

(To be continued.)

PRESIDENT'S FARM A MODEL

(The Pathfinder)

A 2,000 acre farm at Warm Springs, Georgia, owned by President Roosevelt, is proving a model to exemplify his large-scale planning. Purchased eight years ago from a neighbor, Mr. Roosevelt declared the farm must be made self-sustaining and without frills or furbelows. Today it is one of the most profitable enterprises of its size in the country, and is a monument to a program of intelligent and economical activity. There are no sheds filled with costly machinery, fancy electrical equipment or power lines running here and there to impress the visitors. When completing the deal for the farm, Mr. Roosevelt declared it must be made one that could be imitated by any farmer who chooses to do so.

The traditional custom growing cotton and peaches as the only crops was discarded by Mr. Roosevelt in favor of diversification and today fine herds of beef cattle roam pastures sown with Bermuda and lespedeza, native Georgian grasses. Five thousand grape vines yield fifteen tons of fruit yearly; tomatoes and sweet potatoes are shipped to Atlanta and other markets, and preservation of timber and planting of thousands of new North Carolina pines insures wooded hillsides for the future.

Mr. Roosevelt's policy of eliminating non-profit crops with good results was the destruction of 20.000 peach trees because of their diseased condition, too costly to control under prevailing climatic conditions. The present number of peach trees is 2,000, and they are profit producers.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO

(Young Folks)

What happened four hundred years ago? Only this: Luther was in the midst of the stupendous work God gave him to do. We attribute the Protestant Reformation to him, and I think rightly so. There were others who were interested and who gave good assistance. Some of them lived before him, others during his time, and still others after he had gone to his reward. It is a certain fact that most church historians, whether Lutherans or not, have ascribed to him the chief place in that important movement. His name rises above that of any other.

Any reformation presupposes wrong belief or wrong practice or both. We speak of temperance reform, or reformation, by which we understand that intemperance has become so prevalent as to call for correction. We speak of political reform, and naturally the implication is that politics has become corrupt and stands sorely in need of purification. Four hundred years ago there was desperate need for the reformation of the Church. Even Catholic authorities admit that. The beliefs of the Church differed in not a few respects from the clear teachings of the Scriptures. There was a growing feeling that something would have to be done. The practices of the Church also were at variance with the enlightened consciences of multitudes of people. If any proof of this is needed it may be seen in the readiness with which the results of Luther's labors spread and became popular. If there had been no response to what he was trying to do, his work would have fallen to the ground like dead leaves. There were gathered up in him the outspoken objections from many quarters to the regime of the Church at that time.

Those who broke away from the Catholic Church came to be called "Protestants," because, in 1529, the evangelical princes of Germany refused to submit to the unjust decree of the Catholic Church, which said in substance that the reformation which was headed by Luther should be overthrown; that is, these evangelical princes protested against the policy of the Church, hence they were called "Protestants." A Roman Catholic authority of that age said that "Protestant" signifies traitor to the pope.

In the light of succeeding history, the Protestant Reformation was absolutely necessary. It has given the world an open Bible, and a body of doctrines based upon the Bible. It dared to call in question the beliefs, policies and practices of the mightiest ecclesiastical hierachy the world has ever known. The Catholic Church itself is better today than it would have ever been had not this counter-movement been born. That Reformation was of God, and Luther was the instrument He chose for the work.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A number of our farm boys have been setting out Fall cabbage plants for the past few days.

—o—

Now that the Fair and Hallowe'en are past, our boys are looking forward to the next holiday—Thanksgiving—with a great deal of pleasure.

—o—

During a slight cold "spell" last week the 1933-34 hog-kililng season was ushered in at the Training School. Six large hogs went the way of all good porkers and we are now enjoying some fine sausage as a part of our menu.

—o—

A basketball team is being organized at the school under the direction of Mr. I. W. Wood, a member of our teaching staff. Several practices have been held and it is expected that we will have a good team on the court in a few weeks.

—o—

Contractors building the new highway betwen the Training School and Concord, are using our railroad siding for the purpose of unloading materials used in this work. They have also been hauling coal from the huge pile to the various buildings on our campus.

—o—

The service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon was conducted by members of the Christian Endeavor Union, of Charlotte. Mr. Chester Martin, President Southeastern District N. C. Christian Endeavor, had charge of the program, assisted by Rev. Wilbur Parker, of Charlotte. At the beginning of the service, Mr. Ervin Dixon, of Central Steele Creek Church, read the Scripture lesson as found in John 18:3-7, and Mr. Crosby Dunn, of Charlotte, lead in prayer. A special feature of the service was a beautiful violin solo, "To a Wild Rose," rendered by Miss Sarah Hunsucker, with Miss Virginia Campbell accompanying at the piano. Rev. C. N. Harper, of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, was then presented as the speaker of the afternoon, and he made a most interesting talk on "Why Were We Born?" In the course of his remarks Rev. Harper stated that it is no accident that we are here, therefore we want to find out just what we are in the world for and what we can do towards making this world a little better because of our having lived in it. Each of us has a mission in life and a place to fill. We are God's poems and He wants us to be happy and make others happy, too. We should learn to think of others and follow Jesus who set the great example of love and service for us by giving His life on the cross to save the world. Christ was born purposely to die for us, as was expressed in His own words: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness unto the truth." Following the address by Rev. Harper, we were

dismissed with prayer by Rev. William Prince, pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian Church. We feel deeply grateful to this band of Christian workers for this delightful service, which was enjoyed by all.

—o—

The spirit of Hallowe'en was very much in evidence at the Jackson Training School last Tuesday and it was a gala occasion for our large family of nearly five hundred youngsters. While it is usually at night that witches, goblins, spooks, etc., are supposed to be abroad in the land, we noticed a number of queer looking figures roaming over our campus in the afternoon. At three o'clock the cottage lines assembled near the school building, and in a few minutes we proceeded to a spot near the bakery. Here was constructed a booth, decorated with cornstalks, jack-o'-lanterns, pumpkins and other articles appropriate to this spooky season. As the lines filed past this booth we could see a group of officers, matrons and boys, arrayed in costumes, dispensing the old Coney Island lunch or steaming "hot-dogs" trimmed with mustard and pickles. Upon leaving the booth the boys stopped at a wigwam where a representative of some wandering gypsy tribe handed each a card on which was printed his fortune. They were next conducted to other tepees where each boy received a bag of peanuts, a generous portion of pop-corn, and a huge stick of candy and a bottle of "pop." In between visits to these wigwams they returned to the first booth where they received another helping of "dogs." The spirit of the season was in the air and quite a number of boys and officers were dressed in costume, while others just smeared on the charcoal or burnt cork where costumes were not available. It was a very enjoyable afternon, one that the boys will long remember. Our baker reports that more than 2,000 rolls were baked for this occasion. We wish to take this occasion to tender our thanks to Mr. "Tommy" Honeycutt, genial proprietor of the Concord Bottling Co., for 600 bottles of soft drinks. This good friend has done this for several years, thus endearing him to the hearts of our boys.

GOD'S LIKENESS

"Not in mine own, but in my neighbor's face,
Must I Thine image trace;
Nor he in his, but in the light of mine,
Behold Thy face divine."

—John B. Tabb.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 11, 1933 No 42

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PEACE

Not with the high-voiced fife,
  Nor with the deep-voiced drum,
To mark the end of strife
  The perfect Peace shall come.

Nor pomp nor pageant grand
  Shall bring War's blest surcease,
But silent, from God's hand
  Shall come the perfect Peace.

—Clinton Scollard.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor.* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE TEACHER

The teacher is a prophet.
He lays the foundations of tomorrow.

The teacher is an artist.
He works with the precious clay of unfolding personality.

The teacher is a friend.
His heart responds to the faith and devotion of his students.

The teacher is a citizen.
He is selected and licensed for the improvement of society.

The teacher is an interpreter.
Out of his maturer and wider life he seeks to guide the young.

The teacher is a builder.
He works with the higher and finer values of civilization.

The teacher is a culture-bearer.
He leads the way toward worthier tastes, saner attitudes, more gracious manners, higher intelligence.

The teacher is a planner.
He sees the young lives before him as a part of a great system which shall grow stronger in the light of truth.

The teacher is a pioneer.
He is always attempting the impossible and winning out.

The teacher is a reformer.
He seeks to remove the handicaps that weaken and destroy life.

The teacher is a believer.
He has abiding faith in the improvability of the race.

—*Joy Elmer Morgan.*

A TRIBUTE WORTHILY BESTOWED

The officials of the Jackson Training School can never be divorced from the fact that Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte, during the pioneer days of the institution was in the thick of the fight for the establishment and maintenance of a school for wayward boys, in North Carolina.

She was a charter member of the Board of Trustees, and her interest and best efforts were given with a hope that the school would fulfill its mission by transforming the so-called bad boys into representative citizens.

Mrs. Faison is given due recognition in the feature page of last Sunday's Charlotte Observer, as one of the women builders of Charlotte.

Permit this little paper, if you please, to doff its cap to Mrs. Faison, and say she too is numbered as one of the builders of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. This school is an expression of a noble work, and most nobly achieved by the efforts of all who lived close to the humanitarian side of life.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE NIGHT SCHOOL IN BUNCOMBE COUNTY

The night school program of Buncombe County community has been arranged under the director, Mrs. J. M. Day, with the hope of reaching and benefitting six hundred adult illiterates.

The set-up includes vocational, home-making and Americanization classes.

Preparations are also being made for two night schools for negroes. A new feature of this school is work among the prisoners of the county jail. The inmates of the prisons are taught three nights a week, and instruction includes those from the first grade to the high school grade.

From the information gathered by those interested in the night schools of Buncombe there is reason to conjecture the majority of those taught in these schools have never been further than the fourth grade. The question is, "Why?" Can it be due to the indifference of the parents or are our schools failing in their mis-

sion—to give every child the advantages of a high school?

The Buncombe County night school is supported through funds of a Community Chest, an evidence that the county officials realize that ignorance breeds crime.

The whole undertaking, to eliminate illiteracy in Buncombe, is no longer an experiment, but those interested continue the work with an earnestness so as to implant in the minds and hearts of a wayward or neglected class, an ambition for nobler ideals.

* * * * * * * * * *

A WARNING

Dr. J. M. Parrot, secretary of the State Board of Health, gives out the statistical report to the effect that diphtheria cases this year are 100 per cent ahead of the reports of last year.

"A stitch in time saves nine," and especially does this time-worn adage hold true since realizing it takes three months for a child to become immune after taking the vaccine.

Therefore, to ward off all danger of an epidemic of diphtheria, parents should take note of Dr. Parrot's warning, and safeguard their children in every way possible.

* * * * * * * * * *

EDUCATION—THE WAY OUT

The following excerpt taken from an address, "Education—The Way Out," by A. Lincoln Filene, Boston, emphasizes the fallacy of economy in our educational system, inasmuch as the curtailment will retard progress, therefore, the opportunities once denied or lost can rarely be made up. Our future lies in the development of citizens of a self-governing nation:

> Four years ago, when we were prosperous, we were proud of our public school system, and we believed that we were building a new civilization that was based on free public education.
>
> Today, when we have hard times, which should we do—economize carefully in order to keep the system in good condition till times get better, or cut and slash ruthlessly, so that when the depression is over it will take ten years of effort to build our public schools back to where they were in 1929?
>
> Your money is invested in the public school systems of the United States. Don't you want to have your investment protected and have the

system maintained intact so that when business becomes normal, education will go on as before?

I am speaking to you as a business man, not as an educator. I have come to realize that every business man has a vital stake in education. . . . Business wants a progressively improving standard of living because that means still better markets. And business wants practical education as well as education for culture. All this business wants for its own good.

The two billion dollars that we spend each year on our schools is one of the most profitable of all of our great public expenditures. That is my honest belief, as a business man, looking at it from the angle of nothing but business.

It is our duty both as business men with a responsibility for a business that is worth five and a half billion dollars and as parents of future citizens, to bring the American educational system through the economic storm safe and sound. We must not let it be wrecked. We must not cripple it. We have great need for it in building the future of our country.

* * * * * * * * * * *

MEETING THE EDUCATIONAL EMERGENCY

The 13th annual American Education Week will be observed from the 6th to 12th of November.

All educators are asked for some program to emphasize the needs of each locality throughout the country.

Teachers and citizens are at work to maintain the equilibrium of our school system, because the public schools, the medium of educational opportunities for all children regardless of class or clan, are threatened by the economic ideas and practices. Education is the long-acknowledged birthright of every child.

During American Education Week plans to preserve free and universal education as the basis for self-government will be emphasized by observing the following program:

Monday, November 6—The Increased Responsibilities of the Schools.

Tuesday, November 7—Financial Support of the Schools.

Wednesday, November 8—What Citizens May Do To Protect the Schools.

Thursday, November 9—Home and School Co-operation.

Friday, November 10—The Schools and Reconstruction.

Saturday, November 11—The Schools and Loyalty to the Nation.

Sunday, November 12—Safeguarding Character Essentials.

INDIAN SUMMER

There is magic in the phrase, "Indian Summer." It denotes that interlude of the Autumnal season when the balmy weather gives a call to hie to the woods for a frolic, and gather the chinquapins, hickory nuts, walnuts and chestnuts, also other Fall products of the forest.

The explanation of this term is based on the fact that early in the Autumn the American Indians, as fickle and deceptive as the season, began lighting their brush fires prior to gathering in their corn and other crops.

However, at this season the leaves of the forest gather their Fall colors, giving both qquality and tone, like magic, to the rugged landscapes. According to information gathered at the United States Weather Bureau, a poet, Philip Freneau, immortalized the phrase, "Indian Summer," in verse for the first time early in the nineteenth century.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE DUKE ENDOWMENT

It is with interest we learn that thirty institutions of North Carolina and sixteen of South Carolina have been the beneficiaries of the Duke Endowment, including 7,119 children under the supervision of 825 employees. The amount of money given by this endowment to child life is an expression of love and tender mercy for the unfortunates.

The figures as to the amount expended are confusing, but the results in reclamation of the youths will continue to the end of time and reflect the fine spirit of the benefactor.

Dr. Watson S. Rankin knows not only the business side of life, but shows a true conception of the best way to get results in Christian welfare work by emphasizing the value of trained social workers in every department of the work of institutions, especially those that that are the beneficiaries of the Duke Endowment. In his annual report he also extolls the value of good cottage mothers who take the place of mothers in the homes.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"O God, give me the power to take
Life's reverses like a man—
The grit to smile, when my heart would break—
When I'm down, the strength to stand.

"Throw back my head in high disdain,
Of losses and destiny;
And take up my tools, begin again
And show them the best in me."

—o—

Among the social graces a person makes a most comical face when he or she tries to yawn with the mouth shut.

—o—

A free press, even more so than free speech, is the greatest guaranty of freedom the American people can have.

—o—

If we had more square deals in this world, we would not need so many new deals. There is a good deal in this if you will stop and think about it.

—o—

It is stated that football did not make as much money this year as most of its sponsors had expected. It would seem that a lot of folks stayed at home and did their own kicking.

—o—

It is perfectly natural that most everybody can discuss the long list of what are currently termed national questions. But I am searching for some one who knows a few of the answers.

—o—

No experiment ever worked that was not given an honest trial, and that is what the NRA is not having from those who exploit, chisel, and seek personal, class or organization advantages.

—o—

Did you ever give this thought consideration? The tree that stops growing begins to decay. It is all right for you to be content with what you have, but never with what you are. Man must be a creature of continuous growth if he is to be worth anything to himself or others.

—o—

The smallest dew-drops at night, sparkling on the tiny leaf of the most insignificant flower, reflects the radiant image of some beaming star. So the deeds of charity done, or the words of kindness spoken—however small or trivial they may be—reflects the lustre and beauty of the noble spirit which prompted them, and also shows, in bewitching loveliness, the angel part of human nature.

—o—

A class publication says that "football continues to do splendid work in mass education among college students. Four or five hundred studes, wearing a variety of colored garments, can now be seated in the gand stand in such a way as to spell out whole words and even sen-

tences." We older ones can remember when one over-worked student was forced to spell out an entire book—like McGuffey's Blue Back Speller. But educational methods have changed since then, like every thing else.

—o—

Little William had a perfect mania for turning the faucets to watch the water run and splash in the basin. One day his father caught him at this favorite pastime and reproved him by saying: "Don't waste the water in that way, son. I have to pay for it." Next day while the rain was pouring in torrents the little fellow looked up exclaiming, feelingly: "Gee! God is sure wasting water today. Won't it cost you a lot of money, Daddy?"

—o—

I have no doubt that our youngsters of today are the smartest ever produced. They have a wider range of opportunities to learn than youngsters of previous generations. Many of them coming from outside the schools. I have no fear for them; they know how to take care of themselves, and their future is bright—if they will take advantage of their opportunites. Don't let anyone tell you the younger generaton is headed for that place which is hotter than any furnace on earth. They'll avoid it by learning from the miserable examples their elders have set for them.

—o—

Here's a new racket on me. In Memphis, Tennessee, a little boy put his nickel in the slot at a telephone pay station, but was unable to get the number he wanted. He made complaint to the operator and an investigation was made. It was found that some one had stuffed paper in the return slot so the coin could not drop down into the cup. I have heard of a number of rackets, but never heard of one like that before. Apparently the person who stuffed the paper in the slot expected to come back and get any nickels that might have been caught on the paper. What cheats some of these mortals be!

The present existing conditions challenge President Roosevelt, and they challenege every thoughtful and patritoic American citizen. When such threatening problems arise as are now before us we are a people made of that kind of stuff which impells us to roll our shirt sleeves and wade into them with a determination that cannot be thwarted. Every American citizen should be behind President Roosevelt in this struggle, solidly and whole-heartedly. Never for a minute should we lose the hope and faith that he will bring us out into the promised land. I hope the President, and every Christian person in the United States will pray, night and day, to Almighty God for the vision to see the truth of what should be done, and for the courage to do it. Every night, before we go to sleep, may we turn in thanksgivings to God for the many and unspeakable blessings which He gives to us, in spite of all these hardships which we have brought on ourselves. We have a right to prosperity and to happiness, if we deserve them.

ARMISTICE DAY

(Selected)

On November 11th the people of the whole world will celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the end of the greatest catastrophe in the history of the world. When the order to cease firing was given at 11 o'clock in the morning on the eleveth day of November, 1918, there was hardly a human being on the face of the earth who did not join in the universal rejoicing. For there was no single human being in the world at that time and none who has been born since, whose life and whose future was not affected by the war.

We have called it the greatest catastrophe in the history of the world and that is not an exaggeration. Who could have believed that the firing of a single shot in an obscure Serbian village eighteen years ago last August could have precipitated a tragedy that would involve the entire human race, and from the effects of which we have not yet recovered? For there is no possible question that the world-wide economic depression, the internal and international difficulties from which every nation in the world is suffering today, are all directly traceable to the Great War.

More than 65,000,000 young men, the best of their respective nations, were taken from their homes and occupations and sent into the battlefields to kill each other. More than eight and one-half million of them were killed or died of wounds; another twenty-one million were wounded or incapacitated. At the end of the war the survivors returned, most of them, to almost hopelessly impoverished homelands, burdened with impossible debts and crushed by unbearable taxes.

We cannot destroy millions of lives, billions upon billions of accumulated wealth, without paying for it. That we have made as much progress as has been made toward economic recovery in fifteen years is little less than miraculous. But let us not delude ourselves. We, the people of the United States, although our economic losses in the war, both in men and in money must continue for another generation and even longer to pay for the war with our labor and our gold.

It seems to us that these are the things to remember on Armistice Day. It seems to us that the eleventh of November should be the occasion for a solemn resolve on the part of every American that we and our nation shall use our commanding position to help the peoples and governments of the whole world to find lasting peace and security.

Do that which is right. The respect of mankind will follow; or, if it does not, you will be able to do without it.—Goethe.

THE INCREASED RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SCHOOLS

(Selected)

The public school has been marked from almost its beginning by rapidly increasing responsibilities. The objectives of education have expanded from the simplest tools of learning to preparation for health and home, service and livelihood.

These new responsibilities have required expansions in buildings and equipment. Demands for skill have called forth technics based upon research and experiment.

The history of the public school is typical of all other American ideals and institutions. The school has gone forward. It has paralleled progress in other fields, such as transportation, communication, home building, medical science, and manufacturing. The widening conceptions of education and the increased popularity of its offering have made the schools one of the nation's principal enterprises. Enrollments have extended to include almost a fourth of the population.

Show how the economic crisis has brought progress in this enterprise almost to a standstill. Explain how the present lack of employment for graduates and older pupils has further added to the responsibilities of the schools. Point out the need for greater health protection at a time when many homes are unable to provide the most nourishing food, needed clothing, and medical care. Call attention to relief work by teachers.

THE HOUSE OF THE PEOPLE

The American common school is the expression of a mighty faith. It has grown up out of need and aspiration. It is the bulwark of those democratic ideals and rights for which mankind has sacrificed and suffered throughout the ages. It is the home of light and of reason. It is the hope of a better tomorrow. The common school is the house of the people. During American Education Week let all the people gather as of old in the neighborhood school. Let them renew their faith in themselves and in their children. Let them discuss their problems and determine how their schools may be made better. Let them return to the house of the people and know that through this, their own house, they may again bring order and promise and hope to the Republic.

Jessie Gray, President
National Education Association.

INDIAN SUMMER

By Charles Fitzhough Talman

The type of weather associated with the name Indian Summer is familiar through personal experience to all dwellers in the Northern United States and Southern Canada and by repute to the rest of the world. Its praises have been sung by poets and essayists, by travelers and by staid men of science. There is surely no lovelier weather to be found on earth, and none more uplifting to the spirit.

The days are sunny and warm for the season, but not too warm for vigorous outdoor exercises. The air is calm, or light southerly breezes blow. The landscape is veiled in a soft haze. Its aspect, combined with the aroma of smoke and leafdust, stirs memories of the days that are no more—and pseudo-memories of those that never were! To enjoy such weather it is worth living through the abominable mugginess of our American dog-days.

Indian Summer is a delightful and undeniable fact, yet Indian Summer, the Indian Summer of tradition and popular conception, is a myth. The kind of weather we are talking about is likely to occur intermittently any time between mid-September and Christmas. Careful observation extending over a few years shows that some Autumns produce a good deal more of it than others. Occasionally an Autumn lacks it altogether.

Tradition, on the other hand, asserts that one and only one outstanding spell of Indian Summer weather—the "true" Indian Summer—occurs every year, though its arrival is not supposed to be bound down to a particular date. Like the equally delusive equinoctial storm, it is admitted to be a rather movable feast. A plebiscite in New York and New England would probably decide it to be due some time in November.

Tradition also holds that a spell of mild weather is not the genuine Indian Summer unless it is preceded by Squaw Winter.

Such, at least, is the idea prevailing over a considerable part of the country, though in some Midwestern communities the Squaw Winter is said to come after instead of before Indian Summer. Squaw Winter is supposed to be antithetical in its characteristics to Indian Summer; unseasonably cold, with gray skies and snow flurries, or, as some say, with enough snow on the ground "to show a rabbit's track."

The conception of Indian Summer as a definite event in the autumnal weather program is now firmly fixed in the minds of Americans, but it is of comparatively recent origin. There is no clear record of its existence in Colonial times. Despite many years of research by Albert Matthews and others, the name Indian Summer has been traced back only to the year 1790, when it was used three times in a journal kept by General Josiah Harmar, in what are now the States of Indiana and Ohio; and the idea embodied in the name is probably not much older.

Earlier literature, though it con-

tains many descriptions of the American Autumn, does not indicate a belief on the part of the writers that the finest weather of that season was usually concentrated in a single period of a few days.

No name for the traditional mild period is found in the Indian languages, and the authorities have been unable to decide how the term "Indian" came to be used in connnection with it. About a dozen different explanations have been suggested. According to some of these, the period was so named because it was a favorite hunting season with the redskins; because it was a season propitious for their attacks on the whites; because it coincided with the harvesting of Indian corn, and because the smoke in the air was attributed to fires set by the Indians.

The irregular incidence of Indian Summer was pointed out by several writers of the early and middle nineteenth century. Thoreau, in his notes on meteorological conditions at Concord, Mass., between 1851 and 1860, records the occurrence of Indian Summer weather on dates all the way from Sept. 27 to Dec. 13; a range of seventy-seven days. Bela Hubbard, in his reminiscences of old Detroit, claims that a large majority of the Autumns there between 1835 and 1885 were without well-defined Indian Summers, but that in 1849 "at the beginning of the third week in October the Indian Summer commenced, and continued with scarcely an interruption to the balmy, hazy atmosphere until 24th November—a period of seven weeks—when it closed with dense fog, followed by rain and cold."

Other writers of a few generations ago sought to explain the discordance between the Indian Summer tradition and the Autumn weather actually observed in their own times as one of the manifestations of a changing climate. Belief in the decadence of the "old-fashioned Winter" was then entertained even more widely than it is today, and it was natural to assume that there had been an equally conspicuous change in the Autumns. Both of the supposed changes were usually attributed to the clearing and settlement of the country.

* * * *

Long before our Indian Summer was ever heard of, Europeans looked for a renewal of warmth each year at Martinmas or at some other time in the Fall. The European traditions on this subject vary from country to country. There is a corresponding diversity in the names applied to the traditional warm period. It is "all hallows Summer," "old wives' Summer," "go-Summer," "All Saints' Summer," collectively, and in various lands it is linked with the names of different Saints—Luke, Martin, Michael, Bridget, Teresa, Wenceslaus, and so on—through half the autumnal calender. These names of saints imply corresponding dates of occurrence; St. Martin's Summer, for example, being thus assigned to Nov. 11 (presumably "old style," since the tradition antedates the reform of the calendar.)

The nomeclature is curiously confused with that of the spider-webs that float in the air in mild Autumn weather. This material is now called gossamer, probably because it was

seen during the "go-Summer," or "goose-Summer," about St Martin's day, when goose was on the bill-of-fare. In German, Altweibersommer ("old wives' Summer") means both the webs and the season of their occurence, the two things being woven into the same fabric of folk traditions.

* * * *

The world at large is still medievally minded. Pity the meteorologist whose hopeless task it is to explode time-honored myths about weather!

If you would be continuously happy, you must know when to be blind, when to be deaf, and when to be dumb.—Selected.

NEW BIBLE IS MUCH SHORTER

(Asheville Citizen)

A new Bible intended to meet present day needs more adequately, has just been published. It is the work of Edgar J. Goodspeed and J. M. P. Smith, of Chicago.

This new version contains 564 pages as compared with the 2,000 pages of the standard versions. Several of the more unimportant books, so considered by compilers, are omitted, as Chronicles, Songs of Solomon, Lamentations, Obadiah, Malachi, Peter II, John II, III and Jude. For this reason the new edition has been called the "Short Bible."

"No shortened form can be a substitute for the complete Bible," Prof. Goodspeed says. "The complete Bible is so big, bewildering and obscure, however, that it intimidates most readers. The 'Short Bible' is intended to be a bridge to the complete Bible for the average reader."

The books of the "Short Bible" are arranged in the order in which some modern biblical scholars believe they were written. Genesis, first in the traditional St. James Versions, is the 16th book in this new version. The book of Amos comes first.

There are many different versions of the Scriptures but few in which the order of books has been re-arranged for centuries and some omitted entirely. These two innovations in the "Short Bible" will probably prove somewhat of a shock to Bible students but defenders of the new version point to the fact that there have been omissions before, as for example the "Apocrypha" which is found in some editions and not in others.

As for the present order of books in the Bible, this was a man-made arrangement, critics are told, and if the Scriptures can be made more useful and adaptable to modern needs by a man-made rearrangement why should not it be done?

WOMEN BUILDERS OF CHARLOTTE

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough, in Charlotte Observer.

Whenever the great organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy is mentioned, the name of Mrs. I. W. Faison immediately comes to mind. Her love for this work is an inheritance from her father, known as one of the war editors in the terrible conflict of the Sixties; from four uncles who were soldiers in the Confederate army, and from her mother, who belonged to the Woman's Hospital Aid Society, which after the war became the Confederate Memorial association.

As a little girl, she went with her mother to carry food and medicine to the sick and wounded soldiers in the Confederate hospitals of Charlotte. She has a vivid recollection of the activities of the Ku Klux Klan in the community, the terror they inspired and the radical change in the behavior of evildoers, because of their presence.

Mrs. Faison is a charter member of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was the first chairman of the credentials committee and had the honor of signing the membership certificate of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson. In the work of the Daughters, she has taken an active part at home, in the state and in national affairs, serving her chapter as president, the North Carolina Division as treasurer and as president, and the national organization as vice president general.

In appreciation of her untiring efforts, the North Carolina Division made her honorary vice president and later, honorary president.

In 1932, the general organization elected her honorary president general in recognition of her long and valued service.

She has served as chairman of many important state and national committees and at present has in charge the work of the "Home and Foreign Libraries committee," of the North Carolina division. She was the director in North Carolina for the Jefferson Davis monument association and was instrumental in securing a large amount in the state for the erection of the handsome monument at Fairview, Kentucky, the birthplace of the only president of the Confederate States. For the Arlington Confederate Memorial association, she served as director in North Carolina, raising a substantial fund for the monument. General Julian S. Carr appointed her matron of honor of the army of Northern Virginia, and she also served as matron of honor on the staff of Colonel W. S. White, of Norfolk, Va., when the Confederate Southern Memorial association held its 30th annual convention in Charlotte in 1929. Mrs. Faison was chairman of credentials and resolutions.

She has always been a great lover of history and has in her possession a tiny "History of the United States," measuring 6 by 9 inches, which she studied when she was nine years old. For years, she has made talks and addresses to the school

children of the city on Southern history, several thousand having heard her over this period.

One of her earliest services to the public was in 1865, when, at six years of age, she worked diligently selling flowers and candy at the first Masonic bazaar ever given in the community. The bazaar, which lasted two weeks, was held in the yard of the First Presbyterian church.

Sixty years ago, she sat with her mother, Mrs. W. J. Yates, in the old brick courthouse on the site of the present Selwyn hotel, while the organization of the Second Presbyterian church was perfected. Throughout her life, she has been a loyal and devoted member of this church, participating in all of its activities.

Mrs. Faison is a charter member and trustee of the Stonewall Jackson Training School for boys, at Concord. As state chairman of the initial committee, she raised a substantial amount for the building fund, and then made an eloquent appeal to the legislature for an appropriation for the establishment of the school.

She was a member of the Shipp monument committee and was among the first to collect pennies from the pupils of the old South Graded school, which Lieutenant Shipp attended in his youth

When the Young Woman's Christian Association was organized, thirty years ago, she secured the first quarters occupied and was chairman of the committee which engaged the first secretary.

At nine years of age, she saw a presentation of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," which so impressed her that all her life she has been an earnest advocate of temperance and never loses an opportunity to cite the evils of alcohol.

A charter member of the Charlotte Woman's club, she has served the organiation as treasurer, vice president and president. Possibly the quicket real estate deal in the history of the city was her purchase of the first home of the club, on Eliabeth avenue. Appointed by the president, Mrs. J. E. Reilley, to investigate property suitable for a club house, she left the Mint building, where the meeting was held, and before reaching the square, met the owner of the former Draper home, inquired the price and bought it in the name of the Charlotte Woman's club. She was the first chairman of the club house committee, and worked valiantly in the efforts to finance the undertaking.

Thirty-nine years ago, the Eclectic Book club, the third in the city, was organized at the home of Mrs. Faison. It has held a high place in the cultural life of the community, and Mrs. Faison has served as president throughout the years of its existence.

Realizing the great possibilities of the moving picture industry as an educational force, she takes an active interest in the better films committee, of which she is a charter member, and has served for many years on the review committee.

As regent of the Battle of Charlotte chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, she was an efficient leader, and in the work of the Colonial Dames and the Daugh-

ters of 1812, she has aided in the preservation of ideals and history of early patriots. She holds membership in the North Carolina Historical society and in the Confederate Memorial and Literary society of Richmond, Va.

She is a charter member of the Charlotte branch of the Needlework guild and ably fulfills the duty of division president.

Politics has always had a fascination for her and as a member of the North Carolina Democratic executive committee, she has attended many Democratic conventions. Despite the fact that it was not a popular movement, she engaged in the earliest activities in the cause of woman's suffrage, feeling that the vote would be a power for good in the hands of women.

During the World War, she was a member of the Nortn Carolina state committee of the council of safety and chairman for Mecklenburg county. She took a leading part in Red Cross work, serving as chairman of the work room committee.

Mrs. Faison, who has traveled extensively in her country and in foreign lands, is an interesting speaker and conversationalist.

In 1865, in her seventh year, she attended the Methodist college which was conducted in the present D. H. Hill school building, later going to a private school taught by Miss Hattie Moore. At 10 years of age, she entered Queens College, then the Charlotte Female institute, graduating in 1878. She is an active member of the Queens College Alumnae association, and has been a guest of honor at frequent meetings.

Mrs. Faison, the daughter of Major William J. Yates and Sallie Springs Yates, was born at the family homestead at the corner of North Tryon and Seventh streets. She was Sallie Yates before her marriage to Dr. I. W. Faison, fondly known in the community as "the loved physician." Practically all her life has been spent on North Tryon street, her home after her marriage being near the corner of Tryon and Eighth streets, where she resided for forty years.

Public spirited, progressive, and faithful to every obligation, her life has been long and useful.

EQUITY

The meanest man I ever saw
Allus kep' inside the law;
And ten times better fellers I've knowed
The blame' gran'-jury's sent over the road.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE GROWTH OF THE PRINTING PRESS

By Don Young

One of the most fascinating objects to look upon is a busy printing press. Today the printer literally "pushes a button" and metal fingers feed the paper into the press. All that the modern pressman has to do is to keep his press oiled and running smoothly and accurately. There is hardly any manual labor required.

Modern automatic printing presses, both large and small, are a great development from the simple hand presses that were used in Benjamin Franklin's day. Yet these crude wooden presses could make equally as good an impression as those of modern times. The difference lies in the speed with which they work. The earliest method of printing was adapted from the press which was used to extract the juice from grapes and olives. It was a wooden affair, and there was only a small number of printed sheets in evidence after a printer had finished a hard day of labor upon one of them.

From the screw press, a press using a lever to make the impression was invented. The depth of the impression upon both of these presses depended upon the strength of the person who operated them. A strong man might, if he chose, even emboss the type into the paper. Printing was for several centuries an art that depended upon muscular strength. Even when the power press came to be used, horses and treadmills were often used to turn them.

Most of the early printers made their own paper by tearing and boiling rags until they were reduced to a pulp that was spread out in moulds and pressed into sheets. This same method is used today, but wood pulp has largely taken the place of rags, and great machines have replaced the slow hand labor. Machine-made paper has never surpassed the high quality of hand-made rag paper. The price of rags, however, makes their use impossible for printing in large quantities. Today the smooth glaze on magazine papers is obtained by coating them with products of clay, chalk, and even casein from cow's milk.

Many of the fine old books that are preserved today were printed on parchment or vellum. The pages of these books were made from the skins of small animals such as calves, goats, or donkeys. Books made from these materials could be purchased only by rich noblemen.

Despite the early handicaps of the crude printing presses, they produced some fine work, and we owe a large part of our present intellectual advancement to them. They made possible a great series of changes in both the church and the state. The first printers were undaunted at any undertaking. Even in the fifteenth century the printing of the Bible was a favored accomplishment. Although its great size required a

great deal of labor in printing, it was issued often, and the great demand made nearly ever edition a profitable one. Although the first Bibles were printed in Latin, there were many editions printed in languages that could be read by the common people. Bibles in the German language were printed in fifteen different dialects; in Italian, in thirteen, and in French, eleven.

Before the era of the printing press the Bible was rarely seen by the common people. It has been said that Martin Luther never saw a Bible until after he was twenty-one years old and had entered the Augustinian monastery. During his lifetime, however, thousands of copies of his own translation of the New Testament were printed. Hans Luft, a printer at Wittenberg, executed editions of it in large type. Luther's pen kept a number of other printers at work, and he appreciated good craftsmanship in the art of printing. In regard to the edition of his Bible in 1539, Luther wrote, "I hope that Anhault noblemen and gentlemen will take care that there be at least three copies of this edition printed on vellum, for each it may be necessary to procure 340 calve's skins." The cheaper editions of Luther's Bible were printed on rag paper and sold at fairs and other gatherings. His pamphlets and other writings were a great stimulus to printers and booksellers everywhere. Hundreds of copies of the pamphlet containing his controversial address against Eck, printed in 1518, were sold in two days at the Frankfort Fair.

Luther had early realized the value of printing, but he was amazed at the public he was actually able to reach. He received no pay for his printed work, except occasional printed volumes. Many of the Wittenberg editions were published at his own expense, and the receipts, less selling costs and commissions, were over to him. His only desire was to secure a wide circulation of his works. His books and pamphlets were pirated by printers everywhere. The proof sheets of one of his sermons were stolen and brought out even before it had been published by the rightful printer. Luther brought no action against such persons, but he objected to their printing his works without his permission. Many of the printers of that time also operated book stores. Thousands of Luther's books were sold in the market places by dealers and peddlers of all kinds.

The presses of Nuremberg were busy for several years in issuing controversial pamphlets and tracts. Under the edict of the magistrates, issued in 1520, the printers of this town were forbidden to print the writings of Luther, Calvin, and their associates. Sympathetic printers continued, however, to issue Protestant pamphlets.

Luther's first publisher was a Nuremberg citizen named Johann Weissenburger. Later, John Grunemberg of Wittenberg, printed his treatise on Seven Penitential Psalms. In 1518, Luther brought a new printer to Wittenberg by the name of Melchior Lotter, who established a shop fitted to print three languages, probably Latin, Greek, and German. It is thought that Hebrew type was added later.

One of the greatest printers in the

sixteenth century, a man thirty years younger than Luther, was Christopher Plantin. He set up a printing press in the Flemish city of Antwerp. The crowning achievement of Plantin's career was his Polyglot Bible. He had planned its publication for many years. The text ran parallel in four different languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldaic.

While Martin Luther's translation of the Bible was being printed in Germany, the first printing press was sent to America. Strangely, it was landed in Mexico, establishing Mexico City as the birthplace of printing in America. Juan Pablos, a printer of Seville, Spain, came across the ocean to start the printing shop. A number of rare books came from the Pablos Press.

Although North America has been proclaimed as a pioneer in nearly every industry, the second printing press was not shipped to the northern hemisphere, but to South America. In 1584 printing was begun at Lima, Peru, by Antonio Ricardo.

It was not until 1638 that the printing press came to North America, and then it was brought by a preacher of the Gospel who perished on the way across the ocean. His widow, Mrs. Jose Glover, landed with the press, and purchased property in Cambridge for a printing office. She engaged Stephen Daye as her printer. In 1640 the first publication came from the press, entitled, "The Whole Booke of Psalmes." Ten copies of the book are still in existence, and they are all treasures of great value.

One of the chief duties of the early printing press was the production of primers for the education of children. Before the era of printing, the means of obtaining an education were limited. There was hardly any need to learn to read when printed boks were so few, but the day was soon coming when any person unable to read would be seriously handicapped.

Despite its late start, the printing press gained fast headway on American soil, and was a help in fostering the independence of the American colonies. When independence was obtained, the swift conveyance of news and the increasing spread of printed books and newspapers made it possible to place the government in the hands of the people. Our American democracy, which now occupies nearly 4,000,000 square miles of the world, is made largely possible by printing. Spoken words may soon be forgotten, but the printed records of laws and proceedings may be circulated far and wide, and kept for reference at any time. No legislature or congress of a large nation can get along without printing.

Across from the Union Station in Washington is the large brick building which contains the government printing office. This is probably the largest and best equipped printing establishment in the world. Printing was first mentioned in the first session of congress, when it was recommended that bids be invited "for printing the laws and other proceedings of congress." Five years later we find congress ordering an expenditure of $10,000 for "firewood, stationery, and printing." Our government depended upon privately owned printing establishments for seventy-two tyears. Finally, an es-

tabished printing pant was purchased which employed 350 persons. Today about 5,000 men and women work in the government printing office every day.

In order to enjoy self government and get the most from the experience of others, the people in all parts of the country must be able to exchange ideas and information with each other. This is done through the incessant clank and clatter of the printing press. There were no newspapers in Luther's day, but now they tell us new stories of life as the days pass.

In the seventeenth century single sheets of printing were sold by peddlers and criers, containing the description of a single happening. These broadsheets were finally developed into a journal, issued at regular intervals, of which the Frankfurter Journal, published by Egenolph Emmel, in 1615, was one of the first.

China is really the cradle of the first newspaper, and the possessor of the oldest publication in the world—The Peking News, which has been issued for over 1,400 years. Japan has also had newspapers since remote centuries. They were small sheets, printed from wooden blocks, telling of some interesting event.

In Italy were first printed the gazettas, which were also the forerunners of the newspapers as they are today. They took their name from a small Venetian coin known as a "gazetta," which was their price.

Today the printing press is able to serve as the world's greatest instrument for circulating truth. There are now batteries of printing presses in every large city that would make a sixteenth century printer rub his eyes in wonder. The pressroom capacity of some newspapers is equal to over two million eight-page papers per hour. Since its invention, the printing press has faced thousands of tasks, and as our civilization increases, its duties become more complicated. It has been a bloodless weapon for world progress. From its weak beginning it has grown strong and powerful. Now it is still demanding new ideas to put before the people, ideas to make the world a better place in which to live.

A WHOLLY UNSOPHISTICATED OPINION

Plain horse sense in poetry writin
Would just knock sentiment a-kitin!
Mostly poets is all star-gazin'
And moanin' and groanin' and paraphrasin'!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE SENTINEL LIBRARY

By Hope Daring

CHAPTER II

Learning to Use the Library

"No man should be too busy to read. This is an age of change, of new discoveries, new thought trends, new standards. Keep abreast of the times by wise, selective reading."
—R. E. M. Cowie.

For a full minute there was silence. Then Rita shrugged her shoulders and said:

"There, Felix! I knew that, but you see I suposed I was the only one who would have to consider it. I thought the rest of you would have to do only with folk who knew how to use the new library. Already I have planned how I will interest my boys and girls."

"How, Rita?" Kathleen inquired.

Clancy did not wait for the young teacher to reply. "I felt that, and so did Lon Granger when we talked about his boy brother, Henry. We can leave Henry and—"

"And the Tegon boys to Rita," Felix interrupted Clancy to say. "The senorita says Raymondo and Jean find the life depicted in books strange to them; they know only the life of their isolated ranch. But how about Lon himself and my Juan?"

"Those young men know something of life in cities; the Grangers lived in San Francisco when Lon and Tom were boys. I say, Kahleen, how are we to help this along?"

"By all doing our best. It may be hard work, but it will be fun. Dear Doctor Grace here will help, and so will Mr. Lewis."

Doctor Lummis rose. "It is time we were all in bed. I'll have to think it over, but I am sure the best way will be to do as you did about the books—all of us give. The teaching to use the library must not be done by four or by eight."

"You mean that if Felix helps Lon, Lon is to help Juan, and Juan someone out on a ranch?" Kathleen asked.

"Yes, that's the way. Now Clancy is fortunate; he already has a group—his class of boys in Sunday school. And in the end he will set them to helping someone else."

The young merchant smiled. "Think I will start them on the books that tell of California; its history, geography, productions, and the legends of the past. That was in my mind, in a way, when I gave my five California books."

"Wonder if I could form a group among the choppers," Felix said as if to himself. "There are Ben's tree books, and one that I gave was Moore's 'Book of Forestry.' What a help Burton could be in this! He is well read along scientific lines. We must wake him up. Don't look so frightened, all of you. I am sure today will be a land-mark in Sentinel's history,"

The next morning there was an unusually large attendance at the church service. Sunday school, which came first with Mr. Small as superintendent and Felix as his assistant, numbered among its attendants every child in Sentinel and one-third of the

adults. Clancy walked away from the church at the close of the service with Mr. Lewis. The minister listened with ready sympathy to the young man's announcement that many of the people at the settlement were not ready readers.

"I presume you are right, Reed, although I doubt if the percentage is larger than can be found in many cities. They are all so interested that it should be easy to get them to accept the help that you are ready to give."

"You will help us, Mr. Lewis?"

"Of course I will. Let me see. I am to stay here all this week, making some pastoral calls and doing some work on my sermons for next month. You four are going to have a meeting tomorrow night, did I hear you say?"

"Yes, a meeting of as many as we can interest." Rapidly Clancy sketched the few plans already made, concluding with an earnest invitation for the minister to attend the meeting.

"I will be glad to do it. And I will talk a little with some of the men beforehand. You see, Clancy, I gave five biographies: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Roosevelt. I'd like to introduce some of the men here in whom I'm interested to those books. I will outline a way for them to look for the things that will enable them to grasp the whole; get from the book its very marrow."

Monday evening when Mr. Lewis came into Mrs. Lathrop's living-room, where the meeting was to be held, he was accompanied by Lon Granger and Ben Martin. Clancy had brought Jack Larsen with him. At first Rita looked doubtful, but Mrs. Lathrop and Kathleen welcomed the two mill-men as graciously as they did the minister and the merchant.

Plans were made. Mr. Lewis was to meet a half dozen men for the four evenings left before he must start for the place where he was to preach the next Sunday. As no one had drawn the "Life of Washington," he would bring that book to each meeting and give it his consideration.

"I am going to show them how a biographer usually proceeds, unless it is one of the extreme new ones," the minister went on. "First there will be something of Washington's family, with a background of the conditions of the country at the time of the great man's birth sketched in. Next will come his education, his early manhood, and his life work. And these will have a consideration of social and political matters as their background. And they will find matters in their other reading that will help with this book."

"Now if you are willing, Mr. Lewis, I will use some of that plan with my class of women," Kathleen cried. "And, when your men are a little further on, they must have some good novels to help them see how men lived and loved and hated in those days. When you men have read the 'Life of Jefferson,' I want you to read Mary Johnston's 'Lewis Rand.' It is such a perfect picture of life in Jefferson's days!"

"Why, it will be the greatest fun!" Lon Granger cried, turning to Clancy. "Miss de Villa is going to get Henry started right, and I'll have to hustle, to keep ahead of him. But there's my brother, Tom, only a year younger than I am. Tom went as far

in the San Francisco schools as I did; through the tenth grade. But he has never cared to read anything but trash."

"Can't you help him, Lon?" Felix asked.

"I'll do better helping someone else; Tom would think I was trying to boss him. You are the man for the job, Felix Waldo; Tom thinks you are a wonder with your beehives and what you know about bees."

"Mr. Burton sent Tom up to help me a little when I was building my house. I'll make him want to read of the great open places and the hills that shut them in. Lon, play fair. If I help Tom, you must help Clancy's Juan."

That was the proudest moment of Lon Granger's life. To think that Felix Waldo, with his books and his dreams, with his past of travel, two years in college, and summer abroad should plan to work with Lon for some common good.

Kathleen had already talked with some of the youger mothers. Doctor Lummis was planning to work with some of the older ones and especially with some women who lived on lonely ranches across the hills.

The interest in the library grew. As the weeks went by, bringing summer to that elevated mesa, there was much reading of the books, much discussion of what was read. School closed for ten weeks' vacation. Rita went to her home at Riverside. She was to return for another year, and she wrote to many of her pupils, directing their reading in such a way that it would help them in their next year's school work.

The road to Dena was rough, being nearly all the way across the desert which was there a rocky land. However, as all the lumber from the Sentinel Mill went out that way and all the commodities for the settlement came in that way, it was kept passable to trucks and stout cars. Every morning a truck went across to Dena, even if there was no lumber ready for shipment. The mail was brought in on the trucks return trip and distributed from Clancy Reed's store. Also, the driver executed any commission that a person at the mill settlement wished to send to the larger town. Often there were three or four trucks piled high with newly sawn lumber or that which, cured in the kilns, was ready to ship to dealers or furniture manufacturers.

The canyon road in beyond the mill had also been put in a fair condition. A truck took the choppers out each morning, returning to the settlement at noon, to carry them out a hot lunch. Over this road came the towering loads of logs for the saws. Burton's' land lay all on one side of the canyon, from which several small valleys opened. The other side was used for pasture, much of it being owned by Senor Tegon.

The timber land and the mill site had been purchased twenty years before by James Burton's father who had waited for the promised railroad spur that would enable him to ship his lumber out. After the senior Burton's death the son, who had worked with his father in various lumber enterprisse, had decided to install the mill and furnish his own means of transportation.

From the first success had been his in the lumber venture. He paid fair wages and provided for the welfare of his workmen in a reasonable

but not a lavish manner. Burton was reserved, cold, but he had begun to mind the isolation and the lack of social intercourse at Sentinel. He had a car and usually drove over to Dena for dinner at the hotel on Sundays unless he entertained some friend or business acquaintance over the week-end.

No person at Sentinel understood Burton as well as did Kathleen Lovett. From the first she feared that he would consider the library project small, perhaps silly, yet she had not expected him to look upon it with the open disfavor he did. It was three months after the opening, and the plans for helping on the reading were bearing friut when a new understanding of the matter came to the girl bookkeeper.

She was in the office alone one mid-forenoon when a strange car stopped at the door. A florid-faced, flashily-dressed man entered the office. He addressed Kathleen by name and inquired for Burton. Noticing the puzzled look upon the girl's face he said flippantly,

"And you don't know me. How could you, even in this wild whirl of social gayety, forget Dick Evans?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Evans. I do remember you now. You were here a few months ago."

"Yes, trying to persuade your boss to put in a little playhouse for his workmen. That's my business, the talkies. You look surprised, Miss Lovett. Didn't you ever hear about it?"

"Not a word, Mr. Evans."

"That's strange. I told Burton I would be along about now. He said, if he concluded to indulge, he would have his theatre under way! We worked out dimensions and all that."

Katheleen was aware of a sudden feeling of dismay. If the right kind of pictures had been chosen, this would have meant so much to Sentinel. What could have prompted Mr. Burton's change of mind? He was autocratic, not liking to have any one take the slightest liberty in his business. Had the founding of the library had aught to do with her employer's giving up what he had planned?

Even while asking herself this question Kathleen was again assuring Mr. Evans that she had never heard of the proposed theatre. She would send someone out to look for Mr. Burton.

"Oh, I'd just as soon visit with you, Miss Lovett! I'm in no hurry; expect to be invited to stay over night."

"But, Mr. Evans, I am busy. Ah! Here comes Mr. Burton."

It was at once evident to Kathleen that the mill owner was plainly indifferent to the visit of Mr. Evans. When he sat down in the outer office, Kathleen began to gather up the books upon which she was working, to go into the inner office, thus leaving the two men alone. James Burton motioned for her to remain seated.

"Nothing private about this interview, Miss Lovett. It will not take me long to tell Mr. Evans that I have given up installing a theatre at Sentinel."

"Now, Burton," and Mr. Evans moved his chair nearer his host. "Don't tell me that."

"Why not? It is the truth."

"But why? It would do so much to make your serfs contented. Zounds,

man! The way the world says you are making money it's your duty to do something for these fellows."

"That's none of the world's business, no, nor that of any man. These fellows have gone about trying to amuse themselves without consulting me as to the way they should do it. QThey have started a one-horse library, a few dozen old books. Such a fuss as they are making about it! Reading circles and sermons on uplift! Frankly, I see it is all they are capable of, so I'll let them go their own way."

"Why didn't you put a stop to any such nonsense, Burton? Why didn't you tell them about the showhouse?"

"Why should I? If this is their taste, let them indulge it! I'm through trying to help them."

The men talked for ten minutes longer. Kathleen never raised her head from the big ledger over which it was bowed. When the two men had disappeared in the direction of the lumber kilns, the girl laid down her pen. Resting her chin in her cupped hands she looked away, through a window high in the wall, to where, on the horizon line, old Sentinel stood outlined against the sun-flushed sky.

"I believe that was intended for me. And it was small, petty; I did not think it of James Burton. It was not true what he said about my beloved library. I'll never mention it to him, never. And I'll never speak to him of the theatre that was to have been."

Apparently Evans was not invited, as he had expected, to remain over night. Mr. Burton did take the traveling man home with him for dinner. Soon after that Evans rode away. A little later Burton asked:

"Do you care for moving pictures, Miss Lovett? The new talkie kind I mean."

The girl's steady blue eyes met his gaze. "Well, that question calls for a lengthy answer. I love some kinds and abominate others. Why, that is the way with many things, is it not?" and she looked meditatively at the page before her.

For a moment there was a constrained silence. Kathleen knew her employer was waiting for her to speak of what she had heard him say to Mr. Evans. She waited a minute longer, and then asked:

"Were both loads of the pine that went out today billed to the Denning Co. at Carson City?"

He answered curtly, then strode away.

When Kathleen left the office that night she went for a wlak along the canyon road. Almost without thinking she struck into the trail that led to Felix's little ranch. Suddenly she heard a voice humming a gay air.

"That's Felix." Then she called, "Felix! I've something to tell you."

"And I was coming down to dinner early, because I had something to say and wanted to say it to you first. Of corse it is about the library."

"So is mine, Felix. I have decided this afternoon that it is time for it to begin to grow. Let us meet and plan away to get a hundred new books now, and another hundred at Christmas time.

"Kathleen, you are a witch. That is the very thing I had in mind. Let us sit down here on this bank for a while and talk it over."

(To be continued.)

HONOR ROLL FOR OCTOBER

NOTE — Due to the fact that several changes have been made in our teaching staff during the past month, and some of the teachers have been on vacations, we were only able to get reports from two school rooms for the October honor roll.)

Room No. 2

—A—

Garland Ashburn, James, Clemmons, Hershell Crews, John H. Cain, Frank Lett, Thurman Lockamy, Richard Midyette, George Weatherly, and Charles Wagoner.

—B—

Ed Lockamy Albert Parker Eugene Hogan, James Enloe, Neil Huntley, W J. Stevenson, and Thomas Wright.

—o—

Room No. 7

Robert Ashe, Ansil Byrd, Nelson Daubeinmeyer, and Eugene Whitt.

—B—

James Harvell, David Hodge, and Eugene Tollie.

GOD GIVE US MEN

God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinion and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking;
For awhile the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Larry Nelson, of Lenoir, a former member of our printing class, called on us last week He informed us that he was employed in the shipping department of a furniture factory and getting along nicely.

—o—

To date six large hogs have been killed, the total weight being more than 2,100 pounds, dressed, and we are informed by the farm manager that we will have a hundred more hogs for slaughter during the Winter months.

—o—

Mrs. Ralph Boyd, of Concord, called at the school the other day and delivered a number of magazines, donated by a group of ladies of the First Presbyterian Church and several fine books, the gift of Mrs. J. C. Rowan. With the coming of the long evenings of the Winter months the boys will appreciate the reading matter furnished by the good ladies of Concord.

—o—

In writing up the Hallowe'en party at the school in last week's issue of The Uplift, we neglected to state that Mr. Charlie Ritz, of Concord, furnished six hundred bags of popcorn for this occasion. We regret that these errors occasionally escape the eye of the proof-reader, but wish to assure our friend Charlie that it was unintentional, and in behalf of both the boys and officials of the school, we wish to take this opportunity to thank him for his generous contribution to an afternoon of real fun and enjoyment.

Last Tuesday was the day set for the special election in North Carolina when the citizens would have an opportunity to vote on the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. In contrast to previous elections, not much excitement prevailed in our "small city." While most of our folks voted, they performed this duty without much "airing" of their opinions, just quietly leaving their posts for a short time and casting their ballots.

—o—

Rufus Wrenn, of Philadelphia, who was paroled from this institution about ten years ago, called on friends here last week. Rufus, who is now a special agent for the Swan Fountain Pen Company, reports that he is getting along fine, and his appearance bore this out, for he has developed into a fine-looking young man. He was accompanied by his wife and three-year-old child. We were glad to see Rufus and trust he will visit us whenever he is traveling in this section.

—o—

The farm force has been utilizing the fine weather prevailing for some time by gathering in the corn, stover and other feed crops. Practically all of the stover has been gathered, shredded and stored in the barn. The judgment of those familiar with such matters is that the quality of stover is the finest ever placed in our barns. Regardless of the extremely dry weather during the past season, our farm has produced more feed and food for both man and beast this

year than in any previous year. Here are a few outstanding items from the report of the farm manager: More than 60,000 pounds of tomatoes have been gathered since July 1st. Our watermelon crop was very good, nearly 6,000 were grown, providing a number of enjoyable feasts for the boys. More than 7,000 cantaloupes were gathered. In our potato house we find 1,620 bushels of sweet potatoes of excellent quality. Since July 1st our large family of nearly six hundred consumed 3,460 dozens of "roasting ears." Our gardens produced 140 bushels of butter beans, about half of which are dried for Winter use. About 230 bushels of peas were gathered and are dried and stored away. About 250 bushels of peanuts have been gathered and placed in the store-room to be issued to the boys during the Winter. Our onion crop consisted of 140 bushels. In addition to the vegetables stored for Winter use, we have still in the gardens for daily serving quantities of mustard, rape, turnips, rutabgas, beets, collards, carrots and other salads and vegetables. All through the Summer months our tables were generously supplied with all kinds of vegetables such as beans, carrots, salads, onions, radishes, cucumbers, squash beets, egg plant, green peas and others.

—o—

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday. For the Scripture lesson he read part of the Apostle Paul's defense when on trial for his life, as found in Acts 26:1-20. It was a rainy day, and at the beginning of his talk to the boys Rev. Hardin compared the attendance here with that of some churches. In the rural churches, he said, on rainy Sundays the attendance would fall off about one-half, but here at the school he always found 100 per cent attendance rain or shine. He then stated that this would probably be his last regular visit to the school as he expected the Conference to send him elsewhere. Rev. Hardin said he had been holding services at the school regularly for four years, and that it had been a real pleasure to do so; he also said that he wished to thank both boys and officials for the way his efforts had been received here. In his usual interesting manner, the speaker then called attention to a number of places mentioned in the Bible where he wished it could have been possible for him to be. The first mentioned was a desire to have been with the shepherds on the Judean hills and to have heard the singing of the heavenly choir the night Christ was born. Then to have seen the baby Jesus in His manger bed. Again he would like to have been with the Master as He walked along the shores of of Gallilee, and to have heard the wonderful sermon on the mount. Then was expressed a desire to have been present at the Last Supper. Then said Rev. Hardin, he wished it had been possible for him to have been with Peter on the day of Pentecost and listen to that great sermon which converted 3,000 people. He stated further that he wished he could have been with Paul had it been possible, on his many mission-

ary journeys, and would especially like to have been present as this great man was being tried for his life before King Agrippa. Although on trial for his life, Paul was not thinking of himself. He came in to court seeking those who were not saved, rather than spend the time defending himself; he even launched out on another great sermon to save others, including King Agrippa, who held his life in his hands. Paul told the king of his own conversion on the way to Damascus and how he had been obedient to the heavenly vision. Rev. Hardin then urged the boys to have a vision and remain true to it, saying that every successful life is reached as the result of a person having a vision and being faithful to it. He told the boys that thirty years from now they were going to amount to as much as they had remained true to their visions or ideals. The speaker concluded by saying the main thing in life is for everybody to want to do something, but there was no easy road to great accomplishments. We cannot be anybody or really amount to anything, he said, unless we work hard. Some day God is going to ask us how true we have been to our vision, and Rev. Hardin expressed a wish that each of us could truthfully say, as did Paul, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." It was with great regret we learned that Rev. Hardin is to be transferred to another charge, thereby preventing his visits to the school. It goes without question that he has made himself very popular with both the boys and officers of the Training School, as an able and interesting speaker and as a fine young man. It is unnecessary to express our best wishes for success in his new field of endeavor, for with the same attitude towards and ability displayed in his work here, his success is assured wherever he may go.

A HEAVENLY BEAUTY

For several weeks past an obpect of great beauty in the evening skv has been the planet Venus. It comes into view in the southwest shortly after sunset and can be seen for an hour shining so brightly that the stars seem dull in comparison. The planet is so radiant that its reflection makes a pathway in the water almost equal to that of the moon. Venus is nearer the sun than the earth is; the distance is about 67,000,000 miles and it revolves around the sun in about 225 days. With the exception of the sun and moon Venus is the brightest object in the skies and is well worth observing on any clear night.—Beaufort News.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 18, 1933 No. 46

MY CHILDREN

In my dear children's youth my own youth
is renewed;
In them again my loved ones lost return.
I see my father's eyes, I hear my mother's
voice;
For these remembered traits my own heart
does rejoice.
Their very names sound sweetly in my ears,
Those names that others bore in other
years;
Why should we mourn for ours long dead,
When this new life is given in their stead?
I feel not loss, but gain, and idle tears are
left unshed.

—Mrs. Lucy Parham Cooper.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor. MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

PRAISE FOR "GOLDEN MEAN"

The Latin poet Horace had much praise for what he termed the "golden mean." He warned against excess of pleasure and self-gratification on the one hand and a life of sadness and self denial on the other. His faith that the life of moderation brought the greatest measure of happiness. In fact he voiced in poetry that any other kind of life was an unhappy and unsatisfactory one. He also thought even virtue itself hath a stated limit, if not strictly observed ceases to be a virtue.

Again he said: "Who loves the golden mean is safe from the poverty of the tenement, is free from the enemy of the palace."

"Moderation is the pleasure of the wise," wrote the cynic Voltaire.

"True happiness springs from moderation and unlimited activity, of whatever kind must end in bankruptcy," added Goethe.

"To live long, it is necessary to live slowly," said Cicero. Finally said one: "To go beyond the bounds of moderation is an outrage to humanity. The greatness of the human soul is shown by knowing how to keep in proper bounds."—Selected.

ANTICIPATION

There are many dates of the calendar year that the boys of this institution look forward to with the keenest interest, anticipating a holiday with a feast of good things to eat.

The Hallowe'en celebration was observed with appropriate decorations and with the usual menu. The next hop is to Thanksgiving Day, and on this day the boys will assemble in the school

auditorium for devotional exercises in a spirit of thanksgiving for the accumulated blessings of the past year.

The dinner on this occasion will feature Mr. Turkey, with other things to eat, that make complete the joys of a Thanksgiving dinner.

The boys, if not thoroughly conversant with the true spirit that should obsess every one on Thanksgiving Day, are very thankful they are going to have a feast of good things, including turkey, on this occasion.

* * * * * * * * * *

AN INTERESTING REPORT

This report from one of the State's institutions, the Caswell Training School, Kinston, proves of great interest to other schools functioning for the uplift and benefit of North Carolina's indigent, wayward and afflicted.

This short resume of activities given by F. M. Register, M. D., superintendent of farming operations, tells a few of the interesting accomplishments of the Caswell Training School, the institution for the State's feeble-minded children. Report:

We are gathering our corn now; we will have enough to do us. Our hogs are in fine shape and we are getting ready to turn them into our potato patches.

Buildings and Grounds

In two weeks we will begin putting new floors in our bath and toilet rooms of several of the dormitories. The McNairy Building will be first In the Pollock Building we are going right along. It will be better than new in many respects when it is finished.

Our Boys and Girls

Mrs. Barnes, our school principal, says "The boys and girls that are in school are just doing fine." Mrs. Barnes is having a domestic science room fixed up for teaching domestic science. Our boys and girls had a Hallowe'en party on Hallowe'en night—oranges, candy, ect. By the way, we need a lot of playground equipment. Wonder if someone has some games, balls, bats or anything that boys and girls would enjoy playing with that are not being used. We certainly would appreciate such. It seems that our legislators forgot that they were ever boys and failed to put into our appropriation money for the above purpurposes.

BOOK WEEK

The idea of "Book Week" originated more than a decade ago in the mind of Franklin Matthews, chief librarian of the Boy Scouts of America. This idea has grown till seven days of the year, November 12th to 18th, have been set aside as "Book Week," having the book, as a fine companion piece, as the central figure.

Teachers, parents and others interested in the mental development of the child, stress books and reading, especially so during "Book Week."

Some one has said, "books are as essential to the life of the child—or the parents—as meat and drink." The habit of reading is a matter of development by environment and example. Keep good books in easy access instead of other things that count for nothing but mere pastime. Again quoting a poet:

"Books are open windows
  Through which one may look
  The Land of Story-book.
To a happy, pleasant place,

"Books are ships a-sailing
  To some land afar,
Boys and girls, though strangers,
  Soon the best friends are. z

"Books are wings that carry
  With a joyous speed
To the Land of make-believe
  Those who love to read."

* * * * * * * * * *

MORE BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY

The boys of primary grades of the Stonewall Jackson Training School will soon see upon the shelves of the King's Daughters Library many books suitable to their age, and splendidly illustrated.

These books will add much joy to the lives of the youngsters who are in this institution because of lack of home training and wholesome environment.

The Charlotte King's Daughters are giving the books, new books,

selected according to the list suggested by Miss Blanche Kennedy, in charge of children's department of the Charlotte library.

The gift of books to the Jackson Training School has proven to be a leavening influence, instilling a more contented and happy spirit among all the boys. This fact has been stated by officers of the school who have been employees of the institution for many years.

The superintendent, Charles E. Boger, and officials who are endeavoring to work order in the lives of the boys committed to their care, feel grateful to the Charlotte King's Daughters for their gift and thoughtful consideration for the development of the boys. Everyone knows that good books never fail to prove fine companions, inspiring to higher ideals of life.

* * * * * * * * * *

A timely discussion in the last issue of "The Sanatorium Sun," by Dr. P. P. McCain, head of the State Sanatorium for unfortunate victims of tuberculosis, emphasizes the need of parents, or any body of officials with children under their supervision, subjecting them to the tests necessary to learn if there is a tendency towards the disease.

These tests preclude every possibility of the spread of tuberculosis if preventive measures are used, let the causes be due to an inherited tendency, or lack of sufficient nourishment, or any other similar contributary cause that will reduce the physical resistance of the youths.

To carry out the advice of Dr. McCain serves a two-fold purpose, making or giving hope of a physically fit citizenship besides saving an untold expense to the State by later caring for the indigent victims of the disease.

A healthy citizenship is the State's safest investment and the surest way to reach the goal is to use preventive measure to overcome physical defects in child life.

Dr. McCain is regarded as a "crusading apostle of preventive measures" against the disease, tuberculosis, performing his duties as head of one of the State's institutions in a manner approved by the people.

The Charlotte Observer, one of the most widely read dailies of North Carolina, editorially states "that no man in the whole State is fufilling a more worthwhile duty and in a more efficient, painstaking and conscientious manner than Dr. McCain in his most important post."

* * * * * * * * * *

In this issue of The Uplift will be found the prize-winning essay by Rev. Herbert Spaugh, pastor Myers Park Moravian Church, Charlotte, in the contest theme, "Disrespect for Constitutional Authority, One of the Greatest Evils of the Present,"—sponsored by Lions International.

This distinguished Moravian divine is recognized for preaching and teaching the purest Gospel. His discussion marks the fact that character building in the homes and schools of today is not stressed as it once was. Instead the materialistic gains or development of the human side of life supersedes the innner or spiritual developments of child life.

We reproduce this article because of its excellence—stressing the fact that "life is more than meat, and the body than raiment" —with a hope that it will give a better understanding to many who have the responsibility of salvaging the discarded wreckage of many hunman lives.

Inasmuch as the prison statistics reveal that there is a 576 per cent increase in commitments in the last fourteen years, which is in excess of the population increase, gives an occasion for alarm, for "where there is so much smoke," to quote a timeworn remark, "there is bound to be some fire."

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"God bless you, why it means so much,
I almost whisper as I pray it;
I dream that unseen fingers touch
My hands in answer as I pray it.

"May all it means to all mankind
In all its wondrousness possess you,
Thro' sun and cloud and calm and wind—
God bless you!"

—o—

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes it.

—o—

It is stated that science has added seven years to the life of the average man. Just making a man live longer in order to get more taxes out of him.

—o—

The Society for Advancement of Better Living announces that "Soup is eaten." I had always had an idea that it was sniffed, or snuffled, but guess I have been wrong.

—o—

That housewife, out in California, who recently won $10,000 for a novel, says she thought out the story during two years of washing dishes. There are many other housewives who could dish up novel stories, too, but they haven't put them in print.

Some people are just naturally born tired, and they stay that way all of their life. In fact, some seem too tired to die, if the Reaper, with his white horses, comes their way to take them off.

—o—

Managing money is like trying to ride a bronco—it will throw you, if you don't watch out. But most every married man can tell you about managed currency. They've all had more or less experience along that line.

—o—

Many a married man has all the patience of Job with static in his radio, but he hasn't a particle of that virtue with his wife when she becomes irritable. Next to a woman, and the kickers on the NRA, man is a queer compound, anyway.

—o—

It is stated that Demosthenes, when he filled his mouth with pebbles, spoke on the seashore. There are many would-be Demosthenes these days who speak into a microphone which is nothing more or less than phlegmatic phonetics.

—o—

Another Armistice Day has passed as a memorial to the boys who died to bring about universal peace. There's a great heart-throb in the contemplation of past events. It is time now to turn our thoughts from armament to the personal needs of man, and how the living should be treated by their fellows. A whole lot of people must be saved from

themselves. Catch the contagion of sound thinking. Sincerity, integrity and moral courage can save our civilization instead of war's carnage.

—o—

A friend of mine sends me a postal card which is quite thrilling in it's reading. He says: "It gets dark now around five o'clock. Just the kind of an evening for a plate of apples, a big pan of popcorn, and a pitcher of good old apple cider." My! my! I'll be over some evening.

—o—

Enter the winter season! Morning hours, but yesterday rosy and a-thrill with the luscious laughter o' autumn, shyly peering over the edge of the world through clouds of mist. Sturdy sunbeams tug inquisitively at these opal veils, inviting the playmates of summer dawns to dart again into games of hide and seek. When at last the mist-veils float upward and away, a frost-decked world is revealed. Hedges of eternal green are still spangled with dew, but o'er them is spread a silver sheen. The stately shrubbery twinkles in the morning light—grasses, now bronzed and dry, glitter with a myriad crystals, until the wide-stretching fields appear carpeted with gems. The dahlias in their gay gowns have departed from our flower gardens. In crisp brown clusters droop the ghosts of the last hydrangeas—here and there, midst its faded sister-blossoms, a whispering flower-wraith clings to its past glory, echoing the gorgeous purple to which it turned so slowly beneath autumn's inviting sun, a purple that seems to tingle in the frosty air. How the leaves scurry across the lawns and streets like an army in battle array on an advance charge. And the sweepers, sweeping up little mounds of summer's bright memories, patiently raked up from their racing up and down the pavements like children on a frolic. But hark! The sound of the hunter is heard o'er the hills. And through my frost-tinted windows I behold a troop of riders wandering near. At their head is a lad lithe and brave,, a lad gay and bonnie. His jaunty cap wears a feather of brightest red, and across his shoulders is slung a quiver full of arrows. Sagittarius! 'Tis he! The Archer of the Zodiac! Saggittarius brings in the winters beginnings—and ah, but it is a glorious and fortunate time for Thanksgivings and Christmas joys. All the energy of summer, all the harvest-gifts of autumn seem to have been garnered by this merry-hearted and handsome young archer of the Zodiac Cycle. From November 21 to December 21, Sagittarius, the sign of the Archer, sways heaven and earth at will. He shares with us the last mellow gleams of autumn—those rare flares of fire and wine in sun and air which we love more deeply as the cold silence of winter hovers nigh—and he suddenly reveals to us, upon winter's arrival, the zest and joy in tingling frost and flurries of snow! Gay, gallant Sagittarious—optimistic and energetic—to each of his children he gives bounteously of fire and faith, that they may ever point out to despairing humanity the silver lining 'neath winter's darkest clouds!

REV. SPAUGH'S WINNING ESSAY

(Charlotte Observer)

Rev. Herbert Spaugh, pastor of Myers Park Morvaian Church in Charlotte, won second place in the recent four-prize nation-wide contest sponsored by Lions International, the prize being $50 cash. The first prize was awarded a contestant in Los Angeles, Cal. Third prize went to a Belmont, N. C. participant in the contest and fourth prize was won by another Charlotte man. The Observer has selected Mr. Spaugh's essay for publication not only because of its excellence but because it ranked highest among the three winning essays from North Carolina.

The theme of all the essays was the statement: "Disrespect for Constituted Authority is One of the Greatest Evils of the Present Day, and is More Evident Now Than Ever Before." Mr. Spaugh's winning essay follows:

A challenging statement, if true? And, is it true? When our President states "Life and property are relatively more unsafe in America than in any civilized nation of the world;" when another authority states that there are more young men of college age in our jails and corrective institutions than in our colleges and universities; when a study of our North Carolina State prison reports reveal an increase of 576 per cent in commitments in the last 14 years, which is far in excess of the population increase; when on every hand we are hearing the cry for license in the name of liberty; when a famous father seeking his kidnaped child turns to the underworld for assistance; surely, when there is so much smoke there must be some fire.

And yet in the face of this incriminating evidence, we find the expenditures for public instruction mounting at an even more rapid rate in our state than the figures given for increase in prison commitments. Other states have increased at an equal or greater rate. Colleges and universities have expanded throughout the country. We have developed a beautiful educational machine, but we are forced to the sad conclusion that the product which it has been producing is of a decidedly inferior grade.

Well did Bismark, the Iron Chancellor of the German Empire, state, "What you wish to have in the life of a nation, first place in the schools of the nation." The youth of the nation are its future, and what we plant in their hearts and lives today, will bear its fruit tomorrow. Already there has been sowing to the wind and we are reaping the whirlwind.

As we tour our country and see the splendid buildings which have been erected to house our public schools, as we stand and admire the magnificent stadia for athletic meets, the great campus of many a college and university, we exclaim, "How fine!" Yet the thoughtful often wonders whether we have not placed the emphasis on stone and mortar, whether education has not joined industry and commerce in bowing down to the god of materialism.

We 20th century Americans have felt that if we made provision for the proper care of our children's bodies and minds we have done our duty. And along these lines we have exerted ourselves. Clinics have been placed in our schools; physical culture and athletics have been encouraged; curricula have been elaborated; courses for specialized training have been provided. But in it all we have lost sight of the main thing —that which was the aim of education in the schools of yesteryear—the development of Character. And it is character that the world is experiencing a shortage of today.

It is the writer's deep and abiding conviction that the conduct of the individual of mature mind absolutely hinges upon his attitude toward the things of the spirit, his faith, his belief, his hopes, his ideals, his character. Of course, this can not be said of the child whose conduct is controlled more objectively than subjectively, but it makes it all the more important that child training be such as tends to an appreciation of the things of the spirit and to the devolpment of stalwart Christian character.

Fundamentally there are only two deterrents to crime, fear and religion —fear of getting caught and suffering the consequences, and religion which develops a character which has no desire for crime. Mental development alone is no crime preventative. The educated criminal is all the more dangerous.

In the lack of character, this essential element of a lasting civilization, we find the answer to our present day misery. Plenty of money in the country, but thousands without any; plenty of grain and foodstuffs, but an army of the hungry; raw materials in abundance, but factories standing idle; railroads abundantly equipped, but little to transport. Yes, the wheels are all on the machine, but what it takes to make them turn—Character, which ignores selfishness and bespeaks integrity and inspires confidence—is lacking.

But this is not all, this inability to put the economic wheels in motion. Accompanying this lack is a widespread desire to flaunt constituted authority. In commenting upon this situation a prominent physician and student of social problems stated that for at least the last 15 years the homes of the nation had fallen under the influence of psychologists who have proclaimed the doctrine that the child should be reared in an atmosphere free from restraint so that the youth of today finds parental authority or any other regulation irksome. But adults seem to have fallen under a similar spell, and openly defy the laws of the country. An army of criminals and racketeers swarms over the land.

Recently an editor in commenting upon the work now in process of cleaning the famous Statue of Liberty in New York harbor remarked pointedly that unless the American people betook themselves to a corresponding moral and spiritual house-cleaning, the celebrated statue might well be removed, and in her place be enthroned the mighty figure of a racketeer, holding aloft, instead of the torch of liberty and freedom, a gun.

In the last quarter century science and industry have made tremendous strides, for which man has not been loathe to take full credit. Paying homage at the shrine of Marxism, which exalts man as the personification of power, which explains life phenomena in terms of the material, the world has politely bowed God out of the picture. The prophecy of Southey appears to be meeting its calamitous fulfillment, that "The march of intellect is proceeding at quick time, and if its progress is not accompanied by a corresponding improvement in morals and religion, with the more violence will we be hurried down to ruin." It is an open secret that the world in recent years has lost sight of the truth of the words of Jesus Christ that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," and that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment." Many who have overlooked this today are now sitting amidst the ruin of their gilded palaces and weeping in sackcloth and ashes.

Pervading our schools and colleges a philosophy of humanism has brought forth its deadly crop. In the name of academic freedom, exponents of teachings inimical to our American ideals, destructive to Christian belief, subversive to obedience to constituted authority and our present social order, have been allowed the lecture platform and the professor's chair in our colleges and universities. Yet our nation is called a Christian nation; it was founded by people who settled here with deep Christian convictions. Upon the coinage of the land we read, "In God We Trust." The ideals of the Christian religion were incorporated in the original framework of our government to such an extent that a writer on constitutional law states, "Christianity is a part of the law of the land . . . in this sense that many of our best civil and social institutions, and the most important to be preserved in a free and civilized state, are founded upon the Christian religion . . . . the whole purpose and policy of the law assume that we are a nation of Christians, and while toleration is the principle in religious matters, the laws are to recognize the existence of that faith, and our institutions are to be based upon that assumption." (American Constitutional Law, 2nd ed.. P. 449; H. C. Black, M. A.) Take for example the legal oath, and the practice of having witnesses in court kiss the Bible when sworn.

It is a strange paradox that in a so-called Christian country textbooks and teachings subversive of the Christian faith are allowed in our schools and colleges. Is such the case? "By their fruits ye shall know them." Question the boys and girls now in college, and get them to talk frankly. How many of them will tell you of the doubts put into their minds by atheistic or agnostic teachers.

I know a minister today, who in his college days, was so unsettled spiritually by an atheistic professor, whose chief delight was in taking shots at the Christian faith of his students, that he forsook the study of theology, and for six years floundered about in the quagmire of spiritual unrest and doubt. Finally he

restored the foundations and returned to complete his theological studies. A companion and fellow student, of brilliant mind and also a candidate for the ministry had the same experience. The war intervened and this young man was one of the victims, closing his earthly career in a fog of doubt and uncertainty.

Sad to relate from many reports our own North Carolina schools are permitting the use of texts, especially in the social sciences, which weaken Christian faith, by raising the eternal question mark, so that a student, cut loose from the old moorings to which he has been anchored at home, throws up his hands and exclaims, "What can a man believe?" And a youth thrown out into life without some convictions and some beliefs to which he can hold, is like a ship at sea without a rudder.

Charlemagne, emperor of the Franks, at his own request at death, was placed in his tomb seated in a chair. Before him was a copy of the open Bible, with the dead king's finger pointing to the words, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Men are waking up today to find that the old king was right, that the imperishable investments are those made in a man's soul — his character, that spiritual power, which we moderns have so largely lost sight of.

People today are thinking particularly in terms of investments, many of which have proven profitless. The thoughtful are beginning to wonder if we have invested wisely in the citizenship of America, if we have not in the speed of modern life lost sight of the main issue in life—character.

In the Old Testament, the Book of Kings, there is an interesting parable dramatized in life. King Ahab, of Israel, a mighty warrior is commanded by the Lord to capture and execute his hereditary foe, Benhadad of Syria. A victor in the battle he succumbs to the wiles of diplomacy, and spares the life of him whom he was ordered to destroy. On the way to the palace, after the battle he is met by a prophet, disguised as a camp follower of Israel. He tells the strange story of going out into the midst of the battle and being entrusted with an important prisoner, with the injunction to "Keep this man." Dire punishment was promised if he allowed the man to escape. However, he did allow the prisoner to escape. He advances this excuse to the king, "And as the servant was busy here and there, he was gone." Upon being severely reprimanded by the king, the prophet casts aside his disguise and pronounces punishment upon him for allowing to escape the man whom he had been ordered to destroy.

A man has been given us to keep, and we have been "busy here and there" and the man is gone. We have been but busy about the wrong thing. We have been busy in our search for material advantage; we have been busy in the pursuit of pleasure, but have forgotten that not these but character is the aim and end of life.

The present generation has been given "a man to keep"—the souls of the rising generation—our children. Investments here never experience the ravages of deflation.

Experience of the writer over a

period of years in dealing with young America points conclusively to the fact that investments made in human souls yield dividends which the blight of depression can not destroy.

It is much easier and infinitely less costly to prevent our youth from becoming criminals, than to deal with them after they have already turned to the paths of crime. The fact that we have so many youthful criminals today points conclusively to the fact that we have failed to make proper investment in youth.

There are three great investments that we should make in the youth of today, if we would "keep that man."

The first is Sympathetic Guidance. There is much truth in the story of the little girl who was toddling along by the side of her mother and stumbled over a stone and fell. Upon getting up she plaintively exclaimed, "Mamma, why didn't you look where I was goin'?" Yes, we ought to look where our children are going. The human race has traveled pretty generally over the same ground for centuries. Children have played and quarreled together ever since there were children; boys and girls have been courting for hundreds of years. The trouble with so many of us is that we forget that we were once young and how we felt when we were there. We simply remember that we fell into certain pitfalls, and we bark out an order to the child not to go that way, or say "Let him learn by experience," and leave him alone. How much easier to take him by the hand and lead him by. We need to be able to gain the confidence of the child or youth by convincing him that we were once at the same place, and understand fully just where he is.

It is here that the Boy Scout movement is doing such excellent work. The leaders "lead," they do not order. They show the boys how to meet the requirements rather than telling them. Some very effective leaders in Scouting are men old in years, but young in ideas and sympathy.

Lack of sympathy with youth on the part of age, is to a large extent responsible for the gulf which exists in many instances between them. Youth does not care for preachments, but does appreciate sympathetic guidance.

The second great investment is Time. Children require time, personal attention. A father may provide food and shelter in abundance for his children, he may provide entertainment, but if he fails to give them of his time, he is a failure as a father.

A Child Specialist once warned the writer that he should have care lest he spend so much time looking after the interests of other people's children that he fail to provide companionship for his own. A timely warning. There are men and women who will become greatly exercised over the duties and responsibilities of our democratic government. They will spend much time in attending committee meetings; they will go out and make speeches, all the time forgetting that there are some little Democrats back home who need their attention first. Parents might well consider the fact that their children naturally crave companionship. They

will seek it first from father or mother, and if denied there, will seek it elsewhere, and often in quarters which are far from the best.

How we can help our children over hard places by simply taking a little time. A physician recently told the writer how he helped his little girl overcome her fear of thunderstorms by dressing her in a bathing suit and donning old clothes and going out in the rain with her, where they admired the lightning and listened to the thunder with great glee.

But here we again have been "too busy"—busy about the wrong thing. Recently in a neighboring state a questionaire was sent out to a group of school boys, asking them to name the man they considered their ideal. Of the almost 100 replies, only two boys named their fathers. A sad commentary on the fathers. "Too busy," no doubt they would say, "to be bothered with the boys," but busy about the wrong thing.

The man who can go out on the corner lot and play ball with the boys is a great fellow, and the father who will take time to play with his boy, to be a companion to him, can usually occupy the hero's place.

The third and perhaps most important investment which should be made in youth in order to develop a high type of citizen, is Example. Here we are falling woefully short, yet, like the proverbial ostrich, we have stuck our heads in the sand, and cry out about wayward youth.

I think it was Emerson who wrote, "What you do sounds so loud that I can not hear what you say." The child and the youth is much more prone to heed the actions of their elders than his commands. A father can get by for a time with ordering his boy to go to Sunday school and to attend the services of the church, but after a while the boy will note that his father is conspicuous by his absence and will naturally reason, "If it is not good for dad, it is not good for me."

Recently I saw a cover on a popular magazine which most vividly illustrated the influence of example. The picture showed a man crouched behind the wheel of a speeding automobile. To the rear in the distance could be seen the indistinct figure of a motorcycle officer. Seated by the side of the man in the car was a small boy, who gazed up with rapt admiration and exclaimed, "Gee dad, we're leavin' him behind." A fine example for law observance?

When adults openly flout the law, you can rest assured that youth will go them one better. We hear much about drinking amongst youth and the often attendant immorality. Where did they learn it. In one of the high schols of the state considerable publicity was given to the charge of a minister that there were a number of hard drinkers in the school. An investigator discussing the matter with the president of the student body, was met with the challenge, "Well, what do you expect, when liquor is served openly in many of the homes represented in this school, and children see their parents disregard the law?"

A distinguished bishop in recent comment upon the coming generation in the church stated that he considered them a fine group, holding great promise, "if not corrupted by middle-

aged sinners."

One sometimes wonders that our young people do as well as they do, considering the example set them. Recently in one of our cities, a young girl was brought home from a dance in an intoxicated condition. The couple bringing her home shortly after midnight found her mother out, so remained with the girl until her return about four. When the mother returned, she was found to be even more intoxicated than her daughter. The father never appeared at all.

In another town a Y. M. C. A. secretary was called out of bed early one morning to come to the assistance of a group of young people who had been arrested for flagrant violation of the speed laws and for reckless driving. After making arangements for their release at the police department, one of the girls was quite reluctant to go home, fearing the wrath of irate parents. The secretary agreed to accompany her, in order to make it easier for her. When they arrived home, it was discovered that her parents had not yet returned from a late party.

With crime rampant in the land, with business in confusion, with morals at a low ebb, with society in general in chaos, it is high time that those in middle years, now at the helm of affairs, give some heed to the foundations upon which our civilization rests. The coming generation is looking to us for guidance and for example, and hitherto we have done a rather poor job of it.

We are being forced to the opinion that man is not omnipotent; that our present day troubles are man-made. We are finding that our favorite idols are made of wood and stone, and that as "we have been busy here and there" we have allowed the Christian man to escape.

Throughout the history of mankind when peoples have fallen into evil days, their nation has either collapsed or a strong leader has been raised up to lead them out of the wilderness. When that leader or those leaders appear in America, they will personify integrity of character and honesty of purpose together with devotion to the Christian ideals upon which this great commonwealth was reared.

The watchman is even now crying on the walls to arouse the people from their lethargy, to arouse them to thought, to sincerity, urging them to throw aside that selfishness of purpose which has so actuated our society for the past decade and more, and to consider life in terms of the welfare of the people. He is crying to Senators and Congressmen, to statesmen and leaders of the people. He is crying for rebuilding of Christian altars and a return to Christian principles of living.

We stand today at the forks of the road. Will the American people meet the challenge and rise to higher and nobler living and our civilization ascend to new levels, or will we in our littleness of thought considering only our own personal interests allow our entire social structure to crumble about us?

IT IS UP TO THE WOMAN

(News-Herald)

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt believes that if the highest type of persons "with new conceptions of public service" are not in public office during the next few years, "our revolution may not continue to be bloodless."

She makes this statement in her new book, "It's Up to the Women," just published.

The volume is made up of a varied collection of comments, covering fields ranging from menus and household budgets to politics and labor conditions. It is both penetrating and artless, with platitures and revolutionary statements mixed intimately.

Speaking of NRA codes, Mrs. Roosevelt writes:

"In a number of industries the heads of the industry under these codes have had it intimated to them that they will not be able in the future to receive as large a salary or enjoy as many bonuses as they have in the past."

"It is really unimportant of what sex a president may be," she writes in another chapter. "We certainly will not have a woman president until some woman worthy of being president appears on the horizon. In the meantime, men both worthy and unworthy will probably fill that office."

She regards a living as the right of human beings, and scorns that idea that it is charity to provide people with food and clothes and shelter when they are unable to earn them.

She thinks women should have equal pay for equal work, equal working hours and conditions, and equal opportunity, but she believes in protective labor legislation for women and she "rebels," she writes, against the idea that married women should not be allowed to work for pay. She suggests, however, that it might be generous for people with other sources of income to give or share their jobs with the jobless in the emergency.

Children should be given more rather than less freedom, she says, and "it is better for them to get their feet wet than to be told at the age of fifteen to put on their rubbers."

On divorce, Mrs. Roosevelt seems slightly obscure. She regrets the necessity for it, ever, but adds that "nothing can be worse for children than to grow up in a home where the atmosphere is one of unhappy and constant bickering." She thinks that possibly it would be better if marriage were made "far more difficult." If divorce is inevitable, she thinks one parent should be given jurisdiction over the children with the other having the right to see them and have their companionship occasionally.

An optimist is one who sees opportunity in difficulties; a pessimist is one who sees difficulties in opportunity.—Selected.

THE WIDE VARIETY OF RED CROSS SERVICE

(Young Folks)

Notwithstanding the demands of the greatest relief measure ever carried out by one agency—the distribution of 85,000,000 bushels of wheat and 104,000,000 garments made from 844,000 bales of raw cotton, the American Red Cross might, with perfect truth, have displayed the sign throughout the period of the depression, "Business going on as usual." Not one of her other activities was diminished while this colossal enterprise was being conducted.

The Red Cross Nursing Service, in which are enrolled 31,000 graduate nurses, is the reserve of the army and navy. Through its public health and home hygiene service it touches hundreds and thousands of lives, changing them for the better, and inculcating the principles of sound health, personal and community hygiene. Last year some 700 public health nurses inspected 1,000,000 school children, and made an equal number of home visits, giving bedside nursing, pre-natal and post-partum care. A total of 1,560 Red Cross nurse instructors gave the course in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick to 35,000 students.

Through the first aid and life-saving services 170,000 individulas qualified as first-aiders and life-savers. This means that legions of employees of factories, department stores,, public service plants, and other industrial concerns will receive the prompt and proper attention, in case of accident, that saves needless suffering and often life itself; and that lakefronts, beaches and swimming pools in unnumbered communities are made safe for the bathers.

The ex-service man with his dependents is, by terms of its charter, one of the permanent responsibilities of the American Red Cross. Last year 528,000 in this classification were aided and helped in finding employment.

As the Congress-appointed agency for the administration of disaster relief, the Greatest Mother, last year, handled ninety-two disasters occuring in the United States and insular possessions. Rehabilitation included items as small as garden seed and as substantial as lumber and house furnishings for the rehabilitation of families and homes.

Volunteer service offers a wide variety of opportunities for helpfulness to those who desire to serve their fellow men. Staff assistance, production, surgical dressings, Braille transcribing for the blind, canteen and motor corps, health aides, Gray Ladies and hospital service, invite into their ranks any and all who desire to dedicate their leisure time, and the intelligent service of hands and hearts to the great cause of humanity.

In the Junior Red Cross of the United States are mobilized an army of 7,000,000 school children, earnestly striving to carry into practice

their junior motto, "I Serve," in acts of friendliness and helpfulness for their communities, and in that larger community, the world. These children, throughout the depression, have worked side by side with their elders in chapter relief projects. Already they are learning the meaning of social justice and civic responsibility.

At the annual Roll Call of the American Red Cross, between Armistice Day and Thanksgiving, the Greatest Mother summons into her legion of mercy all who desire to participate, through the payment of their membership dues, or by volunteer service, in her Good Samaritan program.

ALFRED NOBEL

By Mrs. Wm. B. Rosborough

The most famous prizes in the world are the Nobel Awards that are given for outstanding work in five fields. These Nobel Prizes are unusual and the man who founded them was unusual. He was Alfred Nobel, the scientist. Sunday, October 1st, marks the one hundreth anniversary of his birth. His life was an interesting one and is worth knowing, not just because of these prizes, but because of the many inventions that he gave to the world.

Alfred Bernhard Nobel was a Swede and so were his ancestors. The first known member of his family was a peasant called Olaf, who lived in th eearly part of the seventeenth century. This man Olaf made money, and became ambitious for his son Per. So he sent Per to the university. In those days all university students had Latin names, so Per, on entering the university, became Petrus Olavi, which is Latin for Per, the son of Olaf. But at that time there were almost as many Petrus Olavis at the universiy as there are Smiths and Joneses in our country today. In order to distinguish one from the other, these students had to add family names. Like most of the others, our Petrus Olavi took his last name from the district in which he had been born. This was Nobbelov, so he called himself Nobelius. Per and his son used this name of Nobelius but his grandson entered the army, and soldiers, unlike university students, did not have Latin endings to their names. So the grandson dropped the ius from Nobelius and called himself Nobel, the name by which all his descendants are known.

And of these descendants, the most famous one is Alfred Nobel. His mother was Andrietta Ahlsell, a splendid woman with a keen sense of humor. His father, Immanuel, was a brilliant man, an architect, and an inventor. Among his inventions are surgical appliances, submarine mines, and the hot water system of heating houses, which, I am sure some of you use in your homes in the winter. It was from his father that Alfred inherited his great inventive powers.

Alfred was the third of six chil-

dren. The two youngest ones died at a very early age. Of the other four, who were all boys with great ability, Alfred was the greatest genius.

He had very little formal education. He started going to school in Stockholm, his native ctiy, when he was eight years old, but he went there only one year, and that is the only school he ever attended. For when he was nine his family moved to St. Petersburg, Russia. There was no Swedish school in the Russian capital, so Alfred was taught at home. He had private tutors from the time he was nine until he was sixteen, and from them he received a thorough scientific training. At sixteen he began traveling extensively in order to increase his knowledge and experience in engineering. He went to Germany, Denmark, France, Italy, and England. He also spent two years in America.

When he returned to Europe at the age of twenty-one, Alfred worked in his father's factories, first in Russia, later in Sweden. In 1863 he made his first important discovery when he succeeded in making nitro-glycerin explode under water. Alfred patented his discovery. Then, in the Nobel workshop in Sweden, nitro-glycerin was manufactured for the first time on a commercial scale. At this time this substance was considered by everyone, including the Nobels, to be comparatively harmless, whereas it is, of course, very dangerous. In the second year of its manufacture there was an explosion which blew up the Nobel workshop and killed five people, including Alfred's youngest brother, Emil. This was such a shock to Alfred's father that he had a stroke which left him an invalid for the rest of his life. From that time on Alfred constantly tried to make the new explosive safer and less dangerous to handle.

In 1866 when he was thirty-three he invented dynamite. This was Nobel's most valuable and useful gift to the world. For dynamite is used in building, in mining, in making roads, in constructing tunnels and canals, and in blasting under water. With this dynamite Nobel went from country to country, patenting his invention, founding companies, and setting up factories everywhere. In a few years there were dynamite factories all over Europe. In the United States he had a factory, too, at San Francisco, California.

Nobel's third important invention came in 1875. He combined nitroglycerin with gun cotton and obtained a jelly-like substance. This was blasting gelatine, an explosive even more powerful than dynamite.

Thirteen years later he invented a smokeless powder which he called ballistite. This smokeless powder was for firearms and guns. So it immediately aroused the interest of various nations and was soon used by the armies and navies of many countries.

These four that I have just mentioned are Nobel's best known inventions. Judging from htem, you might think that he was interested in explosives only, but he has a great many other inventions to his credit. In fact he had about 355 patents in different countries, and these patents covered inventions in many fields. For example, he patented special oil burners for the naphtha industry, also an automatic brake, an explosion-

proof boiler, and many other things.

Nobel had other interests in addition to his inventions. He was interested in oil. In 1878 he and his two brothers established the famous oil company known as Nobel Brothers, which operated the petroleum wells at Baku, Russia. This firm became the most active competitor of the Standard Oil Company.

Nobel's inventions and his oil interests brought him both fame and wealth. For he was not only an inventive genius and a hard worker but he had as well much executive ability and a good business head, both of which are rather rare among inventors. Another rare gift that he had was his linguistic ability. He could read, write and speak five languages —,Swedish Russian, French, German and English. Most of us consider ourselves fortunate if, in addition to English, we can speak one other tongue. Nobel spoke five, and, as he traveled extensively, this wonderful command of languages was exceedingly useful to him.

But in spite of his many successes and his large fortune, Nobel was not a completely happy man. For one thing, his health was always poor. He had a weak heart, was very nervous, and suffered from severe headaches all his life. Then, too, he was always afraid that people were interested in him because of his money only. Society life, receptions, banquets, and so on, he disliked. But he did enjoy talking to people he knew well, whenever he had the time,—that is, when he was not working on some experiment or other. He never married, perhaps because the girl he had been in love with died very young, perhaps because he was so devoted to his mother.

Nobel lived to be sixty-three years old. On December 10, 1896, he died in San Remo, Italy. His parents and his brother, Emil, had all been buried in Stockholm in one grave, and Nobel, in accordance with his wishes, was buried in the same grave with them. So Alfred Nobel lived and died, a great man, the most famous Swede of modern times.

When his will was opened and read, it was discovered that he had provided for a fund of about nine million dollars to be used for what are now known as the Nobel Prizes. These nine million dollars were invested in good securities. The annual interest is divided into five equal parts, one part going to each prize winner. This amount has varied from about $39,000 to about $50,000 for each award. Sometimes a prize is awarded jointly to two people. Then each receives one-half of the amount.

The prizes are given in five fields —physics, chemistry, medicine, literature, and world peace. This last prize is given for work in a movement that particularly interested Nobel. For Nobel always regretted that dynamite, which he had invented, was used at times to kill. He felt that a peace prize might encourage people to work for the abolishing of armies, for the formation of peace congresses, and for world peace in general, and so offset to a certain extent the destructive uses to which his invention was sometimes put.

The awards are given each year to the man or woman who, in the preceding year, has done the most

to benefit mankind in one of the five fields mentioned above. Candidates for the prizes must be proposed in writing by some distinguished representative in the field of science, literature, or medicine, and the reasons for proposing any particular person must be given. The names of the candidates must be presented by February 1st of each year. No person may apply for any prize himself.

The Swedish Academy of Science in Stockholm selects the winners in physics and chemistry; the Caroline Medical Institute in Stockholm selects the winner in medicine; and the Svenska Academy, also in Stockholm, determines the winner of the Literature Award. The winner of the Peace Prize is selected by a committee of five persons who are elected by the Norwegian Parliament, known as the Storthing.

The names of the winners are usually announced sometimes in November, but the prizes are not awarded until December 10th, called Founder's Day, because it is the anniversary of Nobel's death. On this day the winners receive a check together with a diploma and a medal in gold. Each winner is expected to lecture, either in Stockholm or Oslo, on the subject for which he received the prize within six months after he receives it.

So far, in the four fields of physics, chemistry, medicine, and literature more Germans have won the prizes than have the men of any other one nation. In the field of peace however, we, the United States, rank first; that is more Americans have received this award than have the citizens of any other nation. May our country always rank first in this field, which is of such vital importance to the whole world.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL

The next time you pass a school pause a moment to think what that school means to humanity. Recall the long dark centuries when the masses were kept in ignorance—when greed and oppression ruled the world with an iron hand. From the very beginning of man's struggle for knowledge, self-respect, and the recognition of his inalienable rights, the school has been his greatest ally. We refer to the school as "common" because it belongs to us all; it is ourselves working together in the education of our children. But it is a most uncommon institution. It is relatively new. It is democracy's greatest gift to civilization. Throughout the world, among upward struggling peoples, wherever parents share in the aspirations of their children, the American common school is being copied. Let us cherish and improve our schools.—Selected.

THE SENTINEL LIBRARY

By Hope Daring

CHAPTER III

The Growth of the Library

"Could we give one gift to every child, we should choose the love of books."—W. F. Bigelow.

For a full minte after Kathleen and Felix were seated there was silence between them. When the girl did not break this, Felix turned his gaze to her face. She was looking off across the desert mesa upon which the great canyon opened.

"Seeing visions, little girl?" For a moment his hand rested upon hers.

She shook her head impatiently. "Not that, Felix. I am deciding if I shall tell you what I heard this morning. It is not pleasant either to tell or hear. I am going to do it, because I am not sure but my almost anger about it is what prompted my decision that we would add new books to our library and at once."

She told him of Dick Evans' visit to the mill office and of what she had heard about her employer's plan to provide a picture house for Sentinel.

"What do you think about it?" she demanded. "Just because we planned a little library without consulting the owner of the mill, he not only refused to help us but gave up his own plan to brighten life here."

Felix's laugh was a little forced. "Don't let s allow his ungraciousness to spoil our pleasure in what we have done and are going to do. Let us rejoice that our plan is strong and healthy enough to put out new growth. Are you ever sorry for James Burton?"

"Oh, yes, frequently. And there are many fine things about him. It is tre that they manifest themselves best when his way is approved by all, his authority unquestioned."

"Your reading of his nature agrees with mine. Only I would add that he has never made humanity a study as anyone who employs others should."

"You mean that he has no sense of brotherhood towards his employees?"

"It goes a little further than that in my opinion. I am afraid Burton does not just sense the difference between a man and a machine. He looked upon his proposed talkie as the proper lubricant."

"And he is afraid the library will clog the works?" Kathleen asked whimsically.

"I don't believe he went as far as that in his thinking process. It was the opposition. No hand but that of James Burton must hold the oil can in Sentinel."

They had a hearty laugh. Then, after a discussion of ways and means, they rose, to descend to the canyon floor. As they walked along, Kathleen said:

"I am glad that you agree with me in thinking there should be no attempt to 'make money' for our new books. Everybody in Sentinel, unless it is Grandma Day, and I will give enough for her, is earning enough so that a small gift can be a pleasure to the giver."

"And how large or how small will be made known only to the committee to whom the money is paid. When is your vacation, Kathleen?"

"The first half of October. Felix, notwithstanding the good times we are having here, I'll be glad, so glad, to be in my San Francisco home where I can look across the bay and see the sunlight on the water."

"It must be a joy to have a home, a father, mother, and two younger brothers," Felix said soberly. "I am going to be in the city for a week about that time. While I don't want to crowd in on your good times, Kathleen, it would be fine if we could have a half day to interview libraries and librarians."

"Of course we will. I am good friends with all the force in the city library nearest my home. Father and mother are greatly interested in my account of the library here. All the Lovetts will be delighted to include you in some of their merry-making besides 'librarying,' as Mrs. Hubbard calls her young son staying at the library to read an hour before he changes his book and returns home."

Kathleen was surprised to learn how many had considered adding new books to the library before she did. Both Lon and Tom Granger were laying aside a small percentage of their weekly wages as a contribution to the library.

"And Lon says his father is so far converted to the idea that he has promised to give Henry the price of a new book when some are bought," Clancy reported after he had interview the older Granger brothers about helping purchase some new books.

Every adult person in the mill settlement, save James Burton, was interviewed concerning the project. Rita explained it in full to her pupils, and Doctor Lummis carried the news on her visits to the nearby homes. At that time the library was open on two afternoons and three evenings of each week. As yet there was no regular librarian. The Smalls had moved into a comfortable five-room cottage that Burton had built for his manager. Their daughter, who had graduated from a normal school the June before, was going to remain at home a year before beginning to teach. This was because her mother was not well. Rena Small offered her services as librarain any time.

For a week a box stood upon the librarian's desk. There was a narrow opening in the cover through which an envelope, containing what the giver wanted to contribute, could be slipped. Doctor Small offered to give, besides five dollars, a twelve-volume encyclopedia. For this she had sent to her home town where things she had saved, when, as the only child, she had dismantled the family home, were stored. All felt this would be most helpful to the pupils of the school, as Rita was teaching them to go to the library to "look up" matters connected with their work.

After the library was closed on Saturday night of that week, the four "founders," accompanied by several others, carried the envelopes up to Clancy's pleasant sitting-room over his store. The sum of the gifts was to be announced at church the next morning. The ones who went with the four were Doctor Lummis,

Mrs. Lathrop, Rena Small and her father, a Mrs. Swift, Mr. Lewis, Ben Martin, Lon Granger and Jack Larson.

It was down near the bottom of the pile of envelopes that they came upon the one that caused so much excitement. In it was a single bill, a one-hundred-dollar one. It had been suggested that each envelope should be marked with the name of the giver. The one containing the hundred dollars was the only unmarked one in the pile.

Doctor Lummis was the one who opened the envelope; her cry of astonishment focused all eyes upon her. Once the doctor had explained what caused her outcry, there was a chorus of questions.

"You don't mean a hundred dollars do you, Doctor Lummis?" Lon Granger demanded. "I didn't know any of us library folks was acquainted with such."

Kathleen clasped her hands in her lap, saying to herself, "To hear Lon Granger say 'us library folks' means more to the world than a hundred-dollar bill."

Then Rita had turned on Doctor Lummis. "Did you slip that in yourself, Doctor Grace?"

"Does she think I have inherited a fortune or robbed a bank?" the physician asked of the ones assembled together.

"Did you do it, Felix?" Clancy asked.

The young man shook his head. "I'm like the doctor. 'Barkis is willin', but the price of honey is low this year, and three-fourths of my income went into my little irrigation plant for the benefit of my apricot grove. What about you, Clancy?"

"Couldn't afford it either. If any one here did it, please own up and be thanked prettily. Perhaps some one of us coaxed the gift from an outside fairy godfather. Whomever gave it, some one of us slipped it into the box."

For a half hour longer they discussed the mysterious gift. Then Kathleen said:

"Let us enjoy it and rejoice in the loving spirit that prompted it. How much in all, Clancy?"

"Two hundred and sixty-seven dollars without the extra hundred. We will be able to have some of the more expensive books we felt we must forgo."

"Let us save a part of this, say fifty dollars to help with the books we are to buy later," someone suggested, and all the others agreed.

The next morning before beginning his sermon, Mr. Lewis announced the sum found in the envelopes. Also, he told of the anonymous gift; of this last the worn but enthusiastic minister said:

"My friends, I am going to report in substance what one of our young leaders said last night when we found ourselves unable to determine the identity of the giver of the hundred dollars. She said we would rejoice in the gift and in the kindly spirit that prompted it. Our library is like a beacon light on a lonely shore, a symbol of interest in each other, of love and service. Let us bow our heads for a minute and thank God for His goodness and help."

It was a week later when Kathleen left on her vacation. She had been happy in Sentinel, but her heart

sang with gladness when on leaving Dena she settled herself comfortably in the parlor car and thought of the joys of home, her loved ones, and her circle of young friends.

It was a most happy time. The last week Felix was in the city where he had once lived. While he would make no demands upon Kathleen's time he found her and her family and friends ready to make a place for him in the festivities given in Kathleen's honor.

The two did give a little time to their beloved library interests at Sentinel. One afternoon they spent interviewing city librarians and another in wandering around old bookshops, seeking "cheap treasures" as Kathleen called some of the bargains they found. Both afternoons when their tasks were done, Felix took Kathleen to the St. Francis for tea. With the violets he bought her each day from a street vender, outlined against the jacket of her dark green silk suit and a little green hat pulled low down over her sunny hair, she sat opposite him at a table in an alcoved window.

"It's not like coffee in Clancy's bachelor apartment or tea before Doctor Grave's open fire," the girl said dreamily.

"No, Kathleen. Would you like to come here to live?"

"Some day, for this is home. But now I want to 'finish my job.' I love the mountains and the desert. Felix?"

"Yes, Kathleen."

"Do you think we will ever know who gave the hundred dollars to help our library grow?"

"Oh yes. If I am right in my conjecture, and it is only that, there will be more."

"I think that. Rita is sure it was the Tegons."

"Their envelope held twenty dollars."

"Yes, but—Mr. Lewis thought it might be the Smalls. They are so delighted to have Rena home for a year."

"Well, here are our tea, sandwiches, and cake. Kathleen, remember, it is the symphony concert tonight for you and your friends—my treat."

Back at Sentinel it was a gala day when the new books were all in their places. This was on a Saturday, the only day in the week when the library was open both afternoon and evening.

It seemed to the quartette, each busy every day, as if time raced by. The sheltered canyon was spared extremes of either heat or cold, and the rainfall began early.

Then came astonishing news. A company had been formed to build a great dam just outside the canyon wall. This would be filled by the overflow from the rains and the river, and there would be water to irrigate the level canyon floor and also a part of the adjoining desert. James Burton was a large stockholder in this company, and both Felix and Clancy were small ones. The work of excavating in the canyon wall for the reservoir was to begin at once.

It was decided to delay the second purchase of books until after holidays. Christmas week there was to be the same box on the librarian's desk, and the library's patrons were

to put in it their Christmas gifts to the library. All understood that it was expected these gifts would be smaller than the first, as that season brought many expenditures.

On account of some extra work that the irrigation project brought to the mill office, Kathleen was asked to remain at Sentinel over the holidays. She was promised a few days at home in February.

Christmas came on Thursday that year. The library box had been emptied on Wednesday night and the contents counted, but the box returned to the desk for Friday and Saturday. Just before lunch time on Saturday forenoon, Rena Small came into the office to deliver a message to Kathleen. Burton sat just inside the open door of the inner room. He found himself listening to the girls' voices that were lowered, apparently not to disturb him.

What did it mean, their talk of "swarming?" Then, as the conversation turned upon another topic, he caught his breath. Was it possible that he was not safe?

Rena hurried off, and a little later Kathleen rose, to start for the boarding house. Before she could leave the office, James Burton came out of the other room, saying pleasantly:

"It was fine of you, Miss Lovett, to give up going home for Christmas and to do it pleasantly. I'll not forget."

Somehow his rare smile and the new note in his voice strengthened Kathleen's half-formed resolve. Yes, she would tell him. "Of course, I longed for my own on that day, but the real Christmas is in our hearts. What we found in our Christmas library box made me so very happy that I was able to keep the Christmas spirit all the day."

He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, his face flushing hotly. In an embarrassed way he asked, "What—what did you find?"

"Oh, you know what we found, Mr. Burton. It's going to enable the library to take a step forward, to swarm."

"Now what do you mean by that?"

Her laugh was merry and musical. "You see, besides the new ones we bought, we have had several gifts of books. I brought twenty from our collection at home. Now with this we are going to be able to send out books, liitle branch libraries, to places too far off for the people to come and get them. One is the Indian village in Sentinel Canyon, where there is a good school, and there are a dozen small ranches off across the mesa. It may even be at the place where the work is going on for the new dam. Your two hundred dollars—"

"Kathleen Lovett, how did you know?"

Again she laughed, looking at her wrist watch. I will tell you when I come back. Mrs. Lathrop's dinner is waiting. Thank you, Mr. Burton, and good-bye."

"But wait—"

She looked over her shoulder with a smile. "And Ben Martin confessed he slipped it in for you with his. Don't blame him. He didn't mean to do it," and she was off.

(To be continued)

INSTITUTION NOTES

We don't like to repeat news items, but—more cold weather means more hogs killed, more sausage and other "fixin's." We are also reminded that less mouths will have access to the contents of our corn-crib, which is not an item of small consequence to the institution.

—o—

The boys on the garden force recently began making preparations to furnish plenty of the well-known "breath of spring" for the season of 1934, about 75,000 onion plants having been set out during the past few days. They also set out 15,000 early cabbage plants.

—o—

On Thursday of last week Superintendent Boger and Mr. E. Farrell White, Superintendent of Public Welfare, of Cabarrus County, attended the District Welfare Conference, held at Salisbury. Mr. White, President of the District Conference, presided at this meeting. Mr. Boger was on the afternoon program, speaking on the "Relation of State Institutions to County Welfare Departments." They reported a very interesting meeting and heard many excellent talks on various phases of welfare work.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Browning, of Glendale, Ohio, visited the Training School last Tuesday. This couple has had considerable experience in institutional work, and are now employed at St. Edmund's Home for Boys, located near Glendale, Mr. Browning being general supervisor. This school is a boarding school for dependent boys, and is under the jurisdiction of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches. The visitors were conducted through the various departments, and following their observations they expressed agreeable surprise with the conditions and operations here in comparison with similar schools visited on their tour, covering several states.

—o—

We had not had the pleasure of hearing from Glenn Miller, one of our boys, since his graduation from the University of North Carolina last summer, until this week. It was our opinion, however, that wherever he was he would be putting forth an honest effort to forge ahead in life. Glenn is not one of those fellows to be discouraged by unfavorable conditions or handicaps of any kind, but rather uses them as an incentive for harder and more intensive work. Glenn practically worked his way through the university. He writes from Pittsburgh, informing us that he is now with the Westinghouse Electric Company, in the student training department. He works in the shop on certain days and on others attends classes. The company has an arrangement with the University of Pittsbrgh whereby these students may work toward a master's degree. Judging from his past record, we are willing to wager that Glenn will soon be the possessor of a master's degree.

We were delighted to receive the following letter, telling of the schol-

astic record of one of our paroled boys:

Benton Heights School,
Monroe, N. C.
Nov. 9, 1933

Mr. Chas. E. Boger,
Concord, N. C.
Dear Sir:

At the request of ———————— I am sending a record of his work done in this school. I did not know him before he went to your school but from what I can learn he is certainly a much better boy. He seems to be interested in his studies and is making a very nice pupil. I think you are doing a wonderful work there with those boys. His record shows for: 1932-33, English 75; Science 80; Alegebra 80; History 75. 1933 - 34, first month, English 80; History 90; Science 80; French 95. Second month, English 90; History 90; Science 90; French 96.

Sincerely yours,
J. Howard Williams,
Principal.

—o—

On Friday night of last week, nineteen of our boys, under the supervision of Miss Virginia Smoot, presented a program at the Odell School, at a meeting of the Community Club. The program, introduced by Superintendent Boger, consisted of a number of songs and recitations. Since their return to the school, numbers of people of this community have expressed their delight with the performance of our youngsters. They were somewhat surprised at the character of the program the boys were able to put on, and members of our staff who accompanied them, had a feeling of pride because of the showing made by the boys under their care. The program follows: Song—"Howd'y Do, Everybody"; Introduction of boys—Hubert Gray; song—"Don't Be What You Ain't"—Floyd Causey; recitation—"Preparedness" —Ed Lockamy; recitation—"Unappreciated"—Eugene Hogan; recitation—"High Brow"—Thurman Lockamy; song—"Hard Times In Boyland"—Floyd Causey and Johnnie Wilson; recitation—"The Old Black Hen"—Bobby Poole; recitation—"A Hidden Blush"—Hardin Kluttz; recitation—"Seeing Things at Night"—Avery Eason; recitation—"Failure" —Kester Sutphin; songs—"Willie's Prayer" and "Lilac Tree"—Eugene Hogan, Paul Eason, W. Medlin, Homer Smith, Ed. Lockamy, Floyd Causey and Johnnie Wilson; recitation—"Unused Addition"—Tom McCausley; monkey act—Albert Roe; recitation—"Keep a' Goin' "—Edgar Lee White; patriotic numbers—"In Flanders Field"—Hubert Gray; "America's Answer"—Eugene Hogan; "A Nation's Prayer"—Neal Huntley; closing song—"Now We Bid You All Good-night."

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture lesson, Rev. Hughes read from Matthew 5: 43-48, which was followed by a most interesting talk on "Peace." At the beginning of his remarks the speaker told how on November 11th, fifteen years ago, a group of men, generals of the various armies taking part in the great World War, met in a railroad coach, in Belgium, and decided that the war

should end. They declared an armistice, an agreement to stop fighting for the time being, until peace could be determined. Rev. Hughes then told how men gave up comforts of home, left their loved ones, to fight for their country. These men, said the speaker, are heroes and we want to honor them, but at the same time we should put such actions among things of the past and lend our efforts towards putting an end to war, and establish everlasting peace. While we are glad to pay honor to the men who went to the front, we don't want any more war, with all its horrors, bringing sorrow to our people. Rev. Hughes continued by saying that we should talk peace, think peace, do all we can to bring about peace, and if this is accomplished, a feeling of love for fellow-men will exist among people of all nations of the world. He then told of an interesting animal—the beaver—how they work for each other; how they get along without fighting, always constructing something for the good of all; how several families work together cutting down trees, building their homes and dams. While they are dumb animals, we humans can learn a valuable lesson from them, said the speaker, for the beaver teaches us co-operation and construction, while war always means destruction and sorrow. Rev. Hughes concluded by stating we must learn to work together instead of hating each other; we must strive to build and not destroy; do our best to make our lives amount to something, both for ourselves and for others, and above all, try to put an end to wars and establish everlasting peace.

LITTLE AMERICA POST OFFICE

As a part of the Byrd Second Antarctic Expedition the Post Office Department is to establish a post office at the world's southernmost "settlement," Little America, Antarctica, where the first Byrd expedition lived for two years. The Little America postmaster will be Dr. John Oliver La Gorce, of Washington, D. C., vice president of the National Geographic Society. His assistant is Leroy Clark, a staff member of the Byrd expedition. Thousands of letters were received to be postmarked at Little America. To meet the expense of transporting these letters to and from the United States, a charge of 53 cents for each letter was made. The three cents goes to the Post Office Department and the 50 cents to the expedition. Provision has been made to have letters received in Washington up to November 10 forwarded to Dunedin, New Zealand, in time to be transferred to the expedition ship at that point.—Pathfinder.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 25, 1933 No. 47

OUR GIFTS

Summer is gone, autumn is here,
  This is the harvest for all the year.
Corn in the crib, oats in the bin,
  Wheat is all threshed, barley drawn in.
Carrots in cellar, beets by their side.
  Full is the hayloft—what fun to hide!

Apples are barreled, nuts laid to dry,
  Frost on the garden, winter is nigh.
Father in heaven, thank Thee for all,—
  Winter and springtime, summer and fall.
All Thine own gifts to Thee we bring
  Help us to praise Thee, our heavenly King.

—Lydia A. Coonley.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THANKSGIVING TIME

The harvests are gathered, the fields are bare,
The chill of the autumn is on the air.
The brook in the meadow, still fringed with sedge,
Feels the touch of the ice-king at its edge.
The mountains beyond the broad river rise;
Snow-silvered, they shine as the daylight dies.
The north wind sweeps where the reapers sang,
And the earth is hard where the fresh grain sprang,
The toilers are gone with laughter and jest,
The greensward's asleep, and the forests rest.

One robin sings late on the leaf-bare bough;
The last of its kind; 'twill be winter now.
Cold, dreary, and dark is the world tonight;
But the home within is aglow with light.
The table is loaded with homely cheer,
The fruit of the goodness that crowns the year.
Praise God, 'tis from Him that all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all ye creatures in earth below.
Where the fire leaps high by the hearth they kneel
To voice the thanksgiving glad hearts should feel.

—*Selected.*

ATTENTION DIRECTED

Every person interested in child life will read in this issue of The Uplift the article, entitled, "A Program For Juvenile Protection," by Dean Justin Miller of the Law School, Duke University.

Tne author in discussing the subject reviews child life from pioneer days with its temptations and measures of correction peculiar to the times. By contrast the author shows that through urbanization of our population and industrialization of our civilization, the old methods of home-making as well as school teaching have been relegated to the past, and we are confronted with an age wherein greater information and wider experience are needed so as to be able to cope with conditions and participate in the activities of life effectively.

The article emphasizes the mechanical age in which we are living. This age has brought much leisure to the masses, adding materially to the army of unemployed, the question today that is confusing those in authority as to how best to adjust the problem.

Dean Miller takes note of the three classes of children, the normal, abnormal, and subnormal, engaging the attention of specialists in every phase of child life.

The normal child, he classes, coming from better homes as one who adjusts easily to school and community relationship, the abnormal child, or the child of exceptional genius, he terms a problem, likened unto a high powered car that requires an expert driver and the subnormal as the one who furnishes the greatest possibility for juvenile delinquency and crime.

We gather as we read that after using every corrective and preventive measure to overcome the incorrigible spirit of the three classes, the work counts for nothing unless followed up by the juvenile probation officers of each county. Also that the lack of interest in juvenile probation has done much to create doubt as to value of the work. A point of contact with the paroled delinquent gives assurance of interest. Any youth can soon sense an assumed interest.

There must be inculcated in the breast of every delinquent a high purpose with some preparation to meet the ever-changing perplexities of life, and then when paroled the follow-up work of parole agencies is imperative if results are desired.

This splendid article closes with the statistical facts, showing that half of the population of the state of North Carolina is of

the age of nineteen or younger. This, too, is the child age, as well as the machine age, and people appreciate the fact that our civilization depends upon the development of children who are to make the leaders of the next generation.

* * * * * * * * * *

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE"

In last week's issue of the newsmagazine, "Time" is a terse story, but complete because it reflects the stableness of a woman admired by all of the people of the nation for her constancy to her husband, Woodrow Wilson, both when in the zenith of his illustrious career and at a time when things seemed dark.

The story revolves around the Tiffany of Washington, Galt Bros., a 131 year-old business, famed as a purveyor of valuable jewels to the most majestic Washington society, but like all business of its kind, has suffered during depression due to the lack of patronage.

Mrs. Wilson was sole proprietor of Galt Bros., inherited from her first husband, Norman Galt, the scion of an established institution with a patronage throughout its history of Washington's socially elite.

Unwilling to compromise for commercial reasons the business that gave Galt Bros. an enviable rating, she refused to sell to any one who would purchase cheap goods and sell under the name of the old firm established in 1802.

The announcement was made through her manager to the effect that a business that had lived clean for a century and a quarter would not die dirty. True to form, loyal at all times, she did for that purpose liquidate Galt Bros. She would have, if possible, done the same, liquidate the League of Nations to save its prestige.

To remain true to tradition is indicative of one of the finest elements of human nature—constancy. It reflects a character strong in mold, one that can not be swerved from its moorings of old-time customs for neither commercial nor social reasons. The whole story summed up in the French term "noblesse oblige" rank imposes obligation.

THE PRESIDENT'S AMBITION

The president has made it emphatic that he does not wish relief work and politics to mix. The attitude of the president was clearly defined in an address to five hundred or more distinguished people in authority in the following terms:

> "I simply want to tell you that your national government is not trying to gain political advantage one way or another out of the needs of human beings. I expect the same spirit from every governor, from every mayor and from every relief administrator.
>
> "I want it understood that no person connected with the administration of this four hundred million will in any instance ask whether a person needing work is a Republican, a Democrat, a Socialist or anything else. Our effort is to put four million men back to work in the winter months so that we can honestly say as a nation that this winter will not be like last winter or the winter before." The civil works administrator, Harry L. Hopkins, added this to what his chief said on the subject: "It is unthinkable that anyone would think of using any of this money for political purposes or private or personal gain."

It is evident the president thinks there was a lot of lost motion about the manner in which relief work was conducted last winter. He simply means to catch up the broken threads regardless of any political affiliation.

We heartily agree with one who said, "any party or individual who would seek political advantage or profit through the government's laudible efforts to prevent human suffering is traitorous and unworthy of confidence or public respect.

* * * * * * * * * *

Churches of different denominations appropriately have offerings on Thanksgiving for the benefit of the orphans. There is nothing as appealing as a child bereft of parents. The heart that can look upon an orphan, bereft of parents, helpless and unprotected without being touched is hard indeed.

In contributing to the orphanage fund therein lies the possibility of helping towards the making of leadership. It is highly creditable to our people that they maintain so many homes where girls and boys without the tender care and love of parents may find protection from hardships.

Most precious fruits in the past have come from these charitable

instiutions and there is every reason to feel the good work will continue.

Memorials to commemorate certain heroic deeds are outstanding all over the country, but the person who gives time and service to the rescue of some parentless child has raised a memorial in a human spirit and such a memorial is more enduring than stone. A life saved is a contribution towards the making of another life.

* * * * * * * * * *

Francis Bacon gives a fine thought as to how to read a book. One should be as choice about choosing a book as when choosing a friend, for by contact one is either benefitted or harmed. There is a wealth of wisdom in choosing good literature as well as comfort, cheer and profit by having fine friends. Bacon states:

> Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be wholly, and with diligence and attention.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Stanly News and Press states that in order to get out of the "kinks," or the "woods," it is necessary to have an individual interest. We have always been of that opinion. The person who sits and bemoans his fate will contribute nothing to his country or community. He will be found just where he left off. In fact he does not get as far as a shifting engine.

If every man, woman and child would start out to do something just worthwhile, and continue in the good work the influence would be leavening, and pretty soon something other than depression would be discussed.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

THANKSGIVING!

"For the fruit of the time of our toil;
For whate'er we have fought for;
Whether born of the brain or the soil
Be the meed we have sought for;
For the gifts we have had from His hand
Who is Lord of the living,
Let there ring through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!"

—o—

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget—lest we forget."—Kipling.

—o—

There is no trouble whatever about managing currency, if you have any currency to manage.

—o—

It is pretty generally conceded that any tokens from our foreign debtors will be taken.

—o—

A man may have his pocket full of recommendations, but they are not to be compared to the amount of determination he has in his head.

—o—

There is a greater tendency these days on the part of a great many persons in doing people instead of doing things. The doing depends on the way you do it.

—o—

Reports from London say that "financial circles are confused" by the United States gold plans. Not any more so than a great many people in America. And America is equally confused by the financial dereliction of France.

—o—

Some hunters in Maine are complaining that the leaves in the woods are so dry they make such a noise the deer hear the hunters coming. Why don't the hunters keep still and hear the deer coming?

—o—

A writer in the papers says, "If the ancients made jokes, there are few evidences of it." Holy smoke! That writer evidently does not read the papers or listen to the jokes over the radio.

—o—

It is stated that Insull has seen all the ancient ruins in Greece. America would like to bring him back to the United States so he could view the ruins he left on this side of the waters.

—o—

Science tells us that six persons out of every ten have one leg shorter than the other. If the short leg fellows will run for office they will get their abbreviated limbs pulled to the length of the longer ones.

—o—

France sends a cablegram saying not to expect any payment on the next installment of the war debt, owed the United States. That is very polite, to say the least, on what we may expect. It is to be hoped France paid the toll on the cablegram, but I doubt it.

Goerch's State Magazine wants to know, "Why are all those big rocks on either side of the railroad, at the Jackson Training School?" The huge bowlders are there to keep the boys from running away with the school farm.

The State Port Pilot, of Southport, carries in one of its "dog-ears" on the front page, this sentence: "Most Cussed Newspaper in North Carolina, Outside of Elizabeth City." I looked it over carefully and could not find a thing to cuss about, except, perhaps, to cuss over the fact it didn't have something to cuss over.

—o—

I sat up two nights last week scanning the heavens for the Leonids the newspapers said would fall Wednesday or Thursday nights, and not a Leonid did I see flirt across the sky. To see shooting, or falling stars, guess I'll have to go to Hollywood. However, I did see them fall once, in 1864. The Negroes in those days thought the day of judgment had come.

—o—

That is a splendid idea, and has thrills galore, to sell Western North Carolina scenery to the world. The linking of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park with the Shennandoah National Park is the biggest thing that has fallen to the lot of Western North Carolina. The surveys for the proposed scenic parkway are to be started very soon. The National administration is behind the move. A dream coming true. The Western North Carolina scenery is grandeur itself. When beheld in all of its beauty and scenical gorgeousness, it will astonish those who have never looked upon nature in her most fantastical moods, and this new parkway will open the avenue to America's beauty spot and enchanting playgrounds. It should thrill every citizen of the whole State—and all who visit the garden spot, and flower garden, of the South.

—o—

Another day of giving Thanks will be with us next week. "There is a time for everything and the season of Harvest brings thoughts of gratitude to the Giver of all things." Praise and thanksgiving should fill our hearts every day of the year, but on this special day set apart for united prayers and service, is the time that we bring the best fruit of our labors and hearts and lay them before the shrine of the Great Master for inspection and approval. Gratitude is justly said to be the mother of most virtues, because from this one fountain so many rivulets arise; as that of reverence to parents and those who rule over us, friendship, love to our country, and obedience to God. The ungrateful are everywhere hated, being under a suspicion of every vice; but on the contrary, grateful persons are in the estimation of all men, having by their gratitude put in a kind of security that they are not without a measure of every other virtue. We have commemorated the day with dinners, public and private, that on that day no one shall be hungry. Let us give thanks to a kind and loving Heavenly Father who has been so generous in His blessings to the children of men.

A PROGRAM FOR JUVENILE PROTECTION

By Dean Justin Miller

Some of the pages of legal history in the United States and in England are black with the record of executions of children of ten or twelve years of age for such offenses as stealing. The early laws of Massachusetts contained an express provision for the execution of youths who refused to obey their parents.

As the years went by our ideas changed upon such subjects and the people came to appreciate the fact that the future of civilization depends upon the development of those who are to constitute the leaders of the next generation. Natural resources, such as forests and minerals, and transient crops, like cotton or tobacco, may be wasted or exploited. The great potential resource for the future lies in our children. With the development of this idea came the growth of our public school systems and increasing provision therefor. At first these school organizations were simple in form, supplementing, for only a few months each year, the comprehensive training and discipline of home lfie. The man of today who looks back to his experience in the little red schoolhouse, with its training in reading, writing and arithmetic, and who assumes, as a consequence, that no more is needed so far as education is concerned today, overlooks the fact that in his home, and in the community of those days, there were many opportunities for discovering interests and developing training in vocations which were quite adequate for the needs of such a civilization.

The urbanization of our population and the industrialization of our civilization has created a vastly faster moving picture, greater extremes of wealth and poverty, sharper conflicts between social and political ideals, keener intellects shaped to meet the more difficult problems of the new civilization, and for the whole group a much larger background of information and experience to acquire, in order that there may be effective participation in the work of life.

This development has brought with it, to a very large extent, the breakdown of the home as a place where discipline and training can be adequately given. Digging a well and pumping water has now been replaced by the simple act of turning a faucet. Feeding and milking a cow, raising the cream, churning the butter, etc., are now lost in a process which puts a bottle of milk on the porch and a square of butter in the kitchen by delivery services of which the present-day child usually knows nothing. To an increasing extent this process is going on in almost every relation of life, with the result that far from fitting usefully into such a picture of home discipline, it is frequently a problem today to find activities which are adequate to sharpen the intellect and develop the simple manual skills of childhood. Only a selfish, indifferent, short-

sighted "self-made man" could insist that the little red schoolhouse could provide today all that is necessary in the way of education. The need for vocational training, or methods of discovering interests, the providing of opportunities by which a child can learn to persevere in doing something until he has accomplished it, and thus lay the foundation for the willingness and the ability to accomplish other more difficult things, becomes a problem which must be solved by other agencies than the home. If the school is not equipped to perform such services, then we must find other agencies therefor.

This mechanical age, which has largely eliminated handicraft production, has also tremendously increased leisure time, and has forced us to a realization of the importance of the avocation as well as the vocation. The increasing complexity of our civilization makes necessary the development of ways of escaping the drudgery of our lives and finding useful and constructive ways in which to spend our leisure time.

In answering these questions it profits us nothing to listen to the reminiscent ramblings of folks who are still living in the days of their youth and who have no appreciation of the problems of today. We must take counsel of those who are alive to present-day conditions and aware of the needs. In the days of the little red schoolhouse there were persons, then, who opposed just as vigorously the setting up of those needed facilities, as there are now those shortsighted, selfish individuals who are opposing needed developments today. The obvious conclusion is that far from permitting a breakdown of our present school development, we must go forward to a more extensive development and to the training of ever stronger personnel for teaching and school administration purposes, and for the discovery of new methods of providing for our children the foundations which will be necessary for them to meet the ever increasing complexities of tomorrow.

What has been said in the preceding paragraphs has particular application to the normal child, who grows up in a normal home and who adjusts easily to school and community relationships. In addition to this type there are two other types of children who must be given increasing consideration today. One is the child of exceptional genius but unstable emotional development, who, because of unfortunate conditions in the home, or because of subnormal physical or mental health, not only fails to make a proper adjustment to normal conditions but actually becomes a problem as a result of his superior intellect. This child might be said to resemble a high-powered automobile in the hands of an inexpert driver. Such an automobile has great potentiality for accomplishment and also great potentiality for harm. It avails us nothing to complain of such an automobile, which, because of inexpert driving, has caused a wreck. What we should inquire into is the mechanical condition of the car and the character of its driving. What such a problem child needs is expert handling and individualized treatment. This cannot be provided in the usual school setup, which is devised for the handling of normal children under normal circumstances

and in which each adminstrative officer and teacher is working with a full load.

Another type of child who requires special attention is the child, who, for one reason or another, is subnormal mentally. In the old days of a simple civilization it was possible for a child to go through school wearing the dunce cap, to go out into the comuunity and be obsorbed by it, as the village fool; given tasks of minor importance to perform, and more or less looked after by the members of the community, each one of whom was aware of his inadequacies. It is increasingly true that such children cannot make proper adjustments under present-day conditions of civilization, and the probability is that such a child will be in trouble before long.

From these two groups of children, the subnormal and the abnormal, come the greatest possibilities for juvenile delinquency and crime. However, even from the normal group there is increasing danger, because of troubled home conditions and the increasing pressures of a hard-driving, fast-moving civilization.

For these groups special provision must be made, because the schools are not equipped for their handling. We are beginning to be familiar with such devices as that represented by the juvenile court, juvenile probation, child-placing agencies, and child-guidance and child-supervision agencies. Up to the present time, only small progress has been made in the state of North Carolina in the development of work of this type.

For instance, it is only slightly known that the theory of the juvenile court is not that of the criminal court, and references which are made in the papers, to cases of children who are held for the commission of particular cirmes, indicates ignorance of the underlying theory of the juvenile court. Such small experiments as have been made in juvenile probation have done much to create doubt as to the value thereof. Effective juvenile probation necessarily involves careful investigation of the mental and physical health of the child, home and community conditions, the character of the child's adjustment to school life, to religious life, and to social environment generally; it requires a juvenile court in which accurate diagnosis can be made, and accurate programs of treatment provided; it calls for the placing of the child in such home conditions as will avoid the conflicts which have produced trouble in the first place; it involves continuing supervision in the development of interests and the development of capacities of the child, and in helping the child to make normal adjustments to society.

The inadequacy of our juvenile court work is clearly evidenced by the attitudes of persons who assume that lecturing a delinquent child and sending him back to a home in which there lives a psychopathic mother, is going to make any material change in that child or in the home situation. It is also illustrated by the assumption that sending a child to an institution for treatment for a year or two will change the environmental situation which produced his delinquency, where that situation is directly traceable to a father's failure

to provide sufficient food for his wife and children.

A program of juvenile protection necessarily involves the following major steps. First, a survey to determine conditions actually existing in the state at the present time, including a determination of the extent to which the schools are meeting their responsibility, the extent to which juvenile courts, properly staffed and equipped, have been set up, the extent to which probation service has been developed along the lines previously indicated, the extent to which diagnosis and training of children has been provided through medical, dental, psychiatric, and other clinics, the extent to which child-placing agencies have developed, and the extent to which supervision has been given in vocational training, interest finding, and the opportunity for developing minds and bodies adjusted to the present-day complexities of life. The second stage of the program involves educational work to advise the leaders of the state as to our present accomplishments, our present inadequacies, and our present needs. The third step requires the working out of methods for achieving immediate needs by legislative action, by the development of educational and administrative methods calculated to produce the results desired, and, finally, by setting up long-time programs for carrying out measures which will be calculated not merely to meet present emergencies, but to anticipate and avoid the crisis of the future and to provide a constructive development of child life, the most potential, natural resource in our state.

The extent of this program, and the possibilities of accomplishment, can be illustrated in no better way than by calling attention to the fact recently revealed in a bulletin issued by the University of North Carolina to the effect that half of the population of the state of North Carolina is of the age of nineteen years or younger. Herein lies our promise for the future. The measure of our success is limited only by our own selfish indifference, lack of imagination, and unwillingness to make the greatest possible contribution thereto.

I've never yet known a man who believed that he could find no time from his business to spend in diversions, who had not reached a limited viewpoint before middle age. It is pitiful to become single track. or to own a closed mind. It is a dangerous attitude, figured from a business standpoint, and leads to a loss of business far greater than he fears he'll suffer by occasionally getting away for a few hours. When business becomes a religion, or results in slavery, it ought to be sold.

—Don Wright.

PILGRIMS' PROGRESS

An excerpt from article by Mary B. Cheatham, in November issue of N. C. Health Bulletin.

The primary reason for the institution of Thanksgiving Day was health. How often do we think of that fact today, when Thanksgiving has come, for all too many of us, to be synonymous with football games, over-stuffed turkeys, and hang-overs the next day? Of course we all know the story of the first Thanksgiving Day—we have been raised on it since the days of our early childhood. We know how Governor Bradford called together the people—those few of them who were left after that terrible first year of death and disease—to give thanks to God for all His mercies. And the greatest of these mercies was health, the fact that their lives had been spared where others were taken.

The old Pilgrim Fathers were human, and they were like many of us in that, as a people, they never realized the importance of health until they came near losing it. They simply took it for granted, as many of us, all too often, do even today (just as we take the family car and the telephone for granted without ever stopping to think what life would be like without them).

They were a pious people, those old Pilgrims, and they were famed for offering long prayers to God; but it is not recorded that they ever gave public thanks for public health; at least they never set aside a special day for it until death and disease walked unchecked through their midst and took heavy toll. Then the few whose lives had been spared came together, humbled, and gave thanks.

Today we have progressed far in the pilgrimage of health since that first Thanksgiving Day three hundred years ago. We still give thanks, or should, that our lives have been spared after disease has taken its toll; but more, we now give thanks that diseases have been prevented before they could take their toll.

THANKSGIVING

The corn is golden, orchard trees bejewelled
With wondrous bounty from a gracious hand,
The grapes in fragrant purple clothe the vineyard,
With bursting pods the forest monarchs stand.
The lofts are filled, the bins are overflowing,
The cellar stores are pictures fair to see,
Let us be glad, and share with all our blessings,
In humble gratitude, dear God, to Thee.

—Ina Duley Ogdon.

MARTIN LUTHER—WORLD'S HERO

By Harold L. Yochum

"More books have been written about Luther and Lincoln than any other men that ever lived." That statement was made by an official of the Congressional Library at Washington. It is a thought-provoking statement.

Why should these two men be made the subject of more writing than any others? That question naturally suggests itself; its answer may be of value to us. For if we can discover the secret of such greatness as theirs, we might be able to achieve something of it ourselves.

One recent biographer of Luther writes: "Luther embodied as fully the German spirit as did later Lincoln the American spirit." Both men were epitomes of the spirit of their respective generations. Both were endowed with unusual talent; yet both were as human as could be. In the case of both an issue sufficiently momentous, a character of adequate magnitude, and a background favorable and propitious, happened to coincide. Such coincidence produces history—and heroes.

Great men are not made by small problems. The issue of Luther's day was more more than a quarrel of monks. It was a question of ultimate authority: the Bible, or tradition, decrees of councils, pronouncements of popes. It was a question of the way of salvation: the merit of Christ's life and death as appropriated by faith, penance, good works, and intercession of the saints. Many other religious and political implications were involved in this critical matter. The issue at stake was adequate for the making of a hero.

Martin Luther was the man of his time possessed of heroic possibilities. Intensely religious, of keen intellect, firm of conviction and as brave as any warrior, prodigiously industrious, a popular writer whose words were "half battles," and with it all, as unaffected and human as any personage can be, this man was of truly heroic caliber, equal to the occa-hero.

The attendant circumstances were propitious. A wave of unrest had swept across Europe with the revival of learning then in progress, and had disposed men's minds to critical thinking and evaluation of existing standards and teachings. The papcy and the empire had become involved in entaglements which kept either power from crushing this rising movement. A sentiment of nationalism was emerging among the German people which welcomed as its champion one who challenged the right of the Roman bishop beyond the Alps to dominate all Christendom. The printing press had demonstrated its ability to broadcast popular literature rapidly and thoroughly. The notorious corruption, immorality, and vice of the ecclesiastical household had long provoked an insistent demand for reform. And the man of the hour happened to be on the faculty of a university, in the

territory of a prince powerful and favorable. Other men had tried before Luther's day to meet the issue; they failed, because the stage was not set for them. In Luther's case the issue, the man, and the setting coincided. The result was the making of history, and the making of a heroe.

The most intriguing problem of the whole Reformation is the psychological problem of Martin Luther himself. On the one hand, many Roman Catholic writers have branded him an arch-heretic, a devil, insane, a monster guilty of drunkenness and sexual vice, ignorant and unreasonable, proud and ambitious, a brawler who had only ugly language for all who would not agree with him. Some Lutheran and Reformed writers, on the other hand, picture him as an angel of light direct from heaven, an all but immaculate saint. As usual, the true portrait of the man is between these extreme caricatures.

Luther was a normal child of normal parents; as boy and man he was perfectly normal, with normal affections, desires and impulses. He had the customary education of his day—elementary school, what we would call high school, and college. His parents recognized his talent and sent him to law school, hoping that he might attain a higher position in life than they enjoyed. He had stood well in his classes, he was liked by his associates, he was on the threshold of a promising career—and suddenly he turned his back on it all, renounced the world, and entered a

Why?

A large part of the voluminous literature about Luther tries to answer that very question. Sifting through the maze of guesses and arguments set forth by friends and foes in their effort to explain the drastic step, we may with a reasonable degree of confidence accept the following statements:

From childhood Martin Luther was tormented by a very sensitive conscience and by fears for his eternal salvation. His parents had been exceedingly severe in discipline, punishing small offenses with harsh reproof. God was to this boy a stern avenger of every shortcoming. On the church window Luther beheld Christ as a Judge, a dreadful frown upon his implacable countenance. The horrors of hell and the pains of purgatory were familiar themes of sermons this youth heard. Deeply troubled in spirit, Luther tried to hide his inner conflict, though it caused occasional spells of melancholic brooding.

Then came a rapid series of events which drove his impressionable mind to a decision to forsake the world and enter a monastery, even though it meant the sacrifice of a brilliant future and real disobedience toward a fond father. A classmate suddenly took sick and died; an accidental wound with his own sword threatened to cause death by hemorrhage; a fearful storm and a terrifying flash of lightning uncomfortably near him —and the frantic boy vowed to give himself to religious life in the mon-monastery!

astery if his life might be spared and his soul saved. Once made that vow must be kept at all costs; pleadings of friends and stern commands of his father were useless. He served his novitiate and took the final vow of the monk.

There was, of course, nothing strange about this. For centuries men who were troubled about their spiritual welfare had sought refuge in monastic life. During his school days Luther had seen many a monastery and had been impressed with the self-denial practiced by some of these monastic orders. He hoped to find his peace in rigorous discipline of mind and body. He was to find such peace only in firm trust in the Saviour who had suffered and died for just pentitent sinners as himself. Within his own breast was fought the battle which was waged on a larger scale in the Reformation. The issue of the day was steel; the spiritual experience and nature of the man was the flint; and the historical setting was the tinder; the conflagration which resulted was inevitable.

As we note that November 10 is the 450 anniversary of the birthday of this man who "wielded an influence greater than that of any man since St. Paul," we cheerfuly acclaim Martin Luther for the hero that he was; we thank God for the blessings we enjoy due to his influence; and we pray that within our hearts may be those same potentialities of that which is truly noble and heroic. A sensitive conscience, an insistent yearning for peace with God, unfaltering devotion to convictions, and an indomitable trust in God's loving care—these are marks of true greatness in any character that wears the name of Christian.

BEYOND THE GREEN DOOR

By M. Louise C. Hastings

Ever since Deborah had crossed the ocean in the big ship and had lived in the little cabin which her parents had found waiting for them, she had looked with wonder at the green door of the great house down the narrow roadway beyond, and she had wondered what went on behind it.

It was such a pretty green—such a bright green! Never before had she seen a bright green door. Why, it almost seemed as if the door could speak, it was so bright and attractive to look at!

Deborah was eleven years old. She had lived in this country with her father, mother and three brothers just five months. Everything was so different here. They lived on a hill where the roadway was crooked and narrow. Father had told her that when the very first settlers came, they found only trails made by the Indians who traveled single file. There were no roadways at all, but when the settlers had been here a while the trails grew deeper and

harder as the light moccasins of the Indians gave way to the heavy hobnailed shoes of the white men. And he told her, too, that the cattle of the settlers made new paths as they found pasturage on the hillsides.

But the Indian trails and the cow-paths were no longer seen, because the people did not travel so much on foot. Horses and wagons were used, and ox carts; and these conveyances necessitated wider roadways. Deborah used to sit on the stone wall which father and the boys were making and think of the way the place must have looked when nobody was around but the red men. She thought how bare everything must have been without the house with the green door. There was a pine tree opposite the house. She wondered at all the things the pine tree had seen, for it had stood there long, long before the great house had been built.

Deborah was forever asking questions, but she was especially in questioning moods when she was with her father. Just now he and the boys were plowing the field and getting lots of stones out of the ground so that it would be right for planting in the spring. Deborah followed them, as she did every day, and picked up the small stones which they left. Every stone was thrown on the stone wall which was slowly but surely growing wider and taller. Some were small stones, but many were huge and it took several people to lift them. One and all were put together in one long wall that was extending down the field. It was a good way to get rid of the stones and the wall would be useful in keeping the cows out of the newly planted field. So her father and the boys lifted the heavy stones and Deborah took the little ones.

Each day Deborah was full of questions about the house with the green door. One day she asked, "Do you know the people in the great house, Father?"

"Yes," he replied, "I've talked with David Royall, but I've never seen his wife."

"Are there any children?" was the next question.

"There is a little boy, I believe," said her father. "He is lame."

"How old is he?" she continued.

"Just about your age," was the reply.

After she had asked these questions she wondered still more about the interesting things that she knew must transpire in the rooms beyond the bright green door.

Another time she asked, "Do you suppose we shall ever have a green door like the one at the great house?"

Her father laughed as he replied, "You never can tell. We might get that far."

"There's' a brass knocker on it," she said. "It shines."

"So it does," and her father that morning stopped plowing and looked across at the great house with the green door with its shining brass knocker. He loved his little chatterbox, and he loved her many questions.

One day she said, "Father, do you supose we shall ever walk up to that green door and strike that shiny knocker? Do you think that will ever happen?"

"Maybe," he replied. "Would you

like to?"

"Oh, I'd love it!" she exclaimed; "and then the door would open and I could see what is on the other side of it!"

"Well, child, what do you think is on the other side of it?" her father questioned.

"The little lame boy," she replied, "and his mother. And perhaps they have a cat."

Shortly after this conversation Deborah's mother was taken sick and for a long while Deborah could not follow her father and the boys as they plowed the field and lifted out the stones. She had no time to sit on the stone wall and look across at the great green door. But a day came when father said that she might take a walk up to the great house and see the green door again. It was almost too wonderful to do, but she put on her coat and hood, for the weather was crisp and cold, and started.

It seemed as if Deborah were going to meet a dear friend! She couldn't run fast enough. Yes, there it was. The sun shone right upon it, and how the brass knocker sparkled! "I'll sit here by this crooked apple tree and look at it," she said to herself, "and I'll play I am on the other side of the green door."

It was a week before Thanksgiving. Father and mother and the boys had just finished talking about it, and Deborah had listened. They had decided that because mother had been so sick they would not keep Thanksgiving Day except in their hearts. "We can always be thankful," said father as he patted his little daughter's head. "We do not need a special day for that, and I think in our home, especially, we are very thankful that mother is better and able to be up and around."

So it was settled that even though it was customary in this new land to have wild turkey for dinner and pumpkin pie and lots of other good things, they would not do anything about it. It might make mother sick again, and that must be avoided at all costs. Next year they would have a regular Thanksgiving feast like the other folks about.

Hardly had they made this decision when they heard a loud noise, with several "Gees!" and "Haws!" and "Whoas!" right in front of their front door. The boys ran to the door and there stood the owner of the great house with the green door right beside his ox cart.

"Good morning, neighbors!" he said, smiling.

Father went to the door and extended his hand. "Come in, neighbor," he said. "We are glad to see you."

"I've come to borrow something," said David Royall.

"We shall be glad to lend, if we have anything you would like with which we can part," said father kindly.

Then the owner of the green door began to smile big, broad smiles and he looked right at little Deborah. "I've come to borrow your little daughter for the day, if you will lend her to us," he said.

"To borrow Deborah?" her mother exclaimed. "What a funny thing to do!" and everybody laughed, while Deborah opened her eyes wide and looked at the owner of the green

door. But she never said a word.

"We are getting ready for Thanksgiving Day," he explained, "and we give you all an invitation to spend the day with us. And every day this week my wife and my little boy would like to have your little girl come over to our house and have the fun of getting ready for a Thanksgiving Day in this country As it is her first one here she will always remember it, and I know that she will have a good time."

Father accepted the invitation and everybody said, "Thank you," but Deborah walked right up to their guest and asked, "Do you mean that every day this week I can walk right up to your beautiful green door and knock that shiny knocker?"

"Why, of course, if you wish to go that way," laughed David Royall. "We usually use the side door, but if you would rather go in the other door it will be all right."

"But your side door isn't green," said Deborah.

"No, the side door isn't green," laughed the owner of the great house. "Do you like green doors?"

"Oh, I have loved your green door ever since we came here!" said Deborah.

And so it really happened just as Deborah had hoped it would happen. She rode up the hill in David Royall's ox cart, and then walked right up to the bright green door and knocked with the brass knocker shining in the sun. And the door opened and she went inside the house.

Mrs. Royall took her to the big kitchen, ever so much larger than the one they had in their little cabin. The huge logs on the fire were burning with a golden glow and the big kettle hanging in the middle of the fireplace was steaming. Deborah knew there was nice hasty-pudding in it, for that was the way they cooked hasty-pudding in her own home, and that made her feel at ease right off. Close beside the fire sat the little lame boy that father had told her about His name was Timothy.

"We are getting ready for Thanksgiving," he said as she came toward him. "Would you like to help me pare the apples for the apple pies?"

Now Deborah didn't know much about Thanksgiving Day in America. She had never seen the many preparations that housewives made. She didn't even know that a whole week was given to making all sorts of good things. There were many things to learn, but when Timothy asked her if she wouldn't like to help, she knew in a second that it was the very thing she longed to do,—for that was what they did beyond the green door!

It didn't' take long for the two children to feel friendly toward each other. In the midst of their apple paring they would stop to pound part of the bricks which were near Timothy's stool. This was their scouring powder, and every so often they would scour their knives as they worked. Even children were taught to have bright looking knives when they worked.

Timothy told her that he hoped to go to the big settlement thirty miles away and have his hip fixed so that he would not always be lame. And Deborah told him all about her old home and her friends. "I'm glad you've come to live here," said Tim-

othy. "I haven't many friends. They all live far away."

"I'm glad, too," said Deborah, and then she told him all about the green door!

Timothy's mother was busy on the opposite side of the fireplace. She was a tall woman and stately, with such a kindly face that Deborah often loked up at her and smiled, but she had not paid any attention to what she was doing at the table until Timothy said, "Let's go over and see the pies which mother is getting ready to go into the oven."

"I never saw so many pies in my whole life!" exclaimed Deborah. "Is that the way things are done in America?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Royall. "Sometimes we bake many dozens during Thanksgiving week."

"But why?" asked Deborah.

"So they will last a long while," was the reply. "Tomorrow I shall make mince pies, and then we shall pack them in a barrel in the cool room and keep them all winter."

Timothy and Deborah helped pass all the pies to Mrs. Royall as she put them one by one on the long handled shovel and pushed them far back in the brick oven. When the oven was full she closed the heavy iron door and the pies baked in the heat. There were no stoves in those early days but brick ovens were built into the chimneys. These were heated with a wood fire built inside. After the ashes were removed the heat was sufficient to bake anything.

Each day until Thanksgiving Day Deborah rode up the hill in the ox cart to the great house with the green door, and each day she walked to the green door, knocked with the brass knocker, and walked into the house. And each day was just as thrilling as it had been on the first day.

On Thanksgiving Day everybody had to go to meeting. It was very cold in the barn-like wooden meeting house, for there was no heat. So Deborah's father and Timothy's father collected the foot stoves which the women and children carried, and filled them with hot coals. And Mrs. Royall baked large potatoes, which were piping hot, for them to carry in their muffs. That helped to keep them warm during the long service. They had a long way to drive and it was snowing hard when they started, but that made no difference, and the children just loved it all. The sleigh was big enough for all and Mr. Royall had several great robes which they had made from the skins of wolves he had shot.

This was all such a new experience to Deborah that she did not mind even when the minister turned the hour glass upside down after the first hour. Even though she was cold it was all a part of this first wonderful Thanksgiving Day in America, and she was living over this glorious week at Timothy's house and thinking of the sleigh ride back from the meeting house.

What fun they had riding home! At least Timothy and Deborah thought it was fun, but it was really a heavy blizzard and the wind blew the snow into drifts that had to be plowed through when they could not get around them, and it wasn't much fun for the horses, or for Timothy's father and Deborah's

father, who had to get out of the sleigh at each high drift and lead the horses. But they reached the green door at last and once again Deborah and the others walked up to the door opened it, and passed beyond. Oh, such fun as it all was!

And the dinner. Was there ever such a wonderful one? After grace, the children stood at their places while their elders sat, that is, all except Timothy who could not stand because of his lamness. The children always stood as a token of respect and they spoke only when spoken to. There was another family there besides Deborah's family so the long table-board on "horses" made of wood was well filled. Deborah never had eaten out of pewter plates before. At her home they used wooden trenchers, two eating out of one trencher. It was like fairyland!

By and by, when dinner was over and everything put away in the cool room, children and grown-ups sat before the glowing wood fire and listened to Timothy's father tell of other Thanksgiving Days in America. All the guests were to stay over night in the great house, for the blizzard was too severe to venture out in; so it was a large party that listened to the crackling of the heavy logs and the talking.

But Timothy thought of the days to come when he should go to the big settlement thirty miles away and get his lameness cured, and Deborah dreamed of all the beautiful times she had had behind the green door, for they were children and they thought of things that children think of, and they were thankful for many things on this Thanksgiving Day.

FALL'S A-COMIN'

Crows a-callin', leaves a-fallin'
  In the woods.
Cow bells jinglin', air a-tinglin';
  Stirs the blood.
Wind a-whinin', sun a-shinin'
  Red and gold.
Birds a-homin', frost a-comin';
  Turnin' cold.
Corn a-rustlin', farmers hustlin';
  Last o' the year.
Nuts a-fallin', winter callin',
  Fall is here.

—Margaret Jeffries.

THE SENTINEL LIBRARY

By Hope Daring

CHAPTER IV

The Swarming of the Library

"For books are more than books,
they are the life,
The very heart and core of ages
past,
The reason why men lived and
worked and died,
The essence and quintessence of
their lives."

—Amy Lowell.

That day the number surrounding Mrs. Lathrop's lunch table was less than usual. Rita was still away, and so was one of the men connected with the dam, who took his meals there. Clancy had driven his own truck to Dena, going after a load of goods for the store. Kathleen finished her lunch before some of the others. Excusing herself, she ran up to her pleasant room for ten minutes, then came downstairs and started on her return to the mill office.

Instead of going by way of the main street Kathleen went on a little way to where a rough trail went winding through a stretch of low wooded growth. This would enable her to approach the office from the rear. She walked slowly, watching the play of the sunlight upon the trees. As she came to the cleared space back of the office she heard a voice call:

"Wait a minute, Kathleen, I've not seen you since last evening."

She laughed teasingly. "No, you were not sitting upon our doorstep when I finished breakfast. Felix, go into the office with me. The last thing I did before leaving was to tell Mr. Burton that I knew who made the two mysterious gifts."

"You know, know positively that it was he? I've been sure, because I could see no other way. And, Kathleen, one day when we were talking about the irrigation project, and that long before it was made public, he said it would make of Sentinel a town and we must all plan for town improvements."

When they entered the office, Mr. Burton was already there. He greeted Felix in a friendly manner, and Kathleen said:

"I did not tell him, Mr. Burton, did not have to. Always Felix and I have felt sure the giver was yourself, but neither spoke it to the other, not until today."

"Kathleen, how did you know?" James Burton asked as he arranged chairs for them all. "Felix Waldo may have surmised; in some way you knew."

"I recognized the envelope the first night. And the second time you used one like it."

"The envelope? But I was sure to take a perfectly plain one."

"Yes, but it was from your private stationary drawer here, fine paper, the correct sixe and shape for a gentleman's correspondence. I presume there is none of its kind in Sentinel save yours and Felix's, and I knew he did not give the hundred dollars."

"How did you know about Felix's stationary?" her employer demanded.

Steadily the girl's gaze met his. "Why, when he is away from Sentinel or I am, he writes to me. Thank you, Mr. Burton. We are all so glad to have you come in with us. I am thanking you for all the rest of what Lon Granger calls 'us library folks' as well as for us present."

The best way to make the reader understand about the swarming of the library is to take him or her a round of the visiting library. The first lot of books was delivered late in February. An exchange was to be made in a month. That time the books were taken by Doctor Lummis, Kathleen, Clancy and Felix, and packed in the young merchant's stout car. The books were packed in boxes. Two of these were fastened on the running-board and the third was placed between the seats. This crowded the girl's feet, but in their delight in their errand they forgot such a minor annoyance.

The morning was a glorious one, warm, still, sunny. Their first visit was to be at the Indian settlement where there was a school for the Indian children. To reach this they would drive up the canyon trail six miles, to where the wall was cleft by a valley crossing the floor at a right angle. Passing into this they found it widening until it was two miles across, and the soil, watered by a river, was exceedingly fertile. The water furnished irrigation for the big gardens and a few fields of alfalfa. Two big flocks of sheep, owned collectively, were herded during the summer high up among the hills. Besides the schoolhouse there was a picturesque log church.

"How did it come to be so differet?" Clancy asked when they came in sight of the houses.

It was to Felix that he put the question. That young man turned around in his seat, to smile at Doctor Lummis.

"You tell him, Clancy, you know this is Doctor Grace's find. She comes out here whenever she is called upon, and it was she who proposed this as a station for our visiting library."

"Hope you don't have to attend them free of charge," Clancy said a little flippantly.

"The expenses of any illness is, like many other things, paid out of a common fund. As to the difference, Clancy, it can be explained in a few words. Twenty years ago the Home Missionary Society of our own church sent into this region a devoted missionary. While he did not spend all his time with this remnant of a tribe, he did convert and teach them. They were not reservation Indians; their ancestors had a grant of this land from the government. They settled here, and you see the result. Whenever there is a chance, the men work away. I am glad to tell you that three of them are now employed on the site of the new dam. Months ago I asked Mr. Burton to give them work, but he refused. Now he needs two more choppers, and while here I am to see if Sam Long, their leader, their chief, can send two good men down to the mill woods in the morning."

"And it was Mr. Burton's own offer, was it not, Doctor Lummis?" Kathleen inquired.

"Yes, it was. He has—shall I say, thawed out? It is at the schoolhouse we stop, Clancy."

They drove up to the platform before the door. Kathleen and Felix had both been there when the first books were left; they went inside. The teacher, Nina Barr, a pretty Indian girl, who had been educated for teaching at a home missionary school, met them, her face wreathed with smiles.

"Oh, dear Miss Lovett, such happiness as you have brought us all. I am going to dismiss my pupils. May they carry the books out to the car, after you and I have checked over the list, and bring the new ones in? The children are so eager to help."

The car stood at the schoolhouse for an hour. When the women of the settlement saw it standing there, some of them came hurrying to the schoolhouse, although they had already returned their books there for exchange. There were many expressions of pleasure from these older ones, and the children were wildly enthusiastic. "Nature Myths and Stories," "The Story of Peter Pan," and "Hopi the Cliff Dweller," the children asked to have left another month, as others were eager to read them.

"I never enjoyed anything in my life as I did 'Daddy Long Legs,' the girl teacher confided in Doctor Lummis. "I heard other girls tell about that book when I was at the mission school. What I like about it is the difference from this," waving her hands in a circle.

Doctor Lummis understood. She put out her slender, strong, brown hand to stroke that of the Indian girl. "I see. While I don't think it is in the library I have a copy of the story's sequel, 'Dear Enemy,' in my bookcase. It was the gift of a dear sister who has gone on ahead of me into the blessed land of the beyond. I could not give it away, but I am going to loan it to you. Will send it with the next lot of books if I am not here before."

"And I will be so very careful of it. Thank you and thank you again, dear Doctor Lummis."

When the car was again on its way, Clancy said thoughfully, "I wish every one of us 'library folks,' including James Burton, could have been with us on that trip. It is worth while, isn't it?"

To make their next call the group of isolated ranches, they did not return the way they had come. There was a road, not a good one, but passable for Clancy's stout car, that led through a break in the canyon wall directly out on the mesa. Their destination, Cienaga (swampy place) lay across a stretch of desert land sixteen miles away.

The desert ride was a delight to all. The recent rains and the season's warmth had spread much of that bare land with blossoming plants, as a carpet of gorgeous coloring. There was the red-gold of the California poppy, the blue of the lupine, the purple of the wild hyacinth, and the magenta and crimson of the cactus blooms.

"And see how the hardwood trees lift the soft new green of their brances heavenward," Kathleen said

almost in a whisper. "It is—well, there are no words for it all."

The Cienaga was a valley through which a stream flowed A half mile from its entrance the stream widened into a lagoon and this was bordered on one side by the tract of swampy land that had given the place its Spanish name. The ranches were situated along the edge of the lagoon. There was water there all summer, but the ranchmen had built a reservoir, to hoard the water that during the rains came dashing down the valley. This enabled them to irrigate their crops of vegetables and fruit. These things were taken by trucks across to a railroad junction, thirty miles distant, and from there shipped to San Francisco.

Vines clambered over the pretty adobe houses, and flowers bloomed luxuriantly in the side yards. Many of the fruit trees were then in bloom. Every ranchhouse had one and some of them two or three small houses where the workmen employed on the ranches lived.

"It was those families that needed the library's help more than the ranchers," Felix, who had proposed making Cienaga one of their stations, declared. "For a long time the children of the 'big houses' were taught at home until they were ten or twelve, then sent to the nearest town to school, coming home only for an occasional week-end. But now a school bus calls for all the children here and carries them five miles to a consolidated school that takes them through the tenth grade."

The Latta Ranch was the place from which the books were distributed. There a delicate matron and a sweet-faced daughter had cleared a small room, opening from the court around which the house was built for the books. Flora Latta acted as librarian. It had been planned that the ones carrying the books from Sentinel should take a picnic lunch with them. However, the Lattas, always eager for guests, had insisted that for at least a time, the people bringing the new books should lunch at their table. Soon after their arrival the meal was served.

It was easy to see that the family looked upon that as a gala occasion. Mr. Latta sat at the head of his table. The meal had hardly begun when he informed Felix, whom he considered the leader in the movement and whom also he cordially liked, that all the people at Cienaga were much pleased with the new movement.

"So pleased that we want to help it along," he said genially. "I and my neighbors—you know there are eight families of us here—have concluded that when next you people order new books each family of us would like to contribute ten dollars. And, Felix, we would like to keep it up, if you don't order too frequently."

Cries of delight went around the table. With a smile Mr. Latta went on:

"And it set me and my folk thinking along another line. Flora has picked out books enough from our cases to make a little collection for the herders at the camps. You know their lives are pretty lonely. I own two big flocks, and so does one of my neighbors. Other men

here have a single one. A single camp-tender serves them all, taking provisions every fortnight. Each herder is to have a typewritten list, so he can send for the books in our collection that he wants. He can draw two books at a time, but he is asked to write four titles, so as to be sure he gets something he wants."

"Are your herders men who will care for good books?" Clancy asked skeptically.

"Not all of them, but Flora puts in books that will make an appeal to any chap. One had three years at Berkeley. Then he was down and out for as many years. Now he has started on the up-grade, started from the bottom, and he needs help."

Felix was all attention. "Do you care, Latta, if I come over some day and go with your camp-tender on his rounds? Perhaps I can help the poor fellow. I'll go about it tactfully."

" I wish you would, Felix. I don't seem to be able to make him understand how much I honor him for beginning all over again."

When they left the ranchhouse it was to ride off across the desert to where work on the excavating for the reservoir was well under way. The visiting library there was not greeted with such expressions of delight; there were no families, and the men were at work. All the visitors had to do was to carry away the books brought the month before and leave as many new ones. They were kept in the office, the young secretary of the manager attending to the distribution.

"I open it for an hour every night," he explained. "Don't think they are indifferent; I don't know what they would do without the books. Some time when you have an open meeting over at Sentinel, invite us. We will come, every mother's son of us, with the price of a new book in our pockets."

Before leaving for home they strolled out to where the excavating was going on. They had lingered so long at the ranchhouse that the sun was nearing the western horizon. For a few minutes Kathleen and Felix stood a little apart from the others. The young man's eyes came back from the work, to see his companion gazing off across the rocky waste. It was the look upon her face that brought the question to his lips, the question he felt he had to ask.

"Seeing visions, little girl?"

"No, dreaming dreams. Do you remember the poem that went the rounds not long ago. In it the person was asked why he lived in

'The wretched country town
Where folks talk little things
all the year round?'

He denied the pettiness of life there and, in conclusion, said:

'I have my books; I have my dreams:
A thousand souls have left for me
Enchantment that transcends
Both time and place,
And so I live in Paradise,
Not here!' "

"That will be all right, Kathleen, if only you will let me share—Yes, Clancy, we are ready for home."

(END)

SELF-REGULATED CONDUCT

(Young Folks)

Just how to define conduct, and how much to include in it, may not be very definite. But this much is true; we classify persons on the basis of their conduct. We like or dislike a person, trust or distrust him, seek or ignore him, praise or denounce him because of his conduct. He may be a stranger to us, yet we judge him as attractive or repulsive by his conduct. We speak of good and bad conduct, and we deplore all conduct that is not good.

But good conduct results from control. Probably all of us would have conduct that is reprehensible, if it were not for something that controls our impulses and curbs our actions. Sometimes this control comes from external force or influence. In this case it is not the individual's natural desire, but his fear or longing to meet a standard that safeguards him from bad conduct.

There are all sorts of laws with attached penalties, which tend to incite persons to control their conduct. Dishonesty and untruthfulness are marks of bad conduct; these may lead to open acts of theft and deception. The law restrains these tendencies. It is the force of law that controls in this case, rather than inherent respect for righteousness. These laws have their value, for they are essential restraints to assist us to good conduct.

But there are plenty of people who maintain good conduct without even a thought about the laws against iniquities. They possess something that regulates their conduct. They are self-controlled, without any studied attempt to measure up to an external standard or any deliberate determination to escape some penalty. They have good conduct because they want it; it appeals to them. They think as much of their own conduct as they do of the conduct of others. It seems to come natural to them to be above reproach in their conduct.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE?

When James A. Garfield, who afterwards became President of the United States, was president of Hiram College, in Ohio, a man brought his son for entrance as a student, for whom he desired a shorter course than the regular one.

"The boy will never take all that in," the father said. "He wan's to get through by a shorter route. Can you arange?"

"Oh yes," replied the president, "I can arrange it. Your son can take the shorter course. It all depends on what you want to make out of him. When God wants to make an oak, He takes a hundred years; but when He wants to make a squash, He requires but two months."—Watchman-Examiner

INSTITUTION NOTES

Joe Jarvis, one of our old boys, of Lincoln County, visited us this week. He is working in a cotton mill and seems to be getting along fine.

—o—

The contractors engaged in building the new highway near the school, linking the National Highway with No. 151 at the southern city limits of Concord, have completed their task and are now removing the road-building machinery from the Training School railroad siding. We were somewhat skeptical at the first thought of permitting outsiders to use our siding, but are glad to say that it has not caused the school the least inconvenience to have allowed this particular group of builders to use it. The contractors and all employees engaged in this work for several weeks past, have conducted themselves nicely while working on the school grounds and have made many friends here.

—o—

Roby More, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who was paroled in 1920, called on friends at the institution the other day. He is now on the stage as an acrobatic and tap dancer. "Snake," as he was nick-named here, carries a recommendation from the manager of the Greenbriar Theatre, Charleston, West Virginia, stating that "this young man is one of the best acrobatic and tap dancers I have ever had the pleasure to present to my audiences." He further vouches for him as to habits by saying, "He does not drink, which is a novelty in this day and age." Needless to say the officials of the Training School were glad to hear such a good report from one who had been under their supervision, and trust this good record may never be broken. We were glad to see Roby and hope he will visit us whenever he has an opportunity.

—o—

On Friday of last week we were complimented by a brief stop-over visit of former Lieutenant-Governor Richard Fountain, of Rocky Mount. We were excedingly glad to see Mr. Fountain looking so well after a serious illness. At present he has the appearance of a man full of "pep." He was on his way to Charlotte where he was to address the Civitan Club, and his stop-over came just as our five-hundred boys were lined up near the Cannon Memorial Building, preparatory to the separation of the work and school sections for the afternoon. Mr. Fountain addressed the boys and officers, bringing greetings from the Eastern Carolina Training School, on whose Board of Trustees he serves as Chairman. He assured the boys that though the school at Rocky Mount was much smaller than ours, they, like us, were laboring for the improvement of themselves and the betterment of the citizenship of this great State. He further stated that the set-up of the program of

both schools was not for the purpose of meting out punishment, but for the development and training of each individual. He concluded his remarks by expressing the hope that our boys might fully realize the purpose of the State in the establishment of the schools, and that the citizenship of North Carolina might be made to know the wisdom of this act through the reclaimed lives of boys who have come under the care of such institutions.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Luthern Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture lesson, Rev. Baumgarner read the third chapter of Exodus, and in an interesting talk to the boys, called special attention to Exodus 23:13, "And in all things that I have said unto you be circumspect;" and Exodus 3:6, "And Moses hid his face for he was afraid to look upon God." To be circumspect, said the speaker, means that we should walk carefully as we journey through life, lest we fall. Be watchful always against the dangers of life—dangers both from without and within. Rev. Baumgarner stated that dangers found within are temptations, the desire to do the wrong things, and admonished his listeners to always be on guard against them. He stated further that the thing needed most in the lives of boys today was courage, for it is not an easy task to refuse to do the wrong thing. It takes courage to do the right thing, especially when ridiculed by those who attempt to lead us astray. But by having the courage to say "No" when tempted, we gain the highest respect of the right kind of people. The speaker then said that some people are selfish, never seeing beyond themselves, and therefore are of no value to their fellowmen. We should not be like that, but seek opportunities to help others through life, thereby making the world just a little better because of our having lived in it. We should never be going so fast through life that we cannot look for chances to help others. Rev. Baumgarner concluded by saying that we should so live our lives that we will not be afraid to look upon God's face in the life hereafter. God wants us to do our very best, and when we have done that, we will have nothing to fear.

He who has a thousand friends,
Has not a friend to spare;
And he who has one enemy
Shall meet him everywhere.

—Alu Taleb.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 2, 1933 No. 48

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LIFE'S BUSINESS

Our business in life is not to get ahead of other people, but to get ahead of ourselves —to break our own record, to outstrip yesterday's by todays, to bear our trials more beautifully than we ever dreamed we could, to whip the Tempter inside and out as we never whipped him before, to give as we never have given to our work with more force and a finer finish than ever. This is the true idea; to get ahead of ourselves.

Whether we win or not we are playing better than we ever did before, and that's the point after all—to play a better game of life.—Maltbie B. Babcock.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor. MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

TRUE HAPPINESS

You are richer today than you were yesterday .. . . If you have laughed often, given something, forgiven even more, made a new friend today, or made stepping-stones of stumbling-blocks; if you have thought more in terms of "thyself" than "myself," or if you have managed to be cheerful even if you were weary. You are richer tonight than you were this morning . . . if you have taken time to trace the handiwork of God in the commonplace things of life, or if you have learned to count out things which really do not count, or if you have been a little blinder to the faults of friend and foe. You are far richer if a little child has smiled at you, and a stary dog has licked your hand, or if you have looked for the best in others and given others the best in you.

—*Sunshine Magazine.*

BAD BOYS REFORMED

The city of Detroit has been experimenting as to the best way to reclaim wayward boys. From the following article taken from an exchange one is convinced of the fact that employment is the finest panacea to overcome the restless, deviltry-inclined youths.

If you give a boy something to do, making him feel he is contributing to the welfare of the community, there is greater assurance of reclamation. That "idleness is the devil's workshop" is as true today as yesteryear.

Now, this institution has a magnificent trades building, waiting for some benefactor, who loves boys, to help to equip this

building with proper machinery so every boy will be given the privilege of vocational training. Read:

Like all other cities, Detroit has had its bad boy problem. From the juvenile court records it appeared that in a recent year one out of every eight boys from 17 to 19 years of age had been arrested. Detroit led all the big cities in juvenile delinquency.

Then a number of citizens took notice of the situation and organized the Boys' Club of Detroit. A four-story building was fiitted up with lockers, showers, games, workshops and the like, and the boys were invited to make themselves at home. The membership now numbers nearly 4,000, with dues of 25 cents a year.

These boys are drawn from the class which formerly roamed the streets, engaging in all sorts of deviltry. Now they spend much time in their club, playing games or building radios, airplane models, toys and many useful articles. A specialty is making toys for crippled children, craftsmanship going hand in hand with social education.

Members of the club seldom come before the juvenile court any more. With suitable outlets for their energies they do not find it necessary to engage in anti-social activities. Great good has been accomplished through the initiative of a group of forward-looking citzens who did not believe that the "bad" boy was as bad as he seemed to be. And results have proved that they were right.

* * * * * * * * * * *

MAY BE KING OF THE FOREST

This is information: the American people use about $600,000,000 worth of paper annually, and the newspapers alone consume about $140,000,000 worth of newsprint annually. To say that nearly all paper used in America has been imported from Canada, Sweden and Norway is news to many.

The old order of things are undergoing a change due to the fact that the spruce forests of Canada, the source of the paper pulp, are fast diminishing, an incident that has a meaning of interest to Americans.

The chemistry department of the University of North Carolina has been working for years on a chemical treatment of the Southern pine, and the experiment found the old field pine would produce a pulp fully suitable for making the best type of paper.

The pulp of the old field pine was first treated in a plant for that purpose in Savannah, Ga., and then shipped to a Canadian

mill, where it was made into newsprint rolls.

The South with the old field pine, nature's most generous gift to the Southeastern states, can furnish an almost inexhaustible supply of pulp wood. As proof that the experiment met the test last Monday some eight Georgia daily newspapers printed their editions on paper made from old Southern field pine.

This is significant of the fact there is great hope that these great paper pulp industries may come to the pine fields of the South and set up. The old field pine once considered fit only to fill gullies may become one of the most useful trees of the forest.

* * * * * * * * * * *

URBANIZATION

Between 1920 and 1930 the rural districts of North Carolina lost to the cities of the State and Nation some 250,000 people. Dr. C. Horace Hamilton, rural sociologist at State College states the average age at the time of migration was about twenty, but many young girls and boys of seventeen and eighteen years of age found their way to the cities and towns. And on the whole more females left the country than males. The industrialization of our progressive civilization is the occasion of the urbanization of our people.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The richest girl in the world, Doris Duke, came in possession of her fortune, $53,000,000, on November 21st, but unlike most other girls she celebrated her twenty-first birth day quietly with her mother in their New York home. There were no coming out, or debut parties. She has an aversion to publicity, trying at all times to evade the idle spectator who gazes through morbid curiosity, doubtless for no other reason than to say, "I have seen the richest girl in the world."

After all Doris Duke, the daughter of the late James B. Duke, is only a normal child with taste and desire to do things just like other girls, but her position, due to her immense wealth, would not be her choosing if the truth were known.

Her fortune has seemingly made no difference in her life. She has a fine head, that too is an inheritance from the Dukes, not discrediting the maternal side, and it will serve her well as she passes through life with the burden of her many millions.

To wisely use an immense fortune requires a master mind combined with a fine spirit so as to answer properly the demands of the times. The old expression "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" can be appropriately paraphrased to suit the rich man —"uneasy is the man reputed many times to be a millionaire." But, if inheritance counts Doris will sustain the reputation of her distinguished father who was one of the greatest benefactors the country has ever known. Few comprehend that a great fortune is a trust, not a gift.

* * * * * * * * * *

No modernism for old Williamsburg, Virginia, has declared John D. Rockefeller. Gone are the power lines and poles—lines to be hereafter under the ground—gone are the concrete sidewalks and asphalt streets—these to be replaced with colonial brick, flag stone and gravel.

All modern developments in the project started in 1925, restoring old Williamsburg as it was in days gone by are to be carried out to the letter. The highway is being re-routed around the city, and doubtless before restoration is complete the horse and coupe travel may be provided along the streets.

Old Williamsburg that played a leading role in shaping of America will be a delightful resting place to those looking for a place where it is possible to move around without the fear of a jam caused by modern ways of travel. It will become a real haven of quiet and rest for the weary travel. In fact tourists will be drawn to this historic spot through real curiosity, for the "horse and chaise" are genuine antiques.

* * * * * * * * * *

The whole of North Carolina, not the Western part of the state alone, receives the news that Secretary of Interior Ickes, informally approves the scenic highway, connecting the Great Smoky and Shennandoah National parks. The states of North Carolina,

Virginia and Tennessee were told "to get busy on the work of helping to select a route and securing the necessary right-of-way."

Also President Roosevelt has demonstrated great interest in the scenic road, and the project is termed "his baby." This scenic highway will prove a fine way to exploit the glory and grandeur of Western North Carolina to the world.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Tin mining operations will be resumed in Lincoln county on a larger scale within the very near future. The experts who will operate the mine said everything pointed to the opinion that the tin ore deposit in Lincoln is the richest in the United States. This fact was forecasted by The Uplift in 1922. A story of this mine in the Uplift of January 14, 1922, is reproduced in this issue.

Also, Mr. J. Frank Armfield, one of the State's most outstanding attorneys, gives to the readers of The Uplift, in this issue, an informative contribution as to the gold mining resources of North Carolina. At least Mr. Armfield has unbounded faith in the State's natural mineral wealth.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"TEMPUS FUGIT"

Is the thought of the older members of this institution, but quite different with our bunch of boys, who doubtless feel the time intervening between last Christmas and the approaching joyous season has been indefinitely drawn out.

Well, our boys' Christmas fund, used for giving all of the youngsters a treat, has not gotten off to a good start this year.

The greatest joy is to give, especially so if a youngster is the beneficiary, who would have a dull Christmas unless some fine friend was obsessed with the spirit, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The first to give to the boys' Christmas fund is:

?

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"We thank Thee, God, that fairer skies,
Above depression now arise.
This passing year so full of wrath
Hath gathered much of wheat and chaff.
From deepest depths we now must climb
Through great ideals to heights sublime.
We praise Thee, Lord, show us the way,
We thank Thee for 'Thanksgiving Day.'"

—o—

Let our thanks now continue every day through the coming twelve months, and "In everything, by prayer and supplication with Thanksgiving, let your requests be made to God."

—o—

Clarence Darrow wants to be congratulated on not having to stay in this fool world much longer. Who made it a fool world? The fool people in it who take a wrong view of life and its possibilities, and the designs of the great Creator.

—o—

It isn't good politics any more to kiss the baby. Health doctors warn against it. They say it is a menace to health, and upsets the baby. Wait until she grows up.

—o—

Roger Babson tells us that gradual recovery from the depression is best for all concerned. Possibly so. So far I have not heard of any one being arrested for breaking the speed limit on the recovery road.

—o—

After reading the court records, in all parts of the country, it seems that a vast number of people have never been disappointed, until after they have married. The divorces will soon be running the marriages a close race.

—o—

It appears that some of the foreign nations are clamoring to be treated equally with other nations. That's a perfectly sane idea, but they want the other nations to do the treating, the selfish things.

—o—

Sin in its original state may be as ugly as the devil, but you must admit it understands the art of smashing to smithereens all laws and regulations for the control of the liquor question. Right here is where the practice of eternal vigilance is needed.

—o—

We have the authority of the Book of all Books for the statement that he who rules himself is greater than he who captures and rules a city. It means domination over a man's passions and affections; virtues which we are accustomed to call temperance. Of late years, I am afraid that a great many people have learned to give the wrong meaning to the word temperance and are now waking up to its significance. We have

been accustomed to refer to prohibition as temperance. I think that is a mistake. Prohibition means something that is opposed to a man from without—temperance means self control within. When you control yourself, you will have little need for prohibition.

—o—

For me the printed page has always held a fascination. Such delightful evenings, in the winter, by the fireside, reading during my childhood. One of the last things I ever expect to forget will be the thrilling adventure of Christian, in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and the way of overcoming difficulties; the exquisite beauty of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," and many other classics I could mention, which left an indelible impression on my mind. Such stories will outlive all of the thrillers that go to clutter up the modern book shelf, and are found at the book stands. What lasting joy one derives from reading wholesome books, instead of so much of the froth and trash of the present day.

—o—

Unless the people, as a whole—and the carpers and obstructionists of the President's policies cease their activities—back the chief executive in doing what he believes to be right, something will happen. And it reminds me of the story of the old darkey, before the court for fighting with his wife, and Rastus was explaining the matter to the judge, in this way: "Me and Lucy had a argument. She called me a lazy loafer an' I slap her down. Up she hops an' smashes a plate on mah head, an' drop me flat. Den I gits up an' welts her one wid' a chair, an' den she heaves a hot tea kettle at me." "Then what happened?" asked the judge. "An' den," said Rastus, "We gets mad an' begins to fight."

—o—

Have you ever thought of it? The battles waged within a nation or within a man are the most terrific and sometimes the costliest that are ever known. The controversy engaging America today is not a warfare from without so much as from within. Our country is struggling towards an ideal of human happiness, but struggling against the tremendous handicaps of poverty, crime and selfishness. Most crime is the result of selfishness in some form. Most of the hardships of life, the injustices, have their basis in selfishness. It appears to me that, fundamentally, the root of our difficulty is right here. We all want America to recover, but each group, each section, somehow feels that recovery should begin with some benefit to them. That is a natural feeling, but we can all see that unless it gives way to a will for the common good of all, it will at least greatly delay the better times for which we are all hoping. The ten commandments are the chart for nations and individuals. "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord," and that has been verified. A commandment-keeping nation has never yet been overthrown. Switzerland has been cited as an example of that, and the history of Israel furnishes confirmation also, for whenever Israel followed false prophets and false gods they were defeated, but when they turned to the true God they were restored. Egypt

had learning far beyond that of her contemporaries; Rome had power to conquer the known world, but both fell. Might we not at least try obedience to the commandments, remembering that righteousness exalteth a nation, and see what happens? As truly as the program of Jesus works in the life of the individual it will work in the relations of states and nations.

CAROLINA ORPHANAGES CARE FOR 7,119 CHILDREN

By Julian S. Miller in Charlotte Observer

During the past year there were 7,119 children in the 46 orphanages of the two Carolinas who were maintained, fed, clothed, housed, taught, supervised and abundantly taken care of at an average cost of 68 cents per child per day.

Food, the largest single item of expense of these orphans, represented 21 cents per day per child, or seven cents per meal. Education came second in costliness, which includes salaries of teachers and all supplies necessary for the operation of schools, financed by the institution, state, county or city, thus entailing an expenditure of 10 cents per day per child.

Administrative Costs

Administrative expense, including salaries of superintendents and assistants, interest on money borrowed for operating purposes and office supplies, represented nine cents per day per child.

Fuel, light, power, ice water, upkeep of buildings and grounds and janitors, and building superintendents, cost nine cents per day per child.

The salaries of cottage mothers and other workers directly in charge of these orphans required eight cents per child per day.

Clothing costs five cents per day and necessary household supplies and expenses, including travel, required the remaining four cents.

Parental Status

These inner facts relating to the orphanage activities being conducted in the Carolinas were developed from a scrutiny of the records of the orphan section of the Duke Endowment which plays prominently and helpfully in maintaining these 46 institutions in the two states.

Of the 7,119 children admitted in 1932, 1,829 had been deprived of both fathers and mothers: only the mother was dead in 1,212 cases: the father only in 3,104 instances and in 974 cases both fathers and mothers are still living.

There were 6,509 white children and 610 negro children.

These intensely detailed and personalized facts take the routine and dullness from the annual contributions made by the Duke Endowment to this fine humanitarian service and present the case in terms of the ser-

vice being rendered by these benefactions, the good that is done in individual instances, the care and tender administrative guidance and protection being given these thousands of fatherless through the agency of the wealth of the late empire builder of the Carolinas.

Their Big Task

It is the time of year when public interest and attention will be turning toward orphanhood. Thanksgiving and orphanage support and activities go hand in hand. It is traditional. Essential, therefore, is it to take the curtains down and have a peep inside of these institutions where 7,000 children are being treated, tended and taught through the kindness and generosity of a sympathetic public. The chief responsibility of these institutions is to provide a home atmosphere as nearly as possible like that of a normal Christian home. This is difficult where a large number of children are brought together from different environments. These institutions, most of them at least, have provided cottages in which a small group of children are housed and where a temporary home is set up. The most important work of these institutions is done in these small groups. The child is given a chance for the expression of those individual characteristics which are esential in character development. All children are not developed by the same pattern and the individual child is not forgotten in the group. In the not too long distant past, the individual child was lost in the group, but this is not true today. The child and more particularly the individual child, is the only reason for the existence of these institutions and one finds the individual child the center of the institutional activities. Our institutions are keeping pace with changing methods of care.

Given Good Schools

Modern schools are conducted for the benefit of these children, either by the state or by the institution. Every dependent child of school age has the same educational advantages that are provided for the child in the normal home. In many instances, the children in the institutions attend the public schools in the communities where the institutions are located. This gives the institutional children a contact with outside children and makes for a normal development under normal conditions. A child who has had these normal outside contacts becomes more quickly adjusted after leaving the institution.

In addition, there is provided a wholesome religious life. Religious organizations are provided, giving the children training in religious leadership. This training is provided in both sectarian and nonsectarian institutions. Cottage worship, chapel services, and other religious meetings are provided. The physical development of the child is by no means neglected. Organized and unorganized play provide ample opportunity for the normal physical development of the children. The athletic teams of many of these institutions have made fine records in sportsmanship and many well known college athletes have come up from these teams.

Standard of Care

In its work with child caring in-

sttiutions, the orphan section of the Duke Endowment, with the assistance of instituion executives, has devised a plan by which the work of the institutions assisted is appraised. The institutions are scored on a basis of 1,000 points, with a certain number of points assigned the major activities according to their relative value.

Using this plan, it was found that the average score received by the 46 institutions was 770 points out of the possible 1,000. The highest score was 956 points and the lowest was 373. It is noted from the use of this appraisal plan that, as a rule, the institutions with a high comparative per capita cost usually maintain a high standard of service. For instance, in the group of institutions with more than 150 beds, which includes all of the large institutions, the highest cost reported was 97 cents per child per day. The average cost per child per day in this group was 73 cents. The cost at this institution was 24 cents per child per day higher than the average, but the score was 956, or 108 points above the average.

Differences in Cost

There are differences in the cost at the various institutions, as there are differences in the cost at different homes. There are also different standards of care as in normal family life. When the cost of care at these institutions is set up alongside the standard of service rendered, it is remarkable how much these children receive for so small an expenditure of money. It is difficult for one to imagine how these institutions can feed, clothe, educate and care for children at an average cost of less than 70 cents per child per day.

These institutions deserve the support of every citizen of the Carolinas. It is hoped that each citizen will celebrate Thanksgiving by helping with the care of these thousands of dependent children. Make a contribution through your church, lodge, or direct to the institution in which you are interested. These children continue to live and grow in spite of economic conditions and they must not be neglected during their formative period. No investment will give such large returns as the money invested in the lives of these children. They are the wards of society and if society fails to care for them, there can be but one result, and society must bear the consequence.

The little hurts of yesterday
  Tuck quietly away,
For they will dim your happiness,
  If allowed to stay.

—Jean McMichael.

A NORTH CAROLINA TIN MINE

(Taken from The Uplift, issue of January 14, 1922)

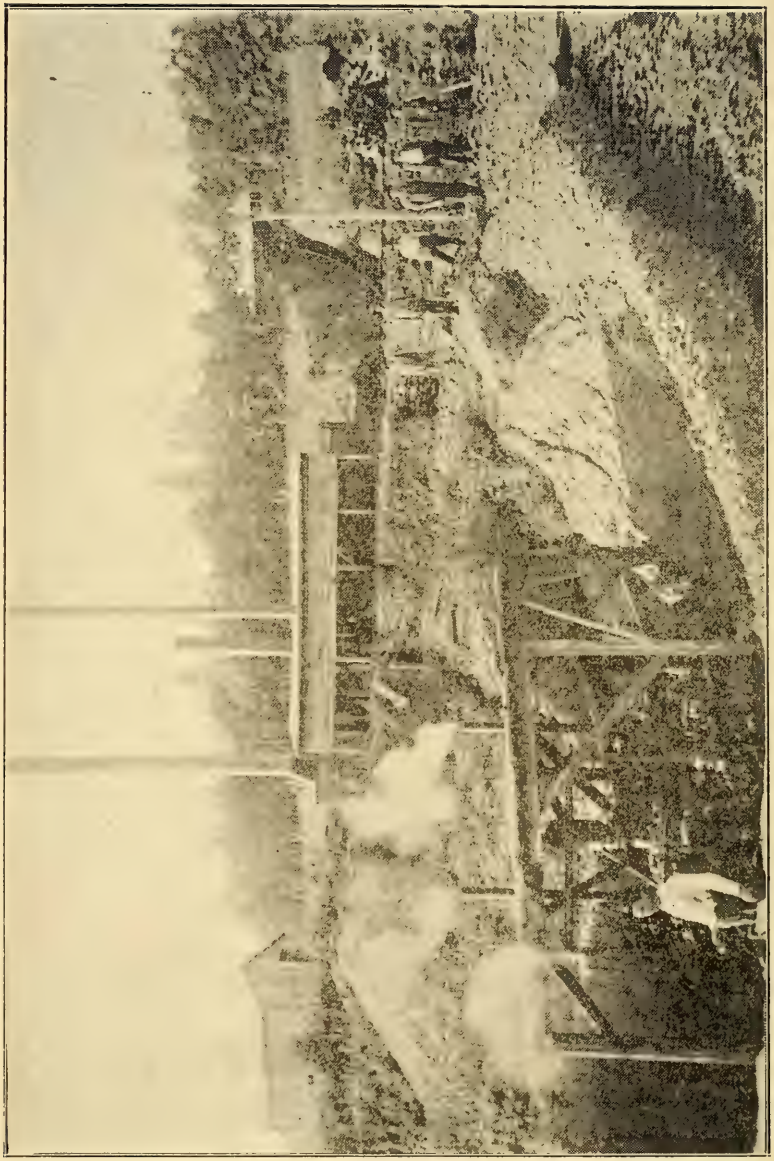
Added to the many natural resources abounding in North Carolina, it is now entirely safe to add another and very important one. When we stop to think how largely tin enters into the affairs of life, in finishing cutlery, making vessels and cups and containers, in fact, one-half of a first class grocery store is one kind of tin receptacle after another. Without tin, the canning business would have to suspend; and the packing of most things that enter into the furnishing of pantries must depend upon tin; and builders would have to resort to a substitute.

A very common thing, tin, but up to this date it has been found in paying quantities at but few places. Pure tin is an elementary metal, as much so as lead, iron, silver or gold. The principal tin producing country is England. The Phonecians traded with England for tin 1,100 years before the Christian era. There is reason to believe that they also got tin from Spain; but England was depended upon for nearly all of the tin used in Europe until this ore was discovered in Germany in 1240. It was discovered in Northern Africa in the Barbary States in 1640, in India in 1740, in New Spain in 1782. Tin was mined in Mexico before the Spanish conquest and used in T shaped pieces for money, and in a bronze composition for sharp tools, the principal mines being at Tasco. Peru has valuable mines of this metal, so have Australia and Malacca in the Malay peninsula. Tin has been discovered previously to this time in several of the American states, but not in quantities to tempt capital to engage in mining it except in Dakota; and now North Carolina has a proposition in a well-developed tin deposit that is creating considerable interest among the capitalists.

For several years mining engineers having heard of deposits in a section of Lincoln county, have prospected but capital was wanting to make a thorough and complete investigation as to the extent of the vein and its quality. About twelve months ago, quietly but determinedly, a party of gentlemen of affairs, nerve and hope, joined in the business of testing out the claims of a tin deposit in paying quantities and qualities in a section of Lincoln county near the C. & N. W. railroad. Options were secured for the property, and practical work for opening and tracing the vein was begun. Recently a thorough survey has been effected, a company, with a capital of $300,000, has been organized to bring about an active operation of the mines and throw the product on the market.

General Hoke's Discovery

Some years ago the late General Robert F. Hoke, in taking over what is known as the Lincoln Lithia Springs property, and making excavations for the hotel and the water tank, struck a peculiar formation which he afterwards learned was tin ore. The vein is postively marked; and the good old general, much of a miner himself, was certain tin ex-



Tin Mining Operations, Lincoln County, 1922

isted in that section in large quantities and awaited developments. From this very point (property now owned by Mr. D. E. Rhyne, a most successful and far-visioned capitalist of Lincoln county) decided in positive evidences of the presence of tin have been traced the entire way to the chief veins of tin which recent operations have uncovered. Gen. Hoke used to say that he had no doubt that sooner or later tin would be discovered near the Lincoln Lithia Springs in such quantities as would attract capitalists, who would in turn operate the property on a large scale.

What Gen. Hoke firmly believed, and with fine reason, has come about. The Carolina Tin Company, recently chartered with a capital of $3,000,000, with offices at Cherryville, is officered as follows: D. E. Rhyne, Lincolnton, president; M. L. Mauney, Cherryville, vice-president; David Rudisill, Cherryville, secretary; John J. Georges, Cherryville, treasurer, who, with Jacob Johnston, D. R. Mauney, and J. H. Rudisill, composed the Board of Directors. Mr. Johnston, who makes his home at the mine, near Southside on the C. & N. W. railroad, hard by the South Fork Catawba river, is a practical mining engineer with a long and successful experience in delving into the earth, following a lead for various precious metals. A recent visit to the property by the writer disclosed what has been done in a practical and substantial manner to reveal the true character of the tin deposit.

Nothing Taken for Granted

The practical business men, of large affairs, composing the company, wanted to know the real facts, the character of the ore, the size of the veins, the ultimate quantity, and the feasibility of working the property as a commercial proposition. These they have ascertained; and no sooner than these facts were established, the company began to close its options and to secure fee-simple deeds for the property which is in the neighborhood of 5000 acres.

The Method Invoked

To open up the veins was by means of a hydraulic plant, located on the South Fork Catawba, which included three pumps of 1,000 gallon capacity each per minute, with a discharge of six inches each, making a volume of water equal to eighteen inches being played on the crude soil, with the result of leaving the veins of tin exposed. At convenient distances, necessary in forming a proper estimate of the size and character of the ore, these veins were subjected to cross cuts. There are nine separate veins, averaging in width from twenty-five to one hundred and eighty feet. A number of shafts from twenty-five to one hundred and sixty feet have been driven, and at each there is a cross tunnel. In addition to this extensive investigation, leaving nothing undone to ascertain the true facts, at several points on the veins they have reached with a key-stone drill one and a half-inch in diameter, as deep as nine hundred feet, and the character of the tin ore proved even more satisfactory than that nearer the surface. With the hydraulic system in use the company has been able to remove 2,000 tons of crude stuff per day.

An Inexhaustible Supply

Is evident, for having made certain of a depth of nine hundred feet, and the veins traced for more than three miles and a half there is no room for doubting the quantity. When asked what the output of tin ore from a ton is, Mr. Johnston said: "It will average twenty pounds of tin to a ton of crude dirt." Entirely ignorant of what is considered as rich or poor tin ore, and showing some surprise that only twenty pounds may be secured from a ton of crude dirt, Mr. Johnston remarked: "At the Cornwall mines in England, which now furnishes more tin than all other tin producing countries, the average is just one half pound to the ton, and the operation is regarded profitable."

Various tests have been made and there is absolutely no room for doubting the richness of the ores of the Carolina Tin Company. These tests show that the concentrates carry 71 per cent of metallic tin.

On this property there is an inexhaustible quantity of kaolin, which is chiefly used in making crockery. Mining kaolin in the extreme western part of North Carolina is carried on in a large way, and is a very important industrial and commercial activity.

There is Pride

In the fact that these gentlemen, none of whom have any special training in tin mining, though Mr. Johnston has a long experience in gold mining, were willing to spend their money to ascertain the truth of so many beliefs and conjecture that the hills of Southern Lincoln were full of precious metals and that tin surely existed in paying quantities. They have rendered a service to the state; and by faith and enterprise, they have demonstrated that there is one more important source of natural wealth in the good old state already standing at the head of the list in natural resources.

This writer understands that Dr. Pratt, the Chapel Hill geologist, has investigated this company's property and was surprised to find the fine quality of the ore and the apparent inexhaustible supply. Wouldn't it be a fine thing for North Carolina if some practical tin mine operator, with long experience in the handling of all the details incident to tin mining, could get hold of this property and work it to its fullest capacity, thus placing North Carolina among the leaders of tin production? For years Lincoln county furnished the state with all its iron; and were there necessity for it Lincoln county today could furnish iron ore in quantities sufficient to supply the state's needs.

The phenomenally successful and intensely wise man who is at the head of the Carolina Tin Company, Mr. Dyke, does not do things for fun or for gamble. If he and his associates made up their minds to install sufficient machinery and equipment to work the undoubtedly rich mine on a commercial scale and throw its products on the market, there seems no doubt of the result. They move, however, along another line—their business is primarily cotton-mill business, in which they have extensive holdings. But whether they operate

the mine themselves or turn the operation over to others, these gentlemen have rendered North Carolina a great service in reducing to a certainty what for years old Gen. Hoke believed with his whole heart that Lincoln county at this particular section was full of tin.

In this issue of The Uplift, on another page, there is a picture showing the beginning of the practical investigation and tests in searching for the truth, inaugurated by the Carolina Tin Company.

ONLY A DAD

Only a dad with a tired face,
  Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing litle of gold or fame
  To show how well he has played the game;
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
  To see him come home and hear his voice.

Only a dad of a brood of four,
  One of ten million men or more,
Plodding along in the daily strife,
  Bearing the whips and scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate
  For the sake of those who at home wait.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
  Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving, from day to day.
  Facing whatever may come his way,
Silent whenever the harsh condemn
  And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad, but he gives his all
  To smooth the way for his children small.
Doing with courage stern and grim
  The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen—
  Only a dad, but the best of them.

—Selected.

GOLD MINING IN NORTH CAROLINA

By J. Frank Armfield, Concord, N. C.

The Appalachian Gold Belt, averaging about seventy-five miles in width, including at its extremes parts of Alabama and Virginia, runs lengthwise N. 62 E. about three hundred miles. Taking this transverse direction nearly half of it lies in North Carolina.

This belt by January 1, 1903, had delivered to the Charlotte, N. C. assay office alone bullion, only about $60,000 worth of which was silver, to the value of $10,366,654, and of gold has produced since 1903 possibly $5,000,000. North Carolina's six or seven hundred mines had largely been exploited of their placer gold, in surface sand and gravel, and their free milling vein ore, by 1848. Many of them still had left veins changed at the water level, thirty to ninety feet below the surface, into sulphide ores, deeper but, with depth, increasing in size and richness.

Constantly rising water, and lack of knowledge and means for treating the obdurate sulphide ores, (which do not yield to the old milling amalgamation process) combined with the great California gold rush, caused, soon after 1848, the abandonment of most North Carolina mines.

Only possibly ten or twelve of these mines in the State have ever been really worked for the deep, stubborn, but often rich sulphide ores. When these ten or twelve finally closed down, of them four only, the Phoenix in Cabarrus, the Capps and Rudisill in Mecklenburg, and the Coggins in Montgomery, had still blocked out sulphide ores to the value of $3,000,000. These bodies of ore, by the way, can doubtless be resorted to as sources of first material for the central reducing plant, for which I have been agitating for years. So North Carolina's great gold belt, seventy-five by one hundred and twenty-five miles square, has only had ten or twelve holes punched in it.

Some of the North Carolina mines, partially worked for their sulphides, gave great yields, the Iola, Montgomery County, about $3,000,000, and the Capps and the Gold Hill series in Rowan, each about $2,000,000. The final closing down of our richer mines, all occurring by about 1915, was due in some instances to too much overhead in excessive and fraudulent stock issues and outrageous salaries, and in others to lack of capital, and in still others to unsuccessful solutions of the metallurgical problems involved.

Since these closed down hydro-electric power lines all across the belt in the State have made available anywhere the use of greatly improved electric drills and electrically operated pumps; the use of coal has been by our magnificent system of hard surfaced highways made anywhere available for smelting purposes, and a cyanide process, cheaper as to materials, that discards entirely preliminary use of milling and amalgamation, which had not come into general approved use till 1925, has come

about. Gold, in the meanwhile, has gone up fifty per cent and commodities, the true measure of values, have gone down more than fifty per cent. Under these circumstances, we may confidently demand of the United States Government seeking gold everywhere, an immediate scientific survey of North Carolina's gold resources, the mining engineers at least to follow everywhere, on to other properties, the old leads, and to use the unemployed for trenching, and, when promising, cross-trenching. Should this survey prove favorable, we are entitled to expect immediate establisment by the United States Government of a central gold ore refining plant, either a smelter, or a cyanide plant, as analysts may determine.

Lengthwise of the part of the gold belt in North Carolina, and nearly midway of it, runs across the State a belt of slate about twenty miles wide. From the dip of its sides this slate is estimated to be about 2,500 feet deep. Since slate is a sedimentary rock, the space occupied by the slate belt was once a great chasm, and soon a great lake. What untold treasures of gold were washed by the numerous rivers and their tributaries crossing this territory into this great lake? Yet, although gold miners in South Africa have gone down 4,000 feet, not a shaft has been sunk in this slate mining district over 830 feet deep. In it well borers at Monroe, N. C., once at a distance of about 1,000 feet struck something so dense that their edged bit, weighing a ton, rapidly raised and dropped, would not in a day penetrate it but an inch or two. What was that?

Anyhow, may we not safely presume that Nature, in the twenty-eight pound gold nugget at the Reed, and in the seventeen pound one fifteen miles south at the Lindsay, left fair samples of what her great slate lake contains?

From the above it can be seen that the North Carolina gold belt is not now a field for the lone prospector equipped with pan or cradle. It is a field for the informed capitalist furnished with a core drill and nerve. Incidentally, he will find it the best equipped gold belt in the world as to the number and quality of highways, railroads, electric power lines, and numerous comfortable towns to live in, a number of which are health resorts. Incidentally also he might search its slate belt, in the upper central strata where once the waters were stiller and blemishing sand and pebbles could not reach, for roofing slate. And incidentally also, near its Southeastern extremity, where North Carolina's coal belt impinges on it, he might, if venturesome, bore for oil. The surface indications of petroleum are all there, coarse sands, sandstone and shale. And since that coal belt has recently been found more extensive and deeper than when once surveyed, he may well belie an old opinion of the U. S. Geological Survey that oil will not be found there, "for lack of sufficient nearby carboniferous deposits."

Honesty in little things is not a little thing—Selected.

A SERVING OF CHICKEN

By Mary Louise Stetson

Matilda Herrick sat by the front window of her apartment and looked out upon the main street of the city. There was something about it suggestive of the peace that prevailed there upon a Sabbath morning in the summer time when the weatherman had frowned upon all-day auto trips. But none of the peace of Main Street crept up the gray walls and in at the windows of the suite in which Matilda Herrick reigned supreme. In Matilda's heart was only an aching loneliness.

It was Thanksgiving Day. Matilda was in very good health for a woman of her years. She was comfortably warm, although flakes of the first snow were beginning to fall in the silent street. She had the wherewithal to purchase a Thanksgiving dinner at the best hotel in town. And yet there was no song of gratitude welling up in her heart for these material blessings.

The nearest approach to gratitude was found in the comforting thought that she was second on the waiting list at the Home. By another Thanksgiving, she might again be able to take her rightful place at a family table and on that lonely Thanksgiving morning the fact that the home for which she was patiently waiting was a public institution and one spelled with a capital H seemed of minor importance.

"There'll be company, anyhow," anticipated Matilda. "And amongst so many old ladies, there'll surely be one I'd like for a sort of chum, same as Cousin Nancy used to be."

The thought of Nancy was followed by other thoughts of the good old days of Thanksgiving festivities when grandparents, parents, children, grandchildren, aunts, uncles, and cousins, all who could claim even remote relationship, gathered about the extension table and united in a prayer of thanksgiving and the enjoyment of the host of good things provided. None of those thankful merry-makers was still of this world save Benjamin and Matilda, and Benjamin had long since lost his interest in such foolishness as holidays.

His obligations as nearest of kin were fulfilled, to his way of thinking, in the fact that his sister was allowed to remain in his apartment house at the old rates, whereas those of other tenants had been raised since the installation of a new heating plant. He had no time for even a game of checkers or backgammon on a lonely winter's evening, not to make mention of a family dinner in the heart of the day which well might be utilized in the furtherance of business.

"Ben and I would make a sorry Thanksgiving party, wouldn't we, now?" Matilda queried of the silent street, and the very absurdity of such a family gathering brought a smile to her lips and a twinkle to her eyes.

Then Matilda Herrick recalled one blessing for which she could be truly thankful. The keen sense of humor that had made her a general favorite in her younger days had only

mellowed and sweetened with the years.

The smile still lingered as in answer to a sudden tap at the door she turned from the window to face the profile of her energetic young neighbor from across the corridor.

"Just thought a bite of our chicken might save your going out to the restaurant today, Mrs. Herrick," she explained, setting a covered dish upon the mantel. "Goodness, Ned surely is a cracker-jack fireman! Here's the chicken all done, and the onions and potatoes and squash not cooking yet." With a carefree little laugh, Mrs. Farnham flitted away, scarely noting the recipient's smile and word of thanks.

Matilda Herrick crossed the room. She lifted the napkin, and examining the contents of the plate, nodded approvingly.

"There's one respect, at least, in which my little bobbed-haired, crimson-cheeked short-skirted neighbor and I agree. That's in the roasting of chicken. She credits me with a pretty good appetite for one of my years, though. It looks as if I'd be having it hot, then cold, then in a broth, just as in the good old days at home."

There was bread in the tiny cupboard of the kichenette, yes and a bowl of cranberry sauce, half a dozen molasses cookies, a bottle of milk and an egg. Only the noonday meal was taken at the restaurant, and the housewife of olden days still made simple preparations for an emergency meal now and then. Storms, icy sidewalks, attacks of rheumatism, were things that created emergencies in the mind of Matilda Herrick.

Thanksgiving! Should that be considered an emergency?

Matilda went back to her window. The snowflakes were still falling, but silently, gently, as if they would tell her, "You don't need to fear us, Matilda Herrick. We wouldn't hurt even a plump little old woman like you."

"I don't believe you would," smiled the lonely occupant of a comfortable suite of rooms.

Then, in the midst of snowflakes, she seemed to see the white, pinched face of Mrs. Martin as it appeared to her on last Monday morning.

She thought upon that face for a while and her lips closed in a straight line. Again she crossed the room, lifted the napkin, and examined the Thanksgiving donation from her flighty neighbor. She tore off a bit of the dark meat and ate it appraisingly.

"Very tender. Delicious," she decided. "I can truthfully say so if I'm asked."

She placed the chicken in a basket and closed the lid.

A few minutes later, Matilda Herrick was out in the quiet street, the basket on her arm. Snowflakes, as if giving their benediction, fell lightly on the modest drab hat and coat, as she turned from the broad highway upon a narrow street close by the railroad and trudged on in the direction of a dingy white house, the basement of which was occupied by her washer-woman and a crippled son.

Matilda went around to the small door at the side and knocked.

"Good morning, Mrs. Martin," she greeted with a cheery smile. "I'm going out to dinner today. It seemed a shame to waste this generous

serving of chicken given me by a kind neighbor. Wouldn't you and the boy be able to dispose of it along with your other good things?"

Mrs. Martin threw wide the door. "Come in," she urged, and turning to the boy seated by the tiny window, she said, "It's chicken she's brought us, Nate, so it won't be only a make-believe Thanksgiving, after all."

The boy thus addressed, laid aside scissors and magazine as if half ashamed to be caught at so childish an occupation as that of cutting pictures.

"Sit down and rest yourself a minute, Mrs. Herrick," urged the hostess, and then she, also, seemed a little embarrassed as she glanced toward the table spread with a white cotton cloth and set for two. The place cards, the flowers in the center of the table, and even the brown turkey, beautifully garnished and lying in state upon a platter, all were but colored pictures cut, apparently, from Nate's discarded magazine.

"We're going to have the potatoes and onions and squash and cranberry sauce same as ever," she explained optimistically, "but Nate and I thought we'd best not get a chicken just for us two. A whole one hangs on quite a spell."

A sly twinkle lurked in the eyes of the lame boy as he coughed.

Matilda Herrick looked keenly into that young face which, after that flash of humor, settled back into lines suggestive of resigned old age, but the twinkle, the cough had told their story. In Nate Martin, Matilda Herrick had found, at least, a kindred spirit.

"It helps, this making believe, doesn't it, Nate," she challenged. "I do it, too. I go to the restaurant many a day and make believe that those bustling, dolled-up young things seated across the table are nieces of mine, or distant cousins, maybe, and that I'm the hostess even if they do seize the salt and pepper shakers before I have time to pass them, and chatter on about the boss and other trials of the office girls quite as if I weren't there at all. I know I'm the hostess even if they don't; and I can be polite, even if they won't. This making believe helps a good bit in keeping folks young, to my way of thinking."

Nate glanced up at her from the corner of his eye and deigned a smile.

"You making believe today, this going out to dinner business?" he asked with a directness that thrust Matilda Herrick, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, against the none-too-stable back of her chair.

"Why—why, yes, I am," she admitted. "I'm the guest of my brother at the best hotel in town in my imagination, but my purse foots the bill for one."

Mrs. Martin moved uneasily, her eyes wandering from dingy ceiling to wallpaper, water-stained and faded; to floor, warped and splintering; to the table set for two with cheap, though clean, white cloth, and assorted dishes, badly nicked and cracked. Would she dare ask the woman from whom she accepted a weekly pittance in return for service rendered at the tubs, to be a guest in so humble a home?

She had not yet screwed her courage to the point of extending the invitation when Nate's face was turn-

ed to hers, and she, in turn, was asked a direct question: "Why can't the three of us make believe together, ma?" She's fetched along the chicken and we're chipping in on the fixings."

"Would you stay, Mrs. Herrick?" the hostess queried waveringly.

But there was nothing uncertain in the acceptance.

"I would," Matilda Herrick declared, and half a minute later, her modest drab coat and hat were hung on a nail in the wall, and she was gaily assisting her washer-woman in the preparation of a Thanksgiving dinner.

The early twilight was falling as Matilda Herrick trudged back along the narow street close by the railroad, and out onto the broad highway in the direction of her comfortable suite of rooms, but a glow from the western sky cast a soft radiance over the quaint little woman in drab, with the empty basket on her arm, and in her kindly face shone the light of quiet happiness. She had taken her rightful place at a family table and what mattered it to an otherwise lonely heart that the cloth was not damask nor the dishes edged in gold, nor the bouquet of flowers purchased at a fashionable florist's shop? It had been Thanksgiving Day, and that was enough for Matilda Herrick.

THE UNTRAVELED ROAD IS RICHEST

The story is told of a traveling salesman, who, while seated in a hotel lobby, overheard another salesman phoning to a merchant who lived thirty miles off the beaten track. "Thought I would give you a ring and see if there was anything you wanted. No use driving out there unless you want something. Nothing today, eh? All right, goodbye."

The eavesdropper thought that perhaps there were other salesmen doing the same thing with the smalltown merchant, so he loaded his trunks into his car and drove out there. He received a $1400 order! And there you are. It is the fellow who does the unusual, travels the second miles, works the hitherto unplowed field, toils while others play or slumber, who brings home the bacon to the waiting kiddies. In these times of depression, so-called, there are thousands standing idly by, waiting for the easy money of fifteen years ago to roll in, who, by a little iniative and slack-taking could have plenty and to spare.—Selected.

TOPAZ, NOVEMBER'S GEM, HAS LONG RECORD OF MAGIC VIRTUES

(Young Folks)

Emblem of virtue and friendship is the beautiful topaz—your birthstone if you were born in November. The ancients believed that this gem was directly influenced by the moon, so that its power for good increased as the moon grew fatter, and that at all times it banished terrors of the night.

During the Middle Ages it was regarded as both sedative and stimulating in effect, according to the state of the moon, since at one time it restrained sensuality and calmed anger and frenzy, while at another it stimulated the appetite and sharpened the wit, giving joy and contentment and banishing melancholy fears.

Moreover, like other precious stones, the topaz was credited with marvelous healing powers, being especially effective in strengthening the bones and the teeth and in preventing baldness. Leonardus found it a charm against asthma, while St. Hildegarde recommended it as a remedy for dimness of vision. The Romans wore it as a preservative from pestilential atmosphere, perils in traveling, injuries from burns and scalds, and from lung affections. And even to this date it is popular among the Hindus as an amulet to promote health, caution, sagacity and to avert death by violence.

People born in November and also under the zodiacal sign Scorpio may have powerful physique and corresponding good health anyhow, but they should cherish the topaz as an amulet to promote caution—especially that form of caution known as tact or diplomacy—for this quality is frequently conspicuously lacking in their makeup.

The name topaz is derived from the Greek "Topazius," which means "to divine, guess or conjecture." Old records say that the stone was first discovered on Topaz Island, so-called because it was continually hidden by fogs, its location being always a matter of conjecture to mariners. From this connection, it is thought, arose the subsequent widespread reputation of the gem as a charm for any enterprise requiring subtlety or diplomacy.

The topaz comes in a number of pastel shades, including pink, blue, green, black and white, but it is the yellow shades, ranging from pale lemon yellow to deep saffron, that are most familiar to Americans. The Island of Topaz, now known as the Isle of St. John, in the Red Sea, still produces a fair quantity of topaz; there are also deposits in the Island of Ceylon and in Mexico, but the largest mines are in Saxony, Europe and in Brazil. The Brazilian stones are the finest both as to quality and size. One of them recovered several years ago and presented to Pope Leo weighed four pounds. A Brazilian pink topaz, cut like a brilliant, makes one of the most gorgeous gems in the world.

PUMPKIN IS A NATIVE OF AMERICA

By Vesta P. Crawford

The big, yellow pumpkin that we harvest at Hallowe'en time, and use for pie-making at Thanksgiving, is a native American whose acquaintance we should make. Perhaps you think you already know him well enough, growing luxuriantly in the fields among the corn, decorated with a face on a fall night, or stirred up into a creamy pie on a holiday. But do you know that pumpkins were growing in American cornfields long before the Pilgrim Fathers ever left England?

The cucumber came from the West Indies, the radish from China, the sunflower from Peru, and the parsnip from Arabia. The pumpkin, however, is native to our country, and had been grown for a great and unknown length of time before the English wayfarers set foot upon the "stern and rockbound coast" of New England. There the friendly Indians instructed the new settlers in the art of planting. Bending down to their work, with a stick they made holes for corn seeds, and between the hills of corn they planted pumpkins.

The thrifty Pilgrim housewives made many uses of this plentiful and valuable food. Over the fireplaces in the new cabins, pumpkins, cut up into small pieces, were suspended on strings to dry, and the mince meat pies of the early New Englanders were made of bear meat and dried pumkin, flavored with maple sugar. There was also a mysterious mixture, called "pompion sause," considered something of a delicacy, and a pumpkin bread made of half Indian meal, or corn meal. So grateful were the Pilgrims for this addition to their limited food supply that they called the pumpkin "a fruit with which the Lord fed his people until corn and cattle increased," and a poet of the time remarked:

"We have pumpkins in the morning, and pumpkins at noon,
And if it were not for pumpkins, we should be undone."

The scientific name for pumpkin is Cucurbita Pepo, and it is a member of the gourd family. The squashes, both green winter squash and yellow summer squash, are also relatives, and their name, too, is of Indian origin. Cases have been known where pumpkins grew to be so large that they weighed eighty pounds, and, of course, a pumpkin that size contains a great amount of food. Ralph Hamor, a writer of Colonial days, wrote a book called "True Discourses," in which he said that pumpkins grew on the Atlantic Coast in such abundance that one hundred of them were harvested as the fruit of a single seed.

This year, when you see pumpkins in the fields, or in the markets, or prepared for your holiday table, remember that long ago, when the brave Pilgrim Fathers first came to this country, they learned from the Indians how to raise pumpkins for food.

SPECIFIC CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS

(Suffolk News-Herald)

Announcement that Dr. Stephen J. Maher, international authority on the disease, had discovered a "specific cure" for tuberculosis, is said to have the medical fraternity "amazed" while the public is awaiting with almost breathless anxiety for positive proof of the claim. Of course, Dr. Maher would not be guilty of playing a hoax upon the public—his high standing both as a citizen and scientist precludes the thought. The idea we mean to convey is that it is hoped that the doctor is not in error or overoptimistic.

If a specific cure has been actually found for the disease that has taken more human lives, probably, than any flesh is heir to then he has indeed made an epoch-making discovery, one that will place his name among the greatest benefactors of mankind While the germ has long since been isolated no specific had hitherto been found that would render it negligible or sterile. So the efforts of physicians and health workers in general have been confined to preventive methods or to arresting its progress and in these they have been eminently successful.

But a cure for tuberculosis. It has the ring of a miracle when all miracles have ceased. There have been so many announced "cures" for the dread malady that failed to cure that the public is naturally skeptical. But because of the eminence of the scientist people will reserve their opinion until further tests are made by those competent to sit in judgment upon the efficacy of the remedy. If it proves what the discoverer claims for it, prayers of thanksgiving will go up all over the civilized world. The thousands now suffering with the disease at least have a straw to which to cling.

A cure for tuberculosis would not only be one of the greatest boons to humanity, but it would have a tremenduose economic effect upon the world. It would not only obviate suffering but human misery and much of the poverty. It would have the effect of returning thousands of people to productive occupations and relieve states and communities of their dependent sick. Millions of dollars are spent annually in sanatoria upkeep and for other means of fighting the plague. These institutions would be unnecessary as well as much of the preventive work. Let us hope that Dr. Maher is not mistakend. Now perhaps science may cease its long quest for a cure for tuberculosis and bend its energies to finding a cure for the even more feared and deadly disease, cancer.

Never explain—your friends do not need it and your enemies will not believe you anyway.—Elbert Hubbard.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The teachers and members of the office force have been busy this week looking over the records of boys who will be eligible for parole after January 1, 1934. In many instances it was found that a boy spoiled his chance of returning to his home by conduct that could not be countenanced in a boy whom the officials of the school would like to parole.

—o—

Three of our old boys, now living in Fayetteville, called on friends at the institution last Saturday afternoon. They were: Theodore Wallace, who was paroled in September 1925; Frank Stone, paroled in 1926, and James Fisher, who left here in 1924. Theodore, who spent twenty months at the school, is now employed as shipping clerk in the Puritan Silk Mill, Fayetteville, where he is making a good record. He is married and is the proud father of three children. Frank, who spent three and one-half years at the institution prior to being paroled, is now twenty-three years old, and is employed by the above named company, and is reported as getting on well. Jimmie, who gave us quite a lot of trouble during several years spent at the school, and finally left us "A. W. O. L.," seems to have settled down. He is working in the same mill with Theodore and Frank, and is doing well.

—o—

Mrs. Sallie P. Williamson, of Chicago, who is a lover of flowers and scenic beauty, recently gave the school two hundred peony bulbs. They were planted near the entrance gates on the northern end of the campus. This is not the first time Mrs. Williamson has shown her interest in the appearance of the Training School campus, for in the early Spring she sent a generous planting of shrubbery, consisting of pink dogwood, crepe myrtle and Japanese cherry. These contributions, coming at a time when funds for this purpose are not available, are very helpful in beautifying the school grounds, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Wililamson for her kindly interest in our boys and their surroundings.

—o—

We recently received the following letter from one of our boys, who was paroled in 1923:

Revere, Mass.
Nov. 13, 1933.

Dear Mr. Boger:

I guess you will be surprised to hear from me, and maybe you have forgotten me, because it has been a long time since I left the Jackson Training School. But I still look back on life and thank you, Mr Cook and all others connected with the school for what they did for me.

I am married now and very happy, and am doing fine.

Is Miss Goodman still with you? She is one nice woman.

I don't supose there are any of the boys still there who were at the school when I was there. I see some of them now and then. I saw "Silver Leg" in New York two years ago.

Well, I will have to close. Sure would like to hear from you. If you are still in doubt as to who I am—I am Smith, the one time driver of the Training School car. Will be looking for an answer soon.

Very truly yours,

P. S.—If Mr. Fisher is still with you, tell him "hello" for me.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary, of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Sheldon presented Jack Pharr, one of Charlotte's talented young singers, who rendered two delightful numbers, his mother accompanying at the piano. Rev. Herbert Spaugh, pastor of Myers Park Moravian Church, Charlotte, was then presented, and his talk to the boys on "What's In a Name," was both helpful and interesting. In the course of his remarks the speaker stated that a great many people think there is nothing in a name, but they are wrong, for there is really everything in a name. Some names, said Rev. Spaugh, are associated with integrity, honesty, good citizenship and all the worthwhile things of life, while others are just the opposite. People sometimes think that the accumulation of wealth is the greatest thing in life, but the Bible tells us "a good name is more to be desired than great riches." He then told the boys it should be their leading purpose in life to establish a good name or reputation. Rev. Spaugh concluded by saying there is a name above all names, that of Jesus Christ, who came to save the world, and we should ever strive to follow His teachings.

—o—

We were entertained last Thursday afternoon by the pupils of the fifth grade, Central Grammar School, Concord. These youngsters, under the direction of Miss Pamela Reade, presented a little play entitled "Books Come to Bob." Bob, the leading character, played by James Boger, was kept indoors because of a badly sprained ankle. As he sat in his home, with the injured member propped up on a chair, his playmates, portraying the characters of well-known children's story books, passed in review before him, as did representatives of foreign countries. These youngsters played their parts well and the boys thoroughly enjoyed the play. Another feature of the entertainment was a song, "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," by the Rag Doll and Gingerbread Man. The closing song was "Merry Life," by the entire cast. Gladys Merriweather played the piano accompaniment. The cast of characters is as follows: Red Riding Hood, Hilda Efird; Cinderella, Eloise Solomon; Puss in Boots, Harding Hughes; Reynard the Fox, Kenneth Caldwell; Little Bo-Peep, Gladys Merriweather; Sleeping Beauty, Adelaide Henry; Little Goldenlocks, Louise Walter; Big Bear, Rita Stewart; Middle Size Bear, Betty McRae; Little Bear; Janie Mae Cook; Little Orphan Annie, Ruth McCoy; Robinson Crusoe, Raymond Robins; Tom Sawyer; John M. Pharr; Alice in Wonderland, Hazel Cock; White Rabbit, Charles Field; Hiawatha, William Spears; Morning Star, Mary Niblock; Rag

Doll, Marceline Peck; Gingerbread Man, Bo Bo Boger.

Foreign Visitors — Chinese Girl, Mary Morrison; Arabian Boy, Chas. Jones; Dutch Girl, Suzanne Willis; Japanese Girl, Anne Reid; Eskimo Boy, Ned Corzine; Hindu Girl, Lois Garrison; Russian Girl, Ruth Hope; Philippine Boy, Billy Jordan; American Boy, John K. Odell.

Both boys and officers of the Training School wish to take this opportunity to tender their thanks to these youngsters and their teacher for this delightful entertainment.

—o—

LIONS' MINSTREL SHOW

By Virginia L. Smoot

A night that will long be remembered by the boys of the Jackson Training School was that of November 24th. At this time the Mammoth Minstrel, sponsored by the Concord Lions Club, staged at the Concord High School auditorium on the evenings of November 21-22, was brought to us gratis. Mr. Leon Godown, a member of the Club and an instructor on the School staff, and Mr. Zack L. Roberts, secretary-treasurer of the Club, were instrumental in getting this treat for us. We are indebted to the entire cast for repeating their splendid performance for us.

The director, "Smoke" Johnson, who was for years star end-man with Al. G. Fields' Minstrel, together with Archie Snyder and Bub Kestler, Concord's own artists, known locally as the "Coal Dust Twins," can't be beat in black-face comedy work. These three fellows kept the audience roaring with laughter as they pulled their jokes and funny antics. They more than "strutted their stuff," and the boys didn't miss a trick for they were all eyes, ears and thrills. They were ably assisted by several other comedians, Erskine Stewart, Paul Tate, Howard Lipe, John Barnhardt, Joe Kearns, Jr., Paul Widenhouse and Edward Davis. Mr. Godown was the interlocutor.

That Concord has some real artists in music, dramatics, dancing, acrobatics, etc., was clearly demonstrated on this occasion. The snappy songs and dances were all delightful. The musical numbers consisted of: The opening chorus, "Song of the Lions" by the entire cast. Special solo numbers were: "When a Black Man's Blue," by "Smoke" Johnson; "There Goes My Headache," by Madeline Terry; "I Ain't Got Nobody," by Joe Kearns; "St. Louis Blues," by Mary Lipe; "Old Man River," by Erskine Stewart; "All Aboard For Dreamland, Baby," by Cornelia McConnell; "I Want My Rib," by Howard Lipe; "The Talk of the Town," by Kathleen Morgan. Closing number, "North Carolina, That Grand Old State of Mine," by "Smoke" Johnson and company. The piano accompaniments by Martha Penninger, Wilbur Horton and Cornelia Simpson were rendered in a masterly way.

Special numbers in tap-dancing were given by Eleanor Howard, Katharine Jones and little Margaret Towell, who showed marked ability. Also a group tap-dance was given by Wilson Lentz, Margaret Newman, Flonnie Lipe, Phyllis Sapp and Nancy McCathern, which was very clever. We would not fail to mention Lois Fuller and her acrobatic dance.

Lois made our limbs fairly creak at the thoughts of being twisted and turned as she did hers. She went through one position after another with all the ease and grace imaginable. All this she has learned to do through her own efforts.

We were very happy to have with the cast the Spencer quartet, composed of Messrs. Spencer, Mooney, Peacock and Chandler. Their singing was very much enjoyed and we hope they'll visit us again.

Another out-of-town guest who won our hearts was Master W. C. Williams, Jr., of Salisbury. This little chap recently starred in "Mickey's Covered Wagon," in one of Our Gang Comedies produced at Hollywood. W. C. proved to us by his singing and tap-dancing that he has a future ahead of him in the movies or on the stage. His mother accompanied him at the piano. We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Williams will bring him back to entertain us again soon.

At the conclusion of the program, upon the request of "Smoke," our boys sang several songs.

We wish to again thank the producer, each one of the cast and the Concord Lions Club for making possible the wonderful program we enjoyed so very much.

DEAREST ECSTACY

Now is the whisper of the corn blades,
Where the wooing, ancient wind
Stoops to kiss, caress and fondle
As in days ere man had sinned;
And the calling of the plover
To his mate beyond the vale,
And the chatter of the squirrel
As he speeds along the rail,
Where the moss and ivey mingle
In mosaics God has made
From grey litchen, golden sunlight,
And the ebon of the shade.
There is ripple of near waters,
Making tender music, low,
While I drink the wines of morning,
And its ecstacy I know!

—Thomas Emmet Moore.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 9, 1933 No. 49

LAUGH

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. When you smile or laugh, your brain for the moment is freed from the load that it ordinarily carries.

Learn to tell a helpful story. A well-told story is as wholesome and as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to linger over your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

—Masonic World.

PUBLISHED BY
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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. ROGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE SUPERIOR MAN

1. *He is spiritual—meaning that his joys are more of the mind than of the body.*

2. *He likes simplicity. He uses simple words, has simple habits, eats simple foods, finds simple pleasure in simple forms of play.*

3. *He likes to serve.*

4. *He is above his pleasures. He has pleasures, but none of them are bigger than he is. He can put by any or all of them for a principle.*

5. *He is clean. He may have to get dirty in the course of work or service, but at the first opportunity he cleans up. His thoughts and actions are clean and wholesome.*

6. *He is never bitter. Pessimism is the philosophy of vulgarity. Rising above disaster marks the hero.*

7. *He is gentle. All noise is waste. God is in the still small voice.*

8. *He is humble-minded. Pride learns nothing. Humility is royal, walking free of fear and favor.*

9. *The superior man is one with whom familiarity does not breed contempt. He wears well.*

MRS. W. T. BOST'S ABLE ADDRESS

The address captioned, "Today's Challenge to Social Workers," given by Mrs. W. T. Bost, State Welfare Commissioner, the day of Social Service conference of recent date, Salisbury, makes clear that the problems of human adjustment, more and more complex, presents the greatest challenge of all times.

Mrs. Bost emphasizes that to provide a healthful environment for delinquent youths, using preventive measures, guiding instead of driving, brings finer results, and is surely less expensive to the

overburdened tax-payer, than to punish or endeavor to cure the warped and diseased adult. The estimate of cost of crime in our country is $13,000,000,000 annually.

Therefore, the responsibilty rests upon the shoulders of individuals of each community to work out constructive programs of preventive measures for overcoming the tendency towards crime with the hope of leaving a permanent impress to be transmitted to the next generation.

Mrs. Bost does not only treat the subject in a most scholarly manner, but gives every evidence of being welfare-minded, realizing that the juvenile delinquent is a dangerous waste, with which all of us should be seriously concerned.

Impossible to reproduce Mrs. Bost's splendid article in this issue of the Uplift in its entirety, but the subdivision, entitled, "Program of Prevention," stressing vocational schools, opportunity classes and recreational facilities and adequate probation system so as to work out individual situations and problems of boys and girls committed to correctional institutions, clearly defines that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

* * * * * * * * * * *

DR. H. C. HERRING

The unexpected passing of another fine friend of this institution, Dr. H. C. Herring, a veteran dentist, a pioneer and accepted authority in his profession, was a decided shock to the citizens of Concord and surrounding community.

He possessed a splendid mentality, a wonderful source of information, combined with a fine sense of humor that made him a valuable acquisition to every social, civic and uplift interest in the community.

Dr. Herring will be missed by a legion of friends he served most faithfully for many years.

During the zenith of his career, when in the prime of manhood, his profession was not devoid of the humanitarian spirit—giving relief without the hope of monetary reward.

The Jackson Training School, including the entire personnel, takes this occasion to offer to the members of the bereaved family profoundest sympathy.

ONLY A FAD

Some writer has made note of some things a modern girl should know. It is the first time any one ever ventured to insinuate that the sophisticated, modern girl was not conversant both in theory and practice with all subjects.

It was suggested that Miss Twentieth Century should be an adept in dancing and swimming. There are few young women who are not perfect terpsichoreans, able to dance every step including the clog, tap and two-step or any other fling most gracefully. Really there are times when it seems the athletics or physical culture have been emphasized to the elimination of the mental attainments.

Neither is swimming confined any longer to communities close by the water, for the swimming pools, or improvised lakes, have made swimming a universal and essential accomplishment, besides it is accepted as the finest recreation.

The same writer in an informative style adds, "a girl should know how to keep from being what is termed 'necked.'" Such an expression should be tabooed, and not used in polite society.

In short, young women know what to do and what not to do. When they fail to discriminate between right and wrong, as to the true proprieties becoming to womanhood, there is a loose connection, something lacking, because it is just innate for them to have every quality of feminine companionship, making them the ideals for true motherhood.

In fact it is hard to believe young girls are naturally predisposed to dressing manish, smoking and doing other things once indulged in only by the men. The whole conception is a fad, and these different twentieth century stunts are accepted by many as smart. The time will come when womanhood in all her glory will return to the old customs, not necessarily prudish, but conducting herself at all times with the dignity and poise that demands the respect and attention intended for woman from the beginning of time.

* * * * * * * * * *

Secretary of Labor Perkins makes clear that the NRA means recovery from the depression of these many years. The hope of

employment for the unemployed and a salary wage commensurate for service gives every assurance of creating a consumptive power to balance the productivity of industry.

That the small man absorbs the productivity is proven by the statement, "more than two-thirds of the goods sold in this country are bought by individuals making less than $2,000 a year." Therefore, it is imperative that the purchasing power of the masses be increased. This end can only be reached by finding more work for the unemployed.

When the relief-roll is converted into a pay-roll then will we hear the wheels of industries hum.

* * * * * * * * * *

We wandered why ex-president, Herbert Hoover, after leaving the White House went so to speak into seclusion. Not a word was heard from him on any subject. It appears that he made a mental resolution that he would remain silent for nine months after leaving Washington.

His close friends say that he missed his forecast by four days. His clash with Governor Rolph of California came just four days before the expiration of the nine month's limit of profound silence on any public question.

* * * * * * * * * *

After a five months' aerial tour of Europe, Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh have announced their intention of flying home across the South Atlantic. They plan to take off from the South African coast and land on the easternmost tip of Brazil, near Pernambuco. This famous couple, experts in managing a plane, will be welcomed home with best wishes for a season of uninterrupted peace and joy.

* * * * * * * * * *

In the night schools of Asheville the ancient art of weaving is being revived as a means of assisting the dependents economically and socially. There is a full-time vocational teacher affiliated with the night time school in Asheville. The vocational training

will provide a wise use of leisure, besides giving hope of a future livelihood. There are many cripples taught weaving and basketry in the Asheville night schools, now operating under the director, Mrs. J. M. Day. These same people who are unable to go out in the world and scout about for a job can remain home and spend the time most profitably.

* * * * * * * * * *

"A CHRISTMAS CREED"

"I believe in Santa Claus. I believe no hair is snowier, no cheeks redder, no smile merrier and no eyes more twinkling than his. I believe the heart of him is big enough to encompass the world—if people would let it! I believe in the jingle of his sleigh bells, the swiftness of his reindeer, the sound of their tapping feet on the roof. I believe in chimneys, big, broad, deep-throated chimneys that will not cramp the Merry Gentleman with his bulging pack. I believe in solemn rows of stockings hanging by the fire—father's short one, mother's long one and the dangling ones of the children, all waiting and expectant. I believe in the invisible blossom of happiness that Santa Claus leaves at every house, and I believe that it will grow through all the year if people try to keep the spirit of Christmas every day!"

The greatest joy is to give, especially so if a youngster is the beneficiary, who would have a dull Christmas unless some fine friend was obsessed with the spirit, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The first to give to the boys' Christmas fund is:

?

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"When you get to know a fellow,
know his joys and know his cares,
When you come to understand
him and the burdens that he bears,
When you've learned the fight
he's making and the troubles
in his way,
Then you find that he is different
than you thought him yesterday.
You find his thoughts are sensible and there's not so much
to blame
In the man you lightly jeered
at when you only knew his
name."

—o—

A woman lecturer remarked recently, "Treat a husband as if he had some sense." By jove, the New Deal is working.

—o—

It is reported that a judge in Connecticut has ruled that the nose is not a part of the face. He knows his law, perhaps, but he will find out that it is should some one punch him on his snout.

—o—

As soon as Russia was recognized by the United States the President shot a sizable Bullitt over as ambassador. It was a living evidence of peace and good feeling.

—o—

They are making much to do over "sound money" these days. And in some instances there is more sound than money. I am perfectly willing to take that which sounds, and that which does not sound—greenbacks. They both talk to me.

—o—

It has been remarked that if the government is still in the hog killing business, it would be well to include some of the road-hogs, who drive automobiles.

—o—

A friend tells me this one: "Not long ago I was asked how I made my neighbor keep his chickens in his own yard? I replied, one night I hid half a dozen eggs under a bush in my garden, and next day I let him see me gather them. I wasn't bothered with his chickens after that."

—o—

Oxford always was a town of energy and culture. Its newspaper history is a long line of varied journalistic achievements. But none have been more pronounced in ability and interest than the present Oxford Ledger, first established many years age by the late lamented John T. Britt, a newspaper man of the old school, and a fine one at that. The present Oxford Ledger is a wide-awake semi-weekly that reflects great credit upon its home town and the editor, Tom Johnson, and its publisher, A. N. Crotcher. It gives enthusiastic accounts of the doings of its people.

—o—

Farmer—"No, I wouldn't think o' chargin' ye for the cider. That'd be bootleggin,' and praise the Lord I

ain't come to that yit. The peck o' potatoes'll be five dollars."

—o—

"What in the world did you people send that lop-eared, lunk-headed nincompop to the legislature for?" asked a visitor as a notorious politician was pointed out. "Why," exclaimed the landlord of the hotel where the visitor was stopping, "he hadn't done anything and wasn't any good—where else could we send him?"

—o—

"Where's the editor?" asked the stranger who had dropped into the newspaper office. "Left town last night," grinned the printer's devil. "What is the reason for the hurried leaving?" inquired the stranger. "Oh," said the kid, "he had written an item telling what a wonderful collection of plants the bankers wife had and when the article came out in the paper, the L was missing from 'plants.'"

—o—

North Carolina journalism has its noel as well as Christmas has its carol. He is J. W. Noel, owner and editor of the Roxboro Courier. His paper is a song of inspiration—naturally so from the name of the man and his wife who conduct it. There's not a weekly in the State has made more newspaper progress, and climbed into excellency of typography than the Courier, and shown more editorial ability. As a Courier it has encouraging messages to its readers each week.

—o—

The Sanford Herald speaks of "handling a $10,000 job in fifteen minutes." The new currency, 2,000 crisp $5 bills for the Sanford bank were placed under the Herald paper cutting knife and clipped apart. Even the sight of that much money in a newspaper office is enough to set a fellow wild.

So editor Bill Horner
Sat himself in a corner,
And eyed the bills as they were
cut asunder;
While the publisher, Bill Jones
Gave out several groans,
And said, "We're no such Bills
as those, by thunder."

—o—

The Press of North Carolina is a distinct and peculiar honor to the State. Never was it in more capable hands. Never was it more ably and conservatively edited, and progressively managed in tone and mechanism. Every sheet issued in this commonwealth deserves commendation. But I have in my mind's eye a weekly, that, in my opinion, is a brilliant beacon on the shores of the State journalistic sea. It is "Beasley's Farm and Home Weekly," published at Charlotte, N. C., and edited by my esteemed friend and fellow-sufferer in the "art preservative" of other people's doings and things recorded, R. F. Beasley. It is edited with signal soundness of thought and expression. Deep in wisdom. Broad-minded in views. Charitable in conclusions. And withal a brilliancy and piquancy seldom found in newspapers. Its news articles hold you in a fascinating grip until the last lines are read. It is a journalistic gem.

A STUDY FOR WELFARE WORKERS

This excerpt, "Program of Prevention," subdivision of address of "Today's Challenge to Social Workers," given by Mrs. W. T. Bost, at the Social Service Conference, Salisbury, is filled with fine thought and if studied in detail will give a fresh impetus to all welfare-minded workers:

PROGRAM OF PREVENTION

Most communities take care of the poor, the criminal, the insane, the neglected only after they have become so. Not enough thought has been given as to why these people need care and how to prevent such conditions. And that, I believe, is our greatest task. There is an old, old saying, "For every thousand hacking at the branches of evil, there is but one digging at the roots." It is largely our responsibility for swinging the emphasis back to a program of prevention rather than just one of cure, our responsibility to "dig at the roots."

Closer Supervision "Near" Institutional Cases

Miss Emily Dinwiddie from the State Department of Public Welfare of Virginia, spent several days recently in the State studying institutional problems, particularly as related to hospital admissions and the present lack of facilities for institutional care. In Virginia and many other states as in North Carolina, the building program of charitable and correctional institutions has been practically at a standstill for the last few years which means that there are long waiting lists with little chance of admission unless an inmate dies, is discharged or paroled —so small is the turnover. Don't mistake me when I say that maybe this situation isn't so bad as it appears to be. It may result in greater care in the selection of institutional cases and the development of more communities for closer supervision of facilities on the part of the local cases that may be taken care of at home. For boys and girls headed toward our correctional institutions, it may develop a more adequate probation system for working out and adjusting these individual situations, providing better recreational facilities, vocational schools and opportunity classes.

Furthermore, there is an economic angle to be considered. Tax burdened as many of our people are, if we reach the place where we appear to be headed, the burden upon those outside of institutions to care for the thousands within, needing that institutional care, will soon become more than they can stand. If that be true, and I believe it is, isn't it just plain, common sense to place the emphasis more and more on sound constructive programs of prevention and of checking the poison of maladjustment at the well-spring.

The Delinquent

"The maladjusted, the insane, the criminals who may never devolp because 'prevention' stepped in to save them cannot be enumerated." We spend millions on our jails, reform schools, hospitals for the insane, penetentiaries and expensive police systems. We are told that crime costs our country $13,000,000,000 a year. But we know full well that very little of this crime is committed by men and women who had a fair chance and decent upbringing.

Quoting from a pamphlet entitled "Juvenile Delinquency—What of it?"

"Ten years from now, in 1940, the prison doors will open and close, open and close, each time admitting a young criminal. Each will be duly registered, outfitted in a suit of gray and take his place in the routine of prison life. When we look at the histories of these men we will say: "Too bad. Given half a chance and a little intelligent care and supervision, this need never have happened. Ten years ago, back in 1930, something should have been done.

("The young racketeers, thugs and gangsters of today, killing, dying violent deaths, or passing through the black door which leads to the electric chair, were just boys a few years ago. Inevitably, some of the army of children today passing through our juvenile courts will tomorrow be the young criminals who make our streets and homes unsafe.")

Is all this any of our business as citizens, and, if so, what, if anything, can we do about it?

That it is very much our affair is hardy open to question. Viewed from the angle of dollars and cents, human life, or our own safety and security, failure with juvenile delinquents is a dangerous waste, with which we are very much concerned. Nor can we get rid of the problem by sending the child to a reformatory with a feeling that a vague something known as "discipline" will "make a man of him."

To have only one means of providing for the delinquent is as short-sighted as to have only one fire exit in a theatre.

Judge Mary Bartelme of the Chicago Juvenile Court fixes responsibility: "We do not get the assistance we should from the community," says she. "We need the support, the understanding and the help of business men, thinking men and women, not merely sentimentalists. We need the men and women who have the citizens' point of view to help in this nation-wide work of readjusting and helping the delinquent child in each community."

The Dependent

Our treatment at times of the dependent child, of dependent families, is often just as short sighted. Unfortunately the line of least resistance has too often been followed and instead of seeking ways to supplement family incomes so that the families may ultimately become independent, some communities have taken the easier way of separating family groups. Children have gone to children's institutions, women and chil-

dren have been sent to county homes because it was "cheaper" than to help them adequately in their own homes. Even children have been sent to county homes either because it seemed the cheapest or easiest thing to do or because the community had no other plan for them.

In reality this system may actually cost more in the long run. It certainly is more wasteful of human welfare. Like Humpty Dumpty who fell off the wall, it is often beyond the power of "all the king's horses and all the king's men" to put together again the home thoughtlessly and hastily broken.

On the other hand there is another aspect of the situation, according to the Superintendent of the Children's Home in Cincinnati, Ohio. "The chief weakness in social work for dependent children today is our inability to determine sufficiently early whether parents are or are not competent to rear their children," he declares. At present, the attempt to keep children in contact with incompetent parents is a fetish in social work. This idolatry is a costly thing for community chests and tax-payers. Since we have no satisactory rating scale for parental incompetency, we transfer to parents who cannot care for their children the feelings and the desires we might have for children of our own. We have not yet had the courage to ask what contribution can be made to civilization by these parents who are physically diseased, mentally ill, intellectually dull, morally warped and decayed. Swinging too far in either of these directions is to be avoided and a middle ground sought.

An Objective

A social welfare program, then, must include more than just giving material relief to families who are destitute or verging on the poverty line. It must mean more than caring for dependent children in institutions or foster homes, more than providing institutions and courts to handle youthful offenders. It digs into the problem far deeper than that. All this naturally brings up the question as to how an all-round social program of this kind is to be financed. It is just as essential to protect and care for the welfare of all citizens as to improve roads, build bridges and court houses and take over other accepted county expenses. Furthermore, it is found to be far less expensive than our present day method of trying to remedy conditions that are fast growing far beyond our control. From a purely business standpoint, county officials must consider that this prevention will eventually save the county money through gradually decreasing the number of adults and children brought into court or sent to custodial and penal institutions.

We know that bothersome and expensive as it is to provide safe drinking water for everybody it is infinitely less bothersome and expensive than having the country swept by typhoid fever.

It is an accepted fact that typhoid fever may be prevented through control of water and milk supplies; that diphtheria may be prevented through immunization of children; illiteracy, through a well established educational system. When will we

learn that wreckage caused by warped and diseased personalities costs us tragically more than to provide the elements of healthful life for poor neglected children. Through sound social welfare organization which treats adequately and individually cases of need and discovers the reason that cause such conditions, much of this may be prevented.

Such services are the normal responsibilities of the State and local communities and we can expect no aid from the Federal Government. It is enough that they supply relief funds. However, the Federal relief program has unquestionably swung the progressive thought of the country into the field of public welfare work.

Harry Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, says their job is to relieve the unemployed, not develop a big social work organization. But he says further, "if better public welfare administration, state and local, is a by-product, so much the better."

Therefore as socially-minded citizens, we miss our big opportunity if we do not see that a better public welfare program, by-product though it may be, is the result. Upon our shoulders then is placed the responsibility of encouraging constructive developments in state and local welfare programs that will leave permanent impress and carry over into the next generation. This is a real building program that is worthy of our highest endeavor.

A FATHER'S ADVICE

In an article about his late father, Barney Sheridan of the Paola Western Spirit says his father gave him this advice when he was leaving home, at thirteen, to get a job:

"Barney, if you get any money, don't count it in a crowd; don't get on or off a wagon when it's going; don't ask a woman how old she is, nor poke fun at anybody's clothes; don't inquire of a blind person, or a cripple, how it happened; don't lie, unless it is in defense of a good woman, and never run from a fight that you have started. As to smoking and drinking, the less the better, but most men of some account do one or the other. No use to talk or write about men's habits, because nobody can mend them but the men themselves. It's a free country, and laws never made smoking and drinking less or more. Meddling in other people's affairs stirs up trouble, and no good. Never do anything too much, is my rule."—Selected.

A RADIO ADDRESS

By I. G. Greer

(President North Carolina Orphanage Association)

The acid test of civilization is its attitude toward dependent citizens. The acid test of religion is its attitude toward a lost world, and dependent men, women and children. The value placed upon childhood increases according to the progress of civilization. Lycurgus, the greatest of Spartan law-givers, reflected the attitude of his age toward childhood in the laconic answer he gave a group of elders who inquired as to what disposition they should make of certain children: Said he, "If they make good soldiers for Sparta, feed them; if they cannot make good soldiers, fatten the beasts of the arena." It was left for the Galilean to place upon childhood a price that surpasses all other values when He said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Since His day we have thought of children in more sacred terms than ever before, and even the man without creed or religion can now be touched by the needs of the child.

You remember the crude yet beautiful touch in one of John Hay's Pike county ballads. The old plainsman left his team in front of a store. The horses took fright and ran away in a blinding snow storm, taking with them his four-year-old boy, Little Gabe. Late at night they found the horses submerged in a snowdrift, dead, but Little Gabe could not be found. They continued their search and hours later found Little Gabe snug and warm in a sheep-fold where the lambs were kept at night. The father said: "There's something I don't understand; my horses were killed, but Little Gabe was saved." Said the shepherd, "Begad, the angels saved Little Gabe." But the father replied, "I thought the business of the angels was to loaf around the throne and sing songs of glory." And then Hay wrote:

"And I think that saving a little
child,
And fetching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business,
Than loafing around the throne."

The Christian religion is the only religion that ever proposed to snatch from the wrecks of life boys and girls to make out of them leaders. James says: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

In order that they might demonstrate the fact that one of the cardinal virtues of the Christian religion is to care for the fatherless child, the fraternal organizations and the various denominations of the state have erected thirty homes in North Carolina where they are caring for the dependent child. During the past half century you have rescued from unfortunate situations thou-

sands of children and given them a chance to live. At the present time, including Mothers Aid, you are caring for approximately five thousand children.

"A child I am,
Yet in me lies
Part of the future of the race—
A child in whom the good or ill
Of ages past has left its trace.
Protect me, ye of larger growth,
Hear my appeal—
Please take my hand
And lead me on through childhood years
Safely into grown-up land."

WHAT WE KNOW BEST

The well-known and oft-quoted expression, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," has a rather literary and interesting origin. It owes its beginning to a Greek legend. It is said that a shoemaker discovered an error in the way in which the sculptor Appelles had carved a shoe-latchet in one of his statues. He criticized it and was thanked for his criticism by Appelles. Encouraged by the favor with which this criticism had been received by the great sculptor, he ventured rather arrogantly to criticize the legs of the statue. This proved a little too much for the artist, who very quickly and decidedly quieted his critic by replying: "Shoemaker, stick to your last!"

The legend is not without its application. We always do ourselves more credit when we stick to the job we know best. The shoemaker may know much about a shoe, but very little about a foot. We always speak with greater authority when we speak from out of the volume of our experience. Much trouble is caused by people who give opinions and criticisms on subjects of which they have little knowledge. Most us find it difficult to excel in even one line of study, consequently we should confine our judgments to the things which we know best. It is only the musician who knows how to criticize a musical composition, and only an artist who can truly interpret a work of art.—Selected.

LITTLE MUD HOME IN THE WEST

By Louise R. Marshall

With the whole reservation to choose from it does seem as if the house problem of the Navajo Indian should be almost nil. Just pick the spot you want for your own and begin building operations, no down payments, and no installments. Occupants of skyscrapers and tenements of New York and other crowded ciites would feel lost were they turned loose in this vast territory where houses are often miles apart. It has its advantages, though—one does not have to listen to his beyond-the-wall neighbor call his wife down because the biscuits are hard and the coffee weak. This Western Navajo Indian reservation in the northern part of Arizona contains 14,333,354 acres, making it larger than the combined area of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. It is estimated there are 40,000 Navajos scattered over this section set aside by the government for its wards, but one can readily see that no one needs rub elbow with the next fellow.

You may journey for a whole day on the reservation and not behold a single Indian habitation and often not meet up with even a lonely sheepherder. Just build a campfire and start your coffee boiling and your bacon sizzling and you will find yourself playing host to all the guests you desire—and more. They bob up, like rabbits from their burrows, and you are unable to figure from where they come. A tourist ignorant of this country might never be able to spot a hogan, one reason being that the Indian dwelling is so near the color of the surroundings and another reason, the inexperienced does not know just what he is trying to find. Many times these homes are built right into a cliff, and blend so perfectly that they may escape the eye of even a desert-wide traveler unless a wisp of smoke betrays the location.

The hogan is a bee-hived shaped affair, made of juniper or cedar dragged from the mountains. They vary in size, a medium one being fifteen feet in diameter while a pretentious lodge may spread as large as twenty-five feet in diameter. The cornerstones are about eight heavy posts with crotches at the top, perhaps five feet high and slightly leaning toward the center of the structure. Starting on the ground, logs are laid up around these upright props, the ends touching and each tier joining at alternate points until the fork is reached. From here smaller timbers are used, these being interlaced and gradually drawing the top in to form a dome. A two-foot opening is always left in the center to carry away the smoke.

Fibrous cedar bark is thrown loosely over the whole framework, after which damp earth is piled on to the thickness of six inches or more. This gradually packs down into the crevices and cracks between the logs and makes a tight, cozy shelter. From time to time more dirt is thrown up to take the place of that blown away by the heavy winds and washed off by the rain. The cedar

bark is used especially to chink the cracks so the dirt cannot sift down from the top upon the people living in the hogan, for the place is very warm and naturally dries out the earth covering. The residence is equipped with only one door, which faces east. The Navajos are a sun-worshipping tribe, and much of their religion is based upon the solar and lunar phenomena. The passage is quite low, and one of average height must duck his head to enter. The typical "door" is a blanket, or sometimes two blankets, hung in front of the opening to keep out the raw winds and rain. A few ambitious, up-to-date members will hang doors made of boxes and odd pieces of lumber.

There are no windows, the only other opening being that in the top to allow the escape of the smoke from the fire kindled in the middle of the dirt floor. The dirt that is excavated to cover the house leaves a trench around the place that keeps the water from running into it and making mud floors, except in front of the door where the ground is left level.

The Navajo carries water for a mile or so in small pails or a canteen rather than take advantage of the water supply by building near the streams, or windmills provided by Uncle Sam. In days gone by they had a good excuse for not coming out into the open for, as they reasoned, everythings leads to water and by being far from the beaten trail they could hide out from their enemies. That idea has been prevalent for generations until the habit is inborn and they no longer know why they do it, but at any rate they still trudge these miles for the household's scant needs.

Often there is no ceremony when they are building the new home, but when it is completed perhaps they will have a feast for those who have helped. More often than not the banquet consists of goat meat, bread and coffee. The valuable assistants then feel themselves called upon to give the housewife some good advice about keeping the hogan swept, the pans scoured, and whatever other labor they deem it takes to make a house a home.

All this concerns the winter quarters, for like his wealthy while brother the Navajo must move to his summer cottage when warm weather approaches. The latter is nothing more than a shelter of evergreen boughs stacked together, forming a semi-circle, open side facing the east. It is merely protection from the sun and storms. In case of torrential rains, if such a luxury as a tarpaulin is owned it is fastened over the top under the branches and on the side from which the rain is coming, and the family huddles under this improvised tent until the shower has passed. Thus you see the red man may have his summer bungalow without much effort or advance notice.

The Hopi is the village dweller and the Navajo the nomad or Arab of the desert. This roving spirit may not have come from choice originally, but he must move from place to place in search of pasture and water for his flocks, his sole means of livelihood. Moving day presents no problem for him—he can pick up and go wherever and whenever the notion strikes him, and his

whole family and worldly possessions can be transported in one wagon. In this semi-arid country a band of sheep can mow vegetation pretty clean in short order and it is time to seek greener fields. Entirely unlike the white man's herd that browses in one spot for a while and takes its leisure at eating, the Navajo's band walks continually and eats as it moves. You sometimes wonder that they ever do get enough to satisfy them in their mad haste.

A few well-to-do Indians may settle in a community and stay for years. They may have large flocks, but some member of the family always takes them out to pasture. They may have a central camping ground and wander a day or two away from that location, for Navajo sheep can bed down for the night wherever they stop at dark and do not have to return to their fold or even be collected into a corral. However, the Indian does take advantage of any natural shelter that might be at hand rather than stay on the open flat for the night. Sometimes a cave is formed by rock and into this the shepherd drives his flock and you may see them scattered all the way up the cliff. Goats and kids are much more active and worse about climbing than sheep, and they jump and wander high up on the ledges and crowd into any sort of crevice. At home very often they do not have corrals, and the animals are bedded down near the hogan. The kids climb up on top of the dwelling and tramp around in gay abandon, loosening the dirt. I have seen as many as three or four of these frolicsome youngsters sporting around on one roof until someone, probably not being inclined to see the joke of having dirt sift down upon his head, came out and chased them off.

Some progressive red men have a few peach trees, so it is necessary for one of the family to stay at home until the meagre crop has been disposed of. In order to be able to have even a small box to bring to the store to sell, the fruit must be harvested in the still green, brick stage, for one having an orchard is blessed with many friends and relatives who come and camp during fruit season and assist greatly with "storing away" the peaches before they are even allowed to blush.

Now that you have viewed the Indian palace from the outside wouldn't you like to step inside for a peep? Of course, we know that well-bred people do not go into their friends' homes to gape and make remarks upon the furnishings, so put on a stoic expression but keep your eyes open. And take care not to bump your head as you enter the low passageway.

In every land the home is built around the hearth, and the Navajo follows the custom literally. The fire is kindled right in the center of the floor with no thought at all about sparks popping out upon costly rugs since the floor is solid earth. It would be wise to sit down as soon as you enter if you do not want your eyes smarting from the smoke of burning cedar and pinon wood. With no air fanning around the room the smoke will go in a straight line up through the opening at the top.

Meals are cooked over this fire in the winter but in the summertime the family moves outside and the campfire is used. Generally you will

see meat hanging aruond. In the hot weather it is cut away from the bone to keep it from spoiling, and then sliced into thin strips and hung up. The smoke from the fire and the heated air soon dry it to keep it free from flies. There are not many flies around anyway—there is too much smoke. No part of the food animal is allowed to go to waste, and entrails may form part of the decoration of the room before they are cooked. You may also spy a sheep head roasting in the ashes.

When you look around you cannot help thinking of the saving of energy, for there would be no house-cleaning to mar the springtime. You never quite come to the decision to go and live likewise, though. You would not know how to manage with so few necessities and absolutely no luxuries. The bed is composed of a sheepskin with the year's growth of wool left on. This is made more pliable by working it with the hands. The Navajo rolls up in his blanket, only his body being covered with the blanket and his feet toward the fire, and stretches out on the sheepskin, and, lo, he is ready to snore loud and long without all the fuss and worry of dainty colored sheets and pillow-cases and fancy quilted satin bed-spreads. There are usually extra sheepskins for company, and always old half-worn-out blankets scattered around. These wool blankets of luxurious colors and designs do not last long after being thrown around on the dirt floor and dragged in the sand.

There are no chairs or tables, and the few pots and pans that comprise the squaw's cooking outfit sit around on the floor. Sometimes they are hung over a stub projecting from a log, but never would they think to nail up a board and drive in nails for hangers. Dutch ovens are quite common. Usually there is a keg for carrying water, and perhaps a few battered pails strewn around for the same purpose. There is always a coffee pot and a good many have a coffee mill of some sort. Many of them buy package coffee and grind it at the trading post, and a very few are becoming educated to that already ground in tins. Almost always there is a metate.

In recent years some very few have purchased cheap trunks. These are used for their trinkets, jewelry, and if they have an extra dress for dances and state occasions they store this in the safety box—in reality not much bigger than a large suitcase. If they do not possess one of these the garment reposes in a seamless bag.

The fragrance of the incense burner as one of the requisites of a dainty home is not needed as it would be completey overcome by the aroma of sheep bedded down right in the door-yard, and even if put in the corral that is only a stone's throw from the dwelling. As a concentrated odor sheep scent has attar of roses backed out of the contest.

Faith is the most precious possession you will ever know.
—Cavanaugh.

MODERN MUSICAL MAGIC

By Roy L. Griffith

When we hear the rich, swelling tones of a great pipe organ, we do not stop to consider, usually, where those tones come from, either historically or mechanically. We are content with the magic of the music without wondering a great deal about its real source.

We may note an imposing array of pipes and assume, if we assume anything, that the musical tones are issuing from them. Then comes the realization that we are victims of an illusion, the truth being that the average pipe organ boasts anywhere from 1,000 to 4,000 pipes, practically all of which are invisible to the audience.

The organ pipes which we see, as we sit in church or auditorium, are mostly dummies, seldom more than a dozen of them being connected with the organ. The custom of placing them in view of audiences originated in an effort to satisfy man's age-old desire to "see" the origin of sound.

The employment of these display pipes harks back to the dawn of history and beyond, to man's instinct of self-preservation, to the days of savagery when untraceable sounds might mean the approach of danger in some form. It is a concession to man's instinctive fear of the unknown. The caveman in us dies hard.

The only useful purpose of visible organ pipes is to serve as a screen for the acutal sound pipes. The latter are set upright in a square or oblong framework, and bristle upward from three-eighths of an inch to sixty-four feet in height. Together with the wind chests and other organ mechanism, they present an ungainly, even ugly appearance. Many modern pipe organs have no display pipes at all, the huge and unlovely organ structure being concealed by a decorative grill.

Although the modern pipe organ is the result of more than 2,000 years of mechanical and artistic effort, it has only been within the lifetime of men now living that it has attained its rank as the monarch of the musical instruments. The application of electric power to organ operation is responsible for this, and pipe organs have increased in size, range and power amazingly as a result of its utilization.

Today, there are great instruments whose organ chambers are as large as a good-sized house, with forests of pipes, thousands of electrical contacts, and hundreds of small pneumatic engines. Motor-driven fans supply the wind pressure, while the only connection between the organist at the console and the organ itself is a bound cable of wires, similar to a telephone cable.

The organist, seated at his console, thus becomes a modern magician. With finger-touch he draws music from invisible pipes, made audible by an invisible agent (wind pressure) which, in its turn, is controlled by an invisible force (electricity). He secures various sound effects by

the use of electrically operated stops which cut out certain of the fifteen to sixty rows of organ pipes. He is master of every quality and shade of musical tone.

The magnificent mechanism we know today as a pipe organ, started as a single handful of cut reeds, crudely bound together by a piece of vegetable fibre, and blown by the human breath. Just such an instrument was reputed to have been a favorite of the pagan god, Pan. Mythology gives us the picture: Pan, digging his cloven hoofs into the greensward, leaning against the mossy trunk of a tree, and piping his shrill notes to the wood nymphs.

Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the pipe organ really began with the discovery that sound could be produced by driving air across the top of a reed. In natural order, then, came the further discovery that reeds or pipes of different dimensions could be made to produce sounds of varying pitch.

Skipping several thousand years, we find earnest workmen striving to create mechanical "organs," arrangements of air-blown pipes which could be made to produce harmonious musical sounds. Back of all this was the very human striving for power, for power made manifest, for power that would seize and hold the emotions of men through their physical sense. It was a desire to make the thunder sing.

Up until the time electricity was employed, both for supplying wind pressure and for actuating the pipe valves, this very problem of power kept the pipe organ from coming truly into its own. Huge bellows pumped by man-power forced air into large chambers from which it went to the pipes where it was controlled by the organist. The bellows required great muscular strength to operate, and the physical labor of the organist in putting down and holding the keys was considerable.

Many great organs required the continuous services of twenty-six men, with one or two other groups waiting to take the places of those who became exhausted by the excessive labor during the course of a long recital. Any increase in wind pressure against the valves of the pipes would correspondingly increase the resistance of the key touch, and thus great demands were made upon the physical strength of the player.

In the modern organ, as a key is pressed, an electrical contact is made. This actuates an electro-magnet which operates a valve under one of the pipes. The slightest touch is sufficient to operate the mechanism, and the action takes place in infinitely less time than it takes to tell. The action is tested to 800 movements per second, which is far beyond the ability of any organist to play.

The wind supply is furnished by a number of blower fans, in series, all on a single motor-driven shaft. Each fan occupies a compartment of its own, and each one steps up the air pressure uptil the desired compression is reached.

This, then, is the modern magic which makes man the absolute master of all musical sound. It is a centuries-old dream come true. Yet, the mute display pipes of the great organ still stand before us as re-

minders that man still likes to "see" the source of sound. That is why the telephone and the radio had to be explained to us at great length. That is why television will soon become a reality. The pipe organ does not explain; in solemn dignity it simply preserve an illusion.

INCREASED COURAGE

(Selected)

Dickens, in "The Chimes," tells the story of Toby Veck. Because of his way of walking he was nicknamed "Trotty." He was a messenger, and through all sorts of weather he faithfully met his duty. His coming was like a ray of sunshine on a winter day. He had a word of cheer always, and without complaint lived his humble life, ever ready to be a helper.

It is noted in the story that his courage increased with the rigor of the storms he had to face and battle through. It seemed that the more intense the storm the more intent he was on taking to somebody a word of cheer.

What a stirring appeal "Trotty" makes to all of us! How we would like to emulate his courage! How we long to be messengers of cheer to those who suffer most for want of cheer! What we lack is courage, it seems—courage to meet the storms that affect us all more or less, but affect some of us so severely that we lose heart. Then it is that we wish some noble, strong soul would have the courage to forget his own discomfort and suffering and make his way to us with a word of cheer. What we want so much in the storm is what we should strive to give others who, like us, are fighting the storm. Shall we muster up enough courage to brave the storm so as to carry a little cheer to others, our fellow sufferers?

I like to think when day is done
That I have helped some weary one,
That someone's tired hands and feet
Are rested, and their heart more sweet—
Some tired face may be a-shine
Because of some kind deed of mine!

—Roberta Symmes.

THE VERDICT OF THE PASS

By G. E. Wallace

Ed Kendell sat in the cluttered office of his garage and stared at the sheet of figures that lay before him. He frowned. Then he lifted his eyes and followed the form of old Robert Moorhead, owner of the Interstate Bus Company, as he waddled down the street; "an ugly hippopotamus of a man," Ed thought bitterly. It was like Robert Moorhead to walk, even if he was the owner of the one bus line over the mountains. He didn't even own a car or drive one. But that was beside the point. Ed turned back again to the figures on that piece of paper. "I'm afraid," Robert Moorhead had wheezed, stepping into the office shortly before, "I'm afraid, Ed, you'll have to reduce your figures on repair work if you calculate to handle our business."

"What's the matter with my figures?" Ed had said, looking up. He had thought the old man was bluffing; Robert Moorhead had a name for being a tightwad.

"They're too high!" Robert Moorhead snapped.

"Too high!" Ed scoffed. "The work can't be done any cheaper."

Robert Moorhead shrugged. "I'm sorry then," he said, adding, "for you. Look here," he sat down and drew his chair closer to Ed, "you've had our business for the past four years, ever since you opened this shop after graduating from high school. And you've given good service, too, but," and then came the blow, "here are the figures of the new firm, that Jake Miller's concern across the road."

Ed had looked incredulously at those figures on the sheet placed before him. Why, no one could repair busses at that figure!

"It can't be done," he said.

Old Robert Moorhead snorted. "Talk sense," he said. "It's down in black and white, isn't it? Jake Miller says it can be done."

"Well, we can't do it."

"Then you lose!" Moorhead said. "Your bid's too high, too high!"

And with that he left. "I'll give you till tomorrow," he said as he was going, 'to go over the figures and see if you can meet them. I'll do that. But if you can't or won't, if your figures are too high, you lose our work!"

So now Ed Kendell sat in his office and studied the sheet before him. Those figures were exactly half of what he had been charging—half! It couldn't be done!

"Nelson," Ed called, and a greasy, oil streaked mechanic came in, wrench in hand.

"Matter, Ed?" he said with the easy familiarity of one who had worked in the garage ever since it had opened.

"This," Ed said, tapping the figures with his pencil. "Look it over and tell me—can we meet it?"

Nelson looked. There was an inscrutable look in his eye. "Hmmm," he said. "Hmmm! Shading it pretty close, bean't they? Out for trade,

this Jake Miller bunch, out to gather in the trade!"

"Well, what about it?" Ed demanded a little anxiously. "Can it or can't it be done?"

"It can."

"It can?"

" "Yes." Nelson turned. There were three cars on the floor. "Yes, but you won't do it. Why not?" he grinned. "Why not? Well, because you wouldn't sleep nights using the material you'd have to put in to meet those figures!"

And Ed, listening, got, as Nelson expressed it, an earful. "We could use cork and linseed to deaden the grinding of loose gears," Nelson said. "That saves labor, lots of labor, you see. And we could use putty and white lead. Oh, we could do a lot of things that would make a car look all right—for a while."

Ed sighed. "You'd tell him we'll not touch it then?"

Nelson nodded. "Tell him he's foolish, too," he said. "Tell him that."

Of course Ed didn't, but he did wish that old Robert Moorhead, owner of the Interstate, knew a little about cars.

"We can't lower our figures, Mr. Moorhead," he said, calling up later.

"Oh, come on!" the wheezing voice of Robert Moorhead came back. "Your figures are too high. I can't pay that price!" He had hoped Ed would see fit to cut the price. Ed was a nice fellow and Ed gave him a lift every week across the hills to Shelton, a division headquarters of the bus line, eighty miles away. But if Ed wouldn't—why business was business.

"I can't. I'm sorry."

"Too high then!" and he rang off, leaving Ed sitting there facing the loss of one of his best items of business, the repairing of the Interstate busses.

"I wonder," old Robert Moorhead thought, "if this Jake Miller will give me a ride over to Shelton like Ed did. I ought to get to Shelton this coming Friday."

He got there, and Jake's driver said, "Take your time, Mr. Moorhead. When you want to go back I'll be ready." That was not like Ed who drove over weekly on business and took him along, and always hurried him, saying, "Get through and we'll start back as soon as we can." Ed always said that, especially at this time of the year when the weather couldn't depended upon.

Robert Moorhead looked at the mountains with weather wise eyes. It was clouding up a little in the west.

"Pretty sight," the driver said, nodding to the hills across which they had come. The driver was a newcomer to the hills, having come up from one of the cities on the plains below.

"Pretty? Why, yes," Robert Moorhead answered. To himself he was thinking, "It might storm at that. Maybe I'd better hurry". He waddled away, and he fussed and fumed when, ready to return, he found the driver in a restaurant.

"I'll just finish eating," the driver said, and ordered another cup of coffee and another sandwich.

Robert Moorhead nodded, his eyes on the hills. An hour before there

had been a fleecy, transparent veil around their summits. Now the weather had thickened until the higher summits were hidden in a cloud. It might storm. He sighed with relief when they finally started back.

"It seems colder," the driver remarked.

Moorhead nodded.

And then one of the sudden mountain storms came down upon them. The sky darkened, and the next second the air was filled with flakes, and a fury of sound as a screaming, screeching wind swept down from the hills. In the flicker of an eyelash there was no road, there was no countryside. There were only two men in a machine and a white void filled with fury unleashed.

The driver paled.

"Better take it easy," Robert Moorhead advised. "Better stop. She'll lighten up in a while." He knew the hills.

And lighten the storm did—only then the road was drifted full. And even yet the snow came down, sweeping along in clouds that piled the flakes high as the wind swept them forward.

The engine coughed and stopped. Robert Moohead frowned while the driver worked at the spark and the choke.

"Got her going?"

"Yes."

"It will be bad later." Robert Moorhead looked out at the hills.

The driver cast a queer glance at his passenger. "Later?" he said. "Isn't it bad now?" He was a stranger and wanted to know.

Robert Moorhead considered. "Bad? Oh, pretty wild," he said, "but wait till we get to that stretch of highway in the pass! Wait till we reach the summit of the hills!"

And then the car just crawled forward over the drifted highway. The driver wet his lips.

"Better give her the gas," Robert Moorhead said, casually, totally unconcerned. He had bucked many a worse storm with Ed driving some old relic of a rebuilt car. His buses bucked worse storms day in and day out during the winter and spring.

"Give her the gas? Say—"

"What?"

"Nothing—only—what if we stall?"

Robert Moorhead turned. His blue eyes were wide with surprise. "Stall here?" he said. "Stall here!"

"Yes, here. This isn't a new car. This is one of Jake's repair jobs She's having hard going."

"Well if you stall," Robert Moorhead said, "I guess the papers will have a short item, 'Two Found Dead.' You see," he said, "it's cold here nights—and the road's lonely—and—"

A machine came up from behind. She was traveling along making fair progress, although lurching from side to side as she wallowed through the snow.

Jake's driver pulled over to one side. In the deep snow his engine sputtered and almost died as it dragged the sedan forward.

"Honk, honk!" the signal came from the car behind asking for the right of way.

And Jake's driver honked his horn also, honked it frantically.

The machine from behind went past. In it sat Ed Kendell. He

waved.

"Honk, honk!" his horn went, an answering salute to the honking of the horn in Jake's machine. "Honk-honk-honk!" And then his car breasted a hill and was gone.

"Well?" Robert Moorhead asked.

The driver said nothing. His engine was dead.

Robert Moorhead sighed. He looked at the hills. So this was the end," he thought. "This was the end!"

"Maybe I can fix her," the driver said, "for a while." He got the engine going.

And then Ed was back. He had come back because he couldn't quite figure out why they had honked. The more he thought of it the more puzzled he had become.

"Did you fellows honk for me?" he asked. "Are you in trouble?"

The racing engine in Jake's machine belied the question, yet the driver spoke up quickly. "Are you going through?" he asked. "You are! Say, will you take us?"

Ed nodded; yet it was strange. He noticed Robert Moorhead's face. Usually that face was ruddy—Robert Moorhead was as red cheeked as a Baldwin apple. Now his face was grey.

"Maybe," Ed thought, waiting while the other driver drove the car off the highway, "maybe he doesn't know the road. He's a stranger." That might be it. It surely was no road for a stranger to buck in a storm. He mentioned that to Robert Moorhead.

A grim smile lit up Robert Moorhead's eyes. "Maybe he doesn't," he said, "but it isn't that."

They were going along; ahead was a stretch of road where they'd buck snow, and might come out, or might not. "It isn't," Ed said. He really wasn't thinking of what he said, he wasn't even thinking of Jake Miller and his repair shop; he was thinking of the miles ahead. They must get through! They must—and they would. He'd wager his old boat could make it!

"No," Robert Moorhead answered, "he doesn't know the road very well, but what made him ask to be taken in was because he does know the kind of work and material Jake puts in his rebuilt cars."

It was twenty minutes later when Robert Morhead spoke again. In those twenty minutes they had traveled over a drifted stretch of highway in which an overhauled engine had given the best that was in her—and that was indeed good. They had come through. And now there was a breathing spell where the wind had swept the road bare.

"Would you," Robert Moorhead asked, "consider taking that repair work again?"

Ed considered.

"Don't let any contract we have with the Miller concern hold you back," Robert Moorhead's face was grim. "We'll attend to that."

"Why, yes," Ed finally said, "we'll be glad to get the work. But," his engine pulled through a drift in low, "but my price is the same price I asked before."

And Old Robert Moorhead's eyes snapped. "High!" he said, "Maybe! But I've learned something. It will cost me quite a bit now even as it

is, but it might have cost me my life or the lives of my passengers if I had learned it later, so I'm thankful and satisfied. I've learned there are some things not to high to pay for, and one of those things is honest quality and honest work!"

POLITENESS

(Selected)

Politeness is refinement of manners. It is derived from a word which means polish, and signifies a desire to bring to others the greatest pleasure and the least pain. It is benevolence in little things and consists in treating our fellow-beings as we wish to be treated ourselves. In social life there are mutual rights that must be preserved. This is done by united action, and as a duty, it is called co-operation. When general affairs are considered, the guiding principal of this duty is public spirit; but the virtue takes the form of politeness when the duty is towards individuals whom we meet in many relations of life.

Politeness is modest, choosing to conceal a courtesy when done; it is benevolent, avoiding what is disagreeable to others and seeking to do what is gratifying to their feelings; it is of personal value, costing little and yielding much; it is of social advantage, for politeness is always necessary to complete the happiness of society; it is natural. being a quality of all who have the feelings of man.

Politeness is modest, choosing to mere external forms; a matter of bowing and shaking hands, use of compliments, and observance of what is fashionable, but this is a mistaken notion; true politness is far more dignified than the outer garments of good will. "It has to do not merely with manners, but with the mind and heart. It refines and softens our feelings, opinions, and words." Its source is in the moral nature of man, and every external form of politeness has a moral ground on which it rests.

True politeness aims at the real good of mankind, and endeavors to make every one easy and happy by contributing not only little attentions, but also services of a more substantial kind. This virtue is a coin, tending to enrich him who expends it even more than the one who receives it. It is a refining and softenning quality, which polishes rudeness, temper, and arrogance, and helps to make us blameless and harmless without rebuke.

A tastily attired woman had just taken her seat in a car on a train from New York to Philadelphia. Presently a somewhat stout man, seated directly in front of her, fingered in his pocket, brought out a cigar and lighted it. A breeze from a window annoyingly blew the smoke back. The woman coughed and moved uneasily. She coughed again. There was no effect. Then she lean-

ed forward and touched the man on the arm. "Pardon me, sir," she said with a quiver in her voice, "you probably are a stranger in this country, and do not know there is a smoking car attached to this train; smoking is not allowed in here."

The man made reply, simply, with "I beg your pardon, and threw the cigar out the window.

A few minutes later, the conductor of the train came through the car, and informed the woman that she had entered the private car of General Grant. She immediately withdrew in great confusion, but the same fine courtesy which caused the General to throw away the cigar without a word of protest impelled him to cast no amused glance at the retreating figure.

"Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way."

WHAT OF OUR CHILDREN?

(Selected)

What is the attitude of the average town towards the young people in its midst?

Well, the older citizens give them schools, are reasonably alert against vice and take ordinary care of their health. After that, what? The answer is, "not much."

It would probably surprise some readers to know that ancient Babylon had a more comprehensive scheme of child training than is found in most American cities. Under that old civilization responsible adults assumed the obligation of providing proper recreational facilities for the growing child of the community.

While much attention is paid to the mental development of our pupils one is not so sure of the physical and spiritual development that should go with intellectual power. We find schools threatening to become fact-factories without regard to their application to the lives of the pupils who learn them and with little, if any, appreciation of the vital significance of the body's growth and development. As for spiritual matters we leave this alone for the most part in our schools for obvious reasons.

People who now regard things as perfect might be satisfied with the present scheme. However, nothing exists today that will not be altered for the common good tomorrow, and it might not be amiss for us to use the small amount of intelligence that we have to study the present day condition in the light of future needs. Let's not be satisfied to give our children the same that we got; they deserve more and better attention.

Dont wait for extraordinary opportunity. Seize common occasions and make them great.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. C. J. Turpie, a pre-law student at the University of North Carolina, visited the Training School last Saturday. This young man is interested in juvenile work and expressed his pleasure in seeing the manner in which the work is carried on at this institution.

—o—

Superintendent Boger, Messrs J. Lee White, farm manager and W. M. White, purchasing agent, spent last Tuesday in Raleigh, going for a conference with Mr. Frank L. Dunlap, assistant director of the budget. They were well pleased with the sympathetic hearing given by the new director.

—o—

The Fall weather has caused the falling of the leaves in all wooded sections near the school, and we can see daily large numbers of our smaller boys, known as "leaf rakers," collecting leaves and placing them in sacks, preparatory to storing them away to be used for bedding at our dairy barn. It will be good-bye straw for sometime, as the leaves will be substituted as a bedding. With the large number of cattle in our herd the use of this substitute will mean quite a saving.

—o—

A large area of Training School land has been seeded to small grain, and several details of boys have been busy cleaning off terraces and branches, which adds much to the attractive appearance of the fields and the young growing grain. It has been remarked that if the thickets and grown up places on the Training School farm are looked after as assiduously in the next few years as they have been in the past, the territory for rabbit hunting cannot be found, as it is almost impossible now for a rabbit to find a hiding place.

—o—

Speaking of surprises, the officers and workers at the Training School were agreeably surprised last Sunday morning, when one of our old boys who had been gone from the school about five years, made a fifteen or twenty minute talk at the opening of Sunday school. He had an easy flow of language and exhibited a fine personality and stage manner. He is now attending the Southern Industrial Institute, Spartanburg, S. C., where he is studying for the ministry. Judging from the character of the talk made on Sunday morning, we are of the opinion that this boy will make good in his chosen profession. He seems to be devoted, consecrated to and enthusiastic in his work, all of which was a delight to those who had known him, and each one of those who heard him seriously reflected whether any word, act or suggestion of theirs had played any part in directing the boy in the course he has chosen.

—o—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture lesson Rev. Arrowood read the first chapter of Hebrews, after which he made an

interesting talk on the Bible as God's mouth-piece in speaking to man. Rev. Arrowood stated that the lessons found in the Bible were a blessing to people in all parts of the world, as it was translated into many languages and dialects, and that it was the world's best seller, more than eight million being printed each year. Just as God spoke to the prophets of old, He now speaks to us through the Bible. It is more valuable to man, said the speaker, than any other book, and if studied wisely, will do more towards healing the ills of the world than any other remedy. God spoke at the creation, and light shone through the darkness; He speaks to us now through this great book, and if we listen, His light will shine down on us through the darkness of sin, and we shall be saved. The voice of God spoke to Adam; to Cain; to Moses, and it stills speaks to us. The people needed rules as to the manner in which they should conduct their lives; God furnished those rules—the Ten Commandments. Then as the voice of God spoke to prophets and priests of old, it speaks to us in the New Testament, speaking through His Son, Jesus Christ, and all of his teachings are found in the Bible. The speaker concluded by saying that God loves us and wants to speak to us, and it is our Christian duty to listen to His voice and govern ourselves accordingly. Following his talk to the boys, Rev. Arrowood announced that through the American Bible Society and the efforts of the Men's Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, each boy at the Training Schol would soon receive a copy of the New Testament.

"The world stands out on either side,
No wider than the heart is wide:
Above the world is stretched the sky,
No higher than the soul is high,
The heart can push the sea and land
Far apart on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two
And let the face of God shine through.
But east and west will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart:
And he, whose soul is flat, the sky
Will cave in on him by and by."

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CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 16, 1933 No. 50

What is success? It is achievement. How do we measure it? By the benefits that it confers. Wealth is not necessarily the measure of it, for man may be successful and never be rich, or he may be rich and fail of success. True success is measured not by dollars, but by service. . . and health, character, education, and industry are the foundation stones upon which it rises."—Sunshine Magazine.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGEP *Editor.* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

HAPPINESS

Happiness is never an earning; it is a byproduct, or rather, it is a gift. It is poured into hearts prepared. I think that most of us entertain a contemptible notion of happiness. We think of it as one might of a short potato-crop—not enough to go round. Indeed, that is precisely the reason sometimes given for the unhappiness of so many people—that there is not enough happiness to supply the needs of all. Whereas, the more happiness there is, the more there is likely to be. Happiness is not a fixed quantity, like the world's gold supply. Really, happiness is an infection; the more who have it, the more are likely to catch it. Did you ever see one child happy with the crudest toy, and another child unhappy with arms full of toys? There are not enough toys to beget happiness. Happiness is a distillation, a reaction, a gift to hearts prepared for it.—Selected.

THE 1933 CHRISTMAS SEAL

The Christmas seal of 1933 is most suggestive and attractive. It carries the traditions of old customs, the burning of the Yule log, when the lord of the manor threw wide his door, casting behind misery and squalor, and the whole land made merry. The huge yule-log in the mammoth fire place added cheer by its warm glow. The greatest care was taken to light the log from a live brand of the old fire, suggestive of transmitting the good fortunes of the past year with the greatest care that the fire not smolder till the log was consumed to ashes. Not to burn up completely was an indication of an ill omen..

The seal of this year depicts the yule-log, dragged by two medieval figures and announced by heralding buglers against a

background of golden winter sunset. These symbolize the spirit of peace on earth, uniting all at this season under the bond of good will.

The sale of these seals means a continued fight against tuberculosis, a fight that continues the year around and a fight that knows nothing of signing an armistice or entering into a peace treaty. The investment for this cause is individually small, and a small contribution to good health, by the means of which many men, women and children are benefitted.

There is hope of the Christmas seal sale being a success, an omen of united efforts for a finer and more successful health campaign throughout the new year.

* * * * * * * * * * *

TREATMENT OF DELINQUENTS

The splendid article, "Treatment of Delinquents," from the Industrial School Journal, Lancaster, Ohio, the institutional paper of a home for 1,100 wayward boys, makes emphatic that the first move in bringing about correction in delinquency is to get the "moral concepts" of the boy, strictly speaking, investigate as to the direct cause of delinquency.

In the research as to causes leading to delinquency is found the lack of a standardized code of fine morale, no goal to work to, no sense of shame for the offense or concern as to public opinion either in the homes, schools, or among associates who frequently are victims of extreme economic conditions.

In the event of these overwhelming influences that completely circumscribe a boy's life a complete change of environment is considered absolutely necessary and so recommended.

One time, according to the old order of things, an offender or delinquent was not looked upon as worthy of public expenditures, more than his keep, and the responsibility of the charge ended in segregation for the protection of society and the punishment was confinement.

Today's program of working miracles in the reformation of delinquents changes entirely the vindictive attitude of the Middle Ages. Instead of punishment and a strict regime of unsuited and

heavy work, guidance and development by clean thinking, good health habits, mental culture, spiritual uplift, are recommended by all workers of social science.

The sentiment molded today is that unless we can fit the offender for a place in society by teaching trades and providing normal activities at the institution itself, he will remain a charge of the state or a menace to our lives and property.

Therefore to develop the best moral concepts in a delinquent boy we must transport him from his old environment, guide him and not drive him, give him courage but never submit him to punishment that has a humiliating tendency, in stronger and plainer language lead him with a strong arm but at all times show a tender spirit.

Realizing that no two youths of any calibre have the same characteristics, therefore, the problem resolves itself into a most interesting study, a search for the best means by which the best moral concepts may be inspired.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A FINE SUGGESTION BY CHIEF JUSTICE STACY

Chief Justice W. P. Stacy has suggested that December be made "Safety Month" in North Carolina for motorists. The thought is superb, but every month should be safety month, making the highways safe for tourists as well as pedestrians.

We judge that Chief Justice Stacy made the suggestion with the hope of entering a wedge as to the necessity of educating the people along the lines of the other fellow's rights.

We realize that there is law enough on the books to safeguard those who travel the highways, but the question is, "how to enforce it?"

One of the finest steps along this line is to stop motor car manufacturers from stressing speed, and in that way co-operate with state, national and municipal authorities in law enforcement. There is always going to be some one who wants the car with the fastest speed, and there is no better place to try it out than on the state highways.

Well, in conclusion, if an educational program will make the

state highways safe then let us be up and put on some impressive, educational program through the schools, churches, press, clubs and every other conceivable way.

Our railroads are safe for those who wish to take a trip and why under the sun do our highways have to prove a place for the juggernauts to operate?

* * * * * * * * * *

A TIMELY MESSAGE

In this publication of the Uplift is a letter from Dr. E. A. Branch, director of the dental division of the State Board of Health, giving much information as to the danger of bad teeth and the effect upon the physical condition.

Too bad, the necessity of a dental clinic in every institution in the state does not hold priority over some non-essentials. To have clinics under the supervision of the state and county health departments would meet the needs of the indigent children, regardless of race, and save untold suffering besides preclude the chronic developments caused directly by having bad teeth. A stitch in time, or an ounce of preventive are surely preferable and more economical to this fanfare of meeting conditions during an epidemic of any kind due to physical neglect. It is as much the duty of tax-payers to look after the physical condition of a child unable to have attention otherwise, as it is to make it possible to put a public school at the door of all children, let the child be either rich or poor.

Much of the delinquency of today can easily be traced back to some abnormal condition of childhood. Since the advent of the Twentieth Century it has been known as the "Century of the Child." Since then every one has felt a new sense of responsibility, a new vision of their assets and liabilities, in relationship to the lives of the children within their midst.

The progressive civilization we boast of can never measure up to all expectations without starting at the bottom, first look after the status of childhood from a physical, moral, spiritual and then cultural viewpoint.

The one consuming hope of the Civil Works Administration is to convert the relief-roll into a pay-roll, also the bread line into the work line. It is not difficult to make some people feel that the world owes them a living and they accept a dole with the same grace and ease an honest toiler accepts a well-earned pay check.

If the plan of the Civil Works Administration works out successfully, placing 68,000 persons to work in North Carolina on Civil Works projects by December 15th, with a pay-roll of $1,000,000 a week with hopes of continuing, there will soon be the return of normalcy.

* * * * * * * * * * *

With the American states along the Canadian border legalizing spiritous drinks, we have begun to ask the question, "will the tourists find the Canadian scenery so beautiful?"

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

The greatest joy is to give, especially so if a youngster is the beneficiary, who would have a dull Christmas unless some fine friend was obsessed with the spirit, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The following conributions have been received:

Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro,	$ 25.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte,	10.00
Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove,	50.00

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"When next you start in sneering and your phrases turn to blame,
Learn more of him you censure than his business and his name,
For it's likely that acquaintance would your prejudice dispel,
And you'd really come to like him if you knew him very well,
When you get to know a fellow and you understand his ways,
Then his faults won't matter, for you'll find a lot to praise."

—o—

Small "stirkes" do no make big hits.

—o—

Kate Smith is right in singing about what comes over the mountains. In North Carolina the "moonshine" does come over the mountains.

—o—

An airplane company reports an increase in poundage during the month of November. This is because so many men are "up in the air," and others giving themselves away.

—o—

Recent lynchings are a blot on the fair name of this country. Mob rule smacks of barbarism, not present day civilization. But it must also be recognized that these examples of violence constitute an indictment against a legal system which gives criminals too many loopholes to escape the swift justice their crimes deserve.

—o—

The Jackson Training School

On a special invitation to be their guests it was my pleasure and delight, with the officials of Durham county, to visit the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, on Wednesday. Two cars carried the party which was made up of C. W. Massey, chairman of the board of commissioners; and commissioners H. L. Carver, J. H. Harris, W. E. King, R. E. Hurst, R. L. Lindsey, chairman of the Welfare board; W. E. Stanley, Welfare officer; George M. Clark, probation officer; D. W. Newsom, county auditor, and the writer. The trip was a most inspiring one. A splendid, old-fashioned, country dinner was served the visitors in the Durham county cottage, which contains thirty-two boys from Durham county, and they fared alike with the guests of the institution. The meal consisted of all wholesome food raised and produced on the farm. It was fit for the most pronounced epicure. The boys occupied the same dining room. It was a pleasure to see their bright faces, sparkling eyes, clean and well-kept appearance. Encouraging and uplifting remarks were addressed to them, after the meal, by W. E. Massey, R. L. Lindsay and D. W. Newsom, and all of the boys signified their intention and hope to make useful citizens, by raising their hands when the question was put to them. The institution now has 480 boys under its care and development. A fine looking set of youngsters who at one time or another made a misstep and erred in doing wrong, but now have the appearance of being on

the right road. A great work is being done here for the wayward youths, and the bent twigs are being straightened. I visited the printing office, and found four or five bright young fellows there. One small boy, with a merry twinkle in his eye asked me: "Would you tell on a small boy if you caught him smoking a cigarette?" I said I was not a talebearer. He then inquired: "Have you a cigarette?" Answering him no, another youngster wanted to know if I chewed tobacco. Another no. The first boy was quite a diplomat. ,

—o—

Durham in Gorgeous Array

Durham is electricized and iridescentized. The city is gorgeously adorned in Christmas robes, and is joyously beckoning on the glad, happy season of a Saviour's birth, when the stars sang together, and one in particular guided wise men, and the welkin rang with the refrain, "Peace on earth, good will to men." The decorations this year, in their simplicity, are more beautiful than ever before on such occasions. Ropes of evergreen are festooned from the lamp standards, on either side of Main street. Overhead are strung across the street strands of varicolored electric bulbs, that cross and criss-cross each other from pendants, in the center, to the electric light standards on either side of the street's nebula archway of beauty. Viewing the thoroughfare from either the east or west ends, it looks like a channel of shattered rainbows. As you pass under this canopy of loveliness it looks like the under side of the heavens mosaiced with the radiant reflections that flash out their commingling coruscations of the inimitable splendors of the great throne of God. It is gorgeous in its opulence of glory that one is lead to fancy that a leak had somewhere been made in the golden pavements of Heaven, and that these matchless colorings were the drippings of some upset dye-pots in the studio of the angels. Many of the business houses are electrified in a beautiful manner—festooned and girded with rosaries of varigated electric lights, some stationary, others winking and blinking in gay revelry, while others chase each other over the front of the buildings like madcap children in a gleeful frolic, and ever and anon lights would dash up strands of bulbs, and from their shimmering bosoms would gleam little sparkles like diamonds, and culminate in large stars, that seemed as if they were made out of the flashing particles of shattered and clashing sunbeams. In deed and in truth, Durham presents a scene borrowed from the picture gallery of Elysium. The credit for Durham's beautiful and artistic scenical electric effects are due Lee C. Goodwin, sales manager of the Durham Public Service Company, who designed the plans, and supervised their erection, and who knows his electrricity and how to beautify cities and homes with the physical phenomena—electricity.

—o—

Old things are passing away, and mighty near everything is becoming new. Some people like the old, for old times sake. Mrs. F. L. Walker

has in her unique garden, in the rear of her residence on Liberty street, a souvenir of the past. It is a rock chimney, built in the old style, fashioned out of the rock that once stood at a cabin on the plantation of her mother, many years ago, and which has now gone into decay. In the center of the fireplace is a brick taken from the departed old school house in which her mother was educated. They have much fun in cooking parties at this chimney, which stands alone and is a novel ornament.

HOW THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA WAS BUILT

Wilton E. Matthews

The long, snake-like barrier that rambles 1,400 miles across the mountainous country of northern and north-western China is one of the most stupendous feats of engineering performed by ancient people. With an average height of twenty feet and width enough for a fifteen-foot roadway to run along the top, a wall so long is indeed massive. The main body of the structure is earth, with a facing of granite and rock. The wall has stood for twenty centuries.

The Emperor Shih Huang Ti began the gigantic work in 214 B. C., as a protection against invasions of the barbarians and Tartars. In those days, only enormous man-power could accomplish so much work, and one-third of the men in the empire were drafted to build the Great Wall. Even then, of course, it was not completed in the lifetime of Shih Huang Ti.

Square watchtowers mark the top of the wall at intervals; these were fortified, and beacon fires were kept ready to warn the people of an invasion. A system of flash signals could send messages for hundreds of miles along the wall in a short time. So effective was this defense that for two thousand years it protected China against invasion (although it was not a hundred per cent successful), and guarded the trade routes to central Asia and Europe. In modern times, its importance has diminished greatly, but it still stands as a monument to engineering skill and perseverance.

Life is not selfish hoarding,
But generous giving;
Not wasteful repining,
But large-minded living.

—Grenville Kleiser.

EFFECT OF MALNUTRITION ON TOOTH STRUCTURE

(N. C. Halth Buletin)

The following instructive letter was sent by Dr. E. A. Branch, Director of the Dental Division of the State Board of Health, to a mother who had written him for advice about her child whose mouth was "filled with broken-down teeth":

Dear Madam:

We are glad to have your inquiry relative to your child's mouth and the relation it bears to systemic disease. It has been stated by one of the best-known physicians that practically all of the glandular tuberculosis in children originates in the mouth, "for," said he, "the mouth is a perfect incubator."

If you will recall, in your study of bacteriology in school, that the things to be desired in culturing bacteria are moisture, warmth, darkness, and culture media, you will see right away that we have these conditions in an old, broken-down tooth in the mouth.

You will also recall that you stated in your inuqiry that your child's mouth was filled with broken-down teeth and that he was between eight and nine years of age. Also, you were anxious about him being underweight and having a poor appetite. May I remind you that poorly formed teeth are indicative of undernourishment and are one of the surest signs we have.

The first teeth are formed before the birth of the child, and the enameled caps of these first teeth are calcified before birth. If the calcification is as it should be, the enamel of the tooth is the hardest structure in the body, but if this little tooth, in its formation, is denied a sufficient amount of lime salts (which you have to supply, either from your diet or from your body), then this tooth is improperly calicified, and when the child grows its first tooth, about six months of age, right then this lack of sufficient lime salts in the calcification of the teeth is manifest. This is one of our first sure signs that the child was undernourished before you gave him birth.

If he is undernourished, then he has a lowered resistance to begin with, and it won't be long (depending upon the extent of undernourishment) before these teeth begin to break down. When they break down, through the enamel, the inner layer of tooth structure called dentine is exposed, and as this contains a large per cent of animal matter, decays rapidly. In a short time after the dentine begins to decay, the nerve of the tooth is exposed and it aches. Toothache is excruciating pain, and mother resorts to home remedies to relieve it. Usually in a short time after this happens the nerve in the tooth dies and gum boil forms, which is nothing short of a running sore—and just think, this sore is in your child's mouth!

The discharge from this sore is mixed with his food and is eaten. It

is difficult and painful to chew against this sore tooth and, naturally, the child does not eat things that have to be chewed because the process of chewing is so painful. The pus that is eaten destroys the appetite and the child is naturally, as you say, "finicky" about his eating.

I am not surprised, with all this as a background, that your child is underweight. You are not surprised, with this as a backgorund, that your child continues to be undernourished and in this condition; we both know that your child has a lowered resistance to disease. With this lowered resistance he is in splendid shape to contract any and every disease in the catalogue.

We have written you at some length because we know your desire to correct this condition, and we have written you with the hope that we will cause you to consult a good physician and a good dentist in order that you may be properly advised after a thorough physical examination of your child.

THE HORSE COMES BACK

From all parts of the world come reports which show that the horse, once believed by many people to be heading for extinction, from motor competition, is coming back. Depression, doubtless is one of the reasons. On the farm the horse is a consumer of what it helps produce and pays its way while doing its work. In the city it still has a variety of uses which gives it a place of importance in the economic scheme.

Under the pressure of need for economy, farmers in America and Canada are reported to again be using horses and buggies for transportation. Even in the once almost completely motorized state of Michigan the horse is said to be coming back. Farmers in general are again beginning to take interest in raising colts, and this promises to increase with demand until better prices make it profitable again to farm exclusively with tractors and trucks.

While this may be regarded now as a backward step, it represents a common sense return to first principles. More horses would mean reduced agricultural surpluses, richer farms and more profitable farming. Incidentally, they would serve to restore some of the beauty and interest the agricultural picture formerly afforded and supplement farm income from tinction from motor competition, is coming back. Depression, doubtless, is one of the reasons. On the farm the horse

—Mooresville Enterprise.

HEALTH, THE DEPRESSION, AND THE CHILDREN

(The Santorium Sun)

Plans are well under way for the examination of one million boys and girls in various parts of the country, to determine to what extent their health has been impaired by the depression. The examinations will be conducted under the auspices of the United States Children's Bureau, according to a news bulletin credited to Science Service.

"Results of the examinations advocated by the Children's Bureau are expected to disclose the whereabouts of children needing assistance to recover their health and vigor, and also the type of assistance they need," the bulletin explained.

No intimation was given as to how these million children would be selected, whether they would be picked on the basis of their present general health status or entirely without regard to it.

It is generally conceded that children have suffered greatly during the past few years of economic stress and storm. Devoted and self-sacrificing parents have done everything possible to spare them, even to the extent of giving up needed food and clothing themselves; but even such sacrfices have often been of little avail.

Wm. Makepeace Thackeray wrote that "the death of a child occasions a passion of grief and frantic tears such as your end, brother, will never inspire."

The great English novelist might have been almost as emphatic in describing the tragedy of childhood illness. That is why there is such eager enthusiasm for child health and welfare movements, of which the Children's Division at the North Carolina Sanatorium is symbolic.

It is certain, therefore, that many will await with great interest the results of the proposed child health survey. All will hope that it will reveal no serious impairment of the physical well-being of America's future citizens. They will need all the strength and vigor possible for their heavy tasks.

"No clouds—no rainbows.
No battles—no victories.
No joy—no pay.
No temptation—no character."

—Selected.

THE MAKING OF PORCELAIN

By Harry K. Hobart

Ceramic experts agree that the Chinese undoubtedly are the inventors of porcelain, but as to the date of its invention they do not agree. In fact, the Chinese themselves do not know the exact date when the first porcelains were made. They have an ancient record which says that in the year 220 A. D. there was a certain ware made which was as "blue as the sea, shining as a looking glass, thin as paper, and giving a sound like a musical stone." The ceramic experts, however, find no proof of any porcelain being made before the year 600 A. D.

The first porcelain made was a heavy ware known as glazed porcelain, because of the colored glasses which covered it and the incised lines of its decorations. Next in order of age came the white porcelain of varying tints, known as "celadon ware." "Celadon" is the name of the grayish-green color that was first applied to this porcelain, and it was used for such a long time that all Chinese porcelain came to be known by that name. This was the type that was first introduced in Europe, and was supposed to have the magic property of changing color if the food or drink served in it contained poison. When the beautiful blue made from cobalt was discovered, it was used to paint decorations under the glaze, thus changing the original drabness of the celadon ware.

It is truly remarkable, when one thinks of common earthly matter, such as clay and stone, being transformed into a fine material such as porcelain. From the beginning, when celadon was first made, the Chinese continued to improve their porcelain through all the centuries, making this beautiful ware while European races were making heavy stoneware and coarse pottery.

Many authorities on ceramics believe that the Ming period, from 1368 to 1644, produced the finest porcelains. While progress in the art of porcelain-making continued until the end of the eighteenth century; many of the most beautiful objects were made during the Ming period, as to fine glazing, coloring and workmanship.

At first the Chinese sought decorative effects through different methods of applying glazes. The so-called "crackle ware" has a surface like a spider's web or cracked ice. This glaze is obtained by taking the porcelain hot from the kiln and turning a cold current of air upon it, so that the surface becomes crackled. Color is then rubbed into the cracks, thus producing great beauty and charm.

Another method of glazing is called the souffle glaze. This is produced by blowing a colored enamel through fine guaze upon the surface of the object which has already been glazed in another color; thus, red upon blue gives a fine violet effect. Often the tiny drops of glaze burst as they are blown, and form concentric rings upon which the play of light make a wonderful show, mak-

ing the piece seem to sparkle with many different hues. If the drops do not burst, but run in streaks, it gives the effect of jasper or carnelian to the glaze. The fire glaze or "flambe," as it is callled, was accidentally discovered when a piece of porcelain was fired too long. A glaze containing copper, when first fired, becomes a bright ruby red; if more oxygen is added to the flame and the porcelain fired longer, the color changes to a brilliant green. If the piece is allowed to remain still longer in the fire, and still more oxidization takes place, the color becomes a turquoise blue. By manipulation of the fires in the kilns and by vapors and drafts of air, the hues of changing color are obtained. The "tea-dust" glaze was so highly prized that a law was enacted in China reserving this color for the emperor alone. It is obtained by blowing a green enamel onto a yellowish-brown ground.

After trying practically every means of glazing porcelain, the Chinese then resorted to painting their decorations on the porcelain surface. Many wonderfully painted pieces are to be found. The "rice-grain" porcelain is made by perforating a ware and filling the holes with a glaze, thus creating a decoration more transparent than the body. Great skill is required to paint this ware, as the pictures are often painted from the inside of a vase with a very small mouth. Some of these vases have a perforated outer wall which reveals an inner will decorated with paintings.

The "egg-shell" porcelains, which are very highly prized, are of exquisite fineness and thinness. They are usually decorated with paintings. In this art of painting upon porcelain the Chinese excel all other nations. In their workshops the Chinese employ many artists to do one piece. One draws the first line around the rim of all the vases, another makes a certain kind of flower, another draws only leaves, and so on. With this system, individuality disappears. No one man can claim the piece as the work of his own hand, but so skilled and practiced are these artists in drawing repeatedly the same thing that the resulting finished product is a thing of wondrous beauty and perfection.

Among the beautiful colors discovered by the Chinese are reds from copper, iron and gold, giving various tints; also a fine yellow (the Imperial color mentioned above), a deep purple and a rich green also from copper. The rarest and costliest glazes were ruby red, the apple green and the peach bloom. The Chinese claim that these colors are made by pulverizing precious stones. The peach-bloom is a wonderful color, varying from pale red to pink, and mottled with russet spots on a light green background. A small peach blossom often sells for many thousands of dollars.

There have been many porcelains made in European countries since the art was introduced from China, about 1700. England and Holland have gained the reputation of being the best producers of porcelain outside of China, but they never made any pieces of such exquisite beauty and

fineness as the Chinese. Among the most noteworthy porcelains made in Europe are the Dutch Amstel porcelains (1782 to 1810); Cookworthy porcelain, made in Bristol, England (1768 to 1771); Lowestoft porcelain, also in England (1780 to 1812); and porcelain made in Swansea, Wales (1804 to 1820). On the continent we have the famous Dresden china, first made in 1760, Royal Saxon, made in Saxony since 1707, Chantilly porcelain, made in France sinec 1803, and many famous brands made in Sevres, France, since 1756. All these are hard porcelains, such as the regular Chinaware.

In Europe a soft china was discovered about 1695, by a man named Chicanneau. This type of porcelain soon spread all over Europe, and much excellent ware has been made in all the European countries from this soft porcelain. The chief difference in this soft porcelain is that instead of being made from kaolin, as the hard porcelain is, it is made from clays and prepared materials. It cannot be worked with such fineness and resulting beauty as the Chinese product.

JUST TOO BUSY

We do not intend to ignore the claim of friendship, nor the obligations of the church. It is not our purpose to neglect the daily Scripture reading, nor our personal devotion. The desire to keep the fires always burning on our family altars—but we are just too busy. There are so many urgent demands for our time that we put these off until the convenient season—and it never comes.

Thus we go on from day to day becoming a little more absorbed, a little bit more indifferent and a little bit more selfish. When it is too late we find that we have drifted away from our friends, we have lost our hold on God, and our higher, better natures are shruken and dying.

Give to business a proportion of your time, but not all. Set apart some of it for family, for friends, for kindly and unselfish helpfulness. Take time for honest self-examination, for holy meditation, Scripture reading and prayer; and you will find that the seasons thus spent have not been wasted, but have nourished and built up your higher, nobler self, and fitted you to so better use the remaining hours of the day as to render your labors all the more effective.—Selected.

BEAUTIFUL BRIDGES

By Don Young

Whenever a highway comes to a river there is a challenge to the builders of bridges to make a beautiful scene. Our old bridges of wood and stone are nearly always a pleasing sight to the eye. As each stream presents a different problem to the bridge designer, only a few bridges are alike, and there is a striking variety of spans which blend with the landscape of water and land.

With the passing of time many of these old bridges added to themselves a charm of mellowness. Like human faces they reflect the character of the country in which they have their being. They are affected by the history, native materials, craftsmanship, and the nature of the river and banks which they span.

Bridges have always been of great importance in the growth of civilizations, and their design is an index to the culture and artistic taste of the people in each locality. In the pioneer days of our own country the difficulties of making a living from the land at first limited the early bridges to wooden trestles built upon piers hurriedly laid out of rough stone without mortar.

Civilization advanced rapidly in America and if we travel over the length and breadth of the land we find an amazing number of typical bridges to show its growth. As the rude wooden trestles were often washed away by floods, our practical ancestors turned to stone as a more permanent building material.

Bridges of stone are among man's most beautiful creations. From the old architecture of Europe came the knowledge of the arch. This circular form was not only beautiful to see, it was useful in holding the stones together. Every stone was laid up to do its work perfectly. In constructing an arch the stones were supported in place by a form until the topmost keystone was placed, then the form was taken down and the stones held each other together.

The American designers had many examples of arched bridges in the old world from which to adapt their designs. Many bridges in America were patterned after bridges in France and Spain. Among the ancients the Chinese were probably the first to build an arch of stone, but the Romans made the most outstanding advances in this form of building. Roman arches have stood for centuries, and we still hold them in wonder today. The most famous arched Roman bridge is the Pont du Gard at Nimes, France. It has three ranges of arches, one above the other. The whole bridge is a sixth of a mile long and over a hundred and fifty feet above the stream in the valley. This bridge was built to carry water across the valley into the city. Eighteen years before the Christian era, Marcus Agrippa, a Roman general, ordered his soldiers to supply the city of Nimes with water from two springs twenty-five miles

away. The Pont du Gard is a fragment of a canal of solid masonry which spanned valleys, tunneled hills, and passed for long distances under ground.

The Pont du Gard now shares the fate of many other bridges of the past. It stands in ruins. Perhaps it would not have stood the test of time as long as it did, had it carried heavy traffic instead of running water. The history of all bridges has been one of continuous repairs. Without great care no masonry bridge was likely to stand more than a century of use. The storms, floods, freezing, and the vibration of traffic usually found a weak point somewhere. One of the chief causes of the short life of a bridge of former days was the pounding of horses' hoofs. Laws were enacted to compel drivers to walk their horses across them.

Through the centuries the building of bridges has been through many styles and fashions. If we journey along the Rhine in Germany we see great stone bridges that were built like fortresses to withstand attack and prevent a possible enemy from crossing them. At each end of the bridges were built strong towers that could house soldiers. The famous old London Bridge was like a street flung across the Thames river. Along each side were built shops and stores where trading was done. The arcades on the bridges of Venice are used by tradesmen.

Most of the bridges before the 18th Century were furnished with gateways which were used for miltary protection. Often the gates were used in connection with a toll house. The drawbridge is also an old type, and it is interesting to follow its developments. It had its beginnings in the days of castles and moats, and is still in use today. On bridges that must be built close to the water, a drawbridge is often used in one of the spans. It opens to let ships pass and closes to carry its own traffic. Many variations of these bridges have been invented. Some of them swing on a pivot like a turntable while others are similar to the old lifting drawbridges.

Concrete has given man a new material for building bridges. It may be moulded into curves and arches that would be costly to obtain in any other material. England, Germany and France have produced some remarkable designs in concrete bridges, and America has thousands of these beautiful structures to her credit.

If we could watch some of our large bridges being built day by day, we would see the advantage of concrete over the older and more cumbersome materials which were formerly used in bridge building. The first problem which the bridgebuilder must face is the building of foundations. Care must be taken to reach solid earth so that there will be no possibility of the bridge slipping or settling. When concrete is poured into large blocks imbedded underground for foundations it will carry enormous weights. Another advantage in concrete is that it may be reinforced with bars and girders of iron or steel. This enables build-

ers to make thin graceful arches. The reinforcing inside each arch carries much of the load and keeps the concrete from cracking.

The fact that concrete may be moulded into so many different forms encourages the originality of the builder. The historical forms which had to deal with brick and stone may be left behind. Plainness and economy are important features of the new designs. As there are no ancient examples of concrete bridges the designer in this new medium is able to think in a fresh vein.

In all ancient structures a lack of mathematical knowledge of the strength of materials often produced structures that were heavy in appearance and wasteful in the use of materials. The great expense of labor was offset in olden times by slavery. Today many short cuts have been devised to take away much of the drudgery. Modern architects and engineers are able to figure exactly the weight capacity of a new bridge from the materials that are to be put into it.

When rivers are too wide for an arch to span them, they are often crossed by the means of a suspension bridge which is hung upon cables spun out of wire. These bridges also afford the bridge designer ample opportunity for creating beauty. There are usually two great sustaining piers, and the curves taken by the cable between them makes equally as graceful a line as the arch of the concrete bridge. The steel piers suporting the cables are usually encased with masonry and the general effect of a well designed bridge is a most beautiful one.

The first suspension bridge built in America, according to records, came before the invention of steel wire. It was built of wood and erected over the Mohawk river at Schenectady, N. Y., in 1808, by Theodore Burr, a brother of Aaron Burr. The bridge was 900 feet in length and was held up by stone piers. The cables were built of two-inch planks which over-lapped each other in order to make a continuous cable of wood, three by four feet thick. This bridge was in use for nearly three quarters of a century, and was torn down 1873.

Chains were next used for suspension bridges and later came wire which was spun into large heavy cables. The largest development of the suspension bridge is the Washington between upper New York and Fort Lee, N. J. Its single span stretches 3,500 feet across the Hudson. Its towers are 635 feet above the water and they hold up cables that are a yard in diameter. These cables have a double task, for they must not only hold up the traffic on the bridge, they must hold up their own weight as well.

If we could analyse our admiration for a great bridge we might find that it sprang from the unconscious realization of the heavy weight that is strongly supported. The simplicity and the harmony of curves and masses to make a complete whole also appeal to our sense of form.

When the age of steel rushed upon the world, the first metal bridges were unsightly lattice work structures

which disfigured the highways, even though they were more lasting and could stretch over wider spans than the more perishable wooden bridges. The needs of the railroads helped to rush the development of steel bridges, and today some of our most magnificent structures are made of steel. The modern viewpoint is that ugliness in metal bridges is the fault of the designer, and not the material.

Today bridges link our world together, and we drive blithely over the rivers as though they were not beneath us. On little traveled roads the bridges may be small and narrow and perhaps will allow only one car to pass over them at a time, while the Albany-Rensselaer bridge in New York can accommodate 60,000 cars a day.

Perhaps the bridges that we can enjoy most are not the great ones which cross wide streams and are built to care for the traffic of cities, but the small isolated bridges of the country. In these lonely places, where there are no other structures to intervene, we can appreciate the real beauty of a bridge.

Both old and new bridges demand of us respect and admiration. The old bridges serve as monuments to the past, and the new ones, which we see going up, are monuments to our own generation. They express the hope, desire, and utility of the new day in which we live.

"PHILOSOPHY OF EXPERIENCE"

In reaching any goal in life one must utilize to the fullest extent those means which are at hand. That doesn't mean that we should strive in a headlong, reckless fashion. To do thus is quite certain to bring failure. Success should be stalked with all due preparation, with a resolute patience and attention to detail. Success is ever the more sure aand ever the more sweet and lasting when one has fully prepared himself for its coming.

Age should be no bugabo to man. One may be old at twenty or young at seventy. The true blessings of youth flow from the heart and the mind. As long as a man assimilates knowledge and uses it for self-betterment and in the helping of his fellows, just so long wil he remain young.

Time brings mang changes, some for better, others for worse. A strong will plus a right perspective is mighty fine insurance against any change for the worse.—Selected.

A STROLL IN OLD CORINTH

By Pearl H. Campbell

After reading the story of how the church was founded in Corinth as it is so vividly told in the Acts of the Apostles, haven't you often wished that you might see the city where Paul lived for a year and a half? Here, as he says in his epistle to the Corinthians, he planted, "Apollos watered, but God gave the increase." How interesting to visit the scene of these labors!

Suppose we go there today. The modern city will not detain us long. But the excavations that have gone on since 1896, under the direction of the American School of Classical Studies, have brought to light many ruins that will help us to visualize the city as Paul saw it. So vast and beautiful it was, so important, that it was called "The Star of Greece." There was no canal across the isthmus then, as there is now, and ships were towed over it on a kind of tramway that was three or four miles long.

Periander, who lived about 600 B. C., saw the advantage of a canal, and one was actually started by Nero's engineers, but was abandoned because he was busy with more warlike undertakings. Herodes Atticus, about fifty years later, began a canal that reached a depth of 120 feet and was 3,000 feet long. Then work stopped, and for more than 1,700 years nothing was done. When modern surveyors took over the task, they could find no better place on the isthmus than that chosen by Nero's engineers. The canal is nearly four miles long, and shortens the journey from the Adriatic to the Peiræus by 202 miles. It was completed in 1893.

Present-day Corinth has been shaken by so many earthquakes, which "rack it like an intermittent fever from time to time," that it bears not the faintest resemblance to the glorious city of old. It is hardly more than a village, and an unattractive one at that. Its chief exports are olive oil, silk, cereals, and the currants that take their name from the town, and are as sweet and delicious as ever. But this shabby little village "sits like a beggar in his rags at the entrance to what was once the Paris of the ancient world."

Alexander the Great once came to Corinth to watch the Isthmian games, and to have a chat with Diogenes, the Greek philosopher. He found him squatting in his tub, really a large jar, in the Kraneon, the fashionable suburb. "What can I do for you?" asked the young monarch who held the world in his grasp. "You can stand out of the sunlight," Diogenes answered, curtly.

The philosopher was tutoring the two sons of Xeniades at the time, but he had chosen to live in Corinth because, he said, "more fools passed that way than anywhere else in Greece." When he died the Corinthians erected to his memory a pillar on which there rested a dog of Parian marble.

The Grecian city was destroyed by the Romans in 146 B. C., and rebuilt

by Cæsar a hundred years later on a most magnificent scale. It quickly became the richest and most luxurious city in all Greece. With a circumference of nearly five miles, it was laid out in terraces and gardens enclosed in marble colonnades. Statues and monuments wrought by skilled artists were everywhere. So, too, were the fountains whose waters gleamed in the sunlight and filled the air with their music. Wherever the luxury-loving Roman went he built baths. There were spelndid ones here, rivalling those at Rome; also, a theater and a concert hall. The Greeks were skilled performers on their simple instruments, and music formed a part of the education of every child. Citizens and strangers alike found amusement in the dramas enacted in the open air theater.

The city had two harbors, Kenchreai, on the gulf of Argos, and Lechaion, on the gulf of Corinth. Ships from every port on the Mediterranean, and from regions even more remote, were to be found here unloading cargoes and passengers. Let us see what is happening in A. D. 53.

The broad way leading to the city, queening it on the heights above, is thronged with all sorts of people from the far corners of the world. Roman soldiers march proudly through the crowd, pushing the Greeks to one side with contemptuous words, for are they not lords of the earth? Here are elegant young men idling with gossip and laughter along the pavements, porters bending beneath their loads, and ladies in cushioned litters borne by sure-footed slaves. Here is a goat-herder driving his bleating little charges to the doors of the homes where they will presently be milked.

Here a little slave boy balances proudly on his head a basket of fruit for the banquet his master is giving tonight. As he loiters for a moment in front of a shop where cakes are displayed, someone gives him an impatient push, the basket falls to the ground, and the fruit is scattered under careless feet. No one offers to help him pick it up. The gay young men think it is a good joke, and laugh over the beating his master will give him when he gets home.

But wait. Here comes a traveler whose cloak is stained with the salt of the sea. His face is worn and lined, but the eyes beneath the shaggy brows are kind. He has not forgotten how sharp are the griefs of childhood. He smiles at the tear-stained little face, and puts a coin in the grimy hand. "Be more careful next time," he says, as the child sobs out his thanks.

Then the smile that has brightened the stern features fades as he sees the gleaming temples and the abundant signs of a religion that leads to degradation and despair. The traveler, you may guess, is Paul, come to Corinth to begin his great work.

Paul's first business is to find the home of Aquila, who has lately come from Italy with his wife, Priscilla, because Claudius commanded all Jews to leave Rome. Aquila was a tent-maker, and in his home Paul worked at the trade he had learned in the careless years of his boyhood, little thinking then he would ever earn

his living from it.

The shops that Paul passed on his way are still there, on the right of the street, each with a small tank in the little window on either side of the door. It is thought that they were fish sellers' shops and that the pools were for live fish. Above them is a broad terrace reached by stairways, for the Lechaion road was impassable for wheeled vehicles. It may have been on this terrace, or in the basilica back of it, that Paul was brought before Gallio, who "cared for none of those things" that so mightily disturbed the Jews when they tried to prove that Paul was persuading men to worship God "contrary to the law."

In spite of the violent opposition Paul encountered he established the church in the house of Titus Justus, next door to the synagogue, and converted the ruler, Crispus, whom he baptized. He had come to Corinth tired and sick and discouraged over his apparent failure at Athens. The success of his work, especially among the Gentiles, many of whom believed, must have given him new courage for the task of Ephesus.

There is no trace of the synagogue among the ruins at Corinth, but the remains of the ancient marketplace, the agora, are sufficient to give some idea of its size. This is true also of the temple of Apollo, the most picturesque of the ruins here. It was built on the usual Grecian plan, with a room for the god, another back of it for the treasure and votive offerings, and a colonade in front. Seven columns are all that remain of the temple that was probably erected about 600 B. C. Little did those who built it dream that it would one day be a ruin or that the name of the city would live on because a tentmaker dwelt there for a brief space of time and wrote to the church he founded in Corinth epistles whose words are as fresh and imperishable after nearly 2,000 years as when they were penned.

"Be brave! No matter how the fight
May seem to go.
Truth still is strength, and right is might:
This surely know.

"Be brave! and thou shalt reap some day,
Or soon or late,
The tribute earth and heaven shall pay:
The brave can wait."

"SHOWING OFF"

(Exchange)

Ethel was a little afraid of the new English instructor — he had very piercing eyes, bushy eyebrows and such a hawklike nose.

"Don't you think he looks awfully stern?" she asked Alice at recess of the first day. I am afraid my letter is not going to suit him at all."

"You know I write pretty well," said Alice. Shall I come to your room this afternoon, and help you with it?"

"No," Ethel answered thoughtfully. "I shouldn't like to get help, but come and let's study together."

Ethel's roommate was out when Alice arrived, and the two girls had the room quite to themselves.

"Now, then," said Alice, as she took a seat by the window, and leaned cozily back in the big armchair, "to whom are you going to write?"

"I think I'll write to mother," Ethel answered, "and say just what I would in an ordinary letter."

"I hardly think an ordinary letter will do," observed Alice, thoughtfully; "but let's get to work."

Half an hour or more passed in silence. Then Ethel said: "I'm through."

"So am I," cried Alice, hastily adding the last word. "Now, suppose we read them out loud to one another, and correct any errors before we copy them."

"All right, laughed Ethel. "But let me read first, for I shan't want to read mine after I've heard yours."

Alice smiled with a somewhat superior air. "Oh, I guess yours will be all right," she said. "Go on."

"Dearest mother," began Ethel, "I was studying hard yesterday, when the maid knocked on my door, and told me there was a package at the school post-office for me. You should have seen me drop those books and fly down stairs; and when I found your big, lovely box of home-made candy, I almost shouted for joy. I don't see how anything could have tasted better. I must have walked almost too vigorously the other day, for I have developed a dreadful blister on my heel, and have been limping around somewhat like the man in the nursery rhyme who had 'one shoe off, and one shoe on.' I have been a little better than 'my son John,' however, for I've at least had a bedroom slipper on."

Alice listened with an amused smile curving her lips; and as Ethel read on, and asked whether the chickens were hatched yet, and how father's rheumatism was, she laughed outright. "Well, that sounds natural," she said as Ethel ended. "I wrote mine a little differently, but still I dare say yours will do nicely."

"That's kind of you," said Ethel, laughing somewhat dolefully. "Go ahead, and let's hear yours."

"Dear brother," Alice commenced, "I wish you were here with me to look upon the lovely scene on which I am present gazing. The sky is ethereally blue, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds of white. The leaves add to the beauty of the picture, for they are all dressed in gorgeous colors of brilliant red and yellow, and wave gaily in the breeze."

Ethel listened with respectful ad-

miration, but could not keep from thinking of Alice's brother—a boister funloving boy of trirteen—and wondering what he would think of such a letter, and whether he would understand the brief synopsis of last Sabbath's sermon with which it ended. But she did not voice these thoughts. She only said: "It's very fine. I don't believe I could ever learn to write that way."

"Oh, yes, you could," said Alice, in high humor. "It's not a bit hard. Well, I must go now. Good-bye."

"Simplicity of style and a more natural way of expressing yourselves is what most of you need," the professor was saying. "Out of the twelve letters handed to me the other day not more than three were really satisfactory. I am going to read you the best one."

The color flew to Alice's cheeks. "Will it be mine, I wonder?" she whispered to herself.

"Dearest mother," read the professor, "I was studying hard yesterday when—"

Alice postively jumped with amazement. "Why, Ethel, he's reading yours," she whispered.

Ethel's face was flaming. "I hope he'll skip that part about the blister on my heel," she murmured.

But he didn't; he read it all straight through. When he had finished, he said: "Now the reason I consider this the best is because it is just such a letter as a girl would naturally write to her mother. When I asked for a letter, I didn't want a temperance lecture, or a homily on the corruptness of the present-day politics, or even a description of an autumn day and last Sabbath's sermon, as one girl wrote to her brother. What would a boy do with such a letter? I wanted a simple, natural letter, the kind you write home every week."

Alice's eyes were misty, and Ethel pretended not to see, feeling somehow or other half to blame for her friend's humiliation. Neither of them refered to the incident as they parted at the door, but that night Alice came to Ethel's room.

"I've been doing some hard thinking this afternoon," she began without any preliminaries, "and I've come to a few conclusions. Professor Gray was right. Your letter was better than mine. I tried to 'show off' and made myself ridiculous. And it's not only in writing. Your hair isn't near as curly as mine, but it always looks neater; and I notice you have put your money in a few good pictures instead of loading your walls with trash, as I have. It's the same about everything else. Ethel I'm going to quit 'showing off.'"

We would like to know why it is that when people discover how good you are it is kept a secret, but when they find out how bad you are they tell the whole community.—Selected.

HARMONY

(Selected)

Harmony usually is thought of as a matter of outer conduct, or as a result attendant upon certain types of action on the part of those who are associated for any purpose. Yet all outer expressions of harmony are merely incidental; they are but reflections of deep-seated thought structures.

Harmony is essentially divine. Its most perfect manifestations are seen in the panetary and other celestial movements, which are undisturbed by human thought. There is something about man's reverence for God that expects to find in things divine the peace and order and system that are component parts of harmony.

A business in which order is not established is short-lived, for success cannot come from confusion. Disorder and inharmony cause inefficiency and uncertainty, both of which are business liabilities.

Harmony in business relations proceeds from a realization of oneness of purpose. Two or more workers disagree and hold discordant thoughts because each is working from a different viewpoint. When they become willing to merge their individual aims and ideas in the common interest of the institution for which they work, harmony is established.

Distrust and ill will formerly characterized the relations between the public and many service corporations. Each party to the controversy looked only upon its apparent needs and the rights that it claimed. Only when a common meeting place was found, was it possible for each side to rise above its own demands and find a basis upon which harmony might be established.

Oneness of interest and and of purpose are easy to recognize in human relationships when the common bond of divinity is fully recognized. A sense of spiritual brotherhood cements men together more firmly than any business ties that they may recognize. Such spiritual oneness is not dependent upon creed or sect, but it comes from a deeply rooted sense of the potential divinity of all men. dition among those who see in them-Harmony is a normal, natural conselves and in those about them only the image and likeness of God.

Try to have a good word for everybody. Have you noticed that the tombstones usually speak well of those beneath them? The only person who has a right to look down upon others is the man in an airship.—Selected.

HONOR ROLL FOR NOVEMBER

Room No. 1

—A—

Howard Boaz, Clarence McPherson, Vernell O'Neal, Kenneth Chambers, and Clyde Kivett.

—B—

Horace Brown, Rudolph Clements, Lester Spain, Jesse Whitman, Robert Benfield, Ned Lowe, George Weatherly, W. J. Stevens, Rufus Lucas, Ed Hall, Robert Hill, Woodrow Spruill, Thomas Wright, Charles Wagoner, and Frank Parrish.

—o—

Room No. 2

—A—

Garland Ashburn, James Clemons, John H. Cain, Charles Everett, James Enloe, Robert Ennis, Thurman Lockamy, Daniel Rhyne, Perry Russ, Mell Russ, Hassel Shropshire, Joseph Jennings, and John Owen.

—B—

James Hankinson, Eugene Hogan, Ed Lockamy, Robert Manly, Robert Poole, Robert Worthington, Glenn Young, Trojan Aikens, Russell Ferris, Loyce Long, and James Greer.

Room No. 3

—A—

James Dalton.

—B—

Stafford Edwards, Vernon Boss, and James Dunn.

—o—

Room No. 5

—A—

Pressley Sanford, Pleas Barringer, Harvey Hall, and Thomas Horton.

—B—

Claude Willhite, Ruben Payne, William Goodson, and Isaac Chatham.

—o—

Room No. 6

—A—

Edgar Jackson and Hubert Whitmire.

—B—

Leroy Green, Herman Lamm, Ralph Mecimore, Howard Rice, and Laddie Williams.

—o—

Room No. 7

—A—

Robert Ashe, Ancil Byrd, Edwin Gladden, James Harvell, Perry Harvell, Clifton Morris, and Bunk Stout.

—B—

Charles Pennell, Clayton Watts, William Uptigrove, and Arvil Smith.

WHY CALLED A FURLONG

A furlong, which is 220 yards, was so called, it is supposed, because it was originally the length of a furrow which oxen could plow without stopping to rest.—Selected.

BIRDS IN WINTER

By Harold Emery

Winter is the best time to begin your study of the birds, especially if you know very little about them. At this time of the year there are few kinds of birds about, and so fewer to confuse you. It is a good time to learn to observe the important things about the birds, and then when they come in greater numbers you will be prepared for them.

If possible, get a pair of good field glasses or opera glasses. Perhaps a hint would bring you some for Christmas, or perhaps a friend has some you can borrow. You should have a good bird book. Own one if you can; otherwise you may be able to get one at the public library. Go into the woods and fields, taking the glasses with you. But leave the book at home. First of all, you want to learn to observe closely enough that you can remember details. Moreover, it would be too cold to handle a book outdoors on a cold winter day.

Go until you see a bird that you are not familiar with. Observe him closely, following him as long as you need to or can. Notice first of all the outstanding physical details, like size, color, and markings. Listen for his chirp or call until you can remember it. Watch him in flight, for most birds have some peculiarity of flying. Some fly in a straight course, while others dart here and there.

To learn one bird thoroughly in this way will be a good afternoon's effort. Go home and try to identify him from your bird book. You may fail the first time or two, but if you do, go out and try again. Pretty soon you will learn this and other birds so that you can recognize them quickly at any time. As spring and summer bring more birds, you will learn many of them. Your winter training in studying one bird at a time will help you in learning the summer birds, too.

What birds are you likely to see in the winter? It depends a great deal on the season—whether it is mild or stormy and cold—but you will probably see some or all of the following, and perhaps others as well. The more common winter birds include: English sparrow, song sparrow, junco, quail, tree sparrow, blue jay, flicker, nuthatches, screech owl, crow, and partridge. See how many of these and what others you can find. You might even see some of the less common winter visitors like the snowy owl and the snow buntings.

Winter is a mighty hard time for the birds which do not go south for the season. Every year many of them starve for lack of food that human beings could easily supply. Each of us should see to it that the birds do not starve in our own neighborhood. Here are a few things you can do for the birds.

If possible, have a feeding platform on a post or roof, open on one side, which turns with the wind. This makes a sheltered place for some of the birds to feed, and protects them from cats. Tie a piece of suet to a tree or bush near the house. If it is in sight of a window, you

will have a chance to watch the birds feeding there. They will appreciate nut kernels or grain that you press into the suet. Blue jays and chickadees will likely be the chief visitors here.

In a sheltered place keep the ground swept clear of snow. Here you can scatter crumbs and seeds for such visitors as the sparrows and juncos. You will have other visitors, too, of course. Nuthatches will enjoy a netted bag of cracked nuts hung where they can get at it.

Sometimes a platform just outside your window on a sheltered side of the house will draw the visitors right up to your window to eat. Of course, you must stay back from the window and make no sudden motions in sight of the birds. Otherwise you will frighten them away before you can observe them.

INSTITUTION NOTES

William Egbert Driver, of Cold Springs, Ky., called on us last Sunday afternoon. He is now a very large man, weighing 328 pounds—as a comparison we might state that as a boy here, he weighed 158 pounds. William was paroled in 1916, and has been in Kentucky since 1919. He served overseas during the World War, and is now on the disabled veterans' pension list. Since going to Kentucky he has served as deputy sheriff of Campbell County, and at one time was superintendent of a taxicab company. Driver was delighted to renew acquaintances at the school and was happy as a child in recalling places and events of his stay at the school. He has a fine feeling for the institution and its work, and no truer advocate of its cause can be found among our paroled boys. Before leaving, Driver subscribed to The Uplift in order that he might keep in touch with the school.

—o—

We recently received the following letter from one of our boys, paroled in 1931:

New Bern, N. C.
Dec. 11, 1933

Dear Mr. Boger:

Just a line to bring back old memories and to tell you how much I have missed my old home up there.

While I was at the school I promised myself if I ever got free I would never return, but now that I am free, I have often longed to go back and be with the rest of the boys.

I have often thought about what a fool I have been, and the trouble I have brought to my people. But I have promised myself to keep on the right road.

Some people still hold my being at the school as a bad mark against me, but I am proud to have been a member of your large band, and wish I had been sent there five years before I was.

Well, say "hello" to everybody for me, and I hope you all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Yours sincerely,

On Wednesday of last week, a delegation from Durham County, consisting of C. W. Massey, chairman of the Board of County Commissioners; John H. Harris, H. L. Carver, R. E. Hurst and W. E. King, members of the board; B. W. Newsom, County Manager; R. L. Lindsey, vice-president of Durham Public Service Company and chairman of the Board of Public Welfare; George M. Clark, Boys' Commissioner, and James A. Robinson, a veteran newspaper man, familiarly known as "Old Hurrygraph," spent the day at the Training School. They were entertained for lunch at the Durham County Cottage, dining with the boys. After lunch Messrs Massey, Lindsey and Newsom made short inspirational talks to the boys of that cottage. Inspection of the cottage and its operations was the next event of their visit. The entire delegation then met our family of nearly five hundred boys when they assembled in front of the Cannon Memorial Building, preparatory to the separataion of those engaging in the departmental activities from those going to school for the afternoon. At this time Mr. Lindsey was again chosen to give the greetings of the delegation to the entire number of boys, and remarked that he was agreeably surprised at the personality and conduct of the boys. He said it was a revelation to him to look into their bright and interested faces and try to vision the future of such a large group of youngsters. He congratulated them upon having an opportunity to attend school and to work at various trades, as not all boys have these splendid chances for their development. Mr. Lindsey said that as a boy he did not have such an opportunity, as his schooling had to cease when he was only ten years old. He urged the boys not to forget the fact that they could make something of themselves regardless of the handicaps that may have been thrown in their pathway. He concluded by saying that he was proud to be a citizen of a great state that was giving its boys, who had made mistakes, a second chance. The delegation was then conducted through the various departments and over the farm. As these gentlemen finished their tour of inspection they expressed themselves as being pleased with the institution and its work, and we feel that we have a few closer friends by reason of their visit with us. It would not do to close this account of the visit of our friends from Durham without making our best bow to "Old Hurrygraph," who is responsible each week for two pages in The Uplift, captioned "Rambling Around." While other members of his party were looking over the school, this veteran printer, reporter, editor and publisher, visited our printing department, and to simply say that we thoroughly enjoyed his visit would be expressing it too mildly. We were delighted to see him and trust he may visit us again soon.

"A man devoid of religion is like a horse without a bridle."

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 23, 1933 No. 51

INASMUCH

In little faces, pinched with cold and hunger,
Look lest ye miss Him! In the wistful eyes,
And on the mouth unfed by mother kisses—
Marred, bruised and stained, His precious image lies,
Even in the likeness of an outcast child,

O wise men, own your King!
Before this cradle bring
Your gold to raise and bless;
Your myrrh of tenderness!

For,

"As ye do it unto thee," saith He,
"Ye do it unto Me."

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER *Editor*, MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE CHRISTMAS SYMBOL

Only a manger, cold and bare,
Only a maiden mild,
Only some shepherds kneeling there,
Watching a little child;
And yet that maiden's arms enfold
The King of Heaven above;
And in the Christ Child we behold
The Lord of Life and Love.

Only an altar high and fair,
Only a white-robed priest,
Only Christ's children kneeling there
Keeping the Christmas feast;
And yet beneath the outward sign
The inward Grace is given,—
His Presence, who is Lord Divine
And King of earth and heaven.

—*Selected.*

CHRISTMAS

"Christmas! The very word conjures the imagination of old and young. The spirit of doing for others and giving is in the air. Even the trees have caaught this spirit of service and want to be helpful to mankind.!

"It was just before Christmas that three shapely evergreen trees, waving their branches in the breezes on a rough mountain side,

began talking among themselves about 'doing something worthwhile this year.' Their names were Faith, Hope and Charity.

"Faith said: 'Well, even if we are isolated here, I have faith in our being able to serve some useful purpose. Maybe each of us will become a Christmas tree and be decorated with gaily colored lights and tinsel for the jollification and happiness of some family. That would be my idea of the spirit of Christmas.'

" 'I want to be of service, too," said Hope. 'How thrilling it would be to grace a large room in some institution for underprivileged children or old people, where my green foliage would be decorated with brightly colored ornaments and sparkling lights. Just think how much joy and cheer I could bring to those who are denied the privilege of being with mothers and fathers, friends and relatives. To make the occasion complete, it would by my hope that many gaily wrapped boxes and presents would be on hand for distribution to the old and the young—things that would remind them of happier days. That is the spirit of Hope.'

"Charity felt even more charitable than her sisters. She said: 'I have ambition to make many thousands happy. I want to stand in some public square—to be gaily lighted to help old and young, rich and poor, to enjoy and celebrate the Yultide season. If my wish could come true, I would want great multitudes to gather around me and join in the singing of carols for the glory of Christmas. Then there would be 'Peace on earth, Good will toward men.' '

"Thus, Faith, Hope and Charity exemplify the real spirit of Christmas."

* * * * * * * * * * *

PROGRAM OF VOCATIONAL EDUCATION IN CABARRUS COUNTY HIGH SCHOOLS

The high schools of Cabarrus County in recent years have experienced marvelous growth and expansion, both in the number of pupils enrolled and in the enrichment of the curriculm. In the year 1926-27 there were 551 students in the schools of the County and only 289 of these enjoyed standard instruction. By standard instruction is meant eight months term, adequate library and science labratory equipment, etc.

ENROLLMENTS IN VOCATIONAL SUBJECTS FOR CABARRUS COUNTY SCHOOLS

Schools	1926-27	1927-28	1928-29	1929-30	1930-31	1931-32	1932-33	1933-34
Kannapolis	46	50	48	96	101	128	142	147
								131**
Bethel	0	23	35	47	50	41	44	62
		30*	39*	38*	43*	48*	52*	48*
Harrisburg	0	38	42	49	38	34	38	38
			31*	43*	33*	38*	42*	52*
Winecoff	0	0	37	46	37	46	51	52
Mt. Pleasant	0	0	0	39	40	43	46	65
								52*
Odell	0	0	0	0	0	35	31	32
Hartsell	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	65
Home Economics	46	111	162	277	266	327	352	461
Agriculture	0	30	70	81	76	86	94	152
Manual Arts	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	131
Totals	46	141	237	358	342	413	446	744

Figures are for Home Economics unless otherwise indicated.

(*) Agriculture (**) Manual Arts

Of the 551 students doing high school work, only 46, or approximately 8.5 percent had the privilege of taking any subjects of a vocational nature. These 46 students took Home Economics in the J. W. Cannon High School at Kannapolis.

During the current year of 1933-34 there have been enrolled 1,421 high school students and of this number 744, or slightly more than 50 percent are taking the vocational subjects such as—Home Economics, Agriculture and Manual Arts. As fine as it has been to witness the enrollments increase by more than 150 percent in the eight years period, it has been even more gratifying to realize that the enrollments in the vocational subjects have increased by more than 1,500 percent.

This year there are seven standard high schools in operation in the county and each one of these has a department of Home Economics for the girls. In most instances the work is confined to the first two years of the High School work, and despite this limitation 461 girls are availing themselves of this type of work.

In three of the high schools, courses in Agriculture are offered

—Mt. Pleasant, Bethel, and Harrisburg—and in the Cannon High School a course in Manual Arts is offered.

In Cabarrus County the program of vocational education has been closely affiliated with general education, and in no way has it been allowed to supplant the subjects needed by every person to become an informed and worth while citizen of the county.

It is evident to those who have observed closely that these courses have reflected in very decided improvement in farm practices and home conditions. Not only this, but they are increasing the earning power of the future citizens of the county to the end that they will be able to get full enjoymennt out of their occupaations and be more worth while as members of their social group.

Herewith, there is given a table which sets forth most vividly the expansion of instruction in the vocational subjects.

* * * * * * * * * *

MR. D. B. COLTRANE

The grand old man of Cabarrus County, Mr. D. B. Coltrane, on Christmas Day will celebrate his ninety-first birthday at his home on North Union Street, Concord, in the midst of his children, grandchildren, great-grand children, relatives and a legion of friends, locally and from other corners of the State, who will honor him by their presence on this auspicious occasion.

Mr. Coltrane is recognized in western North Carolina as a representative layman in the Church of his faith, M. E. Church, as a man of fine business acumen and one interested in every civic move for the betterment of humanity.

Especially has Mr. Coltrane proven himself true to the cause of the wayward boy by his constant service from the genesis of this institution as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School for a quarter of a century.

Now, the officers and 500 boys of this institution doff their caps to this most splendid Christian gentleman with the hope of his continued good health and fine service to humanity.

CONGRATULATIONS

We acknowledge with highest appreciation the invitation sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Jones, Charlotte, announcing the fiftieth wedding anniversary, December 18th. 8:10 P. M., Queens Road, Charlotte, of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hunt. Mrs. Jones is a daughter of this distinguished couple and she is to be congratulated in honoring her parents upon this eventful occasion who have lived a long, useful and most unselfish life.

We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt our best wishes hoping the future holds in store blessings so that they may continue their course unchecked, carrying the message of goodwill towards their fellowman as they have always done in the past.

The hope of this school is that Mr. and Mrs. Hunt may imbibe deeper of the spirit of the Master at this season, making it possible for them to safeguard against the ills and misfortunes of the material activities of life.

Wishing them all of the joy of life and many happy returns of the event that made them one in thought and purpose.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

The greatest joy is to give, especially so if a youngster is the beneficiary, who would have a dull Christmas unless some fine friend was obsessed with the spirit, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The following conributions have been received:

Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro,	$ 25.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove,	50.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte,	10.00
Judge Wm. M. York, Juvenile Judge, Greensboro	5.00
Mr. Bernard Cone, Greensboro	10.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Boger	10.00
Mr. W. R. Odell, Concord	10.00
A Friend, Charlotte	1.00

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"Wherever there is sickness,
May Santa Claus bring health;
Wherever there is poverty,
May Santa Claus bring wealth;
Wherever one is weeping,
May tears to smiles give way;
Wherever sadness hovers,
May joy come Christmas Day."

—o—

A Christmas present is always more enjoyable than a Christmas past.

—o—

The world is chock full of folks who would be tickled pink, who, instead of helping a fellow, try to take advantage of him.

—o—

We are told that poulterers in Korea often pick their fowls alive. Same as the stock market picks its geese.

—o—

If we could only get the Christmas spirit to last throughout the year, what a happy world this would be. People could do it—if they would.

—o—

It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault with your neighbors. But before condemning them as impossible, it would be wise for you to take an honest appraisal of your own virtues in this respect.

—o—

The man who is truly good for nothing is better than he who is good for praise or emoluments.

—o—

It is often said that history repeats itself. And it does. Now France says her debt to the United States is "ancient history." Here is one instance where history is not likely to repeat itself.

—o—

The problems of the United States are now in a state of liquidation.

—o—

When you think of it,
Is it not queer?
Of all the fine people
We meet every year,
How few are the ones,
In the ebb and flow,
Who anchor our hearts
As the old friends we know?

—o—

Christmas! "The lovely legends of the day; the stories and the songs and the half-fairy lore that gather around it; the ancient traditions of dusky woods and mystic rites; the magnificence or simplicity of Christmas observance, from the pope in his tiara, borne upon his potent throne in gorgeous state to celebrate pontificial high mass at the great altar of St. Peter's, to George Herbert humbly kneeling in his rustic church at Bemerton, or to the bare service in some missionary chapel upon the American frontier; the lighting of Christmas trees and hanging up of Christmas stockings, the profuse giving, the happy family meetings, the dinner, the game, the dance—they are all the natural signs and symbols, the flower and fruit, of Christmas. For Christmas is the day of days which declares the universal human consciousness that peace on earth comes only from good will to men."

A little three-year-old tot, having heard the song of "The Last Round-Up," was followed the other day by a small dog, when she turned and sang, "Run along little puppy dog, run along." Cute, wasn't it?

—o—

Now that we can get free government pork, and wheat, and flour, and clothes, and work, and advice, there are a whole lot of people who will not be satisfied until they are given an automobile and gas to run it.

—o—

"To every heart that's aching,
May peace and comfort come,
And may an outlook rosy
Supplant each outlook glum;
May friends now separated
Reunited be to stay,
And everyone find gladness
Upon this Christmas Day."

—o—

Life is real, life is earnest and so on. But sometimes it seems too woefully serious. I can look over any number of standard newspapers, and not run across a dozen lines of undiluted humor. Not that life should be a joke, as some seem to take it, but good humor, now and then, is relished by all. We have no Artemus Ward, no Mark Twain, no Petroleum V. Nasby, no Bill Nye, no Bob Burdett, no consistently humorous writer who habitually turns the sunny side up in his productions, save, perhaps, George Ade. Are we losing our sense of humor? Or what is the matter? Every night, we are told, millions "tune in" to hear Amos 'n' Andy for fifteen minutes, month after month, year after year. We no longer have anything like the Knickerbocker History of New York, or Pickwick papers, or any sustained humor as our father enjoyed. The comic strips are worn threadbare. The humorous stories are crowded out by more important serious matters. But are they really more important? Even Charlie Chaplin seems to be out of business, and the quality of such humor as successfully competes with criminal news, is strangely strained. I can read acres of editorials with never a hint of humor in them; acres of special features equally devoid of a smile or a laugh. This is really a very serious matter to me. I regard it as a bad sign when American life loses the flavor of humor. Lincoln told funny stories. Wilson made limericks. Hoover was never funny in public. Coolidge could tell well a humorous story. President Roosevelt can, too, when he feels disposed. But he has enough on his hands to keep him in a serious mood, but he has a cheerful smile amid all of his seriousness. He has the heart of gold for his fellow man. Get a little merriment in life. It is prosaic at best in the humdrum of daily routine. God bless the person who can see a little humor in life, man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above all other social traits stands out good humor and cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature, what the stars are to night, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house, in business, and by the wayside. Such a person is a friend to man.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By Alma Hantel Arnold

It was Christmas Eve. You could feel it in the very air; by looking in to people's faces; by the joyful, happy throng rushing along the street. Everything was athrill with vibrant rejoicing.

It was snowing. Somehow the two events seem to belong together. It was not stormy and it was not very cold. But the snow was coming down gently, slowly as though trying to play. Its flakes would lodge on ruddy cheeks raised to brush them away. They were not there to chill or make people groucy but seemed in tune with the Christmas spirit. They were just teasing and having a good time.

Everything was becoming a pure white. Every ugly object was made to take on a new shape and the dirty street was being obliterated. It seemed as though all nature was being clothed in a spotless new garment and silently awaiting the coming of the Christ Child.

Light streamed from all the shop windows, casting a softened and mellowed glow upon the snow. Some people, as usual, were making last minute purchases; others were homeward bound, arms laden with gayly tied bundles thinking of the bright and happy feacs awaiting them.

Even the newsboys called out their papers cheerily and many a person bought not so much to read the events, as to swell the the small stock of pennies guarded safely deep down in the pockets of these little street urchins.

One little fellow in particular, Bobby, was dancing around with his papers under his arm and seemed so happy. He knew exactly how much money was in his pocket and he had gone over and over in his mind all the good things he was going to buy for "mumsie" and himself. How his big brown eyes sparkled and his little, fine, intelligent face lit up as, forgetting the surging crowd around him and the cold nipping his toes through his thin shoes, he saw himself placing a strand of delicately colored pearls around the neck of his still young and beautiful mother. And he knew just what she would say—how he should have bought himself a pair of warm shoes or something else that he needed badly. But oh, had he not had his eyes on those pearls for months? Had he not asked the jeweler to lay them back for him and promised to pay something on them every week? And he had faithfully kept his promise.

Tonight when his last paper would be sold he would make the final payment and the pearls would be his very own. Taking off his cap and throwing it into the air he deftly caught it, nearly colliding with a rather young looking man.

This man's arms were empty, and his face looked sad and worn. Bobby politely said, "Excuse me, sir, I forgot where I was," and after a short hesitation, "Merry Christmas to you."

The man looked sharply at Bobby and said in a kind but rather sneer-

ing voice, "Merry Christmas, ha, ha. No, not for me; but I hope you and yours may have one, sonny," and buying two copies of The Times went on his way.

Robert Wayne walked on blindly. He saw nothing around him, heard none of the gay voices and paid no attention to anything. He was not an old man, being about thirty-five, but his face was years older and his curly dark hair was thickly sprinkled with gray. As he walked on and on toward his lonely boarding room his heart was very bitter.

Arriving there he found that his landlady had bulit a fire on the hearth in his room and it was warm and cozy. She also had several candles lighted and a few decorations hung around. She was a kind, motherly woman and she felt sorry for this sad young man who had been boarding with her for some time. She knew nothing about him as he never spoke of his past. The only fact she knew was that he was an ex-soldier.

As he opened the door and entered his room it presented such a homey appearance that at once a wave of great homesickness came over him and pulling up a rocker he seated himself before the cheery blaze. Tears welled to his eyes and it took all his self-control to keep them from overflowing.

"O Florence," he said with a half sob, "Where are you? Will I ever find you or see you again?" and dropping his head in his hands he gave himself up to sorrowful meditation.

* * *

The events of the past ten years swiftly passed before him. He saw himself a young man filled with patriotism as he joined his country's army and was proud to be one of its soldiers. He saw himself the happy husband of Florence, his dear schoolmate and boyhood chum. How happy they had been in that one year! Then came the war and he had left home to serve his country and all he had left of that one blessed year was —memory.

How brave Florence had been when he left although she was facing the greatest thing a woman can—motherhood. How eagerly he had received and read her letters and how thrilled he was when she wrote they had been blest with a little son. Yes, a little son whom he had never seen. Oh, where are they?

The terrible war raged on and then in the dreadful turmoil peace came to him, a peace came to him in the form of sickness. Oh, how sick he had been! For months and months he had been in different hospitals. Sometimes the whole past was entirely gone and then again all was vivid and clear. Letters were lost, some misdirected, and thus in time connections severed.

After some eighteen months of illness he was finally fit to travel and so he made the long trip home only to find he had been given up as dead and no home to come to. He came back a thin, weak, aged and broken man.

Florence had been an orphan when he married her and now when he returned he found she had left their town with the baby and no one seemed to know where she had gone.

He had written to the few friends he knew; he had traveled as much as his means would permit; he had advertised in the papers; but all to no avail; he had never found any trace of her.

All kinds of thoughts filled his mind. Maybe she felt she could not support herself and child and had married again. And why not? She was still young and their child needed a father. Maybe she had died and the baby was placed in an orphans' home. And so he mused on.

But some years ago he had given up trying to find them. He had read of a case similar to his own where a man had become separated from his family during a terrible disaster. After years of hunting and suffering he finally came to the end of his quest only to find his wife happily married to another man and mother of several children. She had done this in the firm belief that her first husband had been killed.

So Robert Waynes had given up and was content to live alone rather than to meet with such a heart-rending disappointment. He had secured a good position, was doing well, lived a straight, clean life and outwardly appeared as other men, but his heartaches and his memories never left him.

His fire had almost burned out. He jumped up from his chair and began pacing up and down his room What was wrong with him? Yes, it must be the spirit of Christmas. The smiling little face of that newsboy kept coming before him. He seemed to draw him; whom did he remind him of? He did not know. He was so restless that he could not stay in his room any more. So putting on his hat and coat he quietly left the house.

* * *

Outside the snow had ceased falling and a full moon was lighting everything with an ethereal whiteness. Not many people were on the streets now. Some churches were lit up, and as he passed along he heard many an old familiar Christmas song.

As he came nearer the heart of the city he accidentally passed the stand of Bobby, the little newsboy. He noticed that he looked weary and hungry and suddenly his own big heart went out to him. Going up to the little fellow he said in a kind voice, "Almost sold out, sonny?" Again with a sparkle in those large dark eyes and a smile on his face he answered cheerily, "Almost sir, only five left and then I'll go home to mumsie."

Suddenly a plan formed in Robert Waynes' mind. "Here, sonny," he said, holding out some money, "I'll buy those copies on one condition."

"And what is that?" asked Bobby full of curiosity. Somehow he liked this stranger.

"That is, you must let me go shopping with you and then you must take me to to your home," and Robert Waynes found himself studying the boy, anxious to know what he would answer.

Bobby hesitated only a moment and then with pride in his voice said, "Sure, sir, I would love to have you come home with me. Mother always welcomes anyone I may bring. Some of the other newsboys have no mother and not much of a home, so I

often take one of them home with me. Mother and I are so happy together."

"And have you no father, little man?" asked Robert.

"No, my father is dead, but mumsie still tells me stories about him. She sews and I sell papers and we get along real well; but I wish so often that I could make mumsie's eyes glad. I've seen her cry sometimes, although she thought I wasn't looking. You know, I can hardly wait until I'm a man so I can earn a lot of money."

Robert felt a great tenderness coming over him and he would have liked to pick up this fine little fellow and press him to his breast. He felt strongly drawn to him.

But instead he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose very hard. Then taking Bobby by the hand they went first of all to get those precious pearls, after which Robert filled a basket to overflowing with all kinds of good things to eat. Then he made Bobby wait outside while he went into another store and came out laden with many mysterious bundles.

Upon getting Bobby's home address Robert called a taxi and they got in with all their bundles. After riding a while Bobby burst out laughing and pulling off his cap slapped it on his knee, saying, "Gee, won't mumsie be surprised to see me come riding home in state? She will surely think you are Santa Claus," and again laughing, he forgot the time, being in joyful anticipation.

Robert had been scrutinizing Bobby closely. He noticed everything but said nothing. Hope again had been born in his heart, and with an inward fear, but a prayer on his lips, he asked that this, his last quest, should not be in vain.

The taxi stopped, and before Robert could get the bundles together Bobby had jumped out, raced up to the door, and burst into the house with his wonderful news.

By the time Robert had paid the driver Bobby was back, and together, both laden down, they went up the little path to the humble cottage.

A young and beautiful woman was standing in the doorway. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement and her large brown eyes were wide with unspoken questions.

As they drew near, her eyes seemed to pierce through the stranger. But after one moment, which seemed like eternity, she weakly uttered the one word, "Robert," and then would have fallen had not Robert sprung forward to catch her.

"Florence, Florence, my precious wife," he murmured over and over again as he pressed kiss after kiss upon her pale sweet face.

Later, still weak but unspeakably happy, she was resting in Robert's arms with their own dear little Bobby held tightly to her breast.

Kissing his sweet face she said softly, "And if it had not been for my brave little boy we may never have been reunited."

As Robert's arm tightened around wife and child, his lips uttered a prayer of thanksgiving and praise to their heavenly Father.

* * *

It was midnight. Across the stillness of the wintry night the chimes began pealing out the joyous Christ-

mas message in the beautiful well-known hymns, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," and others.

The candles on the little tree were almost burned down. Nestling snugly in the arms of his newly found father and precious mother little Bobby was sleeping soundly. A Christmas gfit was clutched tightly in each small hand.

Raising her hand to her neck, Florence tenderly touched the pretty pearls her unselfish little son had placed there.

Leaning her head against Robert's shoulder she looked lovingly into his eyes and softly said, "The Spirit of Christmas led you here."

"Yes," he answered, drawing her closer, "He led and I followed and found—you."

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN'S HOME AND CHURCH

By Josephine Maarborg

Christmas festivities in Sweden center in the home and the church. Old Swedish customs are preserved in their purest form by the kindly, rugged peasant folk of the Province of Dalecarlia, or, as it is also known, Dalarna. In the cities much of the old has been put aside, and the spirirt of commercialism—the bane of a true Christmas—is gaining sway.

But the people of Dalarna, in the central part of Sweden, have deliberately chosen to remain old-fashioned. Indeed, the province is a bit of medieval Sweden. In costume and custom the hardy folk of Dalarna are faithful to the old. Its festivals are kept in their fifteenth and sixteenth century form. And particularly is this true at Christmas time, for they are a devout, religiously-minded people.

As with many of our own observances of the Christmas season—not, fortunately, in our conception of its true significance—the Swedes have preserved some of the customs and beliefs which their ancestors carried over from pagan times. There is a generous admixture of folklore and non-Christian custom, dating back to the days when Thor, Odin and Freya were held in awe.

The Swedish housewife begins her preparations for Christmas several weeks in advance of its arrival, often as early as December 1. Spring house cleaning is outdone by a pre-Christmas scouring—Julstok. The entire house is swept and washed and cleaned. The old brass, silverware and other metal ornaments and utensils are taken down from the racks or brought from storage, and are polished until they glisten. The Swedish housewife, always noted for

her immaculateness, proves at Christmas time she is a sincere believer in the old doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness.

When the house is put in order, or as a contemporary activity, preparations are made for the Christmas feast. The Swedes are justly famous for the variety and the tasteliness of their viands. Baking is a matter of great import, and at least two weeks before Christmas the baking of bread and cakes begins. The wheat or rye flour is mixed, the dough is raised and then rolled into flat discs about a foot in diameter. A hole is impressed in the center before the doughy discs are placed in the oven. After having been baked, the "loaves" are strung on sticks and left to dry from rafters in the kitchen. This bread will keep for a long time, so large quantities are usually baked.

Then the cakes and cookies—light yellow, chocolate brown or gray in color—are prepared, as well as the molds to be filled with custard. The gingerbread cookies are cut and baked into animal and other fancy shapes. Stockholm has a Christmas fair at which, by ancient custom, the peasants may sell their wares, and most picturesque are the gingerbread cooky displays.

In addition to the breads and cakes and pastries, the Christmas dinner tables will be laden with a wide variety of roasted and stewed meats, fish and cheese, and the never-to-be-missed Julgot (boiled rice.) Wild game is plentiful in most parts of the country, and the men roam the forests in advance of Christmas in search of reindeer, rabbits and partridges. From the rabbit a tasty Julhare is prepared. Smoergasbord (countless varieties of hors d' œuvres are displayed in inviting ways. In the more affluent families the piece de resistance is the Julgris (roast pig).

Christmas Eve is the high time of the home celebration. The julgan (Christmas tree)—a German contribution—plays an important part. The festivities begin with the dressing of the tree early on Christmas Eve if it has not been done during the preceding day. Old and young, friends and guests participate in this with great merriment. Yard after yard of colored paper is cut into streamers which are festooned all over the tree. Candles or colored lights and tinsel ornaments are appropriately placed. Every Swedish Christmas tree must have its gingerbread Julboken (the Christmas goat) and Julgrisen (the Christmas pig).

When the tree is completely decorated and the presents have been placed, the children are called into the room. Santa Claus then bounces through the door, and the merriment is increased to a high pitch as he gives an abundance of good counsel to the young people when he hands out the presents. Except for the gifts which decorate the branches, the trees remain much as they are for two or three weeks after Christmas.

One of the delightful customs is the erection of poles outside the house, to which a sheaf of grain is attached for the birds' Christmas. Formerly it was the custom on Christmas Eve to scatter hay or straw on the floor or table, an obvious commemoration of the Bethlehem

scene. This practice often degenerated into mere superstition, the hay or straw being fed to the cattle to keep them from disease, or preserved in the fields and barns as an augury of good crops next season

Early on Christmas morning, at five o'clock, long before sunrise, the bells of the old white church in the village summon the people to worship. The religious, rather than the festive side of the day, claims the attention of those truly filled with its spirit. A hasty breakfast of coffee and cake is served before the household starts to church. The Swedes can always count on a white Christmas. With the temperature in the neighborhood of twenty-five degrees below zero the very air seems to be frozen, and the devout worshipers move across the dimly star-lit, snow-covered fields to the village kyrka. They travel on foot, or on skis, or by sled; in this century they even go by motor car.

Ontside the church gay and hearty greetings are passed from one merry group to another. The medieval costumes of the men and women add a note of color to the gathering. The women, with their striped red and black aprons, peaked caps, dark blue skirts and green bodices, are matched by the men in their knee breeches, high cut dark blue coats, with a trimming of red on their waistcoats and with colored—generally red—stockings.

Once inside the church the Julotta (Christmas matins) invoke a cessation of gayety and an attitude of worship. Strictest attention is paid to the service, featured by its long sermon and by the singing of Julpsalms (Christmas hymns). The solemnity of the service is an appropriate beginning for the holy day. Just as the sun rises over the frozen hills (and Sweden is so far north that the sun rises comparatively late in the morning during the winter) the service ends, and soon the worshippers wend their way homeward.

The remainder of the day is spent in visiting, merriment and recreation. Winter sport in which all Sweden delights, skiing and sledding, engage thousands of merrymaking parties of old and young. Those who stay at home to receive relatives and friends and perhaps to have a Julkalas (Christmas party) pass the day around the laden tables and before the blazing fire.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices and arduous tasks, but of little things, in which small obligations and thoughtful considerations, given habitually, preserve the heart and complete the task.—Selected.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS OF THE CENTURIES

By Earle W. Gage

The Christmas festival has passed through different phases as distinct as the climes and ages that produced them. Though the modern ceremony is the greatest Christian festival of the year, in the early ages of Christianity the ministers often experienced the greatest difficulty in inducing the converts to refrain from indulging in the popular amusements which were so largely participated in by their pagan countrymen. The result has been the strange medley of Christian and pagan rites which contribute to make up the festivities of the present Christmas.

In Great Britain there are two popular observances belonging to Christmas which were derived from the worship of the pagan ancestors—the hanging of the mistletoe and the burning of the Yule log. In the religion of the Druids, the mistletoe was regarded with the utmost veneration, it being considered capable of protection from harm. Today it is extensively used for a holiday decoration in homes and shops.

Whether we recall Christmas Day in older lands, or our youthful day in this land, in hamlet, town or country, the Yule log with its associations calls up a picture unforgetable. Of all the days of long ago Christmas stands out with a value all its own The burning of the Yule log is an ancient Christmas ceremony transmitted to us from our Scandinavian ancestors.

The bringing in and placing of the ponderous block on the hearth of the wide chimney in the baronial hall was the most joyous of the ceremonies observed on Christmas Eve in feudal times. The venerable log, destined to crackle a welcome to all comers, was drawn in triumph from its resting place in the forest. Each wayfarer raised his hat as it passed, for he well knew it was full of good promises, and that its flame would burn out old wrongs and heart burnings, and cause the liquid to bubble in the wassail bowl. So the Yule log was worthily honored and the ancient bards welcomed its entrance with their minstrelsy.

Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Chritsmas log to the firing,
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

—Herrick.

First, Christmas passed through the ecclesiastical period, with great emphasis on the midnight mass, still the center of popular celebration in all Catholic countries. And this, as it flowered into folk expressions in the later Middle Ages, brought with it the home-made creche of the Infant and the carol singing.

In England, along with the mass and the carols, went a purely secular merry-making that had its roots in far-off pagan times. Feasting, wassailing, masking and mumming, with the ceremonies of the boar's head and the Yule log, waxed more and more popular until they reached a sort of artistic climax in the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James. Then came Cromwell and the Puritans to ban Christmas by law!

Strangely enough, Martin Luther and the Reformation in Germany brought new beauties to Christmas, establishing the lighted evergreen tree and the children's carol singing. About the same time, in Holland, St. Nicholas, the children's saint, undisturbed by religious changes, went about as usual early in December, filling good children's sabots in the chimney corner. This custom was introduced into America by the early Dutch settlers. During the last century, Santa Claus has become a popular figure and character, the patron of our modern Christmas.

During the middle of the fourth century Christmas was fixed as December 25, the season of the chief festival of the church. This was near the Jewish Feast of Lights, the Roman Saturnalia and the British, Saxon and Norse Yule, the feast of the returning sun when the days began again to lengthen. It was not strange that many pagan customs were interpolated into the Christian Christmas.

But for the first few centuries Christmas remained a church festival. Three masses were sung: one at midnight, one at dawn, and one by day; and the night was bright with the lanterns of the faithful. In the fifth century much splendor and pomp was injected into the religious ceremony.

From one end of Europe to the other, from the rude stone churches of the north to the vast cathedrals of Italy, lights twinkled on Christmas Eve. Over the snowy fields of France and Germany, down the winding slopes of the Tyrol, through the star-studded blackness of Christmas Eve, trooped the peasants—men, women and children—to set their lanterns like a cheerful blaze on the damp stone floors of the parish churches.

In the eleventh century, in Rouen, began the little drama of the coming of the shepherds. Partly in native tongue, partly in Latin, with boys singing as choirs of angels, it is still given in a slightly varied form in some of the country churches of Southern France.

The manger was popularized by St. Francis of Assisi, the "little brother" of mankind. Before Christmas in 1224, so the old account goes, he sent for a nobleman of Greccio and invited his assistance. "For I would fain," said he, "make memeroial of that Child who was born in Bethlehem, and in some sort behold with bodily eyes His Infant hardships; how He lay in a manger on the hay with the ox and the ass standing by."

Thus, on Christmas Eve, the monks came and the townspeople with lighted torches. "Simplicity was honored, Poverty exalted, Humility commended, and of Greccio there was

made, as it were, a new Bethlehem," says the old commentator. "The night was lit up as the day . . . The woodland rang with voices, the rocks made answer to the jubilant throng." Francis stood before the manger, "overcome with tenderness and filled with wondrous joy."

Soon the manger, or creche, of the Infant was set up in homes as well as in churches, and today in Italy it is still the center of the Christmas celebration, as the Christmas tree in Germany or America. Tiny dolls dressed to represent the Virgin and Child, the shepherds, the wise men and the angels, are bought at Rome and Naples at great bazaars and set up at home in scenery devised from cardboard and moss, before which the children sing carols and celebrate. Many of our early carols were cradle songs for the mother to sing to her baby.

About this same time a different kind of Christmas revelry was sweeping over the northern countries. The mid-winter wassailing at Yuletide went on as usual, but it honored Christmas instead of the old Norse made by royal order, as in the legend gods. Sometimes the substitution was of tenth century Norway, retold by Longfellow.

But it was in England that the old Yuletide merrymaking had its longest life. It merged gradually with the Christian festival. St. Augustine brought the Christmas Eve midnight mass to England, and on Christmas Day 598, ten thousand converts were baptized there. But for a thousand years the feast was the high point of the British Christmas. The boar's head decked alike the early Saxon gourmandizings and Christmas dinner at Queens College, Oxford, where it is still carried in solemn procession.

King and cottager alike had always a Christmas roast of beef and "minced pies," which started out as meat pies in the early Middle Ages. Plum pudding is said not to have come in until the seventeenth century, and then to have been a stiffer successor to plum porridge, or frumentry, a more traditional Christmas dish.

Amazing quantities of food were served on Christmas. On that day, in 1252, when his daughter was married, Henry III dispensed at his board a total of six hundred oxen, red and white wine by the tun, twenty salman and ten peacocks. The poor feasted in his hall for a week. Open house for rich and poor alike was for centuries a feature of the English Christmas.

The Christmas which we celebrate is a cosmopolitan festival, with a few of the better ideas of many nations, but mostly from Germany, Holland, England and the Scandinavian countries. Legend ascribes the evergreen tree, the gayest spot in the modern festival, to Martin Luther. He, also, is thought to be the father of the carol. Those which he wrote for his little sons are among the most beautiful German carols, which were sung by children on Christmas Eve from the church towers in Germany.

More and more, Christmas leads a wandering world back to the spirit of the festival, to a world of won-

der and reverence and only as we enter into it and live in it can we become true followers of the One whose birth we celebrate.

THE MYSTERIOUS SANTA CLAUS

By J. C. Glassford

Christmas, Jim Forsyth was telling himself, was never intended for a traveling man to enjoy. Here he was, miles from nowhere, car stalled in a snowdrift, night closing in and the storm continuing.

He knew he was in for a night of it when he discovered that he could not move his car either way. Then it was that he made the opening remark and thought ruefully of the little evergreen tree that was tied to the rear bumpers of his car. Philosophically he got into the car, out of the storm, and sat down. He was not unduly worried, being too much of a seasoned traveler for that; but his thoughts insisted on drifting back to Mary and the children at home, thinking more of their disappointment than of his own. Presents which he had purchased for them while in Denver were still stored away in the tonneau of the car, even the beard and costume of St. Nicholas, which he purchased at Mary's special request were where he had placed them, on a corner hook back of the sample cases.

He was especially glad that he stopped at Mountaintown to prudently 'phone home, telling his wife of the storm and of his doubts of being able to reach Junction City He had advised her not to worry, and he knew she wouldn't.

On reaching Quartzville he found that the wind had increased in force, which was causing the drifts to form higher and higher. He had easily forced his car through these at first, but found that after leaving the fenced highway and getting into the canon that here he was at last, stalled and unable to move either way.

Disappointment over his present predicament made him forget for the moment the danger which he had feared far more than snowdrifts, a fear that was forcibly brought to his mind by prolonged crashings echoing through the canon ahead, a sound like the rumbling of thunder; snow slides had started and he now felt that the drfit in which he had become stalled might indeed prove a blessing in disguise; at any rate, he knew he was safer where he was than if rolling through the canon. During the winter months Jim had always made it a practice to have with him a pair of heavy arctics, and a woolen lap-robe. Donning the arctics, he next rolled himself into the heavy blanket and in the quietude of the night he soon fell asleep.

When he awoke his drowsy eyes caught the flickering light of what at first he took to be a star in the East. Lowering the window he dis-

covered that the storm had ceased, and where the clouds were separating, stars had begun to shine. Then he discovered that what he had first taken to be a star, was in reality the flickering of a lamp light through a window-pane. The light seemed to beckon and to call and in a moment he was fully awake.

With dawn the first outlines of a cabin came into view. Soon Jim was plodding, waist deep, through drifts. As he drew nearer to the cabin he wondered. The light was still there, a faint whiff of smoke was trickling from the chimney, but there were no passing shadows. Reaching the door he gave a gentle knock. Receiving no answer, he knocked again, louder this time. Then drowsily came a woman's voice: "Just a moment, please." It was but a moment when the door was opened and an elderly woman, poorly clad, stood in the doorway. Jim smiled up at her ruefully and then exclaimed: "Merry Christmas!" But there was no answering smile. Jim told her of his predicament, and the woman invited him in, directing him to an old cast-iron range that was evidently serving the dual purpose of both cook-stove and heater. Moving a lid, the woman stirred the smoldering embers, placing fresh fuel on the fire, pulled a coffee pot toward the front of the range and then turned to her visitor expectantly. There wasn't much more to tell, and when Jim told that little, the woman turned and said: "When you first knocked it startled me. I thought it might be Joe and that he couldn't open the door, him bein' hurt or somethin'. I couldn't think of visitors this time of the mornin' and we havin' so few callers."

"Joe?" exclaimed Jim, interrogatingly.

"Yes; my son," replied the woman listlessly. Then she continued: "But he jest couldn't hev come back so quickly, 'cause he ain't hed time."

Sensing the sorrow in the woman's voice, Jim remained silent. Finally the woman continued: "You see, Elsie's dead; that's Joe's wife. Joe and me wanted to bury Elsie's remains in thet cold hillside yonder; but jest couldn't do it. Her people live over Elbertville way, thet's north north o' here. North of the State Bridge. Joe took the coffin over in his truck. Maybe thet road road's closed, too, now. Fearin' somethin' might a happened, I left thet light a burnin' in the winder yonder to guide him in case he hed to come back thru the storm."

As the woman's story rolled out, Jim's throat seemed to tighten. He made his lips ask a question: "Were there any children?"

Silently the woman pointed to the partition. Then she replied, "Three, a baby of three, a girl of six, and little Joe, him bein' named after his dad."

Like a flash Jim thought of his own home. What a coincidence; a baby of three, a girl of six and a boy of eight, only that boy was named James, after his dad.

Jim's heart beat fast and tense as he asked the next question: "Would there be any Christmas? Would Santa Claus come?"

"Santa Claus!" exclaimed the wo-

man dully, "Santa Claus?" Then as some forgotten memory seemed to be revived she turned to the strange man who had asked the question and exclaimed: "There sure ain't goin' to be any Santa Claus, Mister, unless you're him."

Long before the elderly woman's drawl had ceased, Jim was listening to a subconscious voice that was whispering: "Santa Claus! Why not Jim? Honest, if Mary and the children understood they would want you to. Think of the happiness you will create. Get the candy, the nuts, the toys and the doll. Go on man. Don't you see the hopelessness in the home?" Even while he was talking to himself he seemed to see a shadowy figure bending over the old lady caressingly. It seemed that his Mary was standing there. There was a smile on her face and her shadowy lips formed these words: "Go ahead, Jim; give them the presents that you intend for us, and Jim, dear, give the old lady mine."

Unconsciously wiping the tears away, Jim quickly came to life. Drawing closer to the despondent woman he placed a cautious finger to his lips, then he told her of the Santa Claus beard, costume, the toys, the candy and even the tree. Like a small boy pleading to his own mother he seemed. Then placing a hand on the drooping shoulders, he asked, "May I?"

The tree was up; toys hung here and there; then just as the sun spread its sparkling rays over a snow-white world, a thin childish voice called pleadingly, "Granny, please, I wants my mamma."

It was a strange, new grandmother who called back to the child: "Granny's comin', dear." There was a new love note in her voice. An echo of a revived faith in an Allwise Creator. One whom she had almost forgotten. But One whom she now felt had not forgotten the motherless little ones. For the children it was a wonderful Christmas. Here was a real Santa Claus. A mysterious Santa Claus, one who was staying to breakfast, and how they stood at the window later, watching his departing form, as Santa took the trail back toward the stalled car.

There Santa Claus was surprised. He found a snow plow waiting. With it were a bunch of the state highway patrol, who had been standing by the roadside watching with staring eyes the approach of a human Santa Claus. They helped him through the fence. Then as Jim removed his costume, he told them just enough of his story, so that they would understand, and they must have understood, for after Jim's car rounded the bend and headed westward over the opened road, one of the rough-clad fellows was heard to say reverently: "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

To Jim it was Christmas all the way home. Ever afterward when he drove over that stretch of his territory, happy memories would be revived. And somehow he always seemed to hear again Mary's words of praise and feel again her warm kiss of approval on his lips.

WINTER EVERGREENS AND BERRIES ASSIST NATURE IN PRESERVING FORESTS

By Mrs. G. S. Tennent

In glancing over our yearbook and reading the topics listed for study, it will be noted that in both instances where the subjects concern our native plants, the interest centers around the matter of conservation. In fact, beneath the title for today's discussion the monthly reminder is, "Buy only those Christmas greens that do not rob the country of plants that are fast disappearing."

It will be my effort to show that this is an appropriate attitude to take, particularly towards our evergreens and all of the berry-bearing plants from the most lowly of our creeping vines to the towering spruce and hemlocks of our fast disappearing forests. A plea for their preservation based entirely on their appeal to our love of the beautiful might be all that is expected of our club, but this phase of the subject is found to be quite superficial when one begins to delve into the matter in earnest.

There is practically a universal agreement among all right thinking people who stop to consider the question, that there are certain outstanding species of both evergreen and berry-bearing plants, shrubs and trees that deserve protection for the sake of their individual beauty as well as for their place in the near landscape along our highways and roads. In this list it might be well to place all of our conifers, comprising all the pines, the two hemlocks, the spruce and the balsam. Of these, the pines alone seem to be able to hold their own, while the hemlocks, though by no means in danger of extinction, are fast disappearing as far as massed formation is concerned. The same may be said more emphatically of the spruce and balsam of the high altitudes. Our only broad-leafed evergreen tree, the holly, which easily holds the first place for sheer beauty, seems marked for destruction. This is particularly deplorable because of its unique place in both the evergreen and berry-bearing classes of trees. There is a rare and beautiful variety of holly with berries of a brilliant yellow. This is not mentioned in Gray's Handbook, but is noted by more recent botanists and is quite well known along the Tuckaseegee river in Jackson and Swain counties.

In nature there is no set of conditions in our mountain country that has not its bright side, and fortunately few of man's proceses are entirely destructive. Our rhododendron and laurel seem to be endowed with a vigor and vitality that laugh at all but the major efforts of natural and human forces to oust them from our scenery. Nature teases them with her devastating droughts and at long intervals launches her landslides against them; man burns them in the woods and mows them down along the

right-of-way of his highways, and in five or six years at most they are back again seemingly thicker than ever. It is only when nature and man conspire together at rare intervals, nature with excessive droughts and high winds, and man with his careless handling of fire, that the humus is entirely consumed and a permanent scar is left.

Thus far mention has been made only of varieties bold enough to obtrude themselves upon the notice of those who view the landscape at 40 miles an hour. To those more leisurely inclined a whole new landscape unfolds itself along our highways and roads. The plants and small shrubs that go into the making of this small world of beauty are for the most part far more delicate and retiring. It is their habit of crowding together and carpeting the man-made scars and nature's rugged bluffs that softens and adds charm to the near landscape. These are the galax, the fern, the leaucothe, the partridge berry, the wintergreen, ground pine and others less spectacular. They are all easily exterminated by fire and the hand of man.

The United States forest service recognizes the value of these small evergreens in their role of protectors of the forest floor by allowing those who make a living gathering galax for the city markets free access to the national forests. In return these professional green-gatherers, knowing that the source of their livelihood would be jeopardized by fire, do their part as unofficial fire wardens.

Another and equally fascinating winter world is opened up to those who care to explore the north slopes of our wooded hills our sheltered ravines and coves, our stream banks and all our high altitude forests. The variety and beauty of the small evergreens and berry-bearers is surprising. The partridge berry and wintergreen in this miniature world share with the holly the distinction of displaying greenery and berries at the same time. Then there are such fascinating evergreens as the prince's pine or lion's tongue, wild ginger or heart leaf, rattlesnake plantain, pussy's toes, sedum, alumn root, arbutus and the putty-root that sends up its single leaf in the autumn only to disappear in the spring.

In the way of berries the number and variety is bewildering. Each species of trillium has its own peculiar berry, red or purple; the Clintonia its brilliant blue; jack-in-the pulpit, red; blue cohosh, blue in a jewel-like setting of purple and white; Solomon's seal, blue; false Solomon's seal like a Wren's egg; prosartes, Twisted stalk, lilly of the valley, blue carrion flower, purple, and many others, all interesting and attractive.

In the rich, damp, wooded hollows of our valley land may be found in fair abundance two species of euonymus; the commoner one trails along the ground with its glossy leaves and green, vine-like stems here and there growing up into a small shrub. In the fall and early winter its crimson, berry-like pods burst open and show the brilliant orange berry which has given it the name, "strawberry bush." The other species grows into a much larger shrub, and although apparent-

ly much rarer, must abound in quantity somewhere in our mountains, because, while not sought after for its berries, its wood forms the basis of a small but thriving industry, being made into the hard, smooth, pointed sticks used in manicuring.

It should be noted that most of the above mentioned berries, particularly the herbaceous ones, hardly survive the first real freezing weather, and strictly speaking should not be included among our winter berries.

The woodlands are by no means the only home of our winter berries. Hedgerows, waste and boggy places all contribute their share in the glowing crimson of the sumac, the brilliant scarlet of the red berries smilax, the blue smilax, the more subdued reds of deciduous hollies and rose hips, the rich blues of black haw and swamp dogwood and the darker blues of black gum and sassafras.

Another very common and interesting shrub that is at home alike in woodland and open places is the coral berry whose red-purple berries (in one variety, white) hang on all winter. Its presence in second growth woodland often marks the site of some habitation that has long ago disappeared. It was probably the first of our berry-bearing shrubs to be brought into cultivation.

The common dogwood stands in a class all by itself by reason of its indifference as to soil and location. It seems to be at home anywhere and thrives on thin, dry soils that discourage most of the other berry-bearers. It is outstanding also in the brilliance and prolific abundance of its berries. Like all of the others of this class excepting the coral berry, its does not bear every year.

A consideration of the dogwood brings us naturally to an entirely different viewpoint of our winter berries and evergreens. Thus far they have been treated in connection with their appeal to our senses. That is, their direct and immediate place in our scheme of things. A little study will bring out the fact that their place in nature is of far greater consequence than that indicated by their appeal to our love of beauty.

In the first place the lowly evergreens, galax, ground pine, pussy's toes, wintergreen and others of our dry, rocky and thin-soiled mountain ridges in co-operation with the dense growth of huckleberry and other miniature shrubs as well as the ever present laurel, form nature's insurance against disaster from prolonged droughts and fire. They do this by virtue of their intimate contact with the ground, catching and holding in their shade much of the moisture that would otherwise quickly evaporate. Their second line of defense consists in their ability to catch and hold the tree leaves that would otherwise blow away into the hollows and ravines. This in turn helps them in their last and main purpose of forming favorable seed beds for the sprouting and growth of the seeds of various forest trees.

The role of the winter berries is far more complex but none the less important. (In fact, they appear to be even more necessary and far-reaching in the results of their good offices.)

To understand this it is necessary to leave for a moment the vegetable kingdom and think about insects and birds, those ancient enemies that have probably done more than all the spectacular races of larger animals to shape the surface of our world as we see it. It is a matter of common knowledge that but for our bird life the insects would soon make an end of vegetation as we know it in our forested eastern states. The forests would disappear, the seasons would change and the country would revert to grass-lands and shrub covered wastes. These would flourish in certain seasons of heavy rainfall and then succumb to droughts and scourges of grasshoppers and other leaf-eating insects.

Nature has so made our birds that excepting the tiniest and the largest, like the hawks and owls, all depend largely on berries for subsistence, during the hard months of winter when the insects are in hiding. It is probably the vitamin content of the berries that give them this important place in the birds' dietary. Where the berries are, there are they gathered together, with appetites sharpened by abstinence from animal food, ready to pounce upon such insects as may be tempted out by the mildness of sunny winter days. At this time of the year one bug devoured is worth a thousand destroyed in the spring.

Where dogwood, black haw, black gum, sassafras, holy, privet, (now running wild) red haw, smilax and lesser and lesser showy berries abound, the robins, crows, grackles, cedar waxwings, sparrows, tomtits, chickadees, in fact, practically all of our winter birds congregate. When berries are scarce from any cause, they migrate to more favorable localities. Students of bird life now tell us that where and when vegetable food becomes abundant in winter over long periods many birds otherwise migrating southward in winter, gradually learn to stay behind.

Destroy the dogwoods and blackgums of our native woods and soon our winter bird life would be utterly changed. Some of our more observant old inhabitants note the presence of mockingbirds here in the winter which was practically unknown until recent years, and it is more than probably that their presence in towns and thickly settled places is due to the privet, barberry and other berry shrubs so largely planted.

That the part played by our winter berries indirectly does not end in prevention only, but extends also to the creative, can be proved. Recent study of our mountain birds has shown that many of those inhabiting the higher altitudes only come down to the valleys in the winter, instead of going south with the great migrations. This is particularly true of the robins. When spring comes these robins that have lived on our dogwod and other berries go back to the higher mountains now, alas, often showing vast areas of cut-over wilderness. There are many tracts of cut-over land that have been so desolated by fire that but for the kindly offices of the robins they would remain deserts for many years.

The robin's part is simple: Living

in the edges of the adjoining forests they find sunshine and warmth durthe morning hours in these barren lands, as well as happy hunting grounds for worms. As the summer advances and the blackberries and wild cherries ripen, they scatter the seeds far and wide for it is noticeable that the first briar and cherry thickets come up around the charred snags that offer the birds safe observation points. These thickets form shady seed beds for such stray seeds of spruce and balsam as may be wafted thither by the winds. And so the cycle begins again promising renewed spruce forests in the long course of time.

To return for a moment to the dogwods it may be said that under normal conditions there is little likelihood of a serious thinning out of so hardy and persistent a tree, and the same holds for the blackgum. In some of our mountain counties from time to time an active market springs up for dogwood blocks for the textile industry, where they are used for making shuttle blocks, but this has never threatened the dogwood seriously. This cannot be said for such abnormal times as the present. Few people would connect our berry-bearing trees with the present economic upset or dream that this period could endanger them unless it might be thought that a larger number of destitute persons might be led to try their hand at selling Christmas greens.

The actual danger came from an entirely different direction, namely from the friends of the forest, and it serves to show how complex and far-reaching are the results of our civilization and how great the need for constant vigilance. In some of the national forest areas being culled of undesirable species of trees by the CCC workers, dogwood and blackgum were listed as weeds to be eradicated, and before Mr. T. D. Burleigh, the regional biologist of the forest service, came on the scene, some thousands of acres had been denuded of the valuable trees. He showed that they were well worth the small space they occupied by fostering the bird life, and that the loss from insect pests would be many times greater than that incurred by giving these berry trees their modest space.

Most of us are familiar with the richly colored berries of the several species of hawthorn that under the common name of "haw" almost universally abound, brightening the hedgerows and pastures. The most prolific and brilliant of these are not nearly so common, and there is an introduced variety that shares with these the preeminence amongst this large family. The berries of several species are sold on our streets.

The hardy mountain climbers know a lot more about the "haws" because there are two species that grow in profusion along many of our high mountain ridges around the 5,000 feet level, and the berries are often as large as small apples, an important fact when one is hungry and thirsty. The bears also know this and the red and yellow fruit form an important part of their winter diet. Both of these varieties resemble apples both in the fruit and in the tree, which grows to a large size, much

larger than the average apple tree. The crop of "haws" are sometimes immense.

In this connection we should not forget the humble pokeberry whose deeply colored fruit is highly prized by oppossum and fox as well as by some of our old-fashioned "rheumatics."

Being measured by entirely different standards it is hard to assign the greater value to their esthetic or to their material aspects, but it is evident that even judged by the rigid laws of evolution the evergreens and berries have an extremely important place in the economy of nature, and their destruction would tend to bring about a far greater change in our mountain world than would appear to the casual observer.

THE CHRISTMAS TIME

The Christmas time is holly time,
  The time of bells and snow,
The sleighing, singing, jolly time
  When eyes and faces glow.

The Christmas time is giving time,
  The time of love and joy,
The best, the gladdest living time
  For every girl and boy.

The Christmas time is thrilling time,
  When spirit torches flame,
The happy, peace, good willing time
  Of service in His name.

The Christmas time is precious time,
  When heaven visits men,
The blessed holy, gracious time
  When Christ is born again.

—Chauncey R. Piety.

INSTITUTION NOTES

From the number of boxes coming in for the boys last Wednesday, regular visiting day, and each day through the mail, would indicate that the boys will be well remembered by their home folks during the Christmas season.

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We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. P. B. Bost, Messrs Travis Kennedy, Lawrence McCachren and F. S. Pharr, who so kindly furnished Christmas trees and evergreen decorations for the auditorium and cottages.

—o—

The first group of workers has started on the C. W. A. projects at the School, the grading and draining of a section of the campus, and painting the buildings. A more detailed account may be expected as the work proceeds.

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Those in charge of the Christmas program are at work putting up the huge Christmas tree and decorating the auditorium for the exercises to be held tonight instead of Christmas Eve. The Christmas cheer bags for the boys will not be issued until Christmas Day.

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Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Kindley, of Gastonia, visited the School last Sunday afternoon, bringing a contribution for Christmas decorations for the Gaston County Cottage. This favor was made possible through the kindness of the members of the Herald Bible Class, First Presbyterian Church, Gastonia.

—o—

The weekly meeting of the Concord Rotary Club held at the Hotel Concord last Wednesday, was a tribute to Mr. D. B. Coltrane, a 91-year-old member. Though he is ninety-one years old he can make as clear and pointed talk as any member of the Club. The program consisted of short talks by several members, paying honor to this grand old man. Mr. Coltrane has served as treasurer and member of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School almost since its establishment, and both the officials and the boys extend congratulations and hearty greetings.

—o—

Dr. P. E. Monroe, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. In the course of his remarks to the boys, Dr, Monroe called special attention to the message spoken by the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary, as found in Luke 1:33, "And of His kingdom there shall be no end." The speaker then cited many instances where angels played large

parts in the life of Jesus—how the Angel Gabriel spoke to Elizabeth, mother of John the Baptist; how in the ministry of Jesus, angels were with Him on several occasions. When He fasted forty days and forty nights, enduring the temptations of Satan, angels ministered unto Him. Again they were with Him in the Garden of Gethsemane; when He arose from the dead, an angel was stationed at the empty tomb to announce for the first time news of the risen Lord. Dr. Monroe then explained that the word Jesus means saviour, and that He came to earth to save the human race. Early Christians were strengthened by the announcement that a Saviour was to be born, and that He would be sent to establish peace and good-will between God and man. He stated further that even in this day while men sin, God has good-will toward them, no matter how much they stray. Dr. Monroe concluded by saying that as the announcement of Jesus' birth strengthened the early Christians, so the celebration of the anniversary of this great event brings more joy and happiness to us than any other festival.

CHRISTMAS

How can they honor Him—the humble lad
  Whose feet struck paths of beauty through the earth—
With all the drunken revelry, the mad
  Barter of goods that marks His day of birth?
How can they honor Him with flame and din,
  Whose soul was peaceful as a moon-swept sea,
Whose thoughts were somber with the world's great sin
  Even while He trod the hill to Calvary?

I think if Jesus should return and see
  This hollow blasphemy, this day of horror,
The heart that languished in Gethsemane
  Would know again as great and deep a sorrow,
And He who charmed the troubled waves to sleep
  With deathless words—would kneel again and weep.

—Anderson M. Scruggs.

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